

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love Novel

Chapter 18 You're the Best, Jojo

It was nine at night by the time Joseph got home.

The villa was dark and quiet. He changed into his house slippers at the entrance and walked past Chloe's room, stopping for a moment before raising his hand to knock a few times.

Chloe's hoarse voice came from inside, "Just a moment."

As she spoke, a ray of light shone through the crack under the door. After a few seconds, Chloe got to the door. Following a brief pause, she turned the handle and the door creaked open. However, her usual beaming expression had vanished, replaced instead by puffy, reddened eyes and nose, a clear indication that she had been crying for quite some time.

Looking at Chloe in this manner was unsettling for Joseph. She appeared disheartened, akin to a drooping flower drenched by a storm.

"Have you been crying?" he asked.

Chloe sniffled and turned her face to the side. "No."
"

"I'm not blind," he replied calmly.

Chloe was in no mood to argue with him and asked weakly, "What do you want?"

Joseph froze for a while and replied, "Nothing. I'm about to have dinner. Would you like anything?"

She shook her head, believing that he was merely being courteous. At the same time, she chided him inwardly, 'Working under a capitalist surely isn't easy. It's already ten at night and he still wants the chef to come over and cook for him.'

Without uttering a word, Joseph went back to his room, leaving Chloe alone. She shut the door and climbed into bed, clutching the teddy bear her mother had given her as a child. As she held it tightly, she whispered to it about how much she missed her mother.

Slowly, Chloe drifted off to sleep.

She did not know how long she had slept when

she was aroused by the smell of food. In the darkness, her stomach grumbled loudly. After wrestling with herself for a bit, she gave in to her hunger and rose from bed to head downstairs.

In the kitchen, Joseph was wearing casual clothes, sprinkling chopped fresh parsley onto a plate of steaming lemon parsley pasta. He lifted his eyes to glance at the person peeking from the corner of the stairs and his lips curled up slightly.

Chloe gulped as she watched him skillfully toss a salad.

'Wow, he can cook? Even though it's just pasta, it looks incredibly delicious!'

Joseph took the pasta to the table, changed the channel on the TV to a finance program, and ate gracefully while watching the report. He appeared to be quite satisfied.

Chloe thought he would offer to share with her, but he did not.

'What a rude man! I even thought of taking cooking classes to learn how to cook for him, yet he can't be bothered to share his food with me.'

She walked over to the TV and stood in front of it, intentionally blocking Joseph's view. Then, she made a pouting face and said, "I'm hungry too."

"I thought you said you weren't hungry," Joseph said in a flat tone.

"I thought you were going to call a chef over and didn't want to trouble someone so late at night," she explained. The moment her sentence ended, the air between them became charged with tension.

Wearing a fake smile on his face, Joseph looked at her and asked, "So you're fine with troubling me?"

"Hehe, no, not really. I wasn't hungry at the time, but now I am. And most importantly, I really want to taste your cooking!"

"There's more in the kitchen. Go get it yourself." His tone was still chilly, but there was a slight hint of softening in it.

Chloe froze for a moment, then peeked into the kitchen and saw another plate of pasta on the table. Delighted, she brought out the plate and

thanked Joseph with a twinkle in her eye. "You're the best, Jojo!"

"Don't call me that."

"Okay, Jojo!"

Joseph was exasperated and gave up on trying to correct her. Chloe had not eaten anything all afternoon and was now eating with great gusto. The pasta was hot so she blew on it carefully before putting it in her mouth.

Joseph looked at her face expressionlessly and asked, "Had a bad day today?"

"Yeah... I went for an interview this afternoon and had an unpleasant experience."

"What happened?"

"Are you worried about me?" Chloe lifted her head and met his gaze, her bright eyes brimming with joy. She had not expected such a gesture from Joseph at all.

"Is it that hard to tell the difference between curiosity and concern?" Joseph leaned back slightly.

"Oh," she replied , sounding a bit disappointed .

It seemed to her that she still had a long way to go before she could win the heart of the jerk's uncle, but at least he was curious about her. That was a good start.

Chloe perked up and asked, "You work in the finance industry, right? Do you know about Fairlight?"

Joseph's eyebrows creased slightly. He was surprised that she knew he worked in finance and was even more surprised that she knew about Fairlight . However , before he could ask how she knew all this, she suddenly grew upset.

"I had an interview at Fairlight today and they sucked! From the interviewer to the security guard, they all cover for each other. I strongly suspect that their boss is no different. As they say, a fish rots from the head down. Curse those capitalists!"

Joseph the capitalist fell silent.