

## **Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers**

### **Chapter 131**

Chapter 131 She's a Bumpkin and Can't Play the Piano

Chloe fell silent, finally realizing that this was yet another form of humiliation directed at her.

"No need. I'm not interested in you, and I don't want your autograph," Chloe said with a sweet smile on her face. "By the way, my favorite celebrity is Aiden Knight."

In an act of retaliation, she purposely brought up the name of his rival, fully aware of the impact it would have.

As anticipated, Sebastian's expression immediately turned grim. He let go of Chloe and sneered sarcastically, "Well, you have terrible tastes then."

Chloe shrugged with nonchalance, casually turning her head away to demonstrate her lack of interest in getting into an argument with someone so uncivilized. Just then, Joseph returned. with Jane, who shared an equally discontented look as Sebastian. Her eyes were red, hinting at an unpleasant incident that had taken place.

Chloe furrowed her brow momentarily but swiftly eased her expression. She looked at Joseph and asked, "When does the evening party begin?"

"Soon," Joseph replied, his gaze fixed on her eyes. He then cast a glance at Sebastian nearby and asked, "Did he bully you?"

"No..." As soon as she had finished speaking, she changed her mind and said, "Yes! He was talking down to me."

Joseph's gaze locked onto Chloe, his voice cold as he said, "Would you like me to give him a taste of his own medicine?"

"Yes."

"Keep dreaming."

A heavy silence enveloped Chloe as she cast her gaze downward, a bitter sadness etched upon her face. Her long, delicately curled lashes quivered

faintly, reflecting the turmoil in her heart. and the overwhelming sense of disappointment she felt.

“But someone will,” Joseph said, pulling Chloe out of her own world.

Chloe’s curiosity was piqued, and she raised her head, asking, “Who?”

Joseph sneered, “The government.”

Tax evasion was considered a severe offense, one that could lead to significant consequences.

Just as the words left Joseph’s mouth, the host of tonight’s charity event approached, signaling the official start of the auction.

Joseph made a symbolic bid on a desk ornament, which was quite ugly but exorbitantly priced.

“Time has flown by, and we find ourselves approaching the grand finale,” the host proclaimed with an air of mystery from the stage. As the audience’s curiosity grew, two staff members appeared, carefully carrying an object hidden beneath a cloth, its true nature concealed from view.

Holding the microphone in his hand, the host asked, “Let’s do a no-prize quiz. Anyone wants to take a guess?”

“It’s a piano.”

“It’s a couch.”

“A drawing.”

“A piano.”

Chloe’s interest was piqued, and she observed for a few seconds before chiming in, “It does. resemble a piano.”

As soon as she spoke, the host uncovered the item, revealing an extremely worn-out piano to the audience’s eyes.

“It is a piano! However, as you can all see, this piano is neither valuable nor an artistic masterpiece. Yet, its owner spent a remarkable twenty years working as a music teacher in the mountains using this very piano. It has now

retired with honor. The next part of the auction. involves playing a piece on this piano, live on stage, with a starting bid of 700,000 dollars!”

As soon as the host had finished speaking, a bad feeling crept into Chloe’s heart.

At the very next moment, Jane turned her gaze toward her and asked, “Ms. Chloe must undoubtedly possess a plethora of artistic talents and accomplishments to be chosen as Joseph’s wife. Surely, playing the piano is a mere trifle for someone of your caliber, isn’t it?”

“I agree,” chimed Sebastian, “Everyone knows that Mr. Joseph has exceptionally high standards when it comes to his partner. He has broken the hearts of numerous socialites and aristocratic young ladies. I heard that Ms. Chloe and Mr. Joseph registered their marriage not long after they met. She must possess an extraordinary charm.”

Their comments caused all the guests to shift their attention to Chloe, and many nodded in agreement. After all, it was widely known that Harold had introduced nearly every eligible unmarried woman in their social circle to Joseph, but Joseph had rejected them all.

Now that Joseph had suddenly gotten married, it was inevitable that Chloe would become a subject of public interest. However, playing the piano was not Chloe’s strong suit, not to mention that she had to perform a piece valued at 700,000 dollars. She was sure that there would be great anticipation placed upon her.

If she refused to perform, it would bring shame to Joseph, but if her performance fell short, it would diminish the value of the 700,000 dollars.

It was truly a daunting challenge.

Seeing Chloe’s lack of response, one of the women sitting beside Jane intentionally raised her voice and said, “I remember now. Ms. Chloe can’t play the piano. Let’s not make things

difficult for her.”

Doubt spread through the crowd and someone questioned, “Seriously? She doesn’t know how. to play the piano? Not even one song?”

Everyone that was present tonight was raised in a privileged world and had been exposed to various arts throughout their lives. Even if they were not particularly skilled, they possessed some proficiency in different areas.

Jane covered her mouth and said, her voice thick with mockery, “It seems that Ms. Chloe never learned how to play the piano. Her family doesn’t appear to be affluent.”

“Oh, I see... Then being able to marry Mr. Joseph is a tremendous stroke of luck.”

“It’s more like hitting the jackpot. Hahaha!”

Despite speaking in low or whispered voices, Chloe managed to catch snippets of their discussion as the venue was not particularly spacious.

Joseph’s gaze turned sharp as a knife, sweeping over the backs of those who were gossiping, causing a chill to run down their spines. Startled, they hastily sealed their mouths, their expressions filled with fear.

“Are you afraid I’ll embarrass you?” Chloe asked as she tugged at Joseph’s sleeve.

Joseph furrowed his brow, casting a sidelong glance at Chloe, and said, “You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to.”

## Chapter 132 Lowly People Will Never Make It Big

He had plenty of ways to silence these people.

Chloe blinked and said, “It’s not about fighting over a piece of bread, but about fighting for dignity. Just answer my question.”

‘Embarrassed?’

Joseph chuckled and replied, “You’re overthinking it. If there’s anyone who’ll end up embarrassed, it’ll be you. 1

Words caught in her throat, Chloe was unable to retort. In this case, she did not need to worry about anything anymore. Just as the host hesitated on whether to skip this part and end the event, she stood up.

“Can I have five minutes to prepare?”

Her voice was sweet and melodic as it echoed throughout the exhibition hall.

The host was stunned for a moment before smiling. “Of course.”

As the crowd watched intently, Chloe took her seat in front of the piano. She took a deep breath, gently rested her fingers on the keys, and began the process of familiarizing herself with the instrument.

“Hah, what a poser. There’s no benefit in putting on airs and pretending to be something you’re not.” Jane stifled a laugh, her face turning red from the effort of maintaining her composed demeanor as a refined lady. Yet, her eyes were brimming with excitement and anticipation.

She had been practicing the piano since childhood and had obtained a Grade 9 certification at an early age. When Chloe made a fool out of herself, she would step in and save the day.

Sebastian also laughed joyfully, well aware of Chloe’s boldness.

Women from lowly backgrounds would never make it to the big stage. Sebastian estimated that Joseph would soon understand this truth, and realized that his sister was the most suitable candidate to be his wife.

After five minutes passed, the host approached and inquired.

Chloe nodded solemnly. “I’m ready.”

“All right, I’ll pass the floor to you then, Ms. Chloe.”

Chloe’s outward composure belied the nerves bubbling within her. She flexed her fingers a few times, envisioning the melody in her mind. As her fingertips gently touched the intermingling black and white keys, a remarkable sound emerged from the piano, filling the air with its enchantment.

The piano notes flowed like a meandering stream through the mountains, winding and twisting, taking unexpected turns, all while bearing a captivating melody. The song’s gentleness and soothing quality resonated with the depths of the soul.

The smile on Jane’s face froze as she stared wide-eyed at the person on stage.

‘How could this be happening? How does this wretched girl know how to play the piano?’

The stage lights above illuminated Chloe, highlighting her slender and graceful figure. She appeared delicate and innocent, yet the music that flowed from her fingertips carried an undeniable power.

Joseph silently watched her, feeling an inexplicable sense of joy welling up within him. It was not because she played well and protected his reputation. Rather, he realized that this woman harbored a multitude of concealed virtues. The more time they spent together, the more of her remarkable qualities he discovered.

She was born in the marshes, but unexpectedly emerged with resilience and blossomed into a radiant flower. Such a rare species was truly precious.

As the song came to an end, the host was the first to applaud, followed by the rest of the audience.

Chloe smiled shyly and said, “Thank you, everyone. To be honest, I only know how to play this one piece. I hope you don’t think too highly of me. Ms. Jane was right. I come from an ordinary family and am not as privileged as all of you. Therefore, my exposure to certain things is limited. I apologize if I made a fool of myself.”

Her straightforwardness won her the favor of many, and their perception of her changed for the better.

Joseph was somewhat surprised by her words. He cast a deep gaze at Sebastian, who was wearing an unpleasant expression, and pondered thoughtfully.

‘Perhaps I can help the government to punish those who disregard the law.’

After Chloe stepped down from the stage, the host picked up a small hammer and struck for the first bid. “700,000 dollars going once!”

“750,000 dollars!”

“800,000!”

“850,000!”

As Chloe listened to the voices bidding over one another, she discreetly asked Joseph, “Did you hire some people to bid?”

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Chapter 133 Work as a Maid at Night

“I didn’t.”

“Then why are they...”

“You’re my wife. If they disrespect you, wouldn’t it be disrespecting the Whitmans?” he answered.

On top of those, Chloe did not disgrace him.

The bidding for the piano ended with a final bid of 2,000,000 dollars, called out by Joseph himself. It was not that others lacked the money, but rather, they did not dare to bid.

After all, it was his wife who played the piece, and their participation was merely for show. Engaging in a bidding war would have been inappropriate.

On their way back, Joseph asked Chloe, “Why do you only know how to play one piece?”

She paused for a moment, and self-mockingly replied, “When I was in high school, I wanted to learn to play. However, my father insisted that Ava should be the one to learn, believing that it was unnecessary for me to spend money on such pursuits. To prove myself, I’d visit at classmate’s house every afternoon to practice on their piano. Due to my limited access to the instrument, I became familiar with just one particular piece.

“But in the end, my father still refused to let me learn. He believed that Ava was the one who deserves special attention.”

Though the family had money, it was not to be wasted on her.

Joseph fell silent for a moment. He then asked, “Do you still want to learn now?”

“No, I don’t. It’s in the past,” she answered without a hint of hesitation.

Joseph remained silent, his chiseled face devoid of any emotion.

After finishing her evening routine and lying in bed, Chloe noticed a new text message on her phone.

It was from Ava.

[If you delete those chat logs, I’ll consider removing my thread.]

Chloe replied, [Tell me the contact information and address of my grandparents, and I’ll grant you some dignity.]

The next day, the thread rose to the third position on the trending topics list, but Ava stopped contacting her.

Chloe prepared some yogurt for herself and then called Adam. She then uploaded the photos taken at the popular restaurant and the original chat logs on her social media.

In the chat logs, she purposely covered Adam’s profile picture and clarified that it was not Adam but someone else. As for the photo from the trendy restaurant, it showed that it was Ava who was harassing him.

Although the overall appearance seemed somewhat suspicious and lacked credibility, it was the only way Chloe could help Adam.

As soon as she uploaded it, Adam liked the thread, and it soon appeared on the homepage and attracted a lot of attention. Many professional photo editors emerged, and some experts confirmed that the chat logs Chloe shared were authentic.

Now, the netizens who had sympathized with Ava changed their stance and began to berate her mercilessly. A day later, Ava deleted her Twitter account, and this incident finally came to an end.

Chloe thought her life was about to return to normal when Icarus and Lily suddenly showed up on the ground floor of Fairlight.

“Why are you guys here?” Chloe looked around. “Is Mr. Harry here too?”



“No, it’s just me and Icarus,” Lily replied with a smile. There was a hint of excitement in her eyes.

On their way here, Icarus told Lily that he had a crush on Chloe and expressed his intention to confess his feelings to her today. He sought Lily’s assistance in this endeavor, unwilling to postpone it any further. After all, Jake had broken up with Ava and he feared that Jake might

come back to Chloe.

Chloe felt that something was weird about the two standing before her, but she could not pinpoint exactly what was off and asked, “Are you guys here just to see me?”

“Yes, Ms. Chloe. No wonder you quit your job at Baxon. Turns out you’ve joined Fairlight. How could you not tell me about it? Do you still consider me a friend?” Lily said.

Chloe awkwardly chuckled, “It all happened so suddenly. I didn’t expect Fairlight to accept me either.”

Lily paused for a moment and suddenly remembered that Joseph was the CEO of Fairlight. Understanding hit her and she said, “I get it now.”

“You get what?”

“It’s Mr. Joseph, right?”

“Why is this related to Mr. Joseph?” Icarus asked with a frown, but he remained composed.

Lily blinked and replied, “You don’t know? Ms. Chloe is working as a maid in Mr. Joseph’s house.”

“M-Maid?”

“Yeah. She works during the day and does housekeeping as a maid in the evenings. Maybe Mr. Joseph saw that Ava had lost her job and offered her this opportunity,” Lily said with a sigh, feeling a deep sense of empathy for Chloe.

Icarus was stunned. ‘She works as a maid for Joseph at night?’

Chloe lived in a luxurious villa and had enrolled in an expensive culinary class that cost a six-figure sum per month. Her income from work alone could not possibly cover such expenses.

Looking at Chloe, Icarus’ face was filled with a complex mix of emotions. He did not want to think of Chloe as that kind of person, but he would not be able to explain the things that happened between her and Joseph.

However, Chloe did not strike him as that kind of person.

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 134 Does She Think I’m Old?

Chloe wanted to smack herself in the face. ‘Why did I tell Lily that I worked as a maid?’

Now that things had come to this point, Icarus would surely think that something illicit was happening between her and Joseph.

‘Hang on. It’s true that I have to keep my marriage with Joseph a secret.’

With this realization, Chloe instantly felt less embarrassed. In fact, when they bumped into Joseph as he was coming downstairs, she even took the initiative to invite him to join them for a meal.

After all, Icarus and Lily had come all the way here, and it was only reasonable for her and Joseph to entertain them together. If she went out for a meal with someone else and returned home late, Joseph would certainly be mad about it. So it was better to take the initiative and invite him along.

Upon receiving Chloe's invitation, Joseph thought, "This dumbo's making some progress.'

He had previously told her to avoid being alone with other men, and she not only remembered his instruction but also invited him to join them for a meal, which could be seen as a disguised rejection of Icarus.

Joseph readily agreed, and Icarus' face sank

Lily suggested going to a restaurant that served crawfish, and Chloe was all for it.

Icarus' mind was in a mess, and he had no appetite for food. He reluctantly responded with a vague "Mm-hm" to go along with the plan.

Facing the eager gazes of the two women, Joseph reluctantly nodded.

At the dining table, Icarus remained silent for a few minutes before sending a text message to Lily.

Lily, who was sweating profusely from the paprika and cayenne pepper, picked up her phone and glanced at the message.

[Change of plan. I'm not confessing today.]

Lily was stunned, and she exchanged puzzled glances with Icarus sitting across from her, using only her eyes to communicate.

'What was going on? Why did you suddenly decide not to confess?'

Icarus forced a bitter smile. He glanced at Joseph sitting next to Chloe and subtly shook his

head.

It was the season for crawfish, and Chloe ordered a plate of them cooked with lots of paprika and cayenne pepper. She relished every bite, savoring the intense flavors. Since being with Joseph, whose palate leaned toward more mild and healthy cuisines, she had not had such boldly flavored dishes in a long time.

Unable to resist, she indulged in a few extra bites.

Joseph, who had been idly sitting without touching the food, raised an eyebrow. "Is it delicious?"

"It certainly is!" Chloe replied.

"Then peel one for me," he ordered, causing Icarus to furrow his brows disapprovingly.

Chloe looked toward Joseph, who sat in his chair, his tidy short hair framing his forehead. His slender, dark eyes carried an air of nonchalance and sophistication, and his remarkably attractive face appeared unaffected by the ordinary. He appeared somewhat misplaced amid the ambiance of the restaurant.

Pursing her lips, Chloe asked, "It's spicy. Can you handle it?"

She remembered seeing some medication for treating stomach aches at home.

"You don't want to peel for me?"

"Is it that obvious?"

Joseph's thin lips tightened, and his eyes narrowed dangerously. "Hmm?"

"Fine, fine." Chloe threw her hands up in the air and muttered, "I'll peel them for you... I'm your maid, so I should listen to you anytime, anywhere."

Once the contract was over, she would definitely run far away from him so that she would not have to endure this frustration ever again.

Chloe peeled ten crayfish and placed them on Joseph's plate. He picked one up and took a small bite, but it felt as if his mouth was on fire, making it difficult for him to swallow.

"How does it taste? Is it delicious?" Chloe's eyes sparkled with anticipation, looking like a prideful child sharing the best snack in the world with her best friend.

Meeting her gaze, something flitted through Joseph's eyes. He did not want to disappoint her, so he replied, "Yes, it's great."

A smile broke across Chloe's face. "Then let me peel some more for you. In the future, you should try different cuisines and not always eat such mild flavors like an old person."

Besides, as long as he did not eat too much, he should not have any stomach problems, right?

Joseph was speechless.

Did she think of him as an old man who did not share her taste? Why did she not feel the same way about the man across from her, who seemed even older than him?

As if wanting to prove something, Joseph endured the spiciness and finished all the crawfish Chloe peeled.

Icarus silently watched their interaction, jealousy bubbling up in his chest.

In the evening, after they parted with Lily and Icarus, Chloe walked alongside Joseph toward the underground garage.

Somehow, the man who usually walked with a brisk pace was moving slowly today, and Chloe had to slow down her steps to wait for him on several occasions. When they finally reached his car, Joseph stopped in his tracks and placed his hands on both his knees, suppressing the twisting pain in his stomach.

"Go buy some medicine for me. I'm having a stomach ache," he gasped.

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 135 A Strange Feeling

It was only then Chloe noticed then that his complexion was pale, with his eyebrows furrowed tightly and fine beads of cold sweat forming on his forehead and nose.

Without hesitation, she hurried to the nearest pharmacy and returned with the medicine.

After taking the medicine, Joseph's complexion slowly improved after half an hour.

Once they returned to the house, Chloe asked softly, "If you can't handle spicy food, why did you eat the crawfish?"

She regretted bringing him there in the first place.

Joseph, still covered in a cold sweat, glanced at her and smiled ambiguously. "You were going out for a meal with another man. If I don't follow you, do you expect me to starve?"

The guilt that had just welled up in Chloe's heart vanished without a trace. Annoyed, she retorted, "I didn't force you to eat, and there's nothing in the contract that says I can't go out for a meal with friends."

"Is that not stated in the contract? Thanks for the reminder. I'll add it tomorrow."

"Joseph, why are you so mean to me?!"

"If I were being mean to you, you'd be the one feeling uncomfortable right now."

Chloe's beautiful face sank, and she was on the verge of tears. Although she felt frustrated, she could not find a way to refute him.

How could he possess such a venomous tongue yet maintain an air of innocence?

"Bring me lunch tomorrow afternoon. I can't eat outside food," he demanded.

She gritted her teeth and retorted, "Do you really see me as your personal chef? I'm exhausted. too, you know. Ms. Wendy just assigned me a task today, and I have to go out tomorrow. I don't have that much time."

"Do you want a pay raise?" Joseph looked at her nonchalantly.

Chloe was stumped. Her face blossomed into a smile, brimming with charm. "Really?"

Joseph was speechless. 'What a materialistic woman.'

“Jojo, how much of a raise are you willing to give me?”

At the mention of money, Chloe transformed from a fierce tigress into a gentle little kitten, gently tugging at his sleeve. Once she had saved enough money, she would repay him and never again live under someone else’s roof.

What was a little hardship and fatigue in the grand scheme of things? Chloe dreaded the

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thought of experiencing both exhaustion and destitution simultaneously.

Joseph lowered his gaze, fixating on her slender, white fingertips. He felt an urge to hold them, but quickly averted his eyes and stated a figure.

Chloe widened her eyes, brimming with joy. Overwhelmed with excitement, she embraced him tightly. “Thank you, boss!”

Joseph’s senses were greeted by a subtle fragrance that filled the air. Drawing closer to her, he fixated on the gentle smile adorning her face, which unexpectedly evoked a fluttering

sensation deep within his heart.

After giving him a brief hug, Chloe happily hummed a tune and went to her bedroom, oblivious to Joseph’s expression.

While cleaning her face with a makeup remover pad, she received a text message from Icarus. [Chloe, can you be honest with me? What exactly is your relationship with Mr. Joseph?]

Lily had a carefree and easygoing personality, so it was normal that she did not realize anything. Icarus, on the other hand, had surely noticed something on their first encounter.

Chloe’s hand paused, and she pursed her lips, unsure of how to respond. She sent back a simple reply.

[We’re both just getting what we need from each other.]

With her salary increase, Chloe woke up early the next morning and prepared lunch, packing it in a thermal container. Joseph glanced at it, finding that all

the dishes were his favorites. He lightly tapped his fingers on the steering wheel and a smile formed at the corner of his lips.

Chloe had to go on a site inspection with Wendy, so Joseph dropped her off at the destination before heading to Fairlight. It was only after getting out of the car that she realized she had inadvertently taken the lunchbox with her:

Annoyed, Chloe ran her fingers through her hair, uncertain if she would be able to wrap up the inspection in time to rush back for lunch. By the time Wendy and she arrived at the site, the property developer was already there, accompanied by a secretary dressed in an ostentatious suit. He stood with his back to them, giving orders to the workers.

Chloe furrowed her brow, feeling uncomfortable listening to his orders. The property developer called out, "Melody, come over and meet them."

When Melody turned around and saw Chloe, she asked in a displeased voice, "What are you doing here?"

Having previously gotten into trouble with Ava, Melody's parents had grounded her for a while. Through some connections, Melody managed to secure a position as a secretary in at

company.

Deep down, she harbored resentment toward Chloe. If it were not for Chloe, she surmised that she would be a staff of Fairlight by now and could have even won over the newly appointed CEO with her looks.

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## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 136 Who Are You to Bring Joseph Lunch?

"You know these employees of Fairlight?" the developer asked.

Melody was taken aback. "She's from Fairlight?"

'Didn't Ava say Chloe had left Fairlight and wasn't working there anymore? Why is she back there now?'



“She is. The two of them are here today to inspect the site,” the property developer confirmed.

Jealousy and anger overcame Melody’s face, but she suppressed her emotions and put on a friendly facade. With a forced smile, she said, “I’ve known her for many years. We’re old friends.”

Chloe remained silent, rolling her eyes but choosing not to expose the truth. She just wanted to get her job done as soon as possible.

Realization hit the developer and he generously granted them half an hour to catch up. However, Chloe quickly declined and said, “No, no. We should dedicate ourselves to our work during office hours. We can catch up privately outside of work.”

The property developer looked at Chloe with appreciation in his eyes.

Melody was so enraged that her eyeballs were about to pop out.

‘A wh\*re will forever be a wh\*re. She’s always trying to attract others wherever she goes.’

Wendy and the developer exchanged a few words, after which he started them guiding around to examine the site. Due to Wendy’s pregnancy, they had to take occasional breaks before resuming their walk.

It was already eleven o’clock, and the tasks that should have been finished in the morning remained incomplete. Holding the lunchbox, Chloe hesitantly interjected, “Sorry to interrupt, but I have something to say...”

Supporting her waist, Wendy nudged her chin at her and said, “Go ahead.”

“Can I take an hour off? I need to go back to the office to deliver this lunchbox...”

“Go back to the office?” Wendy was puzzled. “Who are you delivering it to?”

Chloe swallowed nervously and forced a smile on her face. “Mr. Joseph.”

The other three froze in surprise.

Melody was the first to regain her composure. She raised her voice and asked, “Mr. Joseph? Who are you to him? Why are you delivering his

lunchbox? Chloe, you should know your place. Daydreaming isn't a good habit."

Wendy looked displeased and cast a glance at Melody. "That's not an appropriate way to speak.

"

'You should be the one to know your place. How dare you speak to my subordinate in such a manner while I am standing right here?' Wendy retorted inwardly.

The developer chimed in and tried to diffuse the tension. "Melody has always been straightforward. Please don't take her words to heart."

Wendy shifted her gaze to the lunchbox in Chloe's hand, vaguely recalling seeing it in the conference room. She was perplexed.

"How did Mr. Joseph's lunchbox end up in your hands?" she asked.

"Um... I bumped into Mr. Joseph this morning while I was on my way to the office. He had something urgent to attend to and asked me to bring his lunch box to the office. I completely forgot that I was supposed to come here today," she hastily came up with an excuse. However, she realized that leaving now would be untimely, so she proposed, "Should I call someone to come and take it to the office for me?"

Wendy pondered for a few seconds, wondering if she should send Chloe back.

Knowing that it was Joseph's lunchbox, Melody immediately chimed in, "Give it to me. I'll go. After all, I'm just sitting here serving tea."

Melody did have a point. She was the only one available at the moment, and without Chloe around, there would be a substantial amount of data entry work for Wendy to manage alone.

Melody looked toward the developer, who understood her intention and silently nodded in agreement. Seeing this, her face lit up with a wide smile as an unexpected surge of happiness welled up inside of her. She swiftly snatched the lunchbox from Chloe's hands as if afraid she might change her

mind. With her heels clicking against the ground, she dashed off like a running dog.

Chloe chortled. ‘Hah, does she really think this is a great opportunity for her to get close to Joseph? Well, I wish her good luck. After all, not everyone can handle that guy’s behavior.’

Outside Fairlight, Melody swaggered in with the lunchbox in her hands. The security guard spotted her and stopped her from entering. “Please show me your employee ID.”

“I’m here to deliver lunch to Mr. Joseph. Can you afford to delay his lunchtime?” she said with

a hint of arrogance.

The security guard looked at her suspiciously and hurriedly went to the front desk to ask about it. The receptionist placed a call to Lucas, who assumed it was Chloe and that she must have forgotten her ID as she just joined the company, he granted her entry.

Melody smoothly entered Fairlight and the front desk escorted her to the elevator. As she

watched the changing floor numbers, she could not contain her excitement. She was about to meet Joseph, the man rumored to have single-handedly transformed Fairlight.

Was he as handsome as she had imagined?

Meanwhile, as Joseph’s assistant, Lucas sensed that Joseph was in a good mood when he entered the office. He poured a glass of water and promptly exited. 1

Coincidentally, the elevator doors opened at that moment, and Melody stepped out. Lucas looked at her with a furrowed brow and asked, “Who are you?”

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**Score 9.5**

## Chapter 137 Personal Grievances

“Hi, I’m here to help Chloe deliver Mr. Joseph’s lunchbox. She’s currently conducting a site inspection and couldn’t get away. I’m the secretary of the boss from the office across the street,” Melody introduced herself.

Lucas took a sharp breath, feeling a headache coming on. He had just informed Joseph moments ago that Chloe would soon be arriving with his lunchbox. Joseph had neatly stowed away the documents on his desk, and his frosty countenance softened somewhat when he heard what Lucas said. However, the person who stood before him now was not Chloe, and an uneasy feeling settled over Lucas.

Despite his internal frustrations, Lucas maintained his composure as a professional secretary, ensuring his emotions did not betray him on his face. He put on a courteous demeanor and guided Wendy toward Joseph’s office.

“All right, please follow me,” he said.

‘F\*ck it! I’m sorry, Miss, but I need someone to help me take the blame. And no one is more suitable than you for this job.’

Following closely behind Lucas, Melody hastily took out a small mirror and checked her reflection, eagerly anticipating the moment when Joseph would see her.

“Mr. Joseph, your lunchbox is here,” Lucas said and promptly exited the office, fearing that Joseph’s anger would fall on him.

Joseph kept his eyes down and focused on his phone.

“Mm,” he replied lazily.

He was wearing a light blue shirt today as he sat in his office chair, his fingers gliding effortlessly across the pages of a book. With his head low, his long eyelashes veiled the frostiness in his gaze, adding a touch of charm and gentleness to his already captivating

presence.

Melody could not help but become infatuated. She rubbed her eyes vigorously, unable to believe what she was seeing.

'Wasn't this the handsome man I encountered at the mall some time ago? So he's the CEO of

Fairlight. Seems like we're fated for each other...'

A blush spread across Melody's face, her heart racing and breath quickening in response. She gingerly placed the lunchbox before Joseph, her gaze fixated on him as if unable to tear her eyes away, captivated by his

presence.

Joseph did not raise his head, but he could clearly sense the burning gaze. It made him chuckle inwardly.

'What's wrong with this dumbo today? Even if she likes me, there's no need to stare at me like

that."

It was as if ripples were stirred in the calm surface of a lake. Undeniably, the way she looked at him brought him a sense of pleasure.

"Why don't you stay and have lunch with me? Let's warm up the food first," he said.

Upon hearing these words, Melody felt like she was in a dream, her spirit soaring with joy. However, she maintained her composure and pretended to be hesitant. "Isn't that a little inappropriate?"

Joseph suddenly lifted his head and looked over, only to see a completely unfamiliar face. His pupils contracted as he coldly questioned, "Who are you?"

'Where's Chloe?' he added silently.

"Hello, Mr. Joseph. I'm the secretary of Moongazer Constructions' general manager. Chloe is busy at the construction site, so she asked me to deliver your lunchbox to you."

Upon hearing this, Joseph's face sank. While he understood that she might be busy, what was the meaning of sending a random woman to him without telling him in advance?

Melody did not know what to do, so she decided to warm up the lunchbox first.

“Get out,” Joseph commanded in a strong tone.

Melody was startled, unable to understand why his attitude had changed so quickly. “Mr. Joseph, did I do something wrong?”

‘How could he allow that woman to send him a lunchbox, but not me? Am I not better than

her?”

“Lucas!” Joseph shouted in a stern voice.

Lucas was waiting in front of the door as he knew things would end up this way. When he heard Joseph call him, he sighed.

Other than Chloe, no woman could stay more than ten minutes in Joseph’s office.

He resignedly pushed the door open and gestured for the dumbfounded Melody to leave.

“I’m sorry, miss. Please leave.”

A sudden rush of impulsiveness took hold of Melody, and without hesitation, she stared directly at Joseph and challenged him, “Is this how Fairlight treats people? I went through the trouble of delivering lunch on behalf of your employee, and instead of offering me a simple glass of water, you’re kicking me out?”

With a hint of resentment, Melody could not understand why that wh\*re, who had been expelled from the Johnsons, was allowed to work here while she could not. Her family

Personal Grievances

background was similar to Chloe’s, so it seemed unfair to her.

Lucas tried to maintain a calm demeanor as he replied, “Miss, let’s be clear. You are only here to deliver the lunchbox, and now that the task is complete,

there's nothing inappropriate about asking you to leave. As for your request for water, you can take the elevator to the

ground floor and the receptionist will be happy to assist you.”

Melody opened her mouth to retort but found herself speechless. Anger surged through her veins, causing her neck to flush with a mixture of frustration and indignation.

Suddenly, Joseph spoke up, his expression dark. “Did Chloe specifically request you to deliver the lunchbox?”

“Of course! Chloe was too busy to come herself, so she personally asked me to bring it!” Melody said, shifting all the blame onto Chloe.

Joseph's face turned grim, his jaw set tightly. 1

‘D\*mn woman. Does she not know that I should come first?’

“Give her 100 dollars,” he ordered.

Lucas paused for a moment, and understanding dawned upon him. He handed a few bank notes to Melody and said, “This is your compensation. Is it enough for you?”

Lucas acknowledged that his last statement was influenced by personal grievances. After all, it was this woman who had enraged Joseph in the first place.

The distance between the site and Fairlight was a one-hour journey, and a hundred dollars for an hour's work was considered a decent rate within the industry.

## Chapter 138 It's Because You're Stupid

Feeling deeply humiliated, Melody cast a glance at Joseph, expecting him to reprimand his employee on her behalf.

However, Joseph's countenance was dark, making him hundreds of times more intimidating than the assistant standing before her.

In the end, Melody glared fiercely at Lucas before storming off in anger.

Fueled by rage, Melody returned to the site and looked for Chloe.

“You did this on purpose, didn’t you?” she confronted Chloe as she seethed with anger.

Chloe blinked innocently. “What are you talking about? I don’t understand.”

“You intentionally set me up to provoke Mr. Joseph and make a fool of myself!”

“But it was you who volunteered for the task and insisted on helping me deliver it,” Chloe replied, glancing at the developer and saying earnestly, “I’m not remembering things wrong,

am I?”

The developer let out an awkward smile and turned to Melody. “That’s enough, Melody. Go fetch us some coffee.”

“But Uncle! She bullied me! You have to help me!”

‘He’s her uncle?’

A sudden realization struck Chloe. Considering Melody’s limited abilities, no company would be willing to hire her if she did not have any connections.

Feeling helpless due to their family relationship, the developer did not say anything too harsh to Melody, merely waving his hand for her to quickly go buy the coffee.

Chloe stood with her arms crossed, maintaining a calm and composed demeanor. Her expression resembled that of a spectator, enjoying the unfolding drama.

Standing at the side, Wendy’s face sank. From her perspective, Joseph was typically calm and collected, rarely showing signs of anger. Melody must have done something to upset him and was now attempting to pass the blame onto someone in her department.



“I suggest you first appease the emotions of your company’s staff before we discuss any cooperation further,” Wendy said.

It was exceedingly uncommon for the developer to secure a lucrative business opportunity with Fairlight, and he had put in tremendous effort to make it happen. Therefore, he was determined not to allow Melody to jeopardize everything he had worked so hard for.

With that thought in mind, he raised his voice, bringing up Melody’s parents and reproaching her, “If you feel aggrieved in my company and can’t continue working here, I can have your parents come and pick you up right now.”

Melody fell silent and reluctantly went to buy coffee. Fifteen minutes later, she returned with three cups in hand. She extended one toward Chloe, and suddenly, an idea took shape in her head. Her eyes swiveled around in their sockets as she smiled. “I apologize for earlier. I tend to be quite frank, so please don’t take it personally.”

Chloe knew Melody was up to no good. She recalled that Melody was part of the team when Peter nearly violated her last time.

She smiled silently and reached out to take the cup.

Melody tilted her wrist as if intending to spill the coffee on Chloe. However, Chloe deftly maneuvered her body, evading the impending spill, while “unintentionally” stepping on Melody’s shoe.

“Ouch! Are you blind?!” Melody shrieked in pain, her voice filled with anguish.

Chloe sneered coldly, “You didn’t hand the coffee to me properly and instead spilled it on my clothes. So, who’s the one that’s blind?”

Realizing that Chloe had done it intentionally, Melody lunged forward, her teeth bared and her hands raised high in the air, ready to scratch Chloe’s face.

However, Chloe was prepared and forcefully pushed Melody away. To her surprise, Melody, seemingly consumed by madness due to Joseph’s actions, persisted and lunged at her once more like a wild cat.

“It’s all

your fault! If it weren't for your meddling, my uncle wouldn't have been fired by Fairlight and I could be working for Fairlight!

"Why are you so shameless? Your mother must've not taught you well! Ava was right! The Johnsons were right to disown you! You're a curse!"

For Chloe, her mother had always been a sore spot. Infuriated, she raised her hand and slapped. Melody. A crisp sound echoed through the air.

Chloe's hand stung, her eyes crimson as she stared at the bewildered Melody.

"Do you know why Ava likes being friends with you? It's because you're stupid," she said, her voice cold. "You defend her, but she just thinks of you as a pawn. You should consider visiting a hospital for a brain check. Having such low intelligence is a problem."

During her interview at Fairlight, it was highly likely that Ava was pulling the strings behind

the scenes.

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 139 No One Bullies My Wife

Upon hearing Chloe's words, Melody lost all control of her emotions and started throwing objects at her.

Wendy reacted swiftly, grabbing Chloe's arm and attempting to pull her away from the chaos, while the developer rushed forward to intervene and put a stop to Melody's violent outburst.

Once they were outside the site, Chloe regained control of her emotions and offered a sincere apology to Wendy. "I'm sorry for messing up the job, Ms. Wendy. I'll personally talk to Mr. Joseph and accept any punishment he deems necessary."

Wendy laughed heartily and patted Chloe on the shoulder, "It's fine. You don't have to shoulder all the blame. I've long noticed that the secretary from Moongazer has a grudge against you. What you did was right. Otherwise, people will just keep taking advantage of you."

Chloe blinked and chuckled. "I thought you'd scold me right off the bat."

"If you did something wrong, I would. But since you didn't, why should I?" Wendy said as she started the car and settled into the driver's seat. "All right, let's head back. I'll accompany you to explain the situation to Mr. Joseph. Everything will be fine."

"Really? But he can be so unreasonable," Chloe muttered softly as she fastened her seatbelt.

Joseph possessed a domineering nature and constantly held the belief that he was always right.

Wendy did not catch Chloe's murmuring and was instead thinking about how to explain things to Joseph. Despite being in the right, facing the formidable Joseph still made her feel a bit

uneasy.

In contrast, Chloe seemed surprisingly calm. Even more composed than Wendy herself.

On the way back, they passed a traffic light. By chance, Chloe glanced at a car parked next to them and her brows instantly furrowed.

Inside the Toyota sedan, a young couple sat intimately, sharing affectionate gestures and exchanging kisses during the fleeting pause at the red light. It was evident that they shared a deep connection.

What caught Chloe's attention was the tie the man was wearing. It was the same one Emily had bought for her boyfriend during their last shopping trip.

Chloe immediately messaged Emily to inquire about the car her boyfriend drove. Emily quickly replied, (He just found a job recently and hasn't bought a car yet.)

Upon reading this message, Chloe breathed a sigh of relief.

To be honest, her heart skipped a beat when she saw that man earlier. She thought that

Emily's boyfriend was cheating on her since such occurrences were not uncommon in these modern times.

When they were back at Fairlight, Chloe and Wendy went straight to Joseph and briefly explained the situation to him.

"So Mr. Joseph, what should we do next regarding this cooperation?" Wendy cautiously asked.

However, Joseph did not reply to her. He stood beside the floor-to-ceiling window with his back facing them. His sleeves were rolled up, showcasing his fair skin, and emanating an irresistible air of maturity.

Wendy felt a slight panic, her palms growing sweaty. 'Is Mr. Joseph mad?'

With one hand supporting her waist, Wendy contemplated the situation, preparing to apologize for their mistake. However, just as she was about to speak, the office door swung open, revealing Lucas with an anxious expression on his face.

"Mr. Joseph, Marketing is about to hold an emergency meeting. May I leave with Ms. Wendy first?" he asked urgently.

Finally, Joseph spoke, breaking the silence with utmost brevity. "Okay."

Before leaving, Wendy gave Chloe an encouraging look which left Chloe perplexed. She highly suspected that Lucas had done this on purpose.

Wendy was a long-serving employee and pregnant, and she had already worked the whole day. It was only logical for her to go and rest.

'Lucas must have done this deliberately.'

Lucas soundlessly mouthed to Chloe, "Good luck!"

'I'm leaving Mr. Joseph to you. I'm sure you know how to deal with him.'

Chloe felt like crying.

'It's over. It's just me now, and he's definitely going to give me a severe scolding,' Chloe thought.

Lucas and Wendy left one after the other, and the office door gently closed with a soft click

Joseph turned around. His cold, piercing gaze fixed upon her.

"Do you know what you did wrong?" he asked.

"I shouldn't have let someone else bring you lunch," Chloe replied.

Joseph nodded, satisfied with her answer.

Just as he was about to say something, Chloe continued, "The correct approach would've been for me to give you the lunchbox in the morning, so that I could focus on my job in the

afternoon. Moreover, it was unnecessary for me to get into an argument with the other person during work hours. It is crucial to exercise patience whenever possible, as work should take precedence. I apologize, Mr. Joseph. However, her behavior was extremely disrespectful. I've endured her mistreatment for quite some time. When a rabbit is pushed too far, it'll bite. I momentarily lost control and ended up slapping her."

She explained everything to Joseph in a professional manner, displaying the appropriate behavior of an employee toward their employer.

First, she admitted her mistake, followed by providing an explanation for her actions. Finally, she tactfully expressed her feelings of being mistreated, strategically aiming to pacify

Joseph's anger after experiencing losses.

'I'm such a smart\*ss!'

Joseph's lips twitched in frustration.

"She had been mistreating you for a long time, and you didn't retaliate in the slightest?" he

asked.

“Huh?” Chloe did not understand, looking innocent. “What are you talking about?”

“Come here,” he commanded.

Chloe approached cautiously, and he pulled her into his embrace. His eyes locked onto her face as he inquired, “Which hand did you use to slap her?”

“Right hand...”

Joseph held her right hand and caressed her palm gently. His voice remained cold, but there was a hint of resentment as he said, “From now on, if someone mistreats you, there’s no need to endure it. Stand up for yourself in the moment. I’ll take responsibility for the consequences.

His wife was not meant to be a target for mistreatment.

#### Chapter 140 Even if You Spank Me to Death

Startled by Joseph’s touch, Chloe appeared taken aback by his sudden display of affection. Yet, when he reassured her that he would support her decisions, her heart quickened with a hint of delight.

“Why are you being so nice to me all of a sudden?” she asked.

“I’ve already told you that you not only represent yourself but also the entire Whitman family.

“But you also told me to keep our relationship a secret...”

“Yes. You can’t expose our relationship in the office, but I didn’t say you can’t do it outside.”

“If the outside world knows of our relationship, it won’t be long before the staff in the office finds out as well.”

In the era of big data, even the most secretive celebrity couples would be exposed, let alone theirs. Joseph grew quiet, recognizing that announcing their relationship publicly might not be the wisest decision. Furthermore, Chloe’s defiant attitude made it necessary for him to evaluate her further.

After all, he was not someone she could effortlessly charm or win over.

“I can still support you without making our relationship public. Just remember that you’re one of the Whitmans,” he assured her.

“Okay...” Chloe’s clear and radiant eyes lost their sparkle. It turned out he was worried about her tarnishing the Whitmans’ reputation. He was not concerned about her at all.

Her small glimmer of hope was cruelly shattered. She wanted to break free from his embrace, but Joseph’s hold grew firmer, enveloping her in his long arms. His captivating voice carried an irresistible allure as he commanded, “Go on.”

“Go on what?” she asked.

“What else did you do wrong today?”

Chloe scratched her head, a hint of confusion appearing on her delicately sculpted face. “I’ve already admitted my mistakes.”

Harrumphing haughtily, Joseph said, “From now on, I come first while work comes second, and you must personally take care of my affairs. I was displeased with you sending a strange woman here today.”

“I didn’t want to either, but everything happened so quickly. You should also understand and consider my circumstances,” Chloe said.

She was incapable of being in multiple places at once. She had only agreed to cook yesterday

and made no promise to deliver the meal directly to him.

Upon hearing her response, Joseph’s face turned dark.

“How could you compare me to your work?”

“I didn’t say that work compares to you. I can take care of you and be your maid, but I also need my own space. I admit that I owe all my success to you, but at the same time, I want to achieve something of my own,” she explained.

She had accepted being tied to him for the next three years, but she could not live solely for

him.

As soon as the words fell, she suddenly felt a sharp pain on her buttocks. Her eyes widened in shock as she turned to look at Joseph, thinking she must be hallucinating.

“Did you just pinch my...buttocks?” she asked, her voice filled with disbelief.

“Chloe, I think it’s time for you to understand that you don’t have control over this household. This is the consequence of disobedience,” Joseph said, delivering a serious reprimand with a stern expression and furrowed brows.

He still did not understand how to get along with women, let alone how to make them obey. So he resorted to this simple and crude method. He had even disciplined Toto in a similar manner, except it was slapped, not pinched.

Chloe’s face turned crimson with embarrassment, and her eyes ablaze with immediately struggled fiercely. “Are you out of your mind? Let me go!”

anger. She

“One last chance. Will you obey?” Joseph asked.

Despite her continued struggles, Chloe found herself unable to break free, for the power imbalance between them was too great. She gazed up at Joseph, tears welling in her eyes, and defiantly declared, “Even if you spank me to death, I’ll still stand my ground!”

Veins pulsated on Joseph’s forehead. He then placed his hand on her buttocks before lifting his hand high in the air.

“All right, as you wish,” he replied.

“Don’t do this. I’m a person with flesh and blood-with dignity. I didn’t do anything wrong, and you shouldn’t treat me like this... If you don’t like someone else bringing you food, just say it. I’ll try my best to avoid such situations in the future. But you can’t resort to violence,” Chloe pleaded.

Chloe felt truly aggrieved, her fair and delicate face scrunching up like a wilted flower. Despite her distress, she held back her tears and looked utterly miserable.



In that fleeting moment, Joseph realized that his approach had been wrong. Perhaps he should not have resorted to physical force. A sense of regret washed over him, prompting him to release his grip on her.

Chloe immediately extricated herself from him, clutching her buttocks and seething with anger.

Joseph fell into contemplation for a moment before speaking, "Okay, you must inform me in advance if you have something to attend to."

He was angry with her because Chloe asked a strange woman to bring him his lunch box without prior notice. If she had communicated beforehand, he would not have been so angry.

Doubts continued to linger in Chloe's mind, preventing her from fully believing Joseph's words. Nevertheless, she did not want to remain in the same room as him anymore.

A man capable of physical violence was too terrifying.

"I'll go back to my work now."

"Hold on."

Startled, Chloe asked in a trembling voice, "Wh-What is it?"

Observing her reaction, Joseph's brows furrowed. He had only applied minimal force to the toughest part of her body.

'Did it hurt that much? But then again, she's delicate and tender, so it was only natural for her to feel pain.'

With that thought in mind, he retrieved a document from the drawer of his desk and said, "I have something for you."