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"Why not?" Irish frowned.

"I heard from Mr. Dover that you were there when he was shot, and you should know that those people wanted to kill you. Just think about it, if Mr. Dover had met those people, would they have abducted him?" Daisy expressed her bold assumption.

Irish suddenly realized that Daisy's analysis was correct. They would never have had enough patience to kidnap him. They should have shot Joseph on the spot if they wanted to kill him.

"Daisy." She tried to calm herself down. "Because I don't know what's going on in South Africa, I can't do anything, so I need to ask you, do we need to call the police?" Belle had worked for Joseph in South Africa for many years, but she still didn't have Daisy's calmness. Since Joseph called Daisy after being shot, it could be imagined that he trusted Daisy the most. She had been working with Joseph for many years and must have experienced situations like this more than once or twice. Irish needed to ask Daisy's advice before she could think about what to do next.

Daisy hurriedly said, "Do not call the police. Mr. Dover is a foreigner who goes to South Africa to do business. If the South African police step in, they will contact the headquarters of the Runestone Group to find out about his background. When they do, the members of the board will know about this. You know all of the group's shareholders are putting pressure on Mr. Dover, and if there's a situation in South Africa at this time, Mr. Dover's position on the board of directors will be in jeopardy."

Irish knew the situation was serious and tried hard to catch her breath.

"The only thing to do now is to find Mr. Dover as soon as possible so that he can attend the auction tomorrow." Daisy's tone was positive.

"If he doesn't show up, can I bid for him?" Irish wanted to find a better solution to the matter.

"No, Mr. Dover has not authorized you. They would not admit it."

Irish clutched her fingers. "How can we find him as soon as possible?"

On one end of the phone, Daisy thought, "Only through the locals have you talked to Tuell?"

"Tuell?" Irish remembered his cold face.

"He knows South Africa well and has done business with Joseph for many years. If you go to him for help, he won't turn you away. I'll call him later and ask for his help."

Irish took a deep breath. "What if he cannot help?"

Daisy was silent for a long time. "If so, then we're in trouble," she said.

Irish's head buzzed like there was a stick that had hit her.

Leo's voice came from behind them as the two discussed the plan on the phone.

"I'll help you find him."

Irish turned to look toward Leo.

"I assure you I will bring him back unscathed." Leo came to her.

Irish looked at him for a long time and picked up her phone again, and said, "Daisy, wait for my call." At the end of the conversation, she once again looked into Leo's eyes, "Why?"

He knew that as soon as Joseph reappeared at the auction, he would have a strong competitor.

Leo understood her question and answered bluntly, "For you."

Irish was once again startled.

"Unless you're still suspecting that I have something to do with it."

"No. I don't believe you would lie to me."

"Anyway, I'll try to find him, and you can do it your way. Maybe we'll have a better chance of finding him in two ways. Leo patted her on the shoulder with a serious look.

Irish did not have time to analyze him much and nodded heavily.

"We can find him, just cheer up!" His voice reassured her.

Everything was dark for Joseph when he regained consciousness. He wanted to open his eyes, but he found himself blindfolded, then tried to move his body but was unable to move. He was tied to a chair, with his hands tied from behind, so he could only listen to the sounds to try and find out where he was.

His consciousness was gradually coming back to him.

He remembered that a few masked men had dragged him into a car, and he had lost consciousness when someone suddenly hit him from behind.

It was quiet. He heard a faint voice, speaking low, but Joseph could tell he was in the room, and a harsh smell of paint filled his nose. He assumed it was a room or warehouse where the paint was stored, and he tried to move his feet again. His feet were not tied, and as he threw his leather shoes on the ground, he could feel sand particles. It was not cement but sand ground, and he even stepped on a few pebbles and calmly kicked one of them hard forward, listening carefully to the sound of the pebbles hitting the wall. He kicked the other two pebbles to the left and right, respectively. On the left was the faint sound of hitting a bucket, and on the right, the sound of it hitting a wall.

Joseph stopped moving, but his brain was racing, quickly judging the size of the place by the sounds of the stones hitting the walls.

More importantly, he reasoned that paint was stacked on his left.

He made the assumption that he was in a small warehouse without a concrete floor, indicating that it was only a temporary warehouse. He thought it might have been a warehouse on a construction site.

If it was a construction site...

Joseph began to try to recall the speed at which the robbers had been driving. According to his memory, he believed that the car had been heading south, and then he analyzed the approximate position

through several turns. He made some advanced calculations in his brain. He was also familiar with buildings and factories being developed in Cape Town and the nearby cities, roughly inferring that he should be at least 50 kilometers south of Cape Town.

He vaguely remembered that there was a site in that area under construction!