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Irish wasn't going to swagger out the main entrance and have a verbal battle with them. She snuck out the back door to avoid the reporters, but a car suddenly blocked her way, scaring her. She looked up and saw it was Joseph's car, and some reporters began to rush towards them.

"Get in the car," Joseph said to her.

Irish knew she needed to leave as soon as possible and got in the car quickly. "Why are you here?"

"Let's talk about it later," He stepped on the accelerator and left the reporters behind.

This was the first time Irish had seen his driving skills. He drove fast but steadily, and the car sped forward, dodging through traffic. Even though he drove fast, he did not violate any traffic rules. He left the reporters behind and drove into the underground garage of Irish's apartment.

After entering the house, Irish walked to the window and looked around. There were no reporters downstairs, which finally made her feel relieved. To be on the safe side, she hastily drew all the curtains in the house. When this was done, she found that Joseph was brewing tea at the tea table.

"Come here." He said without looking at her.

Irish huddled on the couch, and Joseph took a cup of tea to her.

She took a sip of the tea but still said stubbornly, "Well, this is just great, isn't it?"

"It seems that you've watched too many TV dramas." After taking a sip of tea, Joseph put down his cup and stretched out his hand to her. "Let me check your wounds."

She stretched out her hands as she bit her lip. Joseph carefully inspected her wounds and finally smiled when he found they had recovered well. Irish gazed at him for a long time and recalled what happened the day before when he was soaked in the rain because of her. Then, a feeling of regret struck her, and she drew back her hands slightly. "I'm sorry about that."

Joseph squinted and replied in a supportive tone, "Good girl."

"You misunderstand me. I apologize because you got wet in the rain due to my rudeness. But I don't think I've done anything else." She leaned on the sofa with a cushion in her arms. Though she said this with a loud voice, her clenched fingers indicated her apprehension.

Perceiving her helplessness, Joseph couldn't bring himself to blame her, and then he took out a ticket, putting it on the tea table.

Irish glimpsed at it and frowned.

Joseph showed a faint smile and said, "I know you wanted to travel to Uyuni. This is a ticket to La Paz, and when you arrive there, someone will arrange for you to go to Uyuni. I have arranged everything for you in Uyuni, so don't worry and enjoy yourself there."

Irish was shocked and asked him, "How did you know that I wanted to go there?"

Uyuni was known as the closest place to heaven. Located near the town of Uyuni in the western Potosi Province, in southwestern Bolivia, it was the largest salt flat in the world. It was a beautiful place, stretching over 12,500 square kilometers. In the winter, the entire flat would form a shallow lake and sometimes freeze. Locals even used the salt on the lake during the dry season to build houses. Only in recent years was it noticed by visitors, but many of them were unwilling to travel there because of the distance, so it remained relatively untouched. According to some descriptions, the endless lake looked like it was carved out of crystal, and the salt dunes in the distance looked like snow-capped mountains. It was extremely beautiful there.

Though she had wanted to travel there, she hadn't mentioned it to anyone.

Joseph gave the ticket to her and folded it in her hands. "I knew you wanted to go there because your computer desktop background was a picture of it."

Irish was astonished after hearing this.

"Do you know that it looks the most beautiful in winter?" Her face was slightly pale, and she held the ticket in her hand.

Looking at her, Joseph embraced her into his arms and leaned on the couch. He stroked her hair gently and said to her, "The scenery is beautiful in the summer as well. If you want to go back, then I will arrange another trip for you."

Leaning in his arms, Irish looked at the ticket in her hands, and the beautiful scenery unfolded before her eyes. It gradually disappeared, and all she could feel was his heartbeat.

"Enjoy your vacation and have a good time. Buy and eat anything you want. Treat yourself." Joseph smiled and kissed her head.

After a long while, Irish said, "People always go there with their beloved." She felt the man stiffen, and he held her chin lightly and replied, "Next time. I promise you." Joseph stared at her and made this promise in a gentle tone.

Somehow Irish felt sad about his words. Maybe she felt sentimental about his firm promise and his serious eyes. She forced herself to calm down and then said indifferently, "I don't like to run away when shit hits the fan."

Of course, she knew his intentions.

But she just didn't want to do it this way.

"You think too much. I just want you to have a good rest." He smiled.

"Joseph, I'm not a child anymore. I can see through all this." Putting aside the ticket, Irish continued, "I understand that you want to undertake all of this by yourself. However, the news indicated that they wanted to push us, including Ruby, into the eye of the storm. This afternoon, the news changed its focus and led people to concentrate on the sharp fall in the Runestone Group's stock price, as well as the news that the board of directors has removed you. The news of the sharp fall of the stock price is not supposed to be transmitted so quickly, and as for the news, you have been impeached? That should only be known by the company's board of directors, so how has it now become public knowledge? Joseph, I

don't want you and Leo to protect me in this way because you will hurt yourselves in the process. It's unnecessary for you to do this. I don't want to leave you in this situation."