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Irish learned a lot during this period, but she still did not understand Tuell's behavior, and before they got into his shop, she asked Joseph, "Now that his shop is open to visitors of this country, how can his diamonds be so precious?" In her impression, the diamonds in the shop that do this kind of business with visitors generally catered to a lower demographic, and their products weren't as expensive.

But Joseph corrected her, "His collection of diamonds will never be opened to regular visitors."

Belle added, hearing this, "We have cooperated with Tuell for many years."

Then Irish understood the reason.

In South Africa, where the security situation was bad, acting in a low-key manner was for safety. But she still never expected that his shop would be so inconspicuous. Compared to the domestic decoration standards, the diamond shop could be described as simple.

The shop was less than 200 square feet and even smaller than her bedroom in her apartment. The glass counters were arranged densely inside, holding diamond rings, necklaces, bracelets, anklets, breast pins, and some rough diamonds. She had never seen this before.

There was only one salesperson in the shop, and there weren't even any lights on the counters; unlike other diamond shops where inside the counters were dazzling. But as long as they observed carefully, they could see that cameras were installed in every corner, and the counters were made of carefully processed armored glass, which was bulletproof. Belle came forward to report their intentions to the salesman, and he nodded and made a call to Tuell.

Taking advantage of the time, Irish carefully looked at the diamonds on the counters and quickly dismissed the idea of looking down on the store. She took out her mobile phone and shone the light of the phone on a bare diamond, and soon it radiated light that was so bright that it forced her to close her eyes.

Of course, these were just some ordinary diamonds, and now she totally trusted Joseph's words. The valuable diamonds would not be put on the counters, and only special customers would have a chance to see them. It was the way Tuell did business with others.

For some common customers, the quality of diamonds did not make much sense, as long as the color clarity was above average. Besides, if it wasn't for the experts and professional instruments, it was hard to distinguish the difference with the naked eye.

What customers cared about was the price, so they would not pay much attention to the diamond quality.

Before Tuell's arrival, Joseph explained a lot to Irish. The external price of each diamond in this diamond shop was basically 70% or lower than the price in New York. But the higher the quality of the diamond was, the smaller the difference in price. So it was cost-efficient to buy diamonds under one karat here, and the frequent visitors could get a much lower price.

Irish looked at the wall, and there were three people in his family. The man in the photo was thin but had glittering eyes, and a woman with a soft smile stood beside him. She looked like an American. Their kid stood between them, with curly hair, and looked very cute.

"It is his wife and his kid. But they are gone," Joseph took a look at the photo.

Irish stopped for a while and asked, "What do you mean?"

"Two years ago, they were killed by a robber," Joseph replied indifferently, while Irish was extremely astonished.

"One or two diamonds can't arouse people's greed, but for diamond dealers, a large number of diamonds means not only profit but also risk." Joseph sighed slightly.

Tuell was engaged in diamond retail, but because of the quality of his diamonds and the price, many customers came to do business with him, so he made a lot of money. Soon he brought his wife and kid to South Africa to live together with him, but the great fortune also meant huge danger, and he aroused the attention of robbers. At night when he was out, they finally robbed his shop and killed his kid.

From that day on, he vowed that he would never be engaged in diamond retail, and since then, he has acted in an extremely low-key manner.

"Have those robbers been arrested?" Irish was sad after hearing this.

"Yes, they have been arrested thanks to the number under the bottom of the diamond. Before entering the sale process, most diamonds in South Africa have to go through two procedures. The first step is to be identified by authoritative departments, while the second step is to mark a number on the bottom of each diamond by laser. This global uniqueness clearly records the identity of each diamond, and it provided the police with a clue to solve the case."

"Like this one on my neck?" The blue diamond on her neck was unique.

Joseph smiled softly and answered, "Yes."

Looking at the photos, Irish sighed, "But his family would still never come back even though robbers had been caught. He will be desperate for his whole life." Finishing this, she turned to Joseph and continued, "Are you in any danger? Tuell's family was killed even though he only owns a small diamond shop, but there is a diamond mine in your hands. Do you think of how many people want to kill you?"

Joseph touched her head lightly and answered with a smile, "A lot."

She was surprised by his answer, and it made her breathless.

"I don't think too much about gains and losses, but it's different now." Joseph perceived her worries and clenched her hands to reassure her, "I want to be with you forever now, so I will be more cautious."

Irish was warmed by him and couldn't help getting closer to him to hold his hands tightly.

At this moment, a gloomy voice sounded, "Why did you come here, Mr. Dover?"

His English was very good. Irish was right that his wife was an American. She looked up at the man who looked like he had walked out of the photo, thin and shrunken. But the difference was that his eyes

were as bleak as his shop. He did not talk much with Joseph and stepped in front of them with his expressionless face.