

Enchanted 204

Irish looked around and got closer to him when she found there were few people around, and leaned into his arms, "The radiation will have a bad effect on my body, and if we want to have a baby in the future..."

Joseph repressed a smile, allowing this shrewd woman to lean on him.

After seeing that his eyebrows had eased, she pulled at his sleeves and mumbled, "Joseph."

"The grease station and the transmission belt are also old traditional methods for recycling. You can use this method. Tell me, what's the principle of it?"

Irish was relieved by his words and answered, "It used the oleophilic hydrophobicity of the diamond." Just as he said, it was an old method and was invented in 1896, and now it was replaced by a ray sorter. This old method was very simple. Pour the heavier concentrate as well as the water onto the greased countertop so the diamond will stick to the grease, and the other minerals will be washed away by the water.

Hearing this, Joseph finally laughed and embraced her into his arms with his chin on her forehead. "Isabel, I love you so much."

Holding the concentrate tightly, Irish was moved by his words. She leaned against his chest, and her trepidation vanished. She held his waist, complaining, "What a carrot and stick policy!"

He lowered his head and gazed at the woman who felt wronged, "I'm good for you."

Irish bit her lips and did not reply to him.

Joseph kissed her forehead slightly. It made her feel warm since he was such a serious man, and he treated her so intimately in public.

He took the concentrate from her hand and handed it to a worker, and then he explained it to him for a moment. The man took it to the sorting station, and Irish was about to follow him, but Joseph stopped her and said, "Let the professional do it, you've learned enough today."

"Is there really a diamond in that ore?" She asked as she looked at him with glittering eyes.

"It would have been removed during beneficiation if there wasn't a diamond in it."

Hearing this, she became even more excited, but soon she complained, "It's your fault you threw away three pieces of ore, or I would get more."

"Don't be greedy," Joseph gazed at her and added, "The other three pieces' ore were all just barren rock. The only ore that contained diamond is the one I gave you just now."

"Ah?" She deliberately picked three big pieces of ore, how could they be barren rocks?

"The diamond-bearing ore is heavier," Joseph was experienced in this area, and he could easily tell it.

Irish was suddenly enlightened, and she thought he had casually picked up a piece of ore to explain it to her, but she realized now that he had measured the weight of the ore with his experience. The reason

why he threw away the other three pieces was that he knew they were all barren minerals. Thinking of this, she was even more impressed by him and held him more tightly.

Her intimacy towards him made him feel more considerate. He caressed her face gently and whispered into her ear, "Do you really want to have a baby with me?"

Irish was shocked, and then she went pink, pushing him away and clearing her throat, "I'm not afraid of your threats anymore."

Joseph crossed his arms and smiled at her, "Well, now you're free from my oppression."

"I won't have a baby with a profiteering merchant," She avoided his eyes and turned her back to him. But the man behind her kept silent for a long time.

When she was going to take a look, he suddenly grabbed her waist. Her back was embedded into his chest, and the man's deep voice sounded over her head, "I'm the only one you can have a child with."

She turned aside to look at his serious eyes and mumbled, "I don't..."

Before she could finish, the man suddenly bit her neck as if he was punishing her.

"Oh, really?" Joseph smiled when he saw that her eyes were mingled with a trace of indignation.

Irish covered her neck and widened her eyes at him.

When they were trifling in love with each other, the worker walked toward them excitedly, holding a diamond in hand, "Mr. Dover."

Stepping forward, Joseph took it and squinted at it. The worker was so excited. Irish didn't know what was going on but caught a couple of words in their conversation, including the word "blue." She was hesitant and walked toward them. "Joseph, what's wrong with it?"

The ore had been stripped off to reveal a small stone.

Joseph ordered the man to go back to work, and then he showed the rough diamond to her, "You are lucky. It's a blue diamond. I think it will be light blue after polishing."

"A blue diamond?" Irish widened her eyes.

"The most likely place in South Africa to find blue diamonds is the mine in northeastern Pretoria. There is only a very small chance of producing colored diamonds here. Isabel, you are so lucky that you should go to buy a lottery ticket," Joseph put it into her hands and smiled.

Oh my God!

Irish was totally astonished. It was just her joke to make a fortune here, but she never thought God would really bless her like this. She was overwhelmed with great joy and rushed into his arms and exclaimed cheerfully, "Joseph, I love you!"

Joseph held her tightly and laughed.

Just as the old saying goes, extreme joy begets extreme sorrow. When Irish realized she had found a precious blue diamond, she jumped with joy. Therefore, when Joseph went to supervise the recycling of a new batch of rough stones, she held the blue diamond and stared at it for a long time. She carried it in her bag, and she would take it out to check occasionally.

However, it was lost.

Irish was so anxious and called Joseph in a panic, but she couldn't get through to him because of the unstable signal. She simply sat down on the ground and tried to calm herself down, and began to recall the people who had recently passed by her.