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Outside the mine, Irish followed Joseph bitterly, and when he finally looked at her, she pointed at her head.

"Take it off," His tone became lighter, and he smiled.

Irish hastened to take off the helmet, and her scalp hurt as she removed it.

"Now that you've taken it, go and choose the ore yourself."

"Me?" Irish pointed at her nose in shock.

Joseph did not say anything and grabbed her hat to bring her directly to the ore choosing area. In order to save time, most drilling mines had separate ore choosing and recovery sites, and the entry and exit processes were very strict. It was necessary to carry out safety checks before they could enter or exit it because the production of concentrate was also involved.

Irish saw that the instruments were extremely sophisticated. He told her that they could always check if anyone had taken out any concentrate. When she came to the ore choosing center, she saw the equipment used for mineral processing, the rotating washing plates, mineral table, heavy media separators, and hydro cyclone separators, all of which were more detailed than what she had seen in her books.

"What is the main principle of mineral choosing?" Joseph reached for the four pieces of ore in her pocket.

"Well... Give me two minutes to think."

"Take it easy," Joseph, waving his hand, threw one of the larger ores into the mine cart without giving her any chance to talk.

Irish suddenly felt a sharp pain, like a knife cutting her heart, "My diamond..."

"There are three more questions, and if you don't answer correctly, you'll have to watch the other three pieces fly away," Joseph smiles, freeing one of his hands to pat her head slightly.

"Joseph, if you stop me from making a fortune, I'll kill you!" She said in a loud voice and accused him.

But Joseph didn't reply and just smiled.

Her ore was mixed into a bigger pile of ore and was quickly sent to the stone selection area. Irish found that Joseph was still staring at her, and she couldn't help complaining, "Since you've thrown away my piece of ore, shouldn't this question be over?"

Joseph didn't answer, but once again, he raised his hand.

"Okay, okay, I'll answer," Irish was afraid that he would do it again and hastily held his hands. She then exhibited an unprecedented amount of wit and knowledge to answer his question. "The relative density of diamonds is 3.52, while the relative density of diamond-bearing ore is 2.6 on average. This relative density difference can be used to remove most of the waste in the beneficiation process. Mineral

processing is to use the physical and chemical properties of different minerals to break the ore up so that the useful minerals will be separated from the useless minerals."

Joseph was satisfied with her answer.

But when it was time for the diamond beneficiation process, he asked her to do it on her own, "You can use table concentration to do it."

Irish stood in front of the instrument and was hesitant to start.

"If you don't know how to do it, you can look around at others. As for the operation of table concentration, I seem to remember that you can recite it fluently from memory."

Joseph took a stone in his hand.

Irish was so nervous, fearing that his next move would be to throw away the ore in his hand. She swallowed hard and began to observe the people around her. Table concentration was a traditional ore beneficiation method. Simply put, the stone was piled on the sieve and moved up and down by means of a rapid water pulse so that the lighter minerals could float up while the heavier minerals sank to the bottom.

She was familiar with the principle, but it was very different from the practical operation.

There were all black people working around, including men and women. Looking at them for a while, gradually, Irish became distracted. When she was thinking, she heard a bang, and it gave her a violent shudder. A bad premonition came to her, and when she looked up at Joseph, it turned out that he had thrown off the second piece of ore.

"Joseph!"

"If you get distracted again, I will throw them all away," He said slowly like a river flowing into the sunset.

Irish was irritated and shouted at him, "Well, then throw them all away!"

Joseph raised his hands again and threw another piece of ore away and then took another in his hand.

"Honey!" Irish rushed to him and held his hands tightly. She wanted to use some soft tactics on him, but she couldn't squeeze out a smile at the moment since she was almost in tears, "I know. I know."

"Then go, do it," Joseph smiled at her.

Irish didn't dare to delay any further since three of the ore pieces had been thrown away already. She stamped her foot and began to operate the table, and she felt that her heart had almost broken.

She took a glance at the operation team and tried to figure out what she was doing so she didn't lose her last piece of ore.

During the recycling process, which was also the final process of separating the rough diamonds in the concentrate, Joseph took her last piece of ore in hand and said to her, "You can use the grease station and the transmission belt, or you can use the ray sorter. You decide which one to choose, but remember that you don't have a chance to make another mistake."

"I choose the ray sorter," She replied hastily.

Then he took the last ore to her and asked, "What's the principle of it?"

"Diamonds will fluoresce under the rays."

"Great!"

Irish felt like she was a robot under his coercion and temptation. She stepped up to the equipment and perceived that he was getting close to her. Her back was wet with sweat as if there was a centipede crawling down her backbone. She was chilled with nerves and didn't know what to do with the equipment.

"Why not start?" Joseph said quietly behind her.

Her brain was running at top speed. She suddenly turned around and showed a sweet smile to him, "I am afraid of radiation."

Joseph raised his eyebrows.