

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 111

Chapter 111 We Aren't Fit for Each Other

Joseph exuded an air of laziness as he lounged on the sofa, his face partially concealed by the angle of the photo.

Yet, even with only half of his face visible, his captivating presence was enough to enchant anyone who laid eyes on him.

Upon seeing the handsome guy, Emily's mind cleared up a bit. "Isn't this the handsome guy we encountered at the bar who was with Jake's uncle that day?"

Chloe's anger was written all over her face. "What did you say?"

Perplexed, Emily repeated, "What's the matter? He's the guy we met at the bar. I also met him at the class reunion the other day. Honestly, you could make a move on him if you weren't so fixated on seeking revenge against that despicable couple."

Even during the short encounter at the bar, Joseph's charisma remained undeniable. He emitted an aura of elegance and exceptional grace. While others might have been easily forgotten, he possessed the ability to leave a lasting impression.

"Stop it..." Chloe was on the verge of tears. She thought Emily had made a mistake, but it turned out that she was the one who had misunderstood.

'I'm such an idiot!'

"By the way, why do you have his photo? And from this angle, it looks like a sneak shot..." Realization quickly set in for Emily, her eyes widening in astonishment. "You know him?"

Dropping to the floor, Chloe clutched her head and said exasperatingly, "He was the man I flirted with at the bar..."

Emily's jaw dropped, her face filled with disbelief. "You must be joking!"

“What should I do? I’m married to him...”

‘I also nearly had sex with him...’

Emily stood there in a daze, taking a moment to come to terms with reality before a smile slowly crept onto her face. “This is great! He’s so handsome, and he must be very wealthy, right?”

Lifting her head, Chloe bit her lip and said, “He’s the owner of Fairlight.”

‘Not only that, but he also has a big mansion, fancy cars, and a collaboration with Patterson.’

The heavens had given her countless signs, but she failed to delve deeper into their meaning. Emily jumped from the bed and said excitedly, “Don’t forget me when you get rich!”

“Stop teasing me. I’m so f*cking worried right now.”

“What’s there to be worried about? He’s rich and handsome. You should consider yourself lucky.”

“He doesn’t love me. Our contract lasts only for three years. After that period, we are to get divorced.”

“Enchant him and make him fall in love with you. Persuade him to extend the contract, and before he knows it, a lifetime will have passed in the blink of an eye.”

“You’re making it sound so simple.” Chloe smiled bitterly. “We aren’t fit for each other. Our background doesn’t match. What’s more, he doesn’t like me at all.”

Emily fell silent. Throughout history, the union of individuals from the same social standing has held significant importance in marriage.

Chloe let out a sigh, feeling lost. She hid like a turtle at Emily’s place for a whole day, keeping her phone turned off to avoid the harsh reality she did not want to face.

While applying her face mask, Emily glanced at Chloe and sincerely offered her advice. “You should have a serious conversation with Joseph. Dragging it out like this won’t solve anything.

”

“I don’t know what to say...”

“Well, I think it’s fine if you don’t say anything. After all, you still have three years. During that time, you can stay by his side and even work at Fairlight. Make good use of these three years, and focus on your career. Even if you can’t win his heart in the end, at least you’ll have a respectable job.”

Chloe picked at her nails, hesitating. “But wouldn’t that be using him...?”

“Oh please. He married you to appease family expectations.”

“You’re right...”

Emily removed her mask and casually tossed it into the trash can. “Let me ask a question. Do you not have feelings for Joseph whatsoever?”

Three years was not long, nor was it short either.

you one

The human heart was made of flesh, and if Chloe was determined to win Joseph’s, there was a possibility of success. Besides, the intricacies of human relationships could not be simply explained by the notion of “mismatched backgrounds.”

Chloe found herself at a loss, unsure of what to do. There were moments when **Joseph** treated her kindly, and she could not deny that she had developed some level of affection for him.

However, every time the flickering flame of love began to ignite, it was abruptly extinguished

by his cutting remarks.

“No. Anyone who likes him is just asking for abuse,” Chloe said.

Emily responded with a contemplative silence before stating, “You should think it over. I’m off to meet my boyfriend now.”

“Shouldn’t it be chicks before dicks?!”

The night stretched on.

Chloe felt a mixture of anticipation and unease as she switched on her phone. She scrolled through her messages, but to her disappointment, there was no message from Joseph. Instead, she saw a message from Icarus.

[Chloe, are you available at 8 tonight? I have something to discuss with you. Let's meet on the fifth floor of Gilded Harvest.]

She checked the time. It was seven o'clock, and she figured that she still had enough time. She quickly tidied herself up and set off.

However, as soon as she stepped out of the building, her vibrating phone in her bag caught her attention. She pulled it out and saw the name "Joseph" displayed on the screen.

At the sight of the name, Chloe's hand trembled as she answered the call.

Chapter 112 Heart Attack

"Grandpa just had a heart attack. Come to the hospital now."

Chloe's pupils instantly constricted. Without thinking about anything else, she immediately agreed, "Okay."

Forty minutes later, she arrived at the hospital. Through the glass window, she could see

Harold lying in the emergency room with an oxygen tube inserted into his nose and a pale face.

devoid of color.

This sight made Chloe's heart tighten. "Why did Grandpa suddenly have a heart attack?"

Joseph remained expressionless and said, "He went to play an escape room with some friends, and he got frightened."

"That's it?"

“Mm-hm.”

“Sigh...” Chloe touched her nose and replied, “Grandpa still has the heart of a child.”

“Where are the family members of the patient? The patient has awakened,” a nurse said as she emerged from the ward.

Joseph glanced at Chloe. “Let’s go in.”

“Okay.”

The two of them entered the ward one after the other. When Harold saw them, a gentle smile graced his aging face. “I’m fine. Patrick was just being paranoid in calling you two here.”

Chloe pursed her lips and coaxed him like a child, “Grandpa, you shouldn’t go to escape rooms

anymore.”

Flushed with embarrassment, Harold shot an annoyed glare at Joseph before clearing his

throat. “Fine, fine. I won’t go anymore. This is the fault of those old comrades of mine. They wanted to keep up with the latest trends, so they suggested we give an escape room a try for

some fun.

“I thought it’d be like playing hide-and-seek, like what we did back in the war. But once we stepped inside, darkness engulfed us, and the path ahead became indiscernible. It should be

called a haunted house instead.

What’s more, the room had been filled with intricate traps and mechanisms. A skeleton abruptly emerged from the wall, and if Harold had been aware that it was merely a prop, he would not be lying here.

“Did they hold a knife to your throat and force you to go?” Joseph asked as he peeled an apple.

Harold grabbed the tissue box from the bedside table and threw it at him. "Shut up! Go buy me some food. I haven't eaten all day, and I'm about to starve to death because of you, you brat."

The tissue box bounced off Joseph harmlessly, and he chuckled. "If you go to another escape room, you won't have to eat for the rest of your life."

Chloe could not fathom why Joseph felt the need to argue with Harold immediately after he woke up. Stepping in between them, she offered, "I'll go buy some food. Grandpa, please wait

for me."

Staring at her retreating figure, Joseph handed the peeled apple to Harold. "I'll go settle the

bills."

The hospital cafeteria was already closed at this hour, so Chloe made her way to a restaurant situated across the street and ordered a few light dishes and a nutritious soup.

Upon returning to the hospital, Chloe encountered Joseph in the main lobby. His well-fitted suit accentuated his tall and slender physique. His eyebrows arched slightly, giving off a hint

of coldness.

While Joseph's expression remained unchanged as he glanced at Chloe, a subtle warmth could be detected in his gaze. His gaze shifted to the food container in her hand, and he asked, "What did you buy?"

"It's a small eatery that serves home-style dishes. I bought some poached eggs, steamed fish, and some soft-cooked grains. Is that okay?" Chloe replied.

"Yeah." Joseph nodded, striding forward in long strides and taking the lead.

Chloe followed closely behind him. Just before reaching the ward, she took a deep breath and asked the question that had been lingering in her mind, "Were you waiting for me earlier?"

There was no need to wait in line at the payment counter, and it usually took no more than five minutes to settle the bill. He had no reason to stay in the lobby.

Continuing his stride without pausing, Joseph's magnetic voice brushed past her ear. "Yes. After all, you have a tendency to run away when you're unhappy."

"That's not... I didn't intend for things to turn out this way. I just couldn't control my

emotions," Chloe softly retorted.

After all, who the hell would have thought that she had gone for the wrong person from the get-go?

Joseph did not catch what she said, but he clearly knew it was something unpleasant. He pinched her cheek and asked, "What are you mumbling about?"

"Nothing..." Chloe realized it was not the appropriate moment to argue with Joseph, so she

refrained from retorting and let him pinch her cheek which left behind a faint red welt.

The way she lowered her head submissively appeased Joseph greatly. His anger abated, and he released his fingers from her cheek.

"Bring the food to Grandpa and then come out."

"But why?"

"I have something to tell you."

Chloe obediently complied. She followed Joseph's order to bring the food to Harold. She even

placed a glass of warm water on the bedside table before leaving the room.

There were hardly any people in the corridor since this is the VIP ward section, so the surrounding was exceptionally quiet.

Chloe walked toward Joseph, who was sitting on a long bench in the hallway. Just as she was about to speak, her phone rang. It was Icarus calling.

'Oh gosh! I forgot to tell him!'

"I need to take this call. Please wait a moment," she said.

"Wait," Joseph interjected, noticing the shift in Chloe's expression. His eyes narrowed slightly

as he continued, "Answer the call right here."

Chloe was speechless. For some reason, she felt like a wife who had betrayed her husband."

Fine."

'I haven't done anything wrong, why should I be afraid of taking the call here?' she thought.

She lightly swiped the screen with her fingertips and answered the call.

"Sorry, I can't make it for our appointment today. A family of mine fell ill. Can we meet another day?" she asked.

"Yes, yes. He's fine now. Okay, good night."

Chloe briefly explained the situation to Icarus.

Icarus remained composed and understanding, without expressing any disappointment despite the change of plans. He seemed to have a better temperament than Joseph.

"Now that I've finished the call, you can speak," Chloe said to Joseph with a smile.

Joseph evaded her question and fixed his gaze on her. "The person who just called you... Is he. the one who attended the cooking class with you?"

"How did you know?"

"Hah."

Not only did he recognize the caller's voice, but he also heard that they were going out on a date tonight.

Chapter 113 Playing Hard to Get

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Chloe asked, unable to comprehend his

gaze.

"I believe I've warned you more than once to stay away from men of questionable character," Joseph said.

"He's my friend," Chloe retorted, feeling a bit displeased.

"You're not just an individual anymore. You're my wife, and you represent not only yourself but also the Whitmans and Fairlight," Joseph said sternly.

Chloe felt a shiver run down her spine. She lowered her head and weakly responded, "You now acknowledge me as the Whitmans' daughter-in-law? Why didn't you tell me that before? Were you afraid I was after your family's wealth?"

"Have I ever hidden anything from you or deliberately kept you uninformed?" Joseph replied with displeasure.

'It was your own stupidity for not realizing it.'

"Well... You didn't..."

Joseph snorted with an air of arrogance and said, "Act within your capabilities, and don't go overboard. Can you find a better place than Fairlight?"

'Can you find a man better than me?'

Chloe was completely at a loss. She could not help but recall what Emily had said, which made her feel worried. Before, she had tried to please Joseph because she believed he was Jake's uncle, but now he had become her provider.

'Goodness. Am I destined to be unable to leave him?'

“The contract clearly outlines the terms in explicit detail. We’re all adults, and there’s no need for further explanation. I’ll consider today as an unauthorized absence, and the penalty for such absences is three times the basic salary.”

Chloe’s heart skipped a beat. “That’s a lot!”

“You brought it upon yourself.” He sneered.

After hesitating for a moment, Chloe cautiously asked, “Well, I’m just asking, but is it possible for us to terminate the contract now?”

Joseph’s face sank and his eyes narrowed. Rising to his feet, he took a step closer to Chloe and demanded, “Say that again?”

He had been very patient with her, yet she did not appreciate it. Everything had its limit, including his patience.

In a split second, Chloe felt her back forcefully pressed against the chilling wall, leaving her with no room for escape. She gazed at the man standing just inches away from her. His gaze was sharp, and his handsome face remained devoid of any expression.

Her heart began to pound uncontrollably.

She really did not want to owe him any favors. Nervously, she stammered, “Can we terminate.

Before she could finish her sentence, Joseph pinned her against the wall. Startled, she looked at the man before her and said, “Don’t get angry, I was just joking. I was just trying to lighten the atmosphere!”

With his imposing figure, Joseph loomed over her and cast his gaze

“Are you playing hard to get?”

downward.

“Huh?” Chloe paused, awkwardly touching her nose. “You caught me. Well, it seems like I’ll never win your heart in this lifetime.”

She felt rather embarrassed after uttering those words. However, her immediate concern was to pacify Joseph. His reaction had made it clear that she could not bring up the topic of

contract termination again.

Dealing with an enraged Joseph was simply too frightening!

A mixed expression flashed across Joseph's handsome features as he met her clear gaze. He knew all too well about her little tricks, yet he still fell for it.

'D*mn it!' he chided inwardly.

"Stop deluding yourself into challenging me in the future," Joseph tossed out this remark before releasing her.

Chloe sighed and nodded in resignation, accepting her fate. "I understand."

For now, she would just focus on surviving and rolling with the punches. After all, she had tried to warn him, and if things got exposed later on, she could not be solely blamed for it.

It was he who refused to let her leave!

Joseph glanced at Chloe's melancholic expression and felt a tinge of displeasure in his heart.

'Am I really making her suffer by insisting on her working at Fairlight? Or is it because of the man she was talking to on the phone just now?'

At the thought, a wave of anger surged within Joseph.

'I'm losing my mind, and it's all this dumbo's fault.

'No, I can't let that happen. No one should have the power to influence my emotions.'

Taking a deep breath, he composed himself and coldly said, "You don't have to report to the marketing department tomorrow."

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Score 9.5

Chapter 114 Treating Her Like a Maid

Chloe blinked, confusion written all over her face as she asked, “Does this mean you’re terminating my contract?”

“There have been changes to your job responsibilities,” he stated firmly, enunciating each word with emphasis. “You are to report to the custodial department starting tomorrow.”

Chloe’s eyes widened slightly, and she forced a dry smile, “You must be joking with me, right?”

“No, I’m not,” Joseph replied.

‘I’ve been too nice to her. She needs to be taught a lesson for quitting her job without any legit reason!’

Chloe’s expression froze.

“You want me to work as a janitor?!” she asked, her voice thick with disbelief.

‘Seriously? Is he out of his mind?’

While she was open to a change in her job role, the idea of becoming a janitor was difficult for her to accept.

“Well, there’s a chance you can come back to your original department, but that’ll depend on your performance,” Joseph said casually, admiring her gradually changing expression with an indifferent glance. His thin lips curved slightly, finally feeling some satisfaction.

“You can’t do this to me! I’ll tell Grandpa about it!”

“He may be able to protect you momentarily, but can he protect you for three years?”

With a swift movement, Joseph reached out and lightly pinched Chloe’s chin, his fingertips cool against her skin as they glided with a tantalizing touch. His voice was filled with allure and a hint of temptation as he continued, “Provoking me comes at a cost. Remember to behave yourself next time.”

Joseph’s voice was calm and composed, devoid of any discernible chill. However, once Chloe looked into his eyes, they felt like piercing daggers,

penetrating deep into her soul with an intensity that sent shivers down her spine.

Just when Chloe was about to comply, her resistance manifested in her words instead. “What if I refuse? What if I insist on terminating the contract?”

A faint frown appeared on Joseph’s face as he spoke in a composed manner, “It appears you didn’t pay close attention to the contract. Allow me to refresh your memory. It explicitly states that only Party A has the exclusive right to terminate the contract and holds the power to alter your job position. As Party B, you can terminate the contract, but you’ll be liable for any losses

incurred on my part.

“And should I find your performance unsatisfactory, I can take legal action, engaging Samuel as my representation, which would ultimately leave you bankrupt, drowning in debt, and facing the potential risk of imprisonment if circumstances demand.”

Chloe clenched her fists. ‘So even if I know the truth, I still can’t run away from him. Why does misfortune constantly befall me?!’

If she could start over again, even if she vomited in the car that day, she would meticulously read and understand every word and symbol on the contract before signing it!

Regrettably, life offered no opportunities for do-overs. She had no alternative but to accept her circumstances.

Chloe let out a long sigh, her voice filled with despair as she asked, “When can I be transferred back to the marketing department?”

“As I said. It depends on your performance.”

They accompanied Harold at the hospital until 11 o’clock, after which Harold urged Chloe and Joseph to go home and rest.

Joseph agreed promptly without any objections and got up to leave. Chloe observed Harold’s condition, and after ensuring that he was fine, she left him to Patrick’s care.

Joseph walked ahead, while Chloe trailed behind him. Her mind was wrestling with whether she should rent a place of her own in the future. The reason she stayed with him was to flirt with him, but now, it seemed unnecessary.

Joseph turned his head and noticed Chloe's troubled expression. His thin lips parted, saying, "

Hurry up."

"Okay."

"When we get back, make me some sandwiches."

"Okay..."

"Are you not willing to?"

"I wonder. Have you been treating me as a maid since the beginning?"

After all, they had spent so much time together. They constantly saw each other, yet there had been no change in his attitude toward her.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 115 Outburst of Emotion

Joseph pondered for a moment and answered thoughtfully, "Of course not."

Chloe's spirits lifted visibly, her vitality returning. "Really?"

"Yes, a maid is far more diligent and obedient than you."

Chloe was speechless.

Joseph chuckled softly. 'But your position is slightly higher than that of a housemaid.'

To put it bluntly, he had considered her to be beneath even a maid. The definition of a maid was someone who cooked well and was hardworking.

The first meal she had cooked was disastrous. She even ended up in the hospital after eating it.

After that, she enrolled in a culinary class. She was clever, and she managed to cook relatively delicious meals within less than a month. And now, he had grown accustomed to her cooking.

He had enjoyed extravagant meals since he was young, and honestly, her cooking was not exceptionally delicious. However, for some inexplicable reason, every time he ate the food she made, a surge of warmth welled up within him.

Chloe had no idea what Joseph was thinking, so she remained silent, assuming that he genuinely looked down on her.

Chloe accompanied Harold who was in the hospital for three days. Compared to the task of cleaning toilets at Fairlight, this duty of accompanying the elderly was much easier.

On the fourth day, Harold insisted on being discharged, so Patrick went to consult the doctor. The doctor said that Harold was fine to leave since his condition had gotten better, but he

advised him to get plenty of rest.

And so, Chloe's blissful days came to an end.

On the fifth day, she prepared a table full of breakfast dishes. There were boiled eggs, sandwiches, pies, coffee, steaks, salad, and orange juice.

As Joseph descended the stairs, his eyes were immediately drawn to the bustling figure in the kitchen. Clad in a pink apron, Chloe's slender and tall figure exuded a captivating, youthful

allure.

Hearing a noise, Chloe turned around and offered him a sweet and enchanting smile.

"You're awake. Breakfast is ready," she said.

Joseph frowned slightly, but he calmed himself and took a seat. Under Chloe's expectant gaze,

he picked up the cutlery and placed them next to the steak.

Sensing this, she promptly handed him a glass of orange juice. "It's freshly squeezed. Have a sip?"

"Say it. What do you want this time?" he said.

"Jojo, you're so clever. How did you know that I have something to tell you?" She straightened

her posture. "I don't want to work in Custodial. Can you transfer me back to Marketing? Please.

"

Chloe cupped her cheeks with her hands, her clear eyes akin to a pool of spring water. "I believe my performance these past few days has been good enough, right?"

"Yes, but you've been good to Grandpa. Apart from this morning as I have the food you made, I haven't even caught a glimpse of you for the past few days," Joseph smirked.

"I'm a human, not a robot. I have only two hands and legs. After visiting Grandpa, I don't have much time left," Chloe retorted matter-of-factly.

Joseph paused for a moment and lifted his head. He looked into her eyes for a brief moment before saying, "After spending three days in Custodial, I'll transfer you back."

"Why?!"

"Because we're short on staff."

Chloe stuffed a boiled egg into her mouth, choosing to remain silent. She could manage it since it was only three days.

After they finished their breakfast, both of them headed to Fairlight.

When Lucas was about to lead Chloe to the custodial department, Chloe smiled at him and said, "You don't have to bring me there. I saw Custodial on the ground floor when I came in. By the way, I'm sorry about my outburst of emotion. I didn't mean to lose control. Lucas shook his head. "It's fine. I'm more interested in the reason behind your outburst."

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Chapter 116 A Slap to Chloe's Face

Chloe let out a bitter smile. "Well, I knew Joseph was rich, but I didn't expect him to be the CEO of Fairlight."

"Hmm, I understand how you feel."

It was just as Lucas expected. It was like a massive pie falling from the sky, making one question the reality of it all.

Of course, Chloe had no idea what was going through Lucas' mind. She walked to the custodial department and politely knocked on the door three times.

Soon, a middle-aged woman wearing a cleaner's uniform opened the door, looking puzzled." Do you need something?"

"Madam, I'm the new staff."

"It's you." The cleaner hesitated for a moment before letting her in. "I thought it would be an oldie coming by, but turns out you're a young girl. Strange..."

"I made a mistake. My superior is angry with me, so he's punishing me by making me work here for a few days," Chloe explained meekly as she changed into her work uniform. "Madam, which area am I responsible for?"

Even though she was sent here as a punishment, she was still willing to work. The cleaner's heart softened and she said, "You don't need to do anything. Just stay here."

Chloe quickly waved her hand. "That won't do. I came here to work. Please let me know which area I should be responsible for."

Recognizing Chloe's commitment and realizing that she might face difficulties explaining her actions to her superiors if she did not fulfill her duties, the cleaner walked over to a diagram displaying the division of work areas pasted to a wall.

Holding a pen, she said, "We have Donald taking care of the first-floor corridor, Susan is managing the second-floor office area, and there's someone assigned to the third-floor pantry... As for you, you can go to the conference room on the thirtieth floor. No one's in charge of that area."

"Oh, okay." Chloe nodded. Picking up a cloth and broom, she went on her way. She put on a mask and took the elevator up to the thirtieth floor.

And her timing was impeccable.

Just as Chloe reached the conference room, the employees were just wrapping up their morning meeting. She positioned herself at the entrance, waiting patiently as they exited the

room one by one. Her face remained hidden behind a mask, revealing only her radiant eyes that sparkled with anticipation.

The cleaning process in the conference room went smoothly, bringing a sense of joy to her as it required minimal effort to tidy up.

After completing her task, Chloe stepped out of the room. Two young and beautiful girls walked past her.

"Did you hear? Mr. Joseph came in with a girl this morning."

"Yeah, yeah. I heard! Could that girl be his girlfriend? Oh my goodness. Please don't let it be true. I'll be devastated and in no mood for work."

"I don't know, but it's highly possible."

"For my birthday this year, I don't want to be rich. I want to travel back in time and become that girl!"

As Chloe listened to the fading voices of the two girls, her mouth twitched in disbelief.

‘She wants to become me? For what? To be a janitor?’

As lunchtime approached, Chloe took off her uniform and headed to the convenience store near the company to grab a bite. Sitting at the counter, she held a bowl of warm soup in her hands and took a sip, feeling a comforting warmth spread through her body.

Across the street from the convenience store, Ava’s gaze was fixed on Chloe’s figure, a hint of jealousy flashing through her eyes.

“Daddy, Coco’s over there. Let’s go over quickly,” she urged.

After searching for two days, they had finally found her.

Ava had comprehended why Adam treated Chloe with such courtesy. It was likely due to his father’s influence. What was more, Adam even regarded Chloe as his older sister, as young men like him were susceptible to deception.

Benjamin’s face darkened. Without uttering a word, he strode purposefully toward Chloe. He entered the convenience store and raised his hand, delivering a harsh slap to her face.

“You’ve sprouted your own wings now, have you?! How dare you put me on the blacklist!” he shouted, his voice filled with anger.

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Chapter 118 Swollen

Chloe paused, momentarily taken aback. Despite her curiosity about her maternal grandparents, she remained cautious and asked, "Are you saying you know who they are?"

"Mom never mentioned anything about her parents, so how does he know?"

"If you want to find them, go talk to Alexander," he replied.

With a smug expression, Benjamin led Ava away from the convenience store. As they stepped outside, Ava asked in confusion, "Daddy, do you really know about Coco's maternal grandparents?"

"When her mother married me, she cut ties with her family, but I know how to find them," Benjamin said as he gazed at the diamond necklace she was wearing. "Take this necklace and go to Jade Street in the southern part of the city. You'll find them there."

These were the words Chloe's late mother had entrusted to Benjamin, who had instructed him to wait until Chloe reached adulthood before revealing the truth.

Ava was surprised. "Are they in the jewelry business? Wouldn't that mean they're quite wealthy?"

"They just run a small shop. It's nothing great," Benjamin replied disdainfully.

In the evening, nearing the end of the workday, Joseph glanced at his wristwatch and stood up. He picked up his suit from the coat stand and headed toward the underground parking

garage.

In the distance, Chloe was crouching in a corner, her head lowered in a daze. She hugged herself tightly with her chin resting on her knees, assuming a self-protective posture. From the side, her long and curled eyelashes hung low, veiling the emotions in her eyes.

She resembled an abandoned kitten, licking its wounds while hiding in the corner.

Upon spotting her, Joseph could not help but wonder, 'Is working in Custodial that exhausting? Perhaps she's overwhelmed by the burden of difficult and tiring tasks... Maybe I should transfer her back to Marketing tomorrow. Otherwise, people might think I'm mistreating her.'

With that thought in mind, he approached Chloe and placed his hand on her head, gently massaging it. He intended to offer some words of comfort, but what came out carried a teasing tone, "Just one day and you can't handle it anymore?"

Chloe froze and slowly lifted her head. One side of her cheek was swollen, and there were clear finger marks on it.

Joseph's face sank as he asked, "Who did this?"

"My dad. Well, I'm not sure if I should still call him my dad or not."

Joseph was stunned and he frowned in disbelief. "He slapped you in the face?"

'And he claims to be her father?'

"Yeah," Chloe replied with a shrug, feigning nonchalance. "It's all right. I'm used to it."

This was not the first time. She should have gotten used to it a long time ago, right?

Though she realized it a little late, it was not too late now.

“Why did he hit you?” Joseph asked.

“It’s fine, I can handle it myself. But I do have another favor to ask of you,” Chloe said.

Joseph saw through her mask of resilience, his heart throbbing with a pang of pain. His voice softened slightly as he replied, “What is it?”

“Could you get Mr. Samuel to reschedule the appointments a little earlier please?” Chloe asked with a hint of hesitation. She knew she had asked too much of him already, but at the moment, she had no other choice.

She had consulted a law firm, and while it seemed feasible to file a lawsuit, the fact that she had a legal father-daughter relationship with Benjamin made it incredibly challenging. The chances of winning a case with an ordinary lawyer were extremely low.

“Sure, I’ll inquire about it when we get home,” Joseph agreed.

“Thank you. I’ll make something delicious for you later,” Chloe said gratefully. “You should apply some ice to your face. It’s like a swollen pig’s head,” he added.

Leat

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5

Chapter 119 Suck-up

Chloe covered her face in embarrassment, gritting her teeth as she complained inwardly, ‘What’s wrong with this guy? He’s so insensitive. It’s one thing to not show any concern, but why would he add insult to injury by comparing my face to a pig’s right now?’

Joseph entered his study and closed the door before dialing Samuel’s number.

Samuel found it unusual to receive a call from Joseph, and thus, immediately put down the files in his hand to answer. "Hey, what's the matter?"

"Can we expedite the court hearing for Chloe's case?" Joseph got straight to the point without wasting any words.

A complex expression flashed across Samuel's face. "This is the reason you called me?"

"Yeah."

"You haven't fallen for her, have you?"

Joseph was taken aback for a moment. He instinctively denied, "I just want to help her."

Samuel fell into silence, contemplating the situation. His close friend was undoubtedly a business genius, yet when it came to matters of love, he was quite clueless. Unbeknownst to

him, the fondness men develop for women often begins with a sense of empathy and

compassion.

Nevertheless, Joseph was his best friend, and he could not bring himself to refuse when he asked for help.

Samuel asked his assistant to bring his itinerary and carefully examined it. After contemplating for a while, he said, "No, the earliest possible date is in July. I can't expedite it. The court isn't under my control. It not only requires my availability, but the files also need time to be submitted and reviewed before scheduling the hearing."

Joseph loosened his tie and unbuttoned his collar. "How much would it cost for you to take on such a case normally?"

"Typically, it would be around 1 to 2 mil. And for more challenging cases, it could go up to 7 to 15 mil."

"I'll give you 15. Find a way to arrange Chloe's case for mid-month."

Samuel shook his head in refusal. "It's not about the money. Although I have a good relationship with the judge, I can't do that."

"100 million dollars."

"Joe... We've known each other for very long. Don't try to buy me off with money."

Joseph's face sank as he asked, "Who did this?"

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"100 million dollars."

"Joe... We've known each other for very long. Don't try to buy me off with money."

"200 million."

Samuel sucked in a breath of cold air and replied without any hesitation, "Fine, fine, but let me make it clear in advance. Mid this month is impossible. If it's toward the end of the month, I can try to help you."

After gently pressing an ice pack to her face, Chloe went straight to the kitchen. Now that she was living under someone else's roof, it was only natural for her to take care of the cooking.

However, the once vibrant enthusiasm she held for pleasing Joseph had waned noticeably. In its place was a sense of duty, making the act of cooking feel more like an obligatory task rather than an expression of genuine eagerness.

At the dining table, Chloe did not anticipate any words of praise from Joseph regarding the meal. Keeping her head lowered, she reached out to the project manager overseeing the Patterson project, hoping to obtain Adam's contact details through their assistance. Although the person did not reject her request, they did mention the need to consult with Adam and said they would respond to her within half an hour.

Chloe readily agreed and expressed her gratitude. After Joseph had finished his meal, she began to clean up the dishes and utensils. He glanced at her and spoke in a flat tone, "Report to Marketing tomorrow."

Engrossed in her thoughts on how to counter Ava, Chloe was so preoccupied that she failed to register Joseph's words. Lost in her own world, she simply nodded absentmindedly and replied, "Okay."

"Just okay?" Joseph questioned, his eyebrows raised in a gesture of dissatisfaction.

It was only then Chloe snapped back to reality. She stared at Joseph in surprise. "You're transferring me back to Marketing already? I thought you said three days?"

"You don't want to go?"

"I do, I do!" she eagerly responded in a joyful tone, her voice filled with excitement. "Thank you for sparing me, Jojo! I promise to work diligently and contribute to Fairlight!"

Ever since she first set foot in Fairlight, she had longed for a position there. Now that her wish was coming true, she could not help but feel ecstatic.

Joseph fixed his gaze upon her radiant face, a subtle smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

"Suck-up."

His tone carried a hint of affection, though he remained oblivious to it himself.

Raising her chin, Chloe saw no harm in flattery and replied earnestly, "Hehe, what employee doesn't flatter their boss? As long as one knows how to maintain a proper balance, no one will

say no to flattery."

"So you're just buttering me up? These aren't your true feelings?" Joseph asked, his voice turning stern and his gaze becoming cold as it swept over her.

Chapter 120 His Attitude Toward Her Has Changed

A chill ran down Chloe's spine as she touched her nose and replied, "Well, my words may sound a bit exaggerated, but my feelings toward Fairlight are genuine."

Joseph chuckled dismissively, his demeanor nonchalant as he made his way upstairs.

'Genuine feelings toward Fairlight? Shouldn't it be directed at me instead? This dumbo has been so eager to find her way into my bed, and now with these increased chances of meeting, I'm certain she's absolutely delighted.'

He had encountered many women like Chloe, but he did not find her repulsive. If she behaved obediently and played her cards right, there was a possibility of her becoming his true wife.

After taking a shower, Chloe received a call from Emily.

"So, when are you planning to move out? My colleague has a house for rent, and it's close to my place. You could even stay at mine if you like. My boyfriend won't be around," Emily suggested.

Chloe hesitated for a moment before whispering, "I've decided to stay here for now and not rent a place."

"Huh? But why?"

"I just feel like he has done a lot for me, and it wouldn't be right to leave so abruptly," Chloe replied softly.

Besides, what Joseph said was true. They had signed a contract, and she needed to honor it.

There was a pause on the other end of the line before Emily said, "You're not having second thoughts about Joseph, are you?"

Chloe bristled and she hastily retorted, "You must be out of your mind. Even the dog in this house is more likable than him!"

"Hahaha, don't talk about him in that way. After all, he's the CEO of a prominent listed company and a talented young man. He's the dream man of many women. If you really can't bring yourself to leave, then stay. Besides, doesn't his grandfather treat you well?"

“Why are you hell-bent on pairing us off?” Chloe asked in annoyance.

Emily had never approved of any of the men who pursued Chloe in the past. She had a knack for finding flaws in them.

“Because he’s genuinely exceptional. If my best friend becomes wealthy, I will surely live a good life too. I may not be able to achieve rapid success, but my daily life will surely be delightful,” Emily explained.

1/2

Chloe finally realized that she was joking. “Stop teasing me. High society might seem glamorous, but only the one who experiences it knows the bitterness behind it. All right, I’m going to hang up now. I have another call coming in.”

As she looked at the unfamiliar incoming call, her intuition told her it was Adam. And just as she expected, when she answered the call, a voice that straddled between adolescence and youth rang out.

“Sis, you were looking for me?”

Adam was quite excited. He had not expected Chloe to reach out to him of her own accord.

Chloe nodded. “Yes, I’d like to ask for your help.”

“Sure, go

ahead and tell me what it is.”

“It’s about your relationship with Ava... Can you please share the details with me?”

Her tone was gentle and polite-completely different from the cold attitude she had when refusing to give Adam her phone number back then.

When seeking someone’s assistance, this was the way to go. What’s more, she was inquiring about someone else’s personal matters.

“Sure,” Adam readily replied. He told Chloe everything about his relationship with Ava, and even mischievously added, “Sis, are you planning to teach her a lesson? I still have those flirtatious messages Ava sent me. I can send them to

you, and you can show them to her fiance. I guarantee they'll drive him crazy."

"Revealing your chat history could have consequences for you," Chloe said seriously.

"My reputation isn't great anyway, so I don't care about it. If you feel guilty, just blur out my profile picture."

"Okay, thank you."

Since Adam had voluntarily made such an offer, Chloe did not hold back either.

She hesitated a bit before asking, "Also, why are you suddenly calling me 'sis?'"

Not only that, but he treated her with respect. She remembered that they had only met twice before this call.

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5