

## Enchanted 282

Irish could see that he had no need to lie, and her tone returned to her usual coldness. "Are you going to sign or not?" To be honest, she hoped Alston would refuse to sign. Why give him 200 million? However, Irish could understand Joseph's practices. The mine was not totally empty. The M100-2, which could develop diamonds, was next to the M100-1, which the Runestone Group had already acquired. This was convenient for unified management, although the value of the second mine was far lower than that of the first. But it was better than nothing. Moreover, she had heard that Joseph also gambled with Vincent on it.

"Don't expect me to thank Joseph for this olive branch!" Alston took the contract, clenched his pen, thought for a long time, and finally then compromised, signing his name on each of the three contracts.

Irish sighed and said secretly in her heart, "I have done something for you at last." She thanked Joseph for his faith in her. "The survey team is not included. I paid for them." Alston uttered feebly, sitting in his chair like a deflated ball.

"Mr. Dover will use his own survey team," she said. "You don't need to worry about it."

Alston's face looked embarrassed.

"Now, please hand over the pink diamond." Irish grabbed the contract but did not leave immediately.

He was startled, and his eyes flashed quickly, "What diamond?"

"Mr. Alston, you're so forgetful." There's a fine stone on the edge of the M100-2 mine, which Hall explained at the auction. He may have deceived you in the amount of diamonds, but the stone was actually there, as we all know, or we wouldn't have bothered to bid on the mine.

"I haven't mined anything yet," Alston stuttered for a moment.

"On the contrary, I think the stone has already been extracted. Although I do not know the mining procedure as well as that of Mr. Dover, I know more or less about the principles of diamond mining. If you didn't mine that rock first, how can you mine anything else? And, Mr. Alston, please remember, just now, you have signed the agreement of the transfer, which states that you need to transfer the possession and mining rights of the mine. The pink stone was from the M100-2 mine, so it should belong to us. If you don't cooperate with me, Mr. Alston, I'll have to go through the legal process, and I think many media reporters would enjoy being spectators."

"You..." said Alston, with a pair of blue eyes fixed on Irish as if he was looking at a demon. "You are as eloquent as Joseph!"

Irish smiled, "Thank you."

Alston snapped his fingers, and one of the bodyguards came forward behind him. He whispered a word to the bodyguard, nodded, then returned with a small portable safe in his hand. Alston took it, scanned his fingerprints, and the safe opened slowly. Inside it was a dull stone that almost looked gray, but Irish knew that this was the priceless pink ore, and once it had been polished, its resplendent glamour would reveal itself.

Alston removed the fingerprint password and pushed it in front of Irish, saying, "Reset the password yourself."

Irish held out a finger and put her fingerprint on it. The box made a sound, and the fingerprint was reset successfully.

"Thank you, sir, for your cooperation." She said with a smile.

"South Africa is in disorder. So be careful, if you walk out with something like that, who knows what might happen!" Alston was indignant.

Irish smiled happily, "Mr. Dover's bodyguard is pretty good."

Alston looked to the bodyguard next to him. The bodyguard walked forward, took out a gun, and pointed his gun at Irish, but she clenched the safe box in her hand and hit him violently. The bodyguard did not expect her to fight back. He didn't move, and the safe smashed him on the side of the head. Irish hit him so fast that she snatched the gun from his hand, then turned to point it at Alston and pulled the trigger without hesitation. The coffee cup in front of Alston shattered into a thousand pieces, and the coffee spattered everywhere with the broken glass.

It all happened so fast that when Alston reacted, he was covered with coffee. He suddenly got up, and several bodyguards came forward and pointed their guns at her.

"You've messed up with the wrong person. I'll kindly remind you that I'm not good at shooting, Mr. Alston. Your bodyguards are very scary to me. I can't promise the next bullet will not go through your body. Then there will be more than coffee on your clothes." Irish pointed the gun at Alston with a light smile on her face.

She thanked her uncle, who had forced her to practice self-defense every day. Although she couldn't compare with an expert, she still had more than enough practice to protect herself. Besides, she had gone through so much in South Africa these past few days that she had learned to shoot quickly.

Alston's face twitched in anger.

At this moment, the bodyguards waiting outside rushed in after hearing the gunshot. When they saw the situation, they pulled out their guns and confronted each other's bodyguards.

"Who taught you to be so rude?" Irish seemed to scold the bodyguards behind her, but the gun was still in her hand. "Mr. Alston is a man who does great things, how could he put me, a woman, in danger?" She turned to Alston again, with a cunning smile on her beautiful face, "Am I right?"

Alston had no choice, and when he saw that everything was done, he had to give the order, "Drop your weapons!"

The bodyguards did what he said. Irish's smile widened, and she threw the gun a few meters away. She turned around without saying anything. Her bodyguards behind her were always on guard and left behind her.

The car was parked two kilometers from Alston's house to avoid his sphere of influence. Along the way, the bodyguards kept a close guard, and Irish walked hastily. Finally, just before the car, when one of the

bodyguards approached to open the door for her, her legs felt feeble, and she almost fell to her knees. The bodyguard quickly supported her. She smiled and thanked him.