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Henry sighed and said, "You are too aggressive, Isabel."

"You are wrong, I am not aggressive, I'm always standing on the sidelines to see her relationship with Joseph. I want to ask, what is the meaning of a worthless marriage? You knew very well that Joseph hadn't loved her."

Henry was stunned.

Irish did not give him a chance to speak and hung up the phone. She sat by the bed, putting the cell phone aside. She looked out the window at the birds and flowers, and her eyes became red. On the third day, outside, the window was still bright, and Joseph was still quiet.

The stock market had bad news. The Runestone Group's shares in the opening of the market had decreased in value dramatically!

It turned out that the news of Joseph's failure had been spread through the industry. Once the industry knew this, it would be a disaster. Peers were enemies, and the weapon used to attack their peers was the media. New York was also a gathering place for the media. The negative news of the Runestone Group blew up, the share price fell, and the board members shirked their responsibilities among themselves, and finally, the blame was unanimously placed on Joseph. On the morning of the third day, Joseph's phone was blowing up.

At first, Belle dealt with it. Later, she simply stopped answering. After the phone had stopped ringing a little, Irish called Daisy and asked about the situation at the headquarters. Only then did Daisy tell the truth. The board of directors panicked, and Henry's physical condition worsened, so it was impossible for him to host the meeting. They could only put all their hopes on Joseph. Irish heard it and felt unhappy, unsure if it were because Daisy mentioned Henry or feeling pity for Joseph and the pressure he'd face upon waking up.

Finally, Irish asked Daisy to try to appease everyone. At least until Joseph woke up. Daisy agreed.

She returned to her apartment in the afternoon and fetched some clothes. These days she is almost gaunt. She took a bath, turned on the bathroom screen, closed her eyes, and listened to the news on television as she eased her exhausted body. She fell asleep in the tub, and she had many confusing dreams. In one, Joseph pulled her to escape, protected her from the bullet, and fell down, and then he smiled at her under the viburnum macrocephalum tree.

Until...

"It is reported that the England Glamour Diamond Company successfully bid for the M100-2 mine in Johannesburg, South Africa, with a bid of 2 billion dollars a few days ago. However, according to the exploration conducted by a professional survey team, the diamond reserves in the mine are far smaller than the data given by the bidding company. The market valuation is about 170 million, less than 10 percent of the total investment. Compared to the huge investment of 2 billion, the M100-2 mine is equivalent to worthless ore. Hall, the head of the bidding company, claimed that the amount of diamonds they gave as an investment reference was without legal benefit, while Alston, on behalf of the

England Glamour Diamond Company, a failed-bidding investment firm, never showed up to clarify the matter. The company officials declined to be interviewed by the media..."

Irish woke up suddenly. At first thought, she was dreaming, staring at the screen to find out if it was real. The news was reporting on the failure of the investment of the England Glamour Diamond Company, which had ignited a series of topics like a fuse. Within a short time, some television stations had started to report on the topic of how to avoid risks on gambling stones and invited experts to sit in front of the television to explain to the audience.

Her whole body felt tight, like an iron plate lying in the bathtub, and she wiped the cold sweat from her forehead after a long time. Tuell was right, that mine was really empty. Fortunately, Joseph did not succeed in bidding. The more she thought about it, the more she thought of Alston's face at the auction and his excitement after winning the bid. Who would have thought that a 2 billion dollar investment would end up at a market value of 170 million?

Wait...

A man suddenly appeared in her mind, and she thought about his suspicious behavior before and after the auction. It was Leo. Before she clearly heard him mention 300 million. At the auction, why didn't he continue bidding? Did he know something?

Irish washed up and put on a bathrobe, and entered the study. After thinking about it, she finally dialed Leo's mobile phone. It sounded noisy, like he was in a bar. Leo received the phone call from Irish with a slight surprise, laughing and asking if she wanted to come to have a drink. Irish was expressionless, and her tone was calm, "Leo, Alston purchased an empty diamond mine, did you know?"

"Of course, today's news has been fired up on the television." Leo laughed.

"You knew that M100-2 was an empty mine." She didn't use an unquestioning tone, just a simple affirmation. Leo was silent for a long time before saying, "Yes, I already knew."

"How?" Irish's heart raced, and although the result was what she guessed, Leo's confession was a surprise to her, and she would rather he had not known.

Leo shifted position, and his voice became very clear, "It's very simple, I just wanted Joseph out of the industry."

"So your bidding at the scene was just a show?"

"Yes, I was raising the price so that Joseph would lose more." Without concealing his thoughts, Leo said, "I just didn't expect Alston to raise the price like a mad dog."

"Why did you still donate blood if you hate Joseph? You could have just watched him die." Irish asked coldly.

Leo laughed with a desolate smile, "Joseph had always thought that what he was doing was right and others were wrong. What I hate most is seeing him act like a god and dictate other people's lives. Why? What right does he have to arrange other people's lives? I just want to see him bow to me and admit that he lost to me. How can I let him die before that day?"

Irish murmured, "Leo, you are truly a madman!"

