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Listening carefully, he found that there was no more rain. Every time he planned a trip, Daisy or Belle would have at least told him the accurate weather for the coming week. It was raining all day in Cape Town that day. In particular, the afternoon rainfall would exceed 50 mm, and the reason for his early departure was to get away from the rain as soon as possible before the storm hit. It was the opposite of where he wanted to go. As far as he knew, there was not going to be any rain in the afternoon south of Cape Town, so he was right.

While speculating about who the kidnappers were, someone pushed the door in, and Joseph listened carefully to the noise his footsteps made. It sounded like three people were coming in. One of them talked in well-spoken English, but he could not tell which dialect gave Joseph an important message: their background was not simple.

The man said, "Sir, he's awake."

Then Joseph heard the sound of a chair being dragged. Someone sat down in front of him. He could not feel the breath of the other person sitting extremely close to him.

"You'd better be honest and keep us out of trouble, man." The leader opened his mouth, and his voice was thick and deep.

Joseph was not gagged, so it was not a problem to speak. He smiled. "It looks like your employer is afraid I'll be at the auction site tomorrow."

The man sneered, "You are said to be a very clever man, and now I see it."

"Since you know me, you should know what I do, and since you are only looking for money, I can double the amount they're giving you." Nevertheless, Joseph remained calm, and the man's reply told him indirectly what the real purpose of the kidnapping was.

The chair opposite him made a faint sound, and it was not difficult to judge that the man had gotten up and he finally stopped in front of Joseph. His voice was disdainful, "You want to tell me you have money, right?"

"I want to tell you not to back yourself into a corner. You must learn to be flexible when you are looking for money." Joseph retorted quietly.

The man hit him with his fist, hard. Joseph's face felt a white flash of pain, and a trickle of blood came out of the corner of his mouth.

"Don't think you can teach me a lesson!" The man's voice became fierce, and Joseph's words seemed to have offended his dignity, so he screamed like a tiger whose tail had been trampled on.

Joseph stopped talking and made a preliminary analysis of this person's temperament. It was not difficult to see that this so-called leader was easily angered, with an irritable and violent disposition. In other words, he was moody. He speculated that the person might not be in good standing with his organization, as he did not seem overly professional as a criminal.

"I'm here to give you a message." They pulled Joseph's hair and continued, "someone," told you not to be so active with the mine. You should be obedient. Why are you trying to cause trouble?"

Joseph kept silent.

"So I warn you to listen to me. Stay here, and tomorrow I will let you go. If you try to play any tricks with me, you're not going to make it out of South Africa alive." The man let his hair go, spitting orders at his men. "You guys look at him. He is good at fighting. If you dare to let him go, I'll chop you up and feed you to the dogs!"

"Yes, Sir."

The room was quiet again.

Irish, Leo, and Belle started to act on three different plans. Irish ordered Will to take Belle to the hospital to treat her wounds. In order to find Joseph as soon as possible, she decided to go to Tuell for help, while Leo looked for Joseph in his own way.

The afternoon rain in Cape Town was getting heavier, and the ground was starting to flood. Vehicles had slowed down speed because of the water on the ground, resulting in a rare phenomenon of traffic jams. Had it not been the Dutch buildings outside the window, Irish would have felt like she was driving on the streets of NYC.

The car drove into the white area of Cape Town, and Irish told the driver to stop, getting out of the car with an umbrella. When she stepped into a puddle with one foot, her shoe became soaked. Cars passed by again on the side of the road and ran over a bunch of mud. Her skirt was splashed, and mud ran down her leg. Some girls walked by her with their umbrellas and saw the scene, laughing and whispering. She was already in a bad mood, and when she saw the look on the faces of the girls, there was even more fire in her heart. She glared at them and stuck out her middle finger at them.

"Fuck you!" One of the white girls yelled at her when she saw her.

Irish did not show her weakness to her. On the contrary, she also shouted a curse at them.

The girl didn't know what she was saying, and her companions started to grumble and leave because of the rain. Irish wanted to take off her heels and hit them, but she didn't have time to fight with them.

Finally, she found the office building. The floor that Tuell's diamond shop was on was still quiet, and she could only hear the sound of the rain pattering on the window restlessly as if numerous monsters were stretching out their long claws and trying to steal his jewels.

When Irish walked down the corridor, it happened that the safety door of the diamond shop was slowly lowering. She rushed to the gate of the diamond shop, bent down, and her head moved down with the falling safety door, and shouted, "Tuell! Tuell!"

When Irish was about to lie on the ground, the salesperson standing at the counter came over, paused the falling door, and said through the door board, "Today's weather is too stormy, we have to close our shop early, and you'll have to come tomorrow."

"I'm not here to buy. I want to see Tuell. There's something urgent!" Irish stared at the salesperson's bright red leather shoes anxiously.

