

Enchanted 265

The saleswoman hesitated. "Who are you? You're looking for our shopkeeper?"

How could she introduce herself? Obviously, her name did not carry much weight here. The shopkeeper would not know her name. She wondered if she should say Joseph's name, but how would she explain the relationship between her and Joseph? Thinking, she cleared her throat, "My boss is Mr. Dover. Tuell should know my boss's current situation, and Daisy must have called him."

Tuell may not know her name, but he must know Daisy's since she had told her to call Tuell, which demonstrated she knew him.

The saleswoman thought about it, turning into the room, and after three or four minutes, she returned. This time, the door rose slowly, showing the salesperson's calm face. Seeing Irish with her muddy skirt and wet shoes, she was not surprised and said, "The shopkeeper is inside, come in."

Irish thanked her and hurried into the shop.

It was the room that Joseph had a secret conversation with Tuell in. What was unexpected was that there was nothing other than a tea case and a sofa. Tuell sat beside the teapot and made tea leisurely. After seeing Irish knock on the door, he pointed at the sofa. "Sit down, please."

Irish sat down opposite him, and the temperature in the room was just right for the hot tea, but it made her drenched skirt cling to her thighs, and it felt extremely uncomfortable. Tuell poured her a cup of tea, and she took it, looking at him, then she looked around the room again. At the end of the room was a small door, which seemed to be an exit for people to leave after the safety door was closed.

"This room is different from what I saw last time." She spoke.

Tuell's silence left her unable to read his mind for a while, so it was better to take a step-by-step approach. Tuell heard her words, raising his eyebrows, "What is the difference?"

"I thought you lived in the shop." There was no bed and no groceries. She thought Tuell was a person who had lost his family, and he had nothing to lose but his store, so she assumed he would be more protective of it.

Tuell's face was still the same, and his eyes were as lifeless as his shallow cheeks.

"People always make wrong decisions when in a hurry, just as I didn't know Joseph had another assistant, I thought you were his lover."

Irish was a little embarrassed.

"You think this shop is all I have? So I stay here day and night?" Tuell slightly raised his eyes, took a sip of tea, and went on, "Jewelry is valuable no matter how expensive. As long as you have money, there is no jewelry you can't buy, but the experience of losing a loved one is different. This experience will tell you that life is the most important thing at any time, far more than those stones outside."

His words hit the topic that Irish wanted to cut into most, and when his voice fell down, she immediately opened her mouth. "So I asked for Mr. Tuell's help. I think Daisy has already explained the situation to you."

Tuell continued slowly to make tea. "I heard that Joseph's been kidnapped."

"His whereabouts are unknown, and I am not familiar with South Africa, so I thought of you, Mr. Tuell." Irish suppressed her anxiety as much as possible, trying to speak in a calm tone.

Unexpectedly Tuell shook his head. "I'm sorry, I can't help you."

"Why?"

"The world is fickle, and everything happens for a reason. Perhaps this is not a bad thing."

Irish froze, then quickly asked, "What do you mean?"

Tuell, aware of the concern she had shown, sighed, "You can't always win. Joseph is not a god. He can't dominate everything."

"But the mine site he's going to bid on tomorrow is very important to the company!" Irish's tone was urgent.

Tuell suddenly scoffed, "A man that puts all his efforts into things that can be bought and sold with money?" He shook his head. "It would be a relief if such a man died."

"Why are you saying these things? You can refuse to help, but you don't have to say sarcastic things about him." She rose to her feet, and her eyes turned cold.

"Sarcastic words? Little girl, all I say is the truth." Tuell's tone was indifferent. "There's an old Chinese saying, if you make enemies in a crowd, the crowd will attack you. Since Joseph took charge of the Runestone Group, his actions and this year's listing have already displeased people in the industry. It would be better for him to step back this time. Safety is more important than anything else."

"So, do you know there is a similar old Chinese saying: stand out from the crowd, and everyone will attack?" Irish pressed her anger, "Human nature is always the same. Whether we make enemies or stand out from the rest of the world, we're all going to be attacked by the public anyway. Why not be the one who stands out from the crowd? Joseph is the one on top. You might think he is so ambitious, but you know nothing about his struggle to get to the top."

Tuell finally smiled. "No. Did you think he has a small appetite? No, it may not be until the end that you discover that he is the one with a lion's mouth. You better know your boss well before you drift into his world."

A gust of wind blew a large amount of rain against the window. The crackling and mixed with Tuell's dry and lifeless smile, Irish began to get annoyed. Her hands trembled, and she closed her lips, "Even if he is a lion, he's now a lion in prison. Mr. Tuell. I only know that my man is in danger, and I want to save him no matter what."

Tuell looked at her in concentration.

"Since you don't want to help me, I'll leave. Anyway, thank you for taking the time to see me." Finally, Irish did not want to waste any more time and got up to leave.

Tuell thought about it and suddenly asked her, "He's not your boss?"

