

Enchanted 586

Joseph took the jewelry box and opened it gently as if a thousand rays of light were spreading on his lips and eyebrows. A rare gradient diamond ring lay quietly in the jewelry box. The huge rough stone was polished into a diamond. The light refracted by the edge could be seen from a distance.

Daisy knew who the owner of the ring was going to be.

She also remembered that this rare stone was a treasure excavated by Joseph when he first had taken over the mine. Because the stone was relatively rare, it had always been thought of by the outside world. Over the years, countless people have come up with the idea of paying a high price for the original stone. But Joseph had always been holding it.

The professional branded the stone as a precious thing before it was polished, and when it was not obvious, the sharp eyes saw its peculiarity.

Joseph had been exposed to the original stone for many years and knew which was precious and which was ordinary firsthand. Therefore, when he collected the original stone as his own, he named it Hecate because it was a rare and mysterious diamond with gradual discoloration. This was translated into Greek as "Ekátn," a magic goddess in Greek mythology.

So for so many years, the Hecate stone had been a diamond legend, and few people really saw it, and that was why most people wanted it.

Hecate finally came out. Joseph personally polished it, spending a lot of time grinding it carefully. At first, Daisy didn't know what he was going to do. She thought he was going to launch Hecate to save the share price of the Runestone Group. But when he finished polishing, he designed the precepts himself, from material to style. Finally, he had to design the box himself.

When the ring was finally gorgeous, Daisy finally knew Joseph's mind. She knew Joseph was an old hand, and it was easy for him to tell exactly what size the ring could be by looking at one's fingers.

Daisy watched Joseph carefully take out the ring, his mouth slightly raised up, and his smile slid into her eyes, also, she had a slightly better mood.

Was he going to propose?

Otherwise, how would he rush back to New York from abroad?

The amount of work that night was so great that it scared people to death. When Daisy thought about it, she felt that Joseph was a real devil. When she gets a chance later, she must sue Joseph with Irish for his crimes. For the sake of his happiness, how many employees suffer as they work overtime?

"If you propose now, the news of Irish will come down." Daisy made a tentative remark.

Staring at the ring, Joseph made a faint smile, "If Ruby's news doesn't come out, I and Irish's photo is still spreading."

Daisy was startled, "You..."

"You suspect I did it?" Joseph took the small cloth from the velvet box and gently rubbed the gorgeous diamond.

"No." Daisy immediately replied, "I am just afraid that interested people will use this matter to hype, and Ruby's matter is not small."

"A dark arrow can't escape." Joseph had a very laissez-faire attitude, "The other side helps me, I welcome those who destroy me, and I'll play with him."

As soon as Daisy heard this, she understood his attitude to the matter. The people behind him seemed to help, but they widened the contradiction, and Joseph obviously wanted to use it to protect Irish.

But she couldn't help asking. "Do you really want to get married at this time?"

"Why not?" Joseph smiled gently, as if she had asked a very funny joke, and added a sentence casually, "If you don't get married, how can you let the outside world accept your child?" Tomorrow was a great day to propose, a special day for her, and a special day for both of them.

"Ah?" Daisy screamed, changing the calmness on weekdays.

"Child?" The word almost changed the tone.

Joseph looked at the ring with a smile, but it was more like seeing Irish's sly and beautiful face through the ring, with a deeper smile on his lips, "I want my child born to be perfectly justifiable," he murmured.

Daisy nearly bit her tongue.

Child?

Surprisingly, the telephone on the table rang.

Daisy saw Joseph's mind on the ring, and she quickly came forward to pick up the phone.

The end of the phone was a little anxious, then Daisy said, "You wait a moment."

Then she held the phone and lowered her voice. "It's Roy Lake."

Joseph reached for the phone. He said, "Hello," and Roy was like a frost-beaten eggplant whose voice was worn and hoarse. "Joseph, come to my house; something has gone wrong."

Joseph was stunned.

On Christmas Eve, 24th, a fine day with no snow in New York.

The cemetery was so clean that it made people want to cry. The air swayed with the breath of white chrysanthemum, but for Irish, there was only the breath of death and rest.

She rarely came because, even after so many years, she could not bear to look at the smiling face of the photographs on the tombstone.

This day, she came alone, without Joseph, because he did not come back all night. He must deal with Ruby's affairs. So he didn't even know it was her birthday or that she would spend it in front of her mother's tombstone every year.

Like the afterlife space, the quiet cemetery was clearly in this city, but it had a kind of silence different from the noisiness and flashiness. She could not hear the sound of cars coming and going, and even the air seemed to be a lot lighter.

The dead should rest in peace, so Irish, holding a large bundle of calla lilies to her mother's tombstone, also lightened her steps for fear of disturbing her mother's dream.

Since growing up, Irish came here almost once a year, every time it was her birthday and her mother's death anniversary. However, she dared not come here often because she had to face the fact that her mother had left when she saw the picture on the gravestone.