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Shirley slapped his legs and said, "I have no free time to get involved in it, I was just worried about Ruby. I also have to take care of you."

"What's wrong with me?" Roy took an apple and had a big bite.

"You are the only son in the Lake family, and you are always busy with your work. And you don't even have a girlfriend now? So I really worry about it."

Roy was afraid of her muttering and grumbling, so after eating his apple, he said to Shirley, "Mom, don't worry about me. I am fine. I have to have a rest now because I still have jet lag."

"Stop. You should treat this seriously. Do you know that the board of directors isn't satisfied with Joseph? So you might have to go back to the Runestone Group."

"Here we go again," he murmured, adding, "Why should I return to our company?"

"You are the only son of this family, so you have to take charge of it," Shirley tried to persuade him. She continued, "Joseph has already gone to South Africa, and he may succeed in getting the contract for the diamond mine. If he succeeds this time, his position will be consolidated again."

Roy rolled his eyes and replied, "He is the manager of the Runestone Group, so it is natural for him to consolidate his position."

"Nonsense! Why are you as stubborn as Ruby? You are unwilling to go back to the Runestone Group, and Ruby doesn't want to work there either. And now Joseph has even filed for divorce with her, so who do you think will get the company in the end? I am afraid we will become homeless!"

"But you still have shares in the Runestone Group. How can they do that to us?" Roy yawned, stretched himself, and added, "To be honest, I like my present job."

"Damn, kid! How can you be so petulant with me?" Shirley frowned at him and shouted behind him. "If you don't go back to the company, then find a girlfriend and get engaged to her, or I will arrange a blind date for you."

"Okay. I get it." Roy replied lazily and went back to his room.

Shirley shook her head helplessly and sat on the couch quietly for a while. Her mind was full of the image of Joseph being welcomed back by the board officers after getting the contract for the diamond mine. The more she thought of it, the more she was afraid. He had been the best man to become her son-in-law, but now it seemed that she had invited a wolf into her den. If he never came back or if he just disappeared into the world, things would be easier for her. She can't let Joseph take everything she worked hard for.

It was the middle of the night in Cape Town, South Africa. The neon lamps were lit in the street.

The door of the apartment was opened, and Irish was attached to Joseph, holding his waist as they entered the house. The door opened. She smiled at Joseph and held his neck in her hands, and took the initiative to kiss him.

Joseph was surprised by her initiative and her unusual passion, and his hands began to slip down her back to her hip. She dodged him slightly but still held him tightly and buried her face in his arms.

Joseph smiled and embraced her.

But soon, he felt that his chest was wet and hot. Lowering his head to take a look at her, Joseph was astonished. He held her face and was surprised by her tears, which made her look pitiful.

It reminded him of the night when he met her at the bar for the first time, when she also buried her face in his arms, crying.

"What's wrong? Why are you crying?" Joseph reached out and wiped her tears gently, just like that night, but he couldn't help kissing her at that moment.

Irish held him tightly but still burst into tears quietly. After a long time, she said in a low voice, "Joseph, sometimes I think I am dreaming because life is so great that I feel a little anxious about it."

Joseph gazed at her and said, "You're drunk. Don't think so much."

She also looked at him directly with her tearful eyes, "I am drunk, so my emotions are real. Sometimes I feel afraid that you will leave me someday. Or perhaps originally, it's just a dream and not real at all. I'm afraid of losing you."

"I won't leave you," He sighed slightly with his cheeks pressed against her nose.

"Do I think too much?" She enjoyed his breath and continued, "But I never used to be like this, but now I don't think I could bear the loneliness anymore."

Joseph embraced her and said, "Honey, I said before that I would not leave you alone, so you don't have to fear this."

"But I also don't want you to face loneliness on your own either." Irish looked up at him and added, "You shouldn't have hidden from me that night. I am so depressed."

Of course, Joseph understood what she was talking about and reached out to tuck her hair behind her ears while saying, "Trust me. I was fine that night, you can ask Daisy about this."

Upon finishing his words, Irish suddenly kissed him with her fingers slipping down from his collarbone, undid his buttons, and whispered, "Let me feel your breath so that I can know that this is real and not a dream."

"Honey." There was a complicated emotion lingering in his heart, he felt warm but also sore. He could understand her panic. It was getting closer and closer to the bidding day. As time passed, it meant they would meet more obstacles. Though he had prepared to face all kinds of problems when they went back to New York, he knew Irish had hidden all of her worries in her heart. He was not sure their way would be smooth because sometimes promises did not work at all.

