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The car drove all the way to downtown, across the Malay district with its bustling shops, coffee houses, and colorful street entertainers. Irish had always liked being in crowds, so she let Will, who had been with her for the whole afternoon, go back first. Will felt embarrassed and said that he could not do so on account of Mr. Dover, so Irish said that she had become familiar with the city and would hitchhike back to the apartment. Will gave up, told her to be safe, and then left.

Irish walked all the way to the George commercial street. It was the most suitable place to go shopping, from the large shopping centers to the dazzling open shops. When she roamed excitedly, her mobile phone rang, it was Joseph.

He spoke in a slightly exhausted voice, "Why did you tell Will to go away?"

"He's a big man, and I'm shopping around the street. I would feel embarrassed for him." Irish entered a shop and picked up a folk art piece.

"But he was keeping you safe. South Africa is a place where riots or terrorist attacks can take place any day," he sighed.

"Don't worry, I'll come back after a stroll." Irish heard his tiredness and asked with concern. "Are you still at the company? How long will it take to finish?"

"It's a bit tricky. We have to continue the meeting in five minutes."

"What's the matter? Do I need to come to you at the company?" For a moment, she felt a little guilty. He was too busy, but she had been enjoying herself shopping.

Joseph smiled at the other end, "Seeing your conscience is really rare. Have a good time." He heard Professor Tim complain about Irish's ways. She always arrived at public meetings as late as possible and went away after saying everything she wanted to, never waiting to hear others.

He could understand that she did her own thing and would not waste time courting anyone. It was all because of her character.

Irish smiled.

Joseph repeatedly stressed to her to remain safe and then ended the call.

The shop owner was a white woman who looked in her forties, and she had brown-red hair, brownish-green pupils, and a colorful dress. She looked like a palette of colors, and when Irish finished talking, she said, "The pattern on your face is so beautiful."

Irish accepted her kindness and said thank you. She looked down at the work of art in her hand. She saw that it was a wooden sculpture and looked around at the environment of the shop. It was a place full of religious colors. It was filled with works of art related to religion.

"Is that your husband? He's very considerate." The shopkeeper smiled at her.

A slight blush filled Irish's cheeks. Husband? She pictured Joseph's handsome face in her mind and felt proud. She had never dared to ask for it; from time to time, she wanted to escape like an ostrich. As long as she was with him, as long as she was around him, everything would be okay.

However, the woman's vanity prompted her to nod, and the moment she nodded, her cheeks became even hotter, and her voice seemed to tremble. She answered softly, "Yes, it was my husband."

The shopkeeper saw her flushed cheeks and smiled, "I can see your relationship is good."

"My husband is very kind to me," Irish said, and her heart went wild. The shopkeeper said some blessing words, and she immediately felt embarrassed to look at the works inside the shop.

Walking in her shop, she inadvertently saw a painting. She pointed to it and said, "This painting is very unique."

"Oh, it's from the European Renaissance, about Genesis." The shopkeeper then asked her, "Are you Christian?"

Irish shook her head.

South Africa is a multi-ethnic country, so religious beliefs are also diverse. The majority of whites in the country were Christian, as well as large populations of Hindus and Buddhists. Some black people believed in primitive religions, and some people believed in Islam. All kinds of religious beliefs coexisted, and no one interfered with each other.

"This picture is about the creation of the Bible, where God created man but was disappointed by human greed and mutual destruction, so he let the heavy rains destroy the world."

Irish took down the painting, where in the middle of the flood was a ship, which was supposed to be the legendary Noah's Ark. She sighed, "How much despair made him destroy everything he had created?" What she wanted to say was: the creator is like a parent. How can a parent kill his child with his own hands? But the shopkeeper was clearly a Christian, and she could not vilify the gods; otherwise, she would not respect her religious culture.

The shopkeeper explained, "God has his kindness, so he sent angels to execute people."

"Oh," Irish nodded.

In light of the shopkeeper's enthusiasm, she bought the painting.

Outside the shop, Irish was planning to hang out for a while and then return to the apartment, but the road was suddenly blocked by a roadster. It occurred to her that she might get robbed. But it was wrong. How could there be a robber in a luxury car?

She put the painting behind her and prepared to battle against the danger before her. But, when the door opened, her eyes tightened, and her nervousness turned to consternation when the owner got out of the car.

How could it be him?

At night, the man dressed leisurely. He got out of the car and stood there lazily, smiling at her and saying hello. "Hey, I haven't seen you for a while. Do you miss me?"

It was Leo.

Irish should have expected that he, who was also a bidder, had a reason to show up in Cape Town.

On the Atlantic coast, the night was tender and affectionate, but sometimes waves beat the rocks and stirred up thousands of waves. When the yacht passed Penguin Island, Irish actually saw the penguins off the coast under the moon, one by one, all snuggled up. She had never seen so many penguins, and at first glance, she would have mistaken them for a mirage.