

## Enchanted 201

Irish followed Joseph down to the bottom of the mine. Belle followed them, but Irish didn't care about her. Everyone knew that the woman liked Joseph. Had she not been for Joseph's position as an assistant, Irish would have been too lazy to care about her.

At the bottom, there was a mining house where only one car could pass by. The workers here must have known Joseph. After seeing him arrive, they greeted him one after another, and Irish looked around. It looked more like the framework of a coal mine. There was a large searchlight illuminating the deep dark bottom of the mine. Joseph inspected the work and introduced Irish. Nowadays, underground mining is a combination of traditional sublevel room work and ore block caving. A series of roadways have been established to pass through the rock tube according to vertical spacing and to be mined back in the 3m vertical sections. Fan holes are drilled out of successive ore mining surfaces, and explosives are filled to let ore fall onto the roadway. The ore is loaded into the ore truck to be transported from the mine, which is the most productive mining method.

Irish listened attentively. After Joseph had explained the principle to her, she heard the sound of an explosion faintly. She was curious to see it but was pulled back by Joseph, "It's dangerous inside."

Irish stopped.

A moment later, the sound of a truck was heard, followed by a large piece of ore sliding along the chute. Irish looked at it in surprise and pointed to the ore on the chute, "Is that a diamond?!"

"These are just minerals that need to be sent to the first grounding," Joseph said as he took a small piece of ore from the ore cart and pointed to it. "Do you see the clay on the ore?"

Irish nodded and reached out to hold the ore in her hand.

"How should the clay above be handled?" Joseph asked again.

Belle listened in surprise, "Mr. Dover...." She couldn't understand why he had asked the woman such a simple question.

Irish glanced at Belle, racking her brain, and thought, "It seems that...."

"Seems that what?" Joseph frowned, looking serious.

"Clay on the ore can be removed by a large rotary drum scrubber fitted with a water spray nozzle," Irish answered the standard word for word. She knew that the man's harshness in the face of work should not be taken lightly, and he would not forgive her for her lack of seriousness in spite of warming his bed.

He was satisfied, and smiled, "When we get up, you can see the process of ore peeling."

Irish rolled her eyes fiercely. He was a different person after putting on his clothes. She liked him better in bed.

"Why are you still holding onto the ore?"

"I'll take it."

Joseph was helpless, "There may not be diamonds inside."

"I also learned about gambling stones," Irish played with the mineral in her hands, disapproving of it. Belle was displeased, "You're not allowed to take away the ore."

Irish frowned at her voice, "Are you in menopause? You startle easily."

Belle did not understand her.

Joseph motioned to Belle to give up and then looked at Irish, "The ore is full of clay, and it makes your hands dirty."

"No, it's what makes me rich." Irish clenched the ore tightly and smiled obsequiously. "What you want is a diamond mine, which is not what I want." She said, "I am satisfied with the actual diamonds."

Joseph felt flustered, and he was right to guess that she would try to take something away from the mine, so he just let her do it.

At this time, a staff member came forward, a white man in working clothes and a hard hat. His face was still grayish and covered in clay, and he waved a drawing as if he had seen someone who could save his life. As Irish could hear, it probably meant that they were wet mining and that they took on a few projects that would cost a lot of money.

She took a closer look at the drawing, which was full of numbers and symbols, and it made her dizzy. After taking the drawing, Joseph examined it for a long period of time, and then he gave a suggestion, "The diversion of the river should be made immediately."

"It may not work, I calculated the data and felt it's possible it will collapse," The White engineer said hesitantly.

Joseph restudied the drawing, then reached towards him, "Pen."

The engineer hastened to give him a pen.

Not knowing what was being calculated on the drawing, she squinted at it for a long time and saw that he had laid out a series of formulas. She remembered some of the signs, but most of them she was clueless about. He redrew a few lines and said to the engineer, "You can block it along the centerline and block one side to drain the water out for digging, so there's no chance of collapse."

The engineer studied it carefully and nodded.

Irish looked at Joseph by the light of the mine lamp. Wearing a hard hat, he looked extremely serious about his work. He looked different from when he was sitting in his office or at the conference table in the seat of power. At the mining site, Joseph's appearance was even more indicative of his determination and meticulous nature.

Joseph asked her to wait there. He followed the engineer to the bottom of the mine to survey it, and Belle didn't follow him. She stood beside Irish, and when Joseph had left, she said, "I've seen photos of Mr. Dover's wife. You are not her."

Belle's tone was blunt, and her beautiful face was stained with a clear sign of disapproval. Irish looked at her again with a smile, "I've never introduced myself as Mr. Dover's wife." Her tone was simple and clear.

Belle and Daisy were two different kinds of women. Daisy amplified Joseph's seriousness and harshness. In Irish's eyes, Daisy dressed very formally at all times. She didn't like to laugh and did things methodically and meticulously. She was like a robot without emotional ups or downs. She rarely spoke in front of Irish other than when she helped her clear out her desk. Even if she suspected anything between her and Joseph, Daisy never asked. But Belle, from the moment they met at the airport, she could clearly feel her hostility.