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The innkeeper hastened to pull Irish and lowered her voice. "Do you know this woman? You gave her the key?"

The only thing Irish could say was that everything was a misunderstanding.

Joseph said with cool eyes, "Daisy, quickly take the luggage."

Irish was about to ask why her luggage was being taken away, only to see Pea once again sitting on the trunk with his head up and wrinkling his face, "Irish hasn't spoken yet, why are you taking her luggage?"

Daisy was a successful woman, but she was married and had no children, so she didn't know how to get along well with the children. She looked at Joseph with a confused face and finally called for help. "Mr. Dover, you see..."

Joseph turned his head to the innkeepers, "Is he your child? Please take him away."

They looked at Irish hesitantly, and Joseph turned to Irish, lowering his voice, "Will he listen to you?"

It was the first time Irish had seen Joseph look slightly helpless, facing a child. She couldn't help but want to tease him. Finally, she cleared her throat and said slowly, "I don't know."

Joseph saw that she wanted to make fun of him and smiled helplessly, then took a deep breath, walking up to the child. "I am Irish's friend," he said.

Pea looked up at him. It looked funny. Joseph was a big man, and Pea was so small. The scene of them confronting each other made Irish want to laugh.

"Pea, you hop off, don't cause any trouble," His mother shouted.

Peas shook his head desperately.

"So your name is Pea," With patience, Joseph squatted down to look at him.

Pea looked at him. "My name is Peter. You are not friends with me. It's very impolite to use my nickname like that."

Irish couldn't help but laugh.

Joseph was not expecting to be chastised by a child and took a glance at Irish, slightly squinting his eyes. Irish gestured that she couldn't help. He had to go into battle again, clearing his throat and reaching for him. "Hello, Mr. Peter, my name is Joseph, a friend who is here to take away Irish's luggage for her, I am not a bad person."

"Where is your identification card?"

Pea reached out and shook his hand.

Joseph was stunned.

"How can you prove your identity?" Pea crossed his legs and sniffed his nose.

Joseph had no choice but to take out his wallet and take out his ID card to give to him. Pea frowned and examined it for a long time, and Joseph sincerely wondered if he could read the words on the identity card.

Sure enough, Pea shouted at his mother, "Mom, I can't read the words on this ID card."

Joseph was startled.

The innkeeper hastened to take Pea away, "I'm sorry, he is very naughty."

Daisy grabbed the luggage to carry it away.

"Where the hell are you taking my suitcase?" Irish could not help asking.

Joseph lifted his wrist and looked at it. "The fireworks have begun. Let's hurry to see it?"

Irish choked.

Just as he was about to leave, Pea broke away from his mother and ran to Irish's side, with his eyes wide open, "Irish, will you come to visit again?"

Irish squatted down and smiled, "Of course, you are so cute, I will have to come and see you."

"Then you should come here again quickly," Pea said very seriously.

"Why?"

"Because in a few years, I'll be older, and you won't know me, and then I'll have a girlfriend. You're so beautiful, and my girlfriend might be jealous."

Irish was surprised for a long time and said, "You don't worry, I will try to avoid your girlfriend."

Pea smiled contentedly and then looked at Joseph, "Uncle."

Joseph smiled, and Irish was startled, clearing his throat, "What do you want to do, Mr. Peter?"

"Are you Irish's boyfriend?" Asked Pea seriously.

Joseph smiled, but Irish was shocked. He didn't wait for his answer and got up hastily. He pushed Joseph out, and Irish shouted, "Thank you again. I'll see you later."

When they walked out of the inn, Joseph couldn't help laughing and asked, "What are you nervous about?"

"Who's nervous? I am afraid that you will be tormented out of your mind by Mr. Peter." Irish avoided his eyes and tried to sound as calm as possible.

"Children can be quite precocious," Joseph said from the bottom of his heart.

Irish remembered him talking to Pea and couldn't help laughing. Joseph saw her smile, looking at her with joy in his heart, and couldn't help but clap her hands. "Let's go, I want to accompany you to see the fireworks display."

She looked down at him holding her hand, a warm current flow in her heart, and she nodded gently.

Fireworks displays usually took place in the evening or night, and in Light Town, there were also ships coming and going. However, the Temple was where the largest number of people congregated and also had the largest number of participants.

By the time they were arriving, the firework display had nearly begun. Thousands of people had come there to watch the grand firework show.

Before the display, Irish shook him. Not knowing why, Joseph smiled and asked her. He wasn't interested in fireworks and only thought that her curious appearance was cute.

When the fireworks began, Irish cried, "The fireworks are so beautiful that I would like to thank the person who made them."

"You are so serious," Joseph could not resist holding her in his arms while people were hurrying to and fro.

The man's actions were natural. She was held in his arms, and though crowds surrounded them, she was still and in a personal quiet place in the bustling world. They looked like an inseparable couple on vacation.

The sound of fireworks became increasingly distant, and the man's soft breath fell on her ears, which blew her hair and made her itchy. Irish knew that she should push him away, at least, to get away from his breath, but she found herself unwilling to separate from him. She could walk away and find a place far away from him, but her heart would still feel doleful.