

Enchanted 272

By the time the price of the mine was called at \$500 million, the number of participants would obviously decrease. At this time, Leo had already eaten his plate of fruit and wiped his hands on the wet towel delivered by the waiter, shouting, "600 million."

The crowd looked, and the rich businessman who had shouted 500 million thought that no one would compete with him, twitched his face and finally gave up. The host on the stage was happy, asking if there was any bid higher than 600 million. Alston had been patiently waiting for a bid from Mr. Dover or Mr. Shelton. He knew who the real competitors were. He chuckled at Leo's bidding price, raising his hand and saying, "700 million."

The price was getting higher and higher. Compared to the value of the mine on the diamond market, the price of the mine was lower, so it proved that there was a huge profit margin.

Irish sat beside Joseph, listening to the bidding nervously and wondering why Leo's bid was so high. And what about that 300 million dollars? Was she really mistaken? When she tried to understand, Joseph pulled her hand, and his handsome face lowered. "How about you bid a price?"

She felt a shiver in her heart, "Me?"

He nodded.

"I...how can I?"

"Why can't you?" Joseph smiled softly, playing with her fingers and saying with a soft tone, "You just say how much I say."

Irish swallowed, "Are you going to let me experience the feeling of being pierced by everyone's eyes?"

"I'll just let you feel like being a billionaire." Joseph was amused by her.

Irish thought about it and nodded, "That reason is a little more persuasive."

On the stage, the host started repeating the bidding price of 700 million.

Joseph said, "800 million."

Irish cleared her throat and shouted, "800 million."

She was so nervous that she almost shocked the whole audience. With all the males there, it was strange that a female voice suddenly sounded out. No matter what the reason, her bid drew everyone's attention, and she was embarrassed for a moment.

"This lady, you are..." The host naturally did not know her.

Irish was temporarily speechless, and Joseph raised his hand slightly, and the host saw him, repeatedly apologizing, "I am sorry, Mr. Dover, I didn't notice you immediately."

The crowd whispered.

"Did I seem very strange?" Irish was close to him and asked him.

Joseph shook his head with a smile. "No, they've just never seen a bidder as beautiful as you."

These words made Irish happy. Belle bit her lips at the sight of her, "Narcissist..."

Irish did not answer her.

Joseph's 800 million bid put pressure on the entire audience, and the previous bidders were silenced, only Leo and Alston remained. As Vincent had analyzed, Leo and Alston were the two obstacles in the way.

Leo did not hesitate to bid at a price of 900 million. When his bid went out, Alston bid 1 billion, while Joseph patted Irish's hand, "1.2 billion."

Irish glared at his eyes for reconfirmation, and with a bit of stuttering, she called out, "1...1.2 billion?"

"Yes, 1.2 billion." Joseph's tone was assured.

Irish pulled his fingers hard and shouted at the stage, "1.2 billion." And then she turned to Joseph, "I never knew you had such a large amount of money," she said, "If you are so rich, why did you deduct my salary and bonus?"

The audience was already in an uproar.

"Your father and the Runestone Group are rich. This mining site is not going to be purchased in my own name but under the name of your father's company."

Irish pouted her lips while suddenly thinking about her father. Her eyebrows contorted.

Leo's eyes, looking towards them, were a little complicated. Irish turned her head and met with his gaze. When Leo saw her, he turned back, and his face looked gloomy. He shouted out a bid, 1.5 billion!

"Is he crazy?" Irish was shocked.

But Joseph still looked calm and did not rush to make another offer. Alston was not as relaxed as he is, and he called out a bid for 1.6 billion.

Leo did not continue to bid, and it seemed that he had given up. He shrugged his shoulders at Irish with a helpless face. Irish turned her head to Joseph, murmuring, "Shall we continue?"

"1.7."

"What?" Irish was already trembling and could see that Joseph was bound to win this mine.

"Call the price."

Irish followed.

Then, all eyes fell on Alston and Joseph while Leo abstained.

"1.8 billion!" Looking a little angry, Alston took out his handkerchief and wiped the sweat on his forehead. After shouting, he looked at Joseph with dissatisfied eyes.

Joseph gave a sign to Irish, "1.9."

Irish yelled out 1.9 billion, shivering. However, she saw Alston's angry eyes and hesitated momentarily. Alston, intent on entering the American market, would continue to compete for market share with Joseph and Leo.

Alston hit the table and called the price to 2 billion.

Irish wished that she was the mine. 2 billion!

Joseph did not immediately bid again, leaning back, and the corner of his eyes inadvertently swept to the back of Irish and then looked up at Alston. He also looked at Joseph, and his eyes were no longer angry, but his smile became particularly strange.

At this moment, Joseph's eyes were cold to the extreme.

The host on the stage began to ask if anyone continued to bid.

Alston made an inviting gesture to Joseph, but Joseph did not say a word, and the lines of his brows wrinkled, which looked very serious. Irish did not wait for the indication, so she turned her head to Joseph, and when she saw his face, she felt strange and called his name lightly to ask if he would continue to raise the price.

But Joseph kept silent, and his lips pressed into a sharp line. He stared intently at Alston, and his remaining sight was aware of a faint red dot on Irish's back. The red dot was moving slowly, and it couldn't be seen without looking very closely.

He knew clearly that someone was aiming at Irish with a long-range laser-guided sniper rifle, and if he continued to bid, she would be shot.

He knew who the initiator was. Alston was famous for his fierce and vicious nature.

Otherwise, he would never have been so successful in such a short period of time.