

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

### **Chapter 161**

#### Chapter 161 A Great Humiliation to the Foxes

Jane suddenly looked up at Joseph as if she found this to be unimaginable. "What did you say?"

Joseph sneered and said slowly, "I don't mind repeating myself if your hearing is bad."

Richard's expression changed drastically. He could no longer sit still. "Joseph, it's true that Jane is at fault, but you can't step out of line!"

'It'd be a great humiliation to my family if my dear daughter kneels over and begs for that poor girl's forgiveness. If word about it gets out, how will the family continue living on in Aesper?"

Similarly, Harold found this to be slightly inappropriate, but he remained silent.

"You want to go to such lengths to protect her? What's so good about her? You treat me this way for her sake, but I'm the one who grew up with you!"

"You lied and slandered her. And you found fault with her repeatedly. Do you think my people are easy to bully?"

When Jane heard Joseph claiming Chloe to be one of his people, she felt as if an invisible hand had grabbed hold of her heart. She was in so much pain that she found it hard to breathe.

She stared at Joseph fiercely. Putting her head up high, her eyes turned red as she said, "Who the hell is Chloe? Me kneeling and begging for her forgiveness is out of the question!"

'Not only that, I'll ruin her youthful face since this b\*tch acted recklessly just by relying on the fact that she's younger. I want to see if Joseph will continue to protect her when she becomes an ugly monster!!

Richard's face turned solemnly before he abruptly stood up from the chair. "You insist on humiliating my family for the sake of a woman. Thus, I think there's no reason for us to stay anymore. Jane, let's go."

Jane's eyes were teary as she stared at Joseph in resentment before turning around to leave

with her father.

Joseph did not stop them. He merely stretched his body languidly and said, "In that case, then I think the Whitmans can cease doing business with the Foxes. After all, we lose money on that project every year.

Hearing that, Harold nodded unconsciously and sipped his tea.

It was true indeed. His family paid for the losses every year in that project but the Foxes made profits instead. His grandson was asked to make up for the losses every year. It seemed like he had paid over one billion last year.

Now Harold could grab that chance and break that cooperation.

"No, you can't break a business deal just like that!" Richard rebuffed.

They would not earn any money without that business deal.

Joseph's dark eyes turned cold. He sounded extremely aloof as he said, "It's fine. I recall that this contract will end this year. Sebastian, the face of this project, is now a fallen star. His endorsement fee isn't a small expense."

Usually, the Foxes would shamelessly approach the Whitmans and ask for a continuation of the contract. Harold found it hard to reject, so he would reluctantly sign the extension.

He could help them, but no one wanted to suffer losses.

"Joseph, this year is a very difficult one for my brother. It'll only make matters worse if you end the cooperation now!" Jane roared and burst into tears as if the party that suffered losses all this while was her family.

Richard's expression was extremely hideous as he exuded a strong aura. He admitted that Joseph was very powerful, but he could not disregard his family that way.

Yes, his son's future prospects were half-ruined, but the Foxes were not doomed.

“Mr. Harold, I’ve always respected you. I treat Joseph as my child too, but he has let me down today. When my dad was still around, you regarded him as your buddy. You even claimed that you’d help us if anything happened to my family. My dad just passed five years ago but things are changing vastly. Your family no longer takes my family seriously.”

Harold was moved when Richard’s father was mentioned. He always had a good relationship with Richard’s father. So, he looked at Joseph and said after some consideration, “Yes, Jane did. make a mistake. Luckily, she made a timely statement. It’s fine as long as she says sorry.”

Joseph’s eyes were fierce as he snorted disdainfully. “Sure. Don’t ask for my help if you suffer any losses in your business.”

Harold’s lips twitched. “Why did you say that? We’re a family. Don’t say such an unfriendly thing...”

“Mr. Harold, it’s normal for young people to be proud and arrogant.” Richard changed the topic and said dully, “Alas... What a pity! If everything had gone smoothly, our families would have become even closer to each other and these things wouldn’t have happened.”

Richard seemed to be saying nice things, but he was still trying to fight for justice on Jane’s behalf.

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 162 Joseph Will Be Mine

Harold knew that Richard was deliberately stirring up trouble.

But it was indeed too demeaning for Richard, so it was hard for him to get out of the humiliating situation with grace.

After the storm was over, the sunlight shone in through the glass window and fell on Joseph’s cold and stiff face. He impatiently shot a sidelong glance at Harold.

'Grandpa wants to maintain a sense of decency, but he refuses to suffer the losses either. Well, if he wants to be the good guy, so be it. I'll be the bad guy. It's all wishful thinking.'

"Grandpa. Jojo."

A pleasant voice came from upstairs. Joseph looked over and saw Chloe standing at the top of the stairs, looking charming as can be. At that moment, she was smiling. "I've finished my bath."

Her smile was so bright that it inexplicably soothed Joseph's frustration. She slowly ambled down the steps.

Harold turned all his attention to Chloe when she appeared. He immediately asked, "Chloe, how did the check-up go?"

"I'm fine." She reached downstairs and walked to Joseph before she lowered her voice and said, "Let's stop here. The Foxes even mentioned the previous generation. What's more, their apology was pretty good. Don't embarrass Grandpa. Maybe he thinks that this matter alone isn't enough to fall out with them. Take it slow. At most, I'll infuriate Jane more in the future, so her father can't always manipulate the former friendship."

After eavesdropping for a while upstairs, she roughly learned about the ins and outs of the incident and was enlightened.

Joseph wanted to manipulate the incident of Jane bullying Chloe to cut off the business ties with the Foxes, and his first step was to ruin Sebastian. He would then have a proper reason to cut off the sky-high endorsement fee. Moreover, he could grab the chance to put an end to the

cooperation.

Frankly, Chloe was a bit sad when she realized that he was not protecting her sincerely. She yearned to be protected and cared for, so she could be a little girl without any worries.

That kind of person might appear in the future, but Joseph would never be that

person.

He was a businessinan, so he always valued interests and profits more than anything. She should be considerate.

Joseph then glanced at her face which was still wet with water droplets clinging to it. He moved his fingers slightly, but he held himself back.

“I just find the Foxes an eyesore. What makes you think I’ll listen to you when I don’t even listen to Grandpa?”

Chloe echoed his words, “Yes, me too! I find Jane an eyesore. Why don’t I infuriate her now?”

Joseph was stunned for a while.

In the next second, she grabbed his arm before bringing her soft face to him, saying considerately and gently, “Darling, I know that you’re worried about me. But I’m fine, aren’t I? Don’t fall out with them just because of me. Maybe Ms. Jane loves you too much. Don’t blame her.”

Jane instantly fumed with anger when she noticed the drastic change in Chloe’s attitude. Besides, Joseph did not repulse Chloe’s intimate touch. He even cracked a faint smile.

Consequently, Jane was driven mad by her envy. “What’s with the act? This is all because of you but now you’re acting all innocent. Are you trying to make me sick?!”

When Jane roared at her, Chloe pretended to be scared and hugged Joseph’s waist before she hid in his arms. Her clear eyes were full of terror, and she appeared quite pitiful.

Harold stood up all of a sudden and shouted, “Chloe did no wrong! Are you trying to drive her mad?!”

Richard’s face turned livid. They had just smoothed the tenseness, and now it had worsened. He was too ashamed to say anything now, so he forcefully dragged Jane away.

He knew full well of his daughter’s character. Everything would be over if she acted dumb, but she insisted on making a scene no matter what.

It was inadvisable to take others as fools when they made compromises.

Chloe watched them leave and smiled happily. "Don't make a scene for a man. This world is full of men. It's not worth it."

Jane gritted her teeth and yearned to tear Chloe into pieces.

'After that b\*tch appeared, even Mr. Harold took her side when he's usually very nice to me. How wonderful!

'Even if I can't marry into the Whitman family, Joseph will be mine.

'I'm curious how Chloe will accept a compromise and make a scene then.'

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## Score 9.5

### Chapter 163 Hurry Up and Make a Baby

Harold sighed deeply. "This brat is rather popular. But Chloe, you don't have to worry about that. They merely like his appearance. When he gets fat after a few years, no one will try to snatch him away from you."

Chloe released Joseph's arm and laughed because she was amused. "Grandpa, Jojo won't get fat. He goes for a run every morning, and he walks Toto every night. He gets lots of exercise."

Joseph's self-discipline was admirable. She wondered what kind of woman could handle him.

Lowering his gaze, Joseph stared at his arm which Chloe had just let go of. A tinge of frustration crept into his heart. Why did he have a feeling that this dumbbo used him to drive. Jane mad?

Harold wanted to say something else before then he saw Joseph go upstairs. He shouted, "Where are you going?"

"Maybe he has some work to do. Let him be, Grandpa. I'll spend some time with you," Chloe. said considerately, unaware of Joseph's feelings.

Harold was happy to hear her words. "Fine, let's just ignore him then. I don't want to see his sullen face."

Joseph took off his clothes to take a hot bath before he put on a bathrobe and went to the study.

He went abroad after he was of age and rarely returned to the Whitman family home. Even so, Harold had instructed Joseph's room to be kept clean. It could be seen how much Harold valued Joseph.

Lucas knocked on the door and walked into the study.

"Have you found anything?" Joseph stood beside the window and held a cup of hot coffee. He was enjoying the dense rain outside.

Lucas nodded. "The only suspect is an employee called Jason Brown. He was the only one working overtime in the office with Ms. Chloe tonight. He suggested getting takeout with her, and she was lured out by one of the bodyguards pretending to be a delivery man."

"Fire him."

"Okay." After a pause, Lucas asked, "Mr. Joseph, are you going to stay here with Ms. Chloe tonight?"

Joseph glanced at the time and nodded. "Yeah. You should get a guest room and stay here too."

"Understood."

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When Lucas left the study, a tinge of excitement flashed across his face.

Joseph and Chloe slept in separate rooms back in the villa, but they could not do so in this house. It was common knowledge what happens if a man and a woman sleep on the same bed in the same room.

Currently, both Lucas and Harold shared the same wish. Lucas strongly wished that Joseph and Chloe would sleep together sooner.

Firstly, their relationship would become much steadier if they had a child. In other words, it meant that Joseph's temper would improve greatly, and Lucas' job would be all the easier.

Secondly, Joseph would value his family more if he had a child. Lucas could then slack off at work. He found himself miserable since he never had a chance to slack off after working for so many years for Joseph.

Harold was a talkative person. He seemed to have a lot to talk about when he was with his granddaughter-in-law whom he liked and chatted with her until the clock struck one.

So, Joseph walked out of the bedroom and looked downstairs condescendingly. He then said coldly, “Chloe, are you not planning to sleep tonight?”

“You don’t want to chat with me, but you prohibit others from chatting with me, quickly retorted, before Chloe could reply.

Harold

A servant called Winnie smiled and said, “Mr. Harold, it’s late. You can continue your chat with Ms. Chloe tomorrow. They’re newlyweds and are still in their honeymoon phase.”

When Harold was reminded of this, he regained his wits and clapped his hands. “That’s right. They’re still in the honeymoon phase. Chloe, hurry up and go upstairs to bed. Give me a grandchild soon so I can play with the baby.”

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## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 164 Have You Fallen in Love With Me

Chloe blushed slightly in awkwardness and helplessness.

Winnie handed her a bowl of oatmeal and stated amiably, “Ms. Chloe, please share this with Mr. Joseph when you get upstairs.”

“Oh... Okay.”

Chloe did not dare to promise Harold anything, so she escaped with the bowl of oatmeal.



Joseph was back in his bedroom and was lying in bed. When Chloe found that there was only one bed in the room, she stood at the door in a trance and took a deep breath.

'Motherf\*cker! This brat is already in bed. Does he expect me to sleep on the floor?

'Forget it. There's a carpet on the floor. It won't be too hard.'

"Winnie prepared some oatmeal for us and asked us to have it."

Joseph rubbed his temples. "No, I don't want to. When are you going to sleep?"

"I'll eat some of this and sleep afterward."

Chloe did not have the heart to turn Winnie down. She uncovered the bowl and used a spoon to scoop some of the oatmeal into a smaller bowl.

"There's fruits and nuts in the oatmeal... It's all nutritious ingredients..."

Chloe's lips twitched. She quietly put the spoon down. There was too much of it, so she was afraid that she would become too full to sleep afterward.

She put the bowl of oatmeal aside and grabbed a pillow. She then picked up the small blanket on the sofa and lay it on the floor before she sensibly lay on it.

"Chloe!" Joseph could not take it anymore.

"Huh?"

"Come over here!"

Feeling stunned and uncertain, Chloe put her pillow beside Joseph and questioned helplessly, "Do you want to sleep on the floor?"

The veins on his forehead bulged. "We're going to sleep on the same bed together."

Chloe widened her pretty eyes and asked in a serious tone, "Aren't you afraid of me taking advantage of you?"

Previously, Joseph was unmoved when she had stripped herself naked in front of him. Why did he want to sleep with her in the same bed today? Was it because he was annoyed by Harold's

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relentless pestering of wanting a grandchild?

"Why would I be afraid of you taking advantage of me? I just think that you're shameless."

Chloe became a little shy as she muttered, "I did that just to get you."

Joseph snorted. A sincere smile dawned on his handsome and perfect face. "Don't you want me now?"

"No, I don't want you now."

She had mistaken him for someone else, so she could not fancy such wild thoughts.

Joseph put away his smile and shot her a cold glare. "Hmm?"

"Yes, I want you!" Chloe gave in and said weakly, "But I think I should respect your wishes."

Joseph smirked. Not bad. She has improved and is obedient now."

"Come. You have my permission to sleep in the same bed as me."

Chloe stood where she was in slight amazement. Her ears perked up. "Are you sure?"

When Joseph saw her silly look, he thought she was overjoyed. Hence, he let out a soft chuckle. "Yes. Hurry up and get over here."

"Oh..."

Chloe lay down but stayed close to the edge of the bed. She did not dare to move a muscle.

Click.

The lamp was turned off and the room fell into darkness.

Chloe sniffed slightly and noticed that the pillow, bedsheet, and blanket were perfumed with Joseph's scent. It was a cold and light fragrance. One would know that it was an aloof and indifferent person by the scent alone without even seeing him.

Chloe opened her eyes. She could not fall asleep under these circumstances.

Suddenly, Joseph hooked one of his arms around her waist. Consequently, she stiffened. In the next second, he slowly intensified his force around her waist and pulled her into his arms.

"Why are you sleeping so far away from me?"

He did not sound cold and indifferent as he usually was. At that moment, his voice was low, magnetic, and bewitching.

Chloe's breathing instantly quickened. She reached out both hands to push him away because she wanted to distance herself from him. But she suddenly touched his burning chest and felt like she had been electrified. She speedily retracted her hands.

"Just sleep. Don't fancy wild thoughts. It's too late today," Joseph said grumpily while

Chapter 164 Have You Fallen Love With Ma

interlacing his fingers with hers, preventing her from doing anything else.

'Why did she have to talk to Grandpa for so long? If she had come up earlier, I could've satisfied her.'

Chloe gaped in shock. "If it's impossible today, then can I think about it tomorrow?" 'Why is Joseph being so casual? Men should be reserved!'

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**Score 9.5**

Chapter 165 She's Special

Chloe raised such a bizarre question.

In the dark, a tinge of uneasiness crept onto Joseph's face. "Depends on how you behave." "Oooh..." Chloe drew in a cold breath and blurted out, "Have you fallen in love with me?"

She could not fathom any other reason for Joseph to give up his body other than this possibility.

Feeling stunned, Joseph retorted subconsciously, "No."

He just wanted to give her a chance.

"Why did you suddenly agree to let me get close to you then?"

"Shut up. Just sleep!"

Chloe was struck speechless.

For the first time, they were comfortable while hugging each other and were sleeping together in the same bed for the first time.

Due to how tired she was, Chloe soon drifted off to sleep. However, she moved around a lot. She even pounced on Joseph like a bear and rubbed against him from time to time until he was aroused.

Joseph fixed his fervent gaze on her, who was sleeping soundly. After some inward struggles, he took a deep breath and pushed her out of his arms.

He even placed a bolster between them.

The next morning, the space beside Chloe was vacant when she woke up. Besides, a bolster had appeared out of nowhere.

'Does he despise me? But if that was the case, why did he hug me and say those things the previous night?'

Chloe could not figure it out. So, she simply stopped dwelling on it and went to wash that, she went downstairs. She had a good rest, so she felt energetic. Her face was rosy too.

After

On the contrary, Joseph had dark circles under his eyes.

Harold, who was playing with a bird on the first floor, smiled in satisfaction when he saw this. He felt that his grandson was indeed powerful.

“This brat must have gone at it all night.’

Chloe was unaware of Harold’s thoughts. She accepted a glass of hot milk from Winnie.

“Grandpa, have you had breakfast?”

“Yes, I have. You guys should eat to nourish your body.”

“Pfft!”

When Chloe heard that, she recalled the oatmeal from last night and accidentally spurted out

the milk.

Joseph, who was passing by, grabbed a tissue and handed it to her. He said disdainfully, ”

You’re such a mess.”

She said shyly, “Sorry.”

“Why did you criticize her? Have you never choked on your drink before?” Harold glared at Joseph in displeasure.

Chloe quickly scooped down a bun to avoid a fight between them in the early morning. Grandpa, Jojo and I will be going to work now.”

“Okay, be careful.”

“Okay, I’ll come and visit you again sometime.”

In the car.

Lucas noticed Joseph’s dark circles through the rear-view mirror. “Sir, should I postpone the morning meeting to the afternoon? You don’t seem well.”

“No, just do as usual.”

“Okay.”

Joseph closed his eyes to rest. Chloe peeked at him out of the corner of her eye and asked as if she was unconcerned, “Didn’t you sleep well last night?”

“You even have the nerve to ask.”

She pouted. “What did I do? I don’t snore, talk in my sleep, or grind my teeth while I sleep.”

Joseph opened his eyes and stared at her gloomily. “Your limbs are wild.”

Chloe blinked repeatedly. “Did I do something to you after I dozed off?”

Joseph raised his chin slightly and asked, “What do you think happened?”

She had hugged him like a koala and refused to let go. However, her body was soft, so it was comfortable hugging her.

“Umm...” She touched her nose awkwardly. “It’s because you’re very handsome, so I couldn’t hold myself back in my dream.”

“I’m glad you know that. How are you going to make it up to me?”

After a pause, Chloe replied, “I’ll treat you to seafood at The Seaside Market! I know you love that place.”

Joseph was struck speechless. ‘I’m the CEO of Fairlight, but does that mean I like the seafood there?’

He just did not want her to spend so much the other day.

“This woman really is a dummy.’

“It’s my birthday tomorrow. Do you plan on getting me a gift?”

Lucas gaped in shock.

‘Mr. Joseph never celebrates his birthday. He’s the one who forbade others from celebrating it for him. He finds it meddlesome and a waste of time.

'Ms. Chloe is indeed special to him...'

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## Score 9.5

### Chapter 166 Reclaiming Her Man

Chloe's smile widened as she replied, "Of course, I'll make sure to find the perfect gift for you after work today. How do you want to celebrate? Will we be going to Grandpa's place?"

"Just you and me," he replied.

She was slightly taken aback and said, "Okay, got it."

Tomorrow was Joseph's birthday, while the end of the month loomed a mere two days away. Time seemed to slip through their fingers, carrying them closer to the impending court hearing.

Fairlight's marketing department convened their regular morning meeting, and Ms. Wendy somberly delivered the news that Jason had been fired. Curiosity and concern filled the room as whispers of confusion and speculation floated among the team members.

"Why did this happen?"

"I saw him working overtime last night. Why did this happen all of a sudden?"

"He hasn't led any major projects recently. What could he have done wrong? It seems like it's

serious."

Ms. Wendy shook her head. "I'm not privy to the details. The decision was made by the higher-ups."

Upon their arrival that morning, the team had already noticed Jason's belongings being packed up under the watchful eyes of the security personnel.

A peculiar glint sparked in Chloe's eyes. She pursed her lips, determined to uncover the truth, and swiftly composed a text to Joseph.

[Is Jason connected to Jane?]

A swift response appeared on her screen.

[Yes.]

Suddenly, it all made sense. Jason's mysteriously well-timed bathroom breaks yesterday revealed his motive with clarity. Given Jane's long-standing infatuation for Joseph, it was no surprise that she had planted covert eyes and ears within Fairlight.

While Chloe acknowledged the situation, she consciously chose not to dwell on it, immersing herself in her work after the meeting. With unwavering determination, she directed her focus toward her tasks and responsibilities.

During that time, she received a call from Ms. Wendy, summoning her into the office. The

instructions from above were clear: terminate the cooperation with Moongazer Constructions. Chloe was surprised. "So, who will be compensating whom for the breach of contract?"

Ms. Wendy responded with a mysterious smile. "My guess is that it will be Melody Grace."

"That seems highly probable."

A well-established business unexpectedly took a turn for the worse, and Melody could not escape blame for it.

In the afternoon, with no immediate work on her plate, Chloe decided to take half a day off and met Emily for a shopping trip. They planned to buy a gift for Joseph.

The two rendezvoused at a luxurious shopping mall. With her hair pulled back into a high ponytail which exuded vibrant energy, Emily appeared to be in a much better state than before. The intimate photos had never been exposed to her; perhaps it was for the best.

Chloe playfully remarked, "Finally back to your old self, huh?"



“Of course! There’s no point in being sad and shedding tears over a scumbag. I was just a little down,” Emily replied, her expression filled with mischief.

“Let the past stay in the past. Preventing yourself from sinking further is the wisest decision,” Chloe advised.

Emily leaned in with a mischievous grin on her face. “Oh, look at you, spouting all these wise quotes. Seems like you and Joseph are having quite a fruitful time together.”

“Stop teasing me,” Chloe said, brushing off Emily’s comment, before turning to the task at hand. “Tomorrow is Joseph’s birthday. What do you think would be a good gift for him? It’s a bit difficult to choose because he already has everything due to him being so rich. He doesn’t care about inexpensive things, and I can’t afford extravagant ones. It’s quite a headache.”

Understanding the dilemma, Emily nodded in agreement. “That’s why the thought behind the gift matters most. I don’t think you need to worry too much. Just choose something you feel suits him and falls within your budget. It’s the sentiment that counts.”

“You’re right.”

Due to budget constraints, Chloe scoured the whole mall, excluding luxury stores, in search of a suitable gift. Eventually, she stumbled upon a cozy home attire that was priced a little over \$ 450. Considering that Joseph often wore pajamas at home, it seemed like a practical choice.

“Miss, this pajama set also has a women’s version. It’s currently on sale. Two sets for a 55% discount. It’s an amazing deal. Would you like to get an extra one?” The salesperson presented a matching set of pajamas in the same color to her.

Chloe’s eyes sparkled as she laid her gaze upon the outfit. ‘A 55% discount!’

She reached out and felt the fabric, which seemed even softer than Joseph’s. Realizing that she did not have many summer pajamas, she felt a strong temptation. However, the sets were designed for couples. Would Joseph misunderstand her intentions if she bought them?

Emily, equally excited about the discount, chimed in, “Absolutely! A 55% discount is practically a steal.”

“Okay.” Chloe gritted her teeth and agreed. “I’ll take both sets.”

She reasoned that there were already enough misunderstandings between her and Joseph, so one more would not make a significant difference.

After completing their purchase, Emily suggested they grab a coffee. The bustling coffee shop was filled with people, so Emily maneuvered her way to the front to place their order while Chloe patiently waited behind.

As she stood there, someone tapped her shoulder and asked, “Hello, are you Chloe?”

Chloe turned around and saw the face of a stranger. “Um, you are?”

A sinister smile appeared on the man’s face. Without warning, he swiftly covered Chloe’s mouth and nose, forcing a noxious and overpowering odor into her senses.

Overwhelmed by the strong scent, Chloe’s body instantly grew weak, and she lost all her strength. In the blink of an eye, darkness engulfed her vision, and she collapsed to the ground, unconscious and motionless.

Joseph, on the other hand, was attending a press conference. The venue was expansive, teeming with a sea of bodies. Following the host’s grand introduction, the press conference commenced in earnest. The podium glowed under the glare of bright lights, and Joseph, with his commanding and graceful stature, confidently stepped forward.

The room buzzed with anticipation, particularly due to the presence of numerous photographers. As Joseph made his appearance, their shutters clicked rapidly, each vying to capture the perfect shots that would grace the covers of prominent magazines the following

day.

Joseph’s face remained cold and expressionless throughout the event.

Jane, concealed within the crowd below the stage, fixed her gaze on him. Wherever Joseph went, he could not escape being the center of attention. This remarkable man should rightfully be hers. It was that despicable wretch who shamelessly stole her man.

Today, she would reclaim what was meant to be hers!

## Chapter 167 The Foxes Will Be Buried if Chloe's Hurt

After approximately twenty minutes into the press conference, Joseph took the stage to deliver a concise speech.

When he was done, instead of returning to his seat, he headed straight to the back and entered his car. Glancing at his watch to check the time, he realized it was already past seven o'clock.

'Dumbo should be on her way home by now.

He knew she had taken the afternoon off but had no idea about the gift she had bought for

him.

"Lucas, head back to the villa," he instructed.

"Right away, sir," Lucas replied. He pressed the accelerator pedal, but suddenly slammed on the brakes as Jane extended her arms, blocking the car's path.

She peered through the window at Joseph, who remained unresponsive, not even looking up. Wearing a troubled expression, she said, "Step out of the car. I have something to tell you."

Lucas glanced at the unbothered Joseph, his eyes stubbornly lowered. With a slight hesitation, and a headache, Lucas slowly slid the window down.

"Ms. Jane, can we discuss this another day? Mr. Joseph has other matters to attend to."

"No, it has to be now."

"But Mr. Joseph has something on today..."

"I'm more important than any of his work."

Lucas hesitated and spoke cautiously, “Ms. Jane, please stop joking around. It’s best if you leave. Mr. Joseph needs to get home.”

Jane sneered and fired back, “There’s no one waiting at home, so why bother going back?”

Suddenly, Joseph lifted his head, his gaze sharp and piercing. “What do you mean?”

“I mean it literally. If you allow me in the car, I’ll let you see that worthless wretch.”

“Get in.”

Jane laughed triumphantly, her hatred palpable, as she stepped into the car and took a seat

beside him.

“Where’s Chloe?”

“First, accompany me for a drink, and then I’ll tell you.”

A flicker of disgust passed through Joseph’s eyes as he instructed Lucas, “Call her.”

By “her,” he was referring to Chloe. Lucas made three attempts to dial her number, but it was disconnected.

“Sir, I can’t reach her...”

Something bad had most likely happened.

Joseph’s body tensed, his joints cracking as he clenched his fists. His voice, as cold as the chill of winter, cut through the air. “I’ll give you one chance, and it’s the last one. Where is she?”

“You won’t find out unless you promise to spend a day with me.”

Joseph’s expression darkened, his anger simmering beneath the surface. “Who do you think you are? Are you even worthy?”

One of the most heart-wrenching things in the world was being demeaned by the person you loved, dragged through the mire of inadequacy.

Jane's anger surged, her voice reverberating with frustration as she exclaimed, "I'm not worthy enough? Yet that wretched Chloe is? I come from a prestigious background, with stunning looks and a perfect figure. What does she have that surpasses me? Why do you choose to marry someone who can't measure up to you? Can't you spare even a fleeting glance for me?"

"She lacks the malice that you possess, and she's better looking, more hardworking, more diligent, and more resilient. Every aspect of her surpasses you," Joseph retorted. Taking a deep breath to steady himself, he turned to Lucas and issued a command, his voice tinged with urgency, "Lucas, find Chloe's whereabouts immediately. Deploy all our resources and locate her."

Without wasting a moment, Lucas pulled the car to the side and swiftly took action. It did not take long for their efforts to yield results. They discovered that Chloe had been shopping with Emily earlier this afternoon. Lucas immediately contacted Emily, who confirmed that she was currently searching for Chloe as well.

"It's useless. Only I know where that sl\*t is," Jane declared, connecting a video call in front of Joseph.

The screen displayed a pitch-black image, accompanied by the incessant sound of rushing water as the camera zoomed in. Chloe appeared in the frame, unconscious and submerged in a massive reservoir. Her hands and feet were bound, and the water level reached her waist. The rushing sound from the phone indicated that she had limited time before drowning, likely within the hour.

"If you drink this bottle of water and spend a day with me, I'll release her. How about it?" Jane shamelessly presented a bottle of transparent liquid to Joseph, a wicked smile adorning her enchanting face.

Slap!

2/3

Joseph forcefully knocked over the bottle, his hand trembling with anger, and then tightly grasped Jane's neck. His eyes were bloodshot, filled with intense

hatred as he uttered in a menacing tone, "If anything happens to Chloe, the entire Fox family will be buried with her!"

Jane struggled to catch her breath, her eyes fixated on the enraged man before her, fueled by his fury for another woman. At that moment, fear gripped her, but it was overshadowed by an overwhelming surge of jealousy.

"She alone should be buried!" Jane exclaimed, her voice filled with bitterness and resentment.

"You're despicable!" Anger blazed in Joseph's chest, accompanied by a hint of fear that he himself did not notice. "You're right. Burying you won't be enough. I want you to live in this world, day after day, plagued by remorse for what you've done to her. I want the Foxes to endure a life worse than that of a dog!"

'Chloe, please be okay. Wait for me.

'I'll save you. I won't let you endure such suffering any longer.'

Jane, wracked with pain, felt as if her neck was on the verge of snapping. Tears of anguish streamed down her face. "Are you willing to kill me for that sl\*t?"

"You overestimate your worth," Joseph retorted, applying force to push her aside. He swiftly grabbed a tissue, scrubbing his hands vigorously as though they had come into contact with something vile.

He deliberately ignored Jane and mobilized every available resource in Aesper to investigate the enigmatic reservoir.

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At half past seven in the evening, Chloe regained consciousness, her head throbbing intensely. As she realized her dire situation, trapped within the confines of a vast reservoir, she fought desperately against her restraints, only to find herself tightly bound to a pillar.

Surveying her surroundings, she was met with a scene of impenetrable darkness. Acting on instinct, she grabbed a stone and hurled it forcefully into the water.

The sound of the stone hitting the bottom revealed the chilling truth-the water was at least five meters deep. Even more terrifying was the steady rising of the water level, which was now up to her chest.

A tremendous sense of despair and fear enveloped her, and the tears she had been holding back cascaded down her face.

## Chapter 168 Chloe's Death Rests on Your Shoulders

'It's over. I'm going to die.

"This must be Jane's doing, that f\*cking crazy woman!!

The idea of taking someone's life for the sake of a man was unfathomable.

The water was icy cold but Chloe's body was not numb yet, indicating she has not been submerged for long. However, the water level had already risen to her waist, indicating a rapid increase.

If Joseph could become aware of her predicament immediately, there might still be a chance of survival. Otherwise, she was undoubtedly doomed

After a bout of crying, Chloe forced herself to calm down. She refused to surrender

very end. Her life belonged to her, and she was far from ready to let it go.

Sniffing and with a voice choked with sobs, she shouted as loudly as she could, "H-Help! Is anyone there?!

"I'm in the water. If you can hear me, please save me!"

Silence greeted her. The sound of water, intermingled with echoes, echoed throughout the expansive reservoir, enveloping the surroundings in an eerie atmosphere.

Chloe dared not look down, fearing that something horrifying might emerge from the depths of the water. Her face turned pale from the cold, and her entire body quivered uncontrollably Yet, she persisted, desperately calling out for help, clinging to the hope of a miracle

In a mere fifteen minutes, the water level had reached Chloe's neck, intermittently splash over and leaving her gasping for air. Her lips turned a shade of purple, her hair hung to face, and her body grew numb from the chilling cold. Just as consciousness returned to her, ominous darkness descended upon her.

Was this truly the end? Was she destined to die here?

But she had a court case in a couple of days, and she could not bear the thought of leaving the dowry her mother left her unretrieved. Even if she died, she was determined not to let the Johnsons benefit from it.

And then there was the matter of the lawyer Joseph had assisted her in finding, the exorbitant legal fees she still owed him weighed heavily on her conscience. She refused to die while still owing him. Facing the prospect of life and death, Chloe's survival instinct kicked in,

compelling her to persevere.

"She's over there!"

Another voice echoed through the empty reservoir, breaking the silence Chloe gathered her

strength and followed the sound with her gaze, her focus sharpening. When she saw the person clearly, her eyes widened in disbelief.

'Why is he here?'

In an instant, her flickering will to survive vanished, replaced by a wave of despair that crashed against her like a torrent, leaving her heart as lifeless as ashes.

At ten minutes to eight at night, Joseph arrived at the reservoir, only to find that the floodgate had already been closed. The vast expanse of the reservoir stretched out before him, spanning an estimated area of 50 square miles. The true depth of the reservoir remained a matter of imagination.

Jane observed the reservoir, noting how the water had completely engulfed the pillar.



“See that? I tied her over there. She has likely drowned by now. You can’t even see the top of her head,” she declared, cackling maniacally as she pointed to the center of the reservoir. “You refused to be with me upon my request, and this is the consequence! Joseph, Chloe’s death rests on your shoulders!”

Joseph was drenched in a cold sweat, an inexplicable sense of fear threatening to burst from his chest. He fixed his gaze on the floodgate, his voice trembling as he muttered, “Who closed it?”

In the recorded video, the floodgate was clearly open. The reservoir staff shook their heads in confusion and stated, “It wasn’t done by our people.”

Joseph scanned his surroundings but found no one in sight. ‘Did someone manage to rescue Chloe?’

“Lucas, gather a few people and search the area surrounding the reservoir. Those who are skilled swimmers, come with me,” said Joseph, his voice filled with determination. He loosened the tie around his neck, preparing for the task ahead.

Lucas was shocked by Joseph’s words and hurriedly attempted to dissuade him. “Sir, you can’t go down there. It’s too dangerous-”

“Chloe is in even more danger!” Joseph growled, his forehead veins bulging. “Hurry. We can’t waste any more time!”

Every passing second diminished Chloe’s chances of survival.

“No, you can’t go! Why would you sacrifice yourself for that wretched woman?!” Jane’s voice turned frantic as she clung to his thighs.

“Yeah, you can’t go. Look, I’m perfectly fine,” came a soft, trembling voice from behind, betraying the cold that enveloped the speaker.

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

**Score 9.5**

Chapter 169 A Twenty-Eight-Year-Old Child

Joseph's body stiffened. He turned around slowly and was greeted by the sight of Chloe's drenched figure.

She was soaked from head to toe, her fair features appearing even paler amidst the wetness. Yet, her delicate brows and eyes retained their ethereal beauty, evoking a sense of fragility and

sorrow.

As Joseph gazed at her, a wave of disbelief and relief washed over him, momentarily numbing his senses. The tension in his body began to dissipate, replaced by a profound sense of gratitude and solace. At that moment, he realized how glad he was to see her standing there, safe and unharmed.

He removed his coat and approached her, gently draping it over her shoulders. His voice, laced with a tenderness that had never been revealed before, resonated in the air. "How did you manage to escape?"

Chloe pointed toward Richard who was standing beside her. "He saved me."

Jane's eyes widened with rage. "Father, why did you ruin my plan?!"

Richard's anger erupted, his voice booming with fury. "Do you even comprehend the gravity of your actions?! If any harm had befallen her today, you would've become a murderer! Your life would've been irreparably ruined!"

Yesterday, when Richard got home, he immediately sensed that something was amiss with his daughter. Worried that she might stir up trouble, he never anticipated discovering her sinister plan to drown Chloe.

"Even if I had killed her, I would've died too. An eye for an eye! That's only fair," Jane retorted

defiantly.

Richard's voice hardened. "How am I supposed to face your mother if you end up losing your life? Enough with the words. Come here and apologize to Chloe!"

"Apologize for attempted murder? Do you think a simple apology will be enough, Mr. Richard? Is my wife's life so insignificant in your eyes?"

Joseph's eyes emitted a chilling aura, and his towering figure exuded an intimidating presence that sent shivers down one's spine.

Richard's face darkened, fully grasping the severity of the situation. With authority, he sternly commanded Jane, "Kneel!"

Dignity was an invaluable virtue, surpassing the worth of any material possession. When lost, or disregarded, it becomes incapable of securing even the most basic necessities. Regrettably, Jane remained oblivious to this fundamental principle.

"No, I refuse to apologize. She's not even dead, so why should I apologize?!"

The sight of the man she loved protecting another woman right before her very eyes was utterly unbearable. Why could her father not understand her?

Enraged, Richard delivered a kick to Jane's knee and had two people hold her down, forcing her to kneel before Chloe. Throughout the ordeal, Jane appeared like a victim of humiliation, bitterly complaining and spewing venomous words.

Richard stated, "Ms. Chloe, my daughter will bear the full weight of what happened today. I extend my sincere apologies to you on her behalf. Moving forward, I'm committed to sending her abroad and ensuring that she refrains from interfering in your relationship with Joseph. If you have any demands, feel free to mention them."

It could be said that Richard had significantly humbled himself. But Chloe, not being a saint, would not yield easily just because someone showed humility. She understood that Richard's change in stance was solely due to Joseph's influence.

Speaking softly to the man beside her, she said, "The choice is yours. I'll follow your lead."

Joseph's expression turned cold devoid of any mercy-as he uttered with a sneer, "Murder, demands justice, and attempted murder must be dealt with by the authorities. It is now the police's responsibility to handle this matter."

Richard's legs gave way, and he pleaded desperately, "No, please don't do this. Jane is still at child. She's only twenty-eight. Subjecting her to the police would inflict more torment than death itself. She's my only daughter, the

precious remnant left behind by her mother who tragically passed away during childbirth.”

A twenty-eight year-old child. Usually, Chloe would find this statement amusing, but under the current circumstances, laughter eluded her. It was at this very moment that she comprehended the underlying cause of Jane’s irrational behavior-the result of being overly pampered by her adoring father.

Chloe’s heart felt a pang of resentment. Reflecting upon the lack of love her father showed her in comparison, this was the first time she had ever felt such resentment. Oh, how she longed for a father who cherished her, who enveloped her in warmth and provided a loving home. Jane was truly blessed in that regard.

Chloe averted her gaze, quickly brushing away the moisture that had welled up in the corners of her eyes. Taking a deep breath to regain her composure, she spoke with determination, “I’ll only begin to consider this incident as if it never happened if the Foxes agree to completely sever all business ties with the Whitmans and provide proper compensation for the breach of Sebastian’s endorsement contract.”

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 170 Dumbo’s Restraint With Her Love

Joseph paused, his thin lips pressed together tightly. “I don’t need you to do this.

“I understand, but I want to do something for you,” she replied. If Chloe had the chance to assist the Whitmans, she would seize it.

A myriad of emotions swirled in Joseph’s eyes as he tightened his grip on her shoulder.

Confronted with his daughter’s future, Richard’s face paled, and he ultimately relented. In the grand scheme of things, what worth did money hold compared to his daughter’s future?

After discussing it with Joseph, Chloe made the decision not to inform Harold about the incident. Considering his heart condition, she felt it best to spare him the added stress.

“Before anything else, let’s head to the hospital to avoid you getting a fever.”

“Okay, I’ve been feeling hot then cold. I don’t feel so good.” Chloe sneezed and sensed a heaviness in her head.

Joseph glanced at her, noting the abnormal flush on her typically pale face. Her voice sounded hoarse, a clear sign of a cold coming on.

His lips tightened into a firm line. “You’ve been through a lot today.”

Chloe paused, her expression reflecting surprise. “Are you feeling guilty?”

It seemed she had grown accustomed to the notion that most men would simply take things for granted.

Joseph’s mouth twitched with a mix of irritation and amusement. “Do you really think I’m heartless?”

“Just kidding. You’re amazing. In my heart, you’re a considerate and handsome man, the epitome of perfection.”

‘Well, except for that fiery temper of yours,’ Chloe added silently in her mind.

Joseph’s lips curled into a slight smile. “You know your place”

“By the way, are you a good swimmer? I saw that you wanted to jump into the reservoir to save me,” Chloe asked earnestly, “Though I was touched, please don’t do it again. It’s all too easy for a rescuer to become a victim.”

“Shut up. There won’t be a next time.

“Ack, right, no next time. Slip of the tongue!”

“I was going to save you out of duty. You’re my legal wife, and it’s my responsibility to protect

you.”

Chloe blinked, and a realization dawned upon her. The man standing before her possessed numerous admirable qualities. In a world where many men bring chaos at the beginning and Jonment at the end of relationships, she understood that appearances and wealth were not the most crucial factors. What truly mattered was a sense of responsibility.

When they arrived at the hospital, Chloe succumbed to heavy drowsiness after receiving the IV drip and soon drifted off to sleep.

Upon hearing the news, Emily rushed to the hospital with great haste. Lucas intercepted her, his voice lowered. "Ms. Chloe has a high fever and is currently resting."

Emily's anxiety welled up, threatening to spill over into tears. Summoning her courage, she fiercely scolded Joseph, "If you're a real man, you should deal with the crazy admirers surrounding you. Why should Coco suffer these unwarranted tribulations?"

With more rivals like Jane in the picture, Chloe's life would be in constant danger.

Thinking about how Chloe lost her mother at a young age and was bullied by Ava, Emily's anger intensified. "So, money makes you superior, huh? Money makes you indifferent to the lives of others, huh?!"

Lucas swiftly covered Emily's mouth, trembling as he apologized to Joseph. "Sir, please excuse her outburst. She didn't mean it."

"I handled this matter poorly, and I apologize." Joseph unexpectedly displayed a good temper. His attitude was sincere, devoid of any arrogance. After a brief pause, he continued, "However, I have a question. Is Jake really Chloe's ex-boyfriend?"

Was Chloe's taste really that poor? Did she have such poor vision when she knew Jake and then miraculously undergo corrective surgery after getting to know him?

Emily's fiery demeanor suddenly waned, and she forced an awkward smile. "No, who told you such nonsense?"

Joseph maintained his composure, his presence still commanding, as he pressed for clarification. "Are you absolutely certain?"

“Sob, sob. Please don’t pressure me. I honestly don’t know anything. I just came here to check. on Coco.”

Lucas was at a loss for words at Emily’s abrupt shift in demeanor. It seemed like she did not say anything, yet it also felt like she did.

Joseph’s gaze shifted toward Chloe lying on the hospital bed, his eyes as calm as water, concealing his thoughts from prying eyes.

Emily hesitated, racking her brain to find a way to defend her sister.

“Is Chloe nearsighted?”

Emily paused, not quite grasping the question. “Nearsighted... I suppose she is, to some extent.

Joseph nodded subtly, affirming his thoughts. He had suspected as much. Someone like Jake could hardly be considered a worthy rival to him.

Lucas noticed their reactions and subtly signaled to Emily. He deliberately spoke loudly, ” What are you holding? Is it Ms. Chloe’s belongings?”

“Ah... yes, yes, it is. This is a birthday gift that Coco bought for you,” said Emily as she handed the gift bag to Joseph.

“What is it?”

“You’ll have to open it and see for yourself.”

Joseph’s heart skipped a beat, a tinge of anticipation washing over his face as he nonchalantly unwrapped the gift. “A set of pajamas?”

“Yes, Chloe mentioned that she hopes it can bring warmth to your home,” Emily lied smoothly, her expression unwavering. “She has a matching one as well, so you can dine together at home and symbolize your love all the time.”

Joseph chuckled, a touch of sweetness mingling with his amusement.

“Really?”

“Yes, of course! Coco likes you a lot. You’re the only one in her heart. She even constantly talks about you whenever we’re together.”

“To make fun of you.’

The curve of Joseph's lips gradually grew wider. Just as he expected. This dumbbo was restraining her love for him in their daily interactions.