

Enchanted 610

The people there were stunned by him, and most of them knew Joseph well, and some of them even cooperated with him in business. Perhaps they all didn't expect that he would be so indignant, so they all turned to them.

Roy was also stunned by Joseph, and it took him some time to respond, but soon he found that Joseph looked so severely and his eyes were full of indignation.

"I don't know what the key is for." And then he asked with confusion, "What happened?"

Shirley also heard their conversation, and she hastily asked, "What is the key?" When Joseph found that many people were staring at them, he then realized that he had lost his mind, but he also perceived that Roy was not telling a lie to him, so he repressed his indignation while his frown also smoothed.

And soon, he returned to being calm as usual and took a deep breath while his hands also loosened gradually.

"What happened?" Roy didn't reply to Shirley but focused on Joseph.

He knew that something must have happened since Joseph, who always kept a calm mind, would be so anxious.

However, Joseph replied indifferently, "Nothing."

Roy was astonished, and soon Joseph's voice sounded again, "You have to be in charge of the funeral now, and I have to leave now. I am so sorry." Joseph recovered to become calm again.

Roy was also worried when he looked at Joseph, who left in a hurry.

When Joseph arrived at the cemetery, the smog that spread over the sky was heavier, and the sun was covered by the thick mist, only leaving the shadows of the dead trees.

When the car crossed the trail and climbed the mountain path, a crow flew over the front windshield, and before Joseph could put on the brake, it slammed into the windshield.

Joseph could only see its black wings, and soon the blood bled down slowly. The car made a harsh brake.

He opened the door and then got out of the car.

The wind was blowing, spreading into the clothes that made him feel cold, which he had never felt for so many years.

The smell of blood flew in the air as a ghost lingered around the car.

Joseph looked around the car but found nothing there, including the dead body of the crow.

Another cold wind rose, wandering between the empty valleys, igniting a shallow echo.

The sound of the wind sounded uncomfortably like mourning.

He gazed at the roadside and thought perhaps the crow slammed violently and had fallen into the valley.

He didn't want to waste time, so she got in the car and turned on the wiper.

The blood on the windshield soon disappeared, but it still lingered in his mind.

He gnashed his teeth and started the car again.

The cemetery was built on the mountainside. When the car was getting closer there, he could see the tablet script. The entrance door was built antique, and it was suitable for the surrounding green mountains and blue waters.

The car couldn't get in when he drove halfway, so he had to park it in the parking lot and walk along the stone-paved path.

The more he walked up, the wind got stronger, which flustered him.

When he finally arrived at Rachel's graveyard, Daisy, who had waited for a long time, hastily rushed up. She also looked anxious, which was different from her calmness. "Mr. Dover, all of us can't get in contact with Irish. What should we do?"

Joseph was afraid that an incident would occur to her, and he was worried and anxious on the way. He also gave a call to the steward of the Lake family, and according to the time when she left the house of the Lake family, she should have arrived here earlier.

Joseph was so worried that something had happened to Irish on the way. After all, this mountain road was rugged and smoggy, so he paid attention on the way, hoping to find some clues.

When he heard the words from Daisy, he was even more guilty. He shouldn't let her leave alone.

Mary and Steven had also arrived, bringing a few workers. They waited for Irish to bring the ashes of Henry and then opened the burial of the tablet to inter his remains with Rachel. They waited for a long time, but she still didn't arrive except for Daisy and a young boy who looked very much like Joseph. And he was the younger brother of Joseph.

All of the people had arrived there, but Irish still didn't show up.

Therefore, when Joseph arrived, Mary hastily stepped forward and asked, "Where is Irish? Do you find her?"

Joseph felt guilty, especially in front of Mary. He tried to calm down and refrain from his worries, "Don't worry. I promise I will find her."

His words almost drove Mary crazy because she laid all of her hope in Joseph. After hearing these words, she knew that he still hadn't found Irish yet, so she grabbed his arms and looked panicked.

"Does something wrong happen to her? There have been many traffic accidents on this road to the cemetery, so will she also have an accident?"

"No." Joseph replied firmly and directly, "She will be safe."

"What should I do? What should I do now?" Mary was so flurried.

Joseph felt his heart was tied up by a rope tightly, and he couldn't breathe smoothly. He glanced at his watch and found that Irish had missed for three hours. Anything could happen in these three hours.

"Daisy, keep calling her and try to find her." He tried his best to order calmly.

The cemetery sunk into deathly stillness and restlessness. The cold wind leaped over the dead branches that had lost the leaves, and they plundered for their bleakness over and over again. The branches were like a dying patient, and they continued to groan and struggle.

The weather was getting colder, and the thick mist also got heavier among the tombstones.

In the following time, they all tried their best to find the whereabouts of Irish and kept calling, asking different people again and again.

Steven was also trying his best to contact Irish, while Mary still thought something must have happened to Irish, so she knelt in front of Rachel's tombstone and kept praying for a blessing.

Cassie also called all of their classmates and colleagues but got nothing useful from them. She felt that she would be crazy out of anxiety.

Jordan couldn't do anything but wait silently since he just came back to New York and didn't know anyone. Looking at Joseph's back not far from him, Jordan also bore an expectation whenever Joseph made a call and asked on the phone. But he only found that his brother frowned more and more tightly.

Those workers didn't know what had happened, but they didn't care about it at all. What mattered to them was that they could make money here. They also sat on the ground and waited patiently at the beginning, but as time passed, they were tired, so they leaned against the tree, chatting with each other.