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"Jay." She called out his name. This sound completely destroyed the defense in Jay's heart, and the emotion he had repressed surged out like a flood breaking through a dam. He stared at her, and his firm lips twitched. Finally, he said with great determination, "Okay."

Lilith froze. She did not think he would agree, and for a while, she felt too dizzy to even look at him. Jay saw it, loving her even more. He had to wonder if it was the fragrance of wine around him that made him lose his mind, but his hands had risen to her face uncontrollably, and he said with an indulging tone. "This is the best gift you've ever given me."

Lilith's smile got wider and wider, and suddenly she cried, opening her arms and holding him tightly, "Jay, am I dreaming?"

"No." He knew exactly what he was repressing because he couldn't stand to see her with other men. Although the road ahead might not be easy, and his career would put her at risk, he thought he would rather protect her in person than let other men protect her.

The little woman had broken into his heart, and he could not ignore his increasing desire to see her every day.

Lilith was flattered, still hugging him, "You are really going to be my boyfriend from now on?"

"Yes." He finally reached toward her.

Lilith pushed him away slightly and looked in his eyes. The surprise had spread from her eyes to her whole face, extending her little finger, "You promise; otherwise, you will regret it."

"Silly woman, I won't."

"No, I'm afraid you'll run away."

"We don't need to do this." Jay looked at her face and reached out to hold her little hand.

Lilith looked at him motionlessly and blinked, "Then how are we going to promise it?"

"Like this." Jay bowed his head and kissed her lips.

At this moment, everything seemed lost in their kiss, like fireworks in the night sky.

There was a fragrance of fresh flowers in the air. Irish tasted her coffee slowly, and her mood matched the scene at the moment. Sitting face to face with her was the head of the England Glamour Diamond Group, which had successfully bid on the M100-2 mine for 2 billion dollars a few days before. He had three bodyguards, each majestic, standing close behind him. The coffee in front of Alston was already cold, but he did not call for a new one, staring at the 200 million dollar check on the table as droplets of sweat fell down his forehead. Reaching out to wipe away his sweat, he picked up the check and looked up at Irish. His voice was hoarse, "...I don't understand. You know...that mine is an empty mine. How did you...?"

"Mr. Alston, I came here at Mr. Dover's command, only to ask you, is this mine to be transferred or not? Irish put down her coffee cup, leaning back and looking indifferent. "If you transfer it to us, you can make back at least 200 million. Although it is nothing but a dime compared to the 2 billion you bid, it is not much different from the market value of the mine. If not, you can keep the empty mine and pay for it."

In the envelope that Joseph gave her, the first thing he had explained was to go to Alston. He made it clear that she had to use the 200 million dollar check to buy back the mining rights of the M100-2 ore and possession of the mine. He was as succinct as usual, and Irish knew what to do. Though Joseph's behavior was somewhat incomprehensible to her, she did it anyway.

Joseph told her that every bet on a rock was like gambling on life, so he would analyze every competitor thoroughly. It turned out that Alston's temperament was exactly what he'd expected. He said that Alston was a man of great pride and that he was doomed to look into the mine as soon as he got it to prove to the losers how unique his vision was.

So, by the time Irish came to his door, he was there standing.

Alston was astonished by her visit, and when the news of the empty mine came out, the media paid so much attention to him he had to hide in his private home, a place known by very few. Irish simply said one thing: regarding the empty mine, Mr. Dover can help you out.

Two hundred million was enough: a large transfer fee for the 170 million market value, plus the amount of money he spent on the survey.

"This is the rights transfer contracts for the M100-2 property and mining rights, if you sign it, you can have the 200 million." Irish took out three contracts from the bag and handed them to him. To prevent loopholes, she also specifically requested a lawyer. The contract was in triplicate, as long as it was signed by Alston. She would hand the third copy directly to the lawyer to ensure it was legally enforced.

Alston read over the contract word for word. After reading everything, he put the contract aside and said with a bitter smile, "You are very prepared, it's clear that Joseph's work is meticulous. He does things very well." Speaking of this, his expression changed again, and his eyes suddenly became sharp. "But, I think that Joseph had expected I would have a problem with the mine. He forced me to pay a high price, and then he took them back at a low price."

"If he hadn't been shot, he could answer your questions." Irish became angry, and her tone became harsh.

Alston's face looked awkward.

"I really do not understand, you won the auction, why did you still want to see Joseph dead?"

"Without him, I wouldn't have gone as high as 2 billion. Of course, I wasn't trying to kill him, I just wanted to teach him a lesson." Alston explained.

Irish squinted, leaning forward, and stared at him, "But at the time, Joseph was shot to protect me!"

"I said it was an accident." Alston suddenly became irritable.