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Her wrist was pulled by Joseph, who put her in his arms. The sudden movement made her body and mind feel unstable. Her nose knocked into his chest, and tears nearly came out.

"Joseph..."

"Next time, will you lock Belle in the toilet?" He asked her by surprise.

Irish looked at him, puzzled, frowned for a while, then said, "I was just kidding, are you really serious?"

"Could you possibly do the same to me in the future?" Joseph stared at her for a moment.

His words were so strange that she was puzzled by them and then smiled at him for a long time, "What's wrong with you?"

Joseph did not have an expression, and his face was horribly calm. His eyes had been locked on her face and never moved. Then, when Irish guessed his thoughts, he suddenly hugged her, kissing her lips forcefully.

She did not know what had happened to him, but she raised her head to receive his sudden kiss. Her wrist could not move because of his strong grip, but she felt that his kiss was nearly tearing off her tongue and that it was so painful that she could only give out a sound of protest from her nose, but he explored deeper.

After a long time, Joseph let go of her, and his handsome cheek still buried her ear. Hot air followed his voice into her ear. Finally, he asked, "Did he treat you like that, huh?"

Irish's body was a little tight, and her chin was sore, rubbed by his new stubble but not as unforgettable as his question. She remembered at once why he was asking that. Seeing her silence, Joseph glanced a little into her eyes and asked the whole question in a low voice. "Adam. Did he ever hug and kiss you like this?"

Irish was stunned and could not understand why he suddenly mentioned Adam.

Joseph looked at her, waiting for her answer. Irish thought the question was a little baffling, and thinking about his behavior, she closed her lips and said, "I told you about him and me earlier." Adam brought her an endless sense of security, which had gone beyond the lustful love of men and women.

Joseph's eyes seemed to be less nervous, and the harshness of his eyebrows softened. Reaching out his hand and caressing her face with pity, he pulled her into her arms. He sighed heavily over her head, murmuring, "Isabel, you know what, you belong to me. Only to me."

Irish did not understand why he had mentioned Adam, but because of his announcement, her heart was suddenly filled with joy and happiness, and she nodded heavily in his arms and put her hand on his waist. She loved him. She loved this man so deeply that she was not afraid that the road ahead was full of thorns because of his promise to "give it all to me."

Besides, she was his, and that is what he often mentioned.

She looked up at him a few minutes later and frowned. "Do you wish I had locked Belle in the toilet just because I was jealous?"

Joseph also noticed that he had forgotten himself and couldn't help laughing. "You're too quiet for me."

"Do I have to worry about your subordinates?" What kind of boss is like that?

"Of course, let it go, I just like to see you jealous," Joseph said honestly.

Irish finally reached out and put her arms around his neck, hanging off him like an otter. "In fact, I am jealous almost every day."

Joseph bowed his head and kissed her lips. This time, his kiss was tender, long, and affectionate.

The main diamond cutting and grinding centers are concentrated in Belgium, Israel, New York, Bombay, India, Bangkok, Russia, and China. Fifty percent of the world's diamond trading takes place in Belgium. Provided it is labeled "Antwerp cut," it is synonymous with perfect technique. Israel is the main supplier of new cut style diamonds, with 40 watchmen in Israel. Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, New York's 47th Street is another famous diamond street. India, which mainly processes small diamonds, is not as good as other countries, but it also has 29 cargo watchers and 80 cutting workers. On average, it processes more than 1 billion diamonds a year. Russia's polishing technology is very good, and China has begun to develop into an important diamond cutting center in recent years.

In Cape Town, its cutting and milling are only for local diamond retailers and some plant companies. In South Africa, you can see the diamonds are much brighter than the other providers. It was a magical place where Irish fell deeply in love as soon as she arrived.

It had a Mediterranean climate, with mild air and a beautiful coastline compared to Johannesburg. The land was surrounded by rich sea resources, where sunlight shone on its harbor as if it were an endless strip of gold. The blue water was visible, gently hitting the ancient rocks. One who stands in Cape Town thinks they have gone to Europe, where there was the best fusion of the original wild and elegant modern civilization.

Because Joseph was an old customer, the head of the cutting and grinding center opened up a green channel for him, which was convenient for Irish to follow in and participate in the diamond cutting and grinding process. She was unhappy with Joseph's desire to bring her into the jewelry industry, but as he put it, it was a matter of pride to be able to wear diamonds that she had personally polished.

Joseph kept his promise, teaching her by hand.

It is very important to draw a line on the original stone because one can only drill or see the diamond according to the line. Irish studied it for a long time, and it turned out that the line was slanted or skewed. Joseph shook his head to indicate that it was no good, but she frowned. "Can't a diamond be cut as a polygon?"

"Yes, but in terms of the types of shapes currently available on the market, they are the best models for bringing out the brilliance of a diamond." Joseph stressed, "The shape of the stone in your hand is best suited to a standard cut."

