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Irish scratched her hair and remembered that the diamond had been in her pocket, so it must have been stolen by someone there. Thinking of this, she stood up abruptly but stepped on someone standing behind her. "Ouch!" A loud scream sounded.

She turned back and found it was Belle's distorted face.

Irish hastily removed her foot. Belle was like a savior in front of her, so she grabbed her and said, "My diamond has gone missing. Help me find who took it!"

"Your diamond?" Belle sneered and continued, "This diamond mine belongs to the Runestone Group, so the diamonds in this mine belong to the Lake Family. It is none of your business."

Irish took a deep breath and tried to calm down, and then said impatiently, "Don't you know I'm also a member of the Lake family?"

Belle was shocked.

"Do you need Joseph to verify it? Or do you want him to deduct your entire bonus this year?" Irish behaved very curtly towards this woman, who she regarded as her rival in love. She was in a bad mood because of losing her diamond.

As a result, Belle's arrogance suddenly disappears. Though she still looked angry, she didn't offend her again but frowned and said, "How can I help you to find it among so many people?"

"It's easy," Irish did not chastise her any further and continued, "Everyone who comes here needs to authenticate their identities, and they even need to be scanned when entering the recycling center. I only need to search for the people who entered the recycling center five minutes ago. The person who stole the diamond should still be in the recycling center because it only opens for staff once every half hour."

"Keen observation," Belle snorted and then added, "I can only help you with a security check, but I can't promise you that I will find your diamond."

"Perhaps your eyes are even sharper than those instruments," Irish said with annoyance.

Belle was confused.

"Okay, let's do it right away," Belle rolled her eyes at her, and though she was reluctant to do so, she had no choice but to call the people who entered the recycling center five minutes ago. There were dozens of people in total, and a few of them were women. They lined up in a long queue. Irish looked at them and felt helpless since all of them looked the same to her, a black faces with white teeth.

Belle took a security scanner in hand and asked, "Are you sure you want to act first and report afterward?"

"Yes, I have to, I can't get through to Joseph now. Or do you want to wait until he comes back so that my diamond can be taken out of here?"

Belle knew that she had found a valuable blue diamond, so she dared not trivialize the matter, so she said to the workers, "Please line up in order and accept the security scan."

Some of them began to whisper and complain.

Irish ignored it and sat on a chair beside them to supervise the security scan.

"I am just afraid that you will feel pity for them, after all, they are your staff."

Belle was extremely irritated by her but still began to conduct the security scan.

Irish sat on the chair leisurely.

"If you don't find your diamond, you will have to explain this situation to Mr. Dover yourself. Don't you know their working hours are precious?" Belle said resentfully.

"Don't worry. He won't blame me." Irish stared at every staff member in front of her.

After hearing this, Belle seethed but couldn't say anything.

Time passed, and the security scan cleared the workers one by one. When there were only two people left, Belle said sarcastically, "It seems that you've lost it yourself."

Irish didn't reply but gazed at one of the two people.

He was tall, at nearly 1.9 meters, with strong muscles. He looked bold, and his upper body was naked, and he only wore a pair of long trousers with a tattoo on his arms. When he finished the security scan, Irish said to him, "Stop, please."

He stopped and looked back at Irish coldly.

Belle was confused and asked her in a low voice, "He has passed the scan, and there's nothing wrong with him. What are you going to do?"

Irish ignored her and walked to the man directly, then looked up at him, "Hey, have you seen my blue diamond? It is not as big as the size of a soybean."

The man took a look at her and shook his head.

"You haven't seen it?" Irish asked again.

He still shook his head.

Irish smiled and asked, "Do you understand what I am talking about? Or you haven't seen it?"

"I haven't seen it," The man finally answered.

Belle took the opportunity to scan the last worker, and there was nothing wrong with him. When she finished, she walked forward and said, "Perhaps it's you who lost it."

"Do you mind accepting a body search?" Irish smiled at the man.

Obviously, the man was shocked by her words.

The next second, Belle whispered angrily to her, "Are you crazy? You are violating his human rights."

"Human rights? He didn't care about human rights when he stole my diamond," Irish still smiled.

Belle lowered her voice and continued, "You should realize that you have no evidence now."

"So I have to find my evidence."

"You don't have the right to do so."

"Belle, you should also be clear that it is not in America but Africa where robberies and racial discrimination occur almost every day. How can you talk about human rights with me here?" Irish drew back her smile and added, "Or you are afraid that you will lose face if I find my diamond from him. After all, it's you who employed him."