

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 191

Chapter 191 Sincerity

Joseph felt a small lump rise in his throat as he faced her passionate and sincere gaze. Uncomfortably, he averted his gaze and replied, "You're overthinking it."

"No, you do have feelings for me," Chloe said. Although she was talking to him, it gave people a feeling that she was talking to herself. "Why don't you just admit it? Love should be boldly expressed!"

Before he could respond, she pressed on, "I also have a good impression of you!"

She was not naive. She had noticed the changes in him. It was just that she had never considered it from that angle.

At this moment, his reaction confirmed her suspicions. Joseph's face sank, his long legs crossed lazily, and his cold gaze bore into Chloe. "Just a good impression?"

'Isn't she supposed to be so deeply in love with me that she can't imagine her life without me?'

Chloe lightly touched her nose, casting her eyes downward to conceal the fleeting sense of guilt. From a side glance, she looked like a wounded little white rabbit. "Of course not. I'm

worried that my love for you is too overwhelming and will only cause you to resent me. So, I can only reveal a glimpse of my affection, like the tip of an iceberg."

Since getting to know this guy, her acting skills had become even more refined. It would be a shame if she did not venture into the entertainment industry.

Joseph raised his chin slightly, exposing his smooth and well-chiseled jawline. He sneered, "You're just trying to hide the obvious."

Lucas, driving in the front seat, was left speechless. ‘Seriously, Mr. Joseph? It seems to me that you’re the one trying to cover up the obvious.’

“Hehe.” Chloe wrapped her arm around Joseph’s and rested her head on his shoulder. “Jojo, when did you start liking me? Or rather, when did you develop a good impression of me?”

“Shut up.”

“Can’t I ask? How unforthcoming of you.” Chloe pouted. Were you captivated by my good looks? What a coincidence, so was I by yours. Luckily, I was clever enough not to believe that you’re impotent. Otherwise, we might’ve missed each other! Ah-”

Chloe’s words were abruptly silenced by an unexpected kiss. Her eyes widened as she stared at the magnified handsome face before her. This man was unbelievably good-looking, but

How many times had they kissed in front of Lucas?!

‘This is so embarrassing!’

Joseph had only intended to silence her incessant chatter, but her lips held an addictive allure, each touch leaving him yearning for more. Her tender resistance, flushed countenance, and faint whimpering sounds captivated him. Though aware of her playful resistance, the more she held back, the stronger his desire to conquer her became as he yearned to exert his dominance upon her.

If Chloe knew what Joseph was thinking, she would surely

have bristled with rage. She was not playing hard to get.

Rather, she fretted over the possibility of their colleagues witnessing them upon their arrival at Fairlight.

As fate would have it, just as one hoped to avoid something, it would inevitably occur.

Looking through the car window, she saw Ellie driving a Volkswagen toward them, also heading to the underground parking lot. Chloe quickly reacted and tried to push Joseph away. Unfortunately,

he was too strong, and her rejection proved fruitless. She gritted her teeth, and a faint taste of blood filled her mouth.

Joseph suddenly opened his eyes, anger flashing across his face before delving deeper into their passionate kiss. Overwhelmed, Chloe struggled to catch her breath. Fortunately, Ellie did not notice them, and Joseph finally released her.

Chloe cast him a resentful gaze, her petite face blushing intensely. It was more like a spoiled gesture than a complaint when she said, "We almost got caught by a colleague."

Just as she finished speaking, she quickly covered her mouth. 'Goodness, why did my voice sound so...'

Joseph calmly adjusted his tie and smirked arrogantly. "What difference does it make if someone sees?"

"But if someone sees us, there will be gossip."

"I'll fire those who spread rumors."

Chloe was speechless. 'Sure. You're the boss, you make the call.

Chloe successfully clocked in and entered the office, placing her sandwiches on her desk. She planned to grab a cup

of

water first and savor the sandwiches slowly. As she passed by her colleagues, she noticed their strange gazes. She furrowed her brows. 'Is Ellie backstabbing me again?'

"Chloe, why is your mouth swollen..." a colleague sitting next to her workstation questioned, clearly perplexed.

She froze for a moment and hastily reached into her drawer to retrieve a small mirror.

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‘D*mn it! My lips are all swollen because of that b*stard!’

Chloe forced herself to appear calm. “It’s nothing. I ate something spicy last night.”

“Are your lips swollen from kissing a man?” snidely remarked Ellie, who happened to pass by.

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time **is** Running Out!

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Score 9.5

Chapter **192** Help, I’m So **Scared**

“Ellie, that was way out of line,” a colleague said.

“I was just joking. Don’t take **it** so seriously,” Ellie said.

“Seriously, who jokes like that?”

Chloe held onto her colleague’s arm, shaking her head. “Don’t worry about it. Let her say what she wants. We’ll just ignore her,” she said.

After all, Ellie did speak the truth, and there was no way to argue against it.

Ellie glanced at Chloe and walked away.

The rest of Chloe’s day was a hectic one. She spent the morning organizing business data and conducting analysis in preparation for the afternoon meeting. She remained occupied until the end of the meeting.

Afterward, Ellie approached with an air of authority and instructed, “Prepare the implementation project strategy for me by tomorrow. Make sure to include the cost, timeline, and projected results.”

Chloe rubbed her stiff neck and questioned, “Aren’t these tasks supposed to be your responsibility? If I handle them for you, what will you be doing?”

‘Standing around and looking important?’ she added silently.

“I’ll evaluate and analyze the proposals you come up with and make any necessary modifications. This is an excellent opportunity for you to get promoted, so you should be

grateful,” Ellie said.

“Thanks but no thanks. We can divide the tasks equally and work independently,” Chloe responded.

Ellie’s eyes darted around as an idea formed in her mind. “All right, that works, but you need to complete the project

proposal by tonight. I’ll come by in the morning to add the cost and timeline.”

Chloe agreed. Although the timeframe was tight, the division of labor seemed fair within acceptable limits. With a clear goal in mind, she quickly immersed herself in her work

As the end of the workday approached, she informed Joseph that she would be working late and he need not wait for her. When he asked how long it would take, she provided an estimated time, and the conversation came to an end.

At ten o’clock in the evening, Chloe stretched and closed her computer, ready to leave. However, just as she stood up, the lights suddenly went out, plunging the office into darkness. Chloe’s heart raced with panic as she struggled to maintain composure while groping for the switch on the wall. She could locate it based on her memory, but there was no response whatsoever despite pressing it multiple times.

The security must have cut the power!

Haphazardly navigating her way through the darkness, she stumbled and collided with cabinet corners, resulting in aching knees and piercing discomfort. Upon reaching the door, she discovered it was locked from the outside. Her heart

skipped a beat, and she placed her last hope on her cell phone. After a busy day, she had forgotten to charge it, and it was now down to a single bar of battery.

Chloe prayed fervently, urging her phone to hold on for a few more seconds. She found Joseph's phone number and dialed it. It rang once, but before anyone could pick up, it abruptly shut down. She stood frozen, utterly frustrated, and on the verge of tears.

At that moment, a bone-chilling melody permeated the air. The song bore an eerie and haunting quality, blending the innocent laughter of children with the sorrowful cries of a woman. In the silence of the air, it became unbearably grating, sending shivers down her spine. And the song seemed

incredibly close as if someone were pressing against the door, singing to her through the narrow gap.

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Chloe startled herself with such thoughts, and she quickly retreated several steps. Unaware of what she bumped into, a jumble of items clattered to the floor, landing on her feet and causing her excruciating pain. Yet, her fear of the darkness eclipsed her physical agony.

Consumed by terror, she rushed back to her workstation, desperately attempting to turn on her computer, hoping to seek help through the Internet. But with the power outage, there was no chance of getting online.

The haunting melody persists!!

outside, causing Chloe to cover her ears and hide in a corner. Her mind became a breeding

ground for horrifying scenarios, reminiscent of the macabre scenes she had witnessed in horror movies.

"Help me..." she pleaded, her fear tangible and all-consuming.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 193 I Want to See Your Business Empire

Below Fairlight, a car was parked by the side of the road.

Inside, Joseph furrowed his brow, staring at the missed call displayed on his phone screen before deciding to return the call.

"Hello, the number you dialed is currently unreachable..."

Whenever Chloe's phone was switched off, it never boded well, even though today she was in the office.

"Stay here. I'm going up," he informed Lucas. He then opened the car door and stepped out.

Lucas

opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but his gaze caught sight of an elegant figure. "Oh no, it's her. Didn't this woman say she wouldn't bother Mr. Joseph anymore? Why is she here again?"

Thoughts swirled in his mind as he discreetly observed Xavia from the car. As if everything had been meticulously

orchestrated, she coincidentally encountered Joseph at the zebra crossing. She was wearing a delicate, pink V-neck dress that accentuated her slender waist and revealed her perfectly shaped legs. With each gentle gust of the evening breeze, her hair gracefully danced in the air, akin to the entrance of a

heroine from a fairy tale.

Xavia's eyes brimmed with uncontainable delight as she locked gazes with Joseph, but before she could utter a word, a series of coughs erupted from within her. One cough followed another. She looked as if she was about to cough out her

internal organs. Even someone with clear eyes could tell it was no ordinary illness.

Joseph's attention was drawn to the bag clutched in Xavia's hands, its label indicating it came from a public hospital situated adjacent to Fairlight. Pausing for a moment, he inquired, "What's the matter with you?"

"Just a minor cold, nothing serious," Xavia momentarily ceased her coughing, mustering a faint smile. "You're going to the office so late at night?"

"I'm going back to pick someone up."

The only person who could make Joseph personally go to pick them up was the person he mentioned. Xavia's gaze dimmed with a tinge of sorrow as she forced a smile. "Then go ahead. Don't keep her waiting for too long."

"Okay." Joseph nodded and walked away with long strides.

Xavia stared at his departing figure, her fists clenched so tightly that her knuckles turned pale under the pressure. On a sudden impulse, she called out, "Joseph!"

Joseph turned his head around, his face bereft of emotion as he looked at her indifferently.

"Can I accompany you and visit Fairlight? I've been by your side for two years, witnessing the time and effort you've poured into it. Regrettably, I never had the opportunity to witness your success firsthand or even offer my congratulations... I want to see your business empire. May I?"

As the memories of their shared past flickered in Joseph's mind, a furrow formed on his brow. "Suit yourself." With those words, he briskly stepped into the elevator, making his way to the marketing department to find Chloe.

Xavia remained standing in the lobby, her gaze falling from one object to another. In her eyes, a fleeting glimmer of possessiveness flashed past.

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As Joseph arrived at the marketing department, he registered muffled cries emanating from inside. His heart clenched at the sound, and he pushed open the door in search of Chloe.

Finally, he found her huddled in the corner beneath the table. Reaching out his hand, his voice carried a magnetic tone as he said, "I'm here now. Everything will be okay."

Chloe lifted her tear-filled eyes, her tears streaming even more intensely upon seeing him. With a deep sob, she threw herself into his embrace, abandoning all pretense of

composure as she held onto him tightly. "The office is haunted! I'm so scared!" she exclaimed.

Joseph scanned the surroundings but found no signs of anything amiss. "You scared yourself."

"No, I really heard something!" Chloe claimed, her eyes reddened by her tears. "By the way, the door was locked. How did you manage to enter?"

"The door wasn't locked."

Chloe was stunned for a moment, finding it hard to believe. Joseph personally led her to the door, confirming that everything was normal. Even the access code lock was functioning properly.

"...Did I not use enough force when opening the door? But what about that song then?" she murmured to herself, her tear-streaked face resembling someone uttering nonsense.

Joseph scoffed, "You're scared just because of a power outage?"

Comparatively, Chloe maintained more composure when Jane kidnapped her.

Feeling dejected, Chloe uttered, "You don't understand. It's the intangible and imagined things that have no physical form that can easily destroy one's sanity."

“If you’re worried about it, we can check the surveillance footage tomorrow.”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 194 I Helped Pay **28** Million in Legal Fees

“Let’s talk about it tomorrow. I’m tired and just want to go home and rest,” Chloe said.

“Sure,” he replied.

“But I thought you left. Why did you come back?” she asked while they waited for the elevator.

Raising an eyebrow, Joseph responded, “Who told you I left?”

“So you never left? You’ve been in the office this whole time?”

“I was busy for a while, and by the time I finished, it was almost ten o’clock,” he explained.

In other words, he had been waiting for her.

Chloe smiled mischievously, her eyes sparkling, “I see...”

‘He just refuses to admit that he was waiting for me!’

Inside the elevator, Joseph slovenly leaned against the wall, his waist narrow and shoulders broad. He cast a cold glance at her and scoffed indifferently.

Enchanted by his charm, Chloe stared at him blankly for a couple of seconds. Honestly, she had suspected that Joseph was not Jake’s uncle when she first met him at the bar. After all, he was too good-looking to be his uncle. Though doubts had arisen, she had pushed them aside.

Ding. The elevator doors slid open.

Chloe had not even had the chance to collect her thoughts

when her gaze met Xavia's. The woman resembled her online

photos, exuding elegance and poise, embodying the essence of beauty. She seemed to be around the same age as Joseph, but with a hint of maturity that was not present in the photos.

Chloe's brain buzzed, and she was stunned. 'She just got back yesterday, and we're meeting today?'

She was not foolish enough to think it was merely a

coincidence. What was more, Xavia had appeared in Fairlight. It was Joseph's territory, so she must have gotten permission from him.

Chloe dug her nails into her palm, maintaining a composed demeanor and straightening her posture.

Xavia's initial reaction upon seeing Chloe was that she had a slight resemblance to Jane. Chloe possessed a youthful countenance, exuding radiance, and vitality akin to a freshly peeled apple, bursting with succulent juices at the first taste. She had a good physique as well.

However, Joseph was not someone who judged by appearance alone. He admired the resilience and tenacity he saw in Chloe's eyes. Beneath her seemingly delicate exterior, nothing could destroy her.

A strong sense of crisis arose within Chloe.

Xavia slowly retracted her gaze and nodded slightly at Chloe. Hello, I'm Xavia Larson. I'm a close friend of Joseph's. Please don't misunderstand. I came to Fairlight simply to see how the company we worked hard for all those years has flourished."

Chloe squinted, finding the statement rather amusing. 'The company that they worked hard for all those years? Is she referring to herself as the one who accompanied him through

all the hardships?'

“Hello,” Chloe responded nonchalantly, seemingly oblivious. to the underlying implications.

Turning to Joseph, Xavia asked, “May I go upstairs to have a look?”

“Do whatever you want,” he replied.

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Leaving the company, Chloe remained silent, refraining from speaking.

Sitting in the front seat, Lucas drove cautiously, making every effort to minimize his presence.

“Why are you so quiet?” Joseph glanced **at** her, a hint of confusion in his eyes.

With her arms crossed, Chloe responded, “I just don’t feel like talking.”

He lowered his head and said, “Xavia and I are over.”

She smiled faintly but remained silent. ‘If you two were truly over, then there’s no need to maintain any form of friendship. A proper ex should be left buried in the past, instead of trying to assert their presence unnecessarily.’

Growing increasingly perplexed by her continued silence, Joseph felt a surge of frustration. He asserted, “Enough. Don’t test my patience.” He had never been one to bow down before a woman, and providing an explanation already felt like a significant concession on his part.

“So not speaking is considered testing your patience?” Chloe

chuckled exasperatedly.

“I want you to stay by my side, not to witness you disrespecting me,” he stated with an air of superiority, his words cutting through the air.

Chloe furrowed her brow. “Then why should I have to tolerate your foul temper?”

“Because I paid a staggering 28 million dollars in legal fees on your behalf.”

Joseph believed it was necessary to make her realize her place. Otherwise, she would soon forget who was in charge of this dynamic.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 195 The Big Shot in the Entertainment Industry

Chloe's face froze, overwhelmed by a bitter and melancholic sensation that consumed her heart. Indeed, they were merely bound by a contractual relationship. Even though there had been fleeting moments of sweetness that morning, their relationship remained imbalanced.

"Fine, my mistake. I won't say anything," she admitted weakly.

However, Joseph found no satisfaction in her meek apology. Instead, it only added to his mounting frustration.

Lucas dared not intrude on the tense atmosphere and continued driving until they reached the villa.

Chloe was the first to step out of the car and enter the yard. She went to take Toto for a stroll. Initially, Toto was overjoyed to see them return home, but now sensing the tension between the two, its ears drooped timidly and its dark eyes filled with unease.

Joseph furrowed his brow and uttered, "Don't vent your frustrations on the dog."

Wearing a fake smile, Chloe replied, "Is this smile satisfactory for serving your beloved dog?"

Joseph responded, "Not enough. Make the smile even bigger."

Chloe was stumped. She certainly was not about to vent her frustrations on Toto since the dog was innocent. And of course, upon returning with Toto, she did not speak to Joseph.

The next morning, she got up and prepared lunch boxes for

the day. Joseph returned from his morning jog to find her dressed in a sleek professional suit, exuding the mature allure of a career woman. But instead of heading to work, she was here, cooking for him.

The stark contrast hit Joseph, causing a ripple in his mind as he let out a soft chuckle. Upon hearing his laughter, Chloe froze, spatula in hand, but did not turn around or say a word.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“Stir-fried zucchini with eggs, braised beef with radish, and steamed jumbo prawns,” she replied, her back still facing him.

Observing her figure, Joseph raised an eyebrow, his jubilant mood dissipating by half in an instant. He had taken the initiative to speak, indicating that he did not mind her mistake from yesterday, so how dare she give him the cold shoulder?

Joseph’s face sank and he said, “I don’t eat these. Redo them.”

Chloe briefly furrowed her brow before relaxing, then calmly asked, “What would you like to eat instead?”

“Butter prawns, stir-fried beef, and zucchini soup,” he replied.

“Understood.”

Unexpectedly, she did not say much more, nor did she

complain about anything. She just followed his orders like a robot. Joseph felt discomfort throughout his entire being

when he saw her being so quiet and devoid of her usual playful and eccentric demeanor.

‘Very well.’

With only half an hour remaining before they had to leave for work, it was evident that she would not be able to finish

cooking in such a short time. Surely, she would come seeking his assistance later.

Joseph went upstairs to shower and change. When he came

back down, Lucas had arrived in the car. Joseph glanced in the direction of the kitchen and asked nonchalantly, "Are you not finished yet?"

"No, you go ahead. I'll get a cab," Chloe replied, her voice cold as she stirred the thick soup.

Joseph raised an eyebrow, and without a word, he walked over and turned off the gas, pulling her along to leave. His grip was too tight, causing Chloe to stumble and stagger. Nevertheless, she could not help but taunt, "The food isn't ready yet."

"Leave it!"

This was the first time Lucas had seen Joseph lose his composure. He could not help but let out a chuckle.

"First, you wanted to eat, and now you're saying you don't," Chloe grumbled with a hint of indignation.

Joseph stopped in his tracks, turning back to stare at her with a cold gaze. A tempest brewed on his otherworldly handsome face as he asked, "Are you sure you want to continue this topic?"

Chloe only wanted to provoke Joseph. She did not want him to punish her, so she just meekly said, "Not really."

The war silently came to an end.

Meanwhile, in the South, Ava arrived at Jade Street. Perhaps due to the early hour, there were not many people in the shops along the street. She could not find anyone to inquire about

the news.

Ava

walked down the street, lowering her head to check the navigation on her phone, unaware of the road ahead. As she turned the corner, a Bentley approached

ed from the opposite direction, seemingly about to collide with her. Luckily, the driver was skilled and managed to break in time, causing the tires to screech against the ground, and the front of the car hit a nearby tree.

“Are you crazy?! Are your eyes on top of your head?! Can’t you watch where you’re going?!” the driver scolded Ava.

“I didn’t do it on purpose. Why are you being so harsh?” Ava retorted.

Ava was filled with pent-up anger. She regretted her decision for coming to this sh*t place.

The driver ignored her and inspected the front of his car. “Give me 70 thousand to repair my car.”

Ava was about to complain about the exorbitant repair fee, but she could not say a word in argument when she turned to look at the car.

“I don’t have money, but I have this diamond necklace. Take a look and see if you want it,” she said. Her luck had been terrible ever since she left with that cursed thing belonging to

Chloe’s late mother.

The driver’s expression changed dramatically as he looked at the necklace that was handed to him. His gaze suddenly filled with respect as he gazed at Chloe. “Madam, please wait a moment,” he said urgently.

He could not wait to take the necklace and show it to his employer in the car.

Calvin Norman carefully examined the necklace inside and out, his excitement growing. “Yes, this is Luciana’s. I’ll go down and meet her.”

Chapter 196 Only an Idiot Wouldn’t Take the Chance

A man in his forties stepped out of the car, his square face exuding an air of dignity. He was dressed modestly, but around his neck sat a precious Blue Tiger’s Eye necklace.

Ava recognized the man before her, and her whole being surged with excitement. He was the tycoon who controlled the entertainment industry, having established multiple film and television companies. Many of today's hottest celebrities were nurtured under his company's guidance.

However, he seldom appeared in public. Why would such a prominent figure visit such an obscure place?

As Calvin laid eyes on Ava for the first time, a hint of dissatisfaction flickered across his face. Involuntarily, he compared her to his daughter, lamenting that she had not inherited Luciana's favorable genes. Despite his initial disappointment, Calvin's expression softened considerably as he thought about the fact that this girl shared Luciana's blood.

"What's your name?" he asked gently, his gaze filled with warmth.

"Mr. Calvin, I'm sorry for what I did just now. I'll compensate for the repair costs," Ava replied, feeling a bit fearful and hesitant to reveal her name.

"No need to worry about compensation. Our meeting was destined. Please tell me your name. You remind me of someone I once knew," Calvin reassured her.

"I'm Ava Johnson..."

Calvin's heart brimmed with joy. He was certain that the girl standing before him was Luciana's daughter. He also recalled that Luciana's useless husband was one of the Johnsons.

Having missed the chance to take care of Luciana in the first half of his life, he was determined to protect her daughter in the second half.

Realizing that although their first encounter was pretty

abrupt, Calvin still spoke from the depths of his affection. "Ava, I feel a connection between us. Would you be willing to become my goddaughter?"

*

Chloe had a rough night. She was scared and engaged in a silent war with Joseph. She did not have a good night's sleep, and she ended up dozing off with her head resting on the desk during lunch break.

Ellie glanced at Chloe, her cheekbones slightly elevated as a smug expression crossed her face. As though she had emerged victorious, she casually skimmed through the documents. Chloe had handed her before walking toward Chloe with exaggerated movements, intentionally creating a loud noise.

Startled by the noise, Chloe lifted her head expressionlessly and glanced at Ellie before going back to sleep. Ellie's pride took a hit as she sensed herself being ignored. In an attempt to regain attention, she forcefully slammed the folder onto the table, expressing her dissatisfaction. "Take a look at how you've written the project proposal. There are several inaccuracies. Fortunately, I discovered them in time."

Without lifting her head, Chloe replied impatiently, "I double-checked it, and there are no mistakes."

Unyielding, Ellie persisted, "Are there no mistakes because you said so? Who do you think **you** are? Have you forgotten that it was your negligence that caused Mr. Joseph's injury last time? Do you want to make another mistake?"

Chloe took a deep breath. She knew Ellie was trying to cause trouble but she suppressed her frustration, got up, and carefully read through the documents from beginning to end once again. "There are no mistakes. The one who's wrong is you," she reaffirmed.

"Hah! I'll go and discuss this with Mr. Joseph!" Ellie snatched the folder and hurried away.

A colleague nearby remarked skeptically, "Why do I feel like Ellie wants to take credit for your work?"

"As long as Joseph isn't blind, he won't fall for it," Chloe replied, leaving her colleague looking bewildered.

Surprised, the colleague asked, "Why do you talk about Mr. Joseph like that? Do you dislike him?"

Chloe paused for a moment before responding, "No, I don't..."

“Well, then you shouldn’t speak ill of him like that in the future. It might come across as impolite.”

“Okay...”

Ten minutes later, Ellie returned triumphantly, holding a thick stack of money in her hands. “I’m treating everyone to coffee this afternoon!” she announced.

Fairlight had clear guidelines when it came to rewards and punishments. Employees with good performance received bonuses, and they were always given in the form of money.

Judging from the thickness of the stack in Ellie’s hand, it was roughly 3 thousand dollars.

“Ellie, did Mr. Joseph give you 3 thousand dollars as a bonus? That wad looks so thick.”

“Yes, yes. It’s stacked!”

Shaking her head, Ellie playfully extended two fingers at them.

“Wow, apart from quarterly and annual bonuses, the only other person in our department who has received a bonus of 3 thousand was Ms. Wendy. It seems that Mr. Joseph highly values you, Ellie.”

Ellie smirked coyly and said, “Mr. Joseph is very satisfied with my revisions. He even personally told me to keep up the good work.”

“Wow! Congratulations on earning his appreciation. Don’t forget about us when you achieve great success,” exclaimed her colleagues, showering her with compliments and fueling her immense satisfaction.

However, not everyone praised her blindly. There were those who stood up for Chloe, feeling it was unfair.

“Chloe was the one who wrote the project proposal. Even if you made suggestions for revisions, the bonus should be split evenly,” someone spoke up in Chloe’s defense.

Chloe, now wide awake, fixed her clear and sharp gaze on Ellie. “Tell me exactly what you changed.”

Ellie stammered and mentioned a few insignificant points, but as the conversation progressed, she could not come up with any more, so she challenged Chloe, “If you don’t believe me,

go and confirm it with Mr. Joseph.”

“**I will!**” Chloe stood up, her face displaying a mix of indignation and determination.

Just when she was about to storm off to Joseph’s office, a nearby colleague hurriedly grabbed her arm, speaking in a hushed voice, “Don’t act impulsively. Ellie’s intentionally provoking you. If you fall for it, you’ll be in trouble. Mr. Joseph is quite fierce. He might not listen to you.”

“I know she’s trying to provoke me, but should I just let her take credit for my hard work?” Chloe retorted.

The answer was no.

While she could let it slide if no bonus were involved, the prospect of a bonus motivated her to fight. After all, turning down the opportunity would be foolish. She would rather

endure Joseph’s scolding than let Ellie take advantage of her efforts.

Chapter 197 The Glorious **View**

She would rather endure Joseph’s scolding than let Ellie take advantage of her efforts.

With determined steps, Chloe walked toward **the** elevator without looking back. Ellie hurriedly followed after her, looking as if she was trying to stop Chloe. However, she came to a halt in front of the elevator, observing as it came to a stop on a higher floor without emitting even a single sound. Witnessing this, she returned to the marketing department with a smug sense of satisfaction.

A few colleagues approached her with worried expressions and asked, “Ellie, did Chloe really go to see Mr. Joseph?”

Sighing, she replied, “Well, yes. I did try to stop her. I even told her that we could split the bonus in half, but she didn’t care. She insisted on having the full 20 thousand.”

“Wow... She’s so greedy...”

*

Standing at the entrance of Joseph’s office, Chloe confidently raised her hand and lightly knocked **on** the door. Without waiting for a response, she took a step forward and entered the room.

Several department executives were taking turns reporting the situation of their respective departments to Joseph. Upon hearing the knock, they all turned their heads in unison to gaze at the entrance, meeting Chloe’s defiant stare.

Her arrogant demeanor waned under the scrutinizing gaze of

the executives. A tinge of embarrassment colored her

meticulously composed face, and she awkwardly said, “Please continue. I’ll wait outside and come in later...”

With that, she promptly closed the door with a resounding “thud.”

The executives exchanged puzzled glances and discreetly observed Joseph’s expression. He was sitting on a spacious leather chair, clad in a tailored designer white shirt that accentuated his perfectly proportioned physique. His legs, hidden beneath his trousers, were flawlessly long, surpassing even that of a professional model.

Lowering his gaze, his handsome, refined face exuded an alluring charm, and there was a subtle triumphant smile gracing the corners of his lips. ‘Looks like the reverse psychology method works.’

A few minutes later, the executives emerged from the office, their glances toward Chloe tinged with curiosity and

bewilderment. Chloe lowered her head with a hint of

embarrassment and avoided eye contact with them, feeling as though she had become the center of a peculiar spectacle.

Once they had boarded the elevator and descended, she slowly lifted her head, straightened her body, and marched into Joseph's office. Upon entering, she wasted no time and went straight to the point, her voice determined, "The project proposal Ellie delivered was written by me."

"I know," Joseph said.

"Then why did you give her the bonus?!"

"She provided some valuable suggestions for the proposal,"

he replied nonchalantly.

"Even if her revisions were good, everything was built upon the foundation of my proposal. It's not fair to reward her and not me," Chloe argued.

"Well, you're right," Joseph said, surprising Chloe as she thought he would criticize her.

Chloe tried to read his true intentions through his deep, dark eyes, but she failed. She fell into a prolonged silence before finally speaking, "May I know what are the revisions she suggested? If they were truly significant to the point where my proposal would be rendered obsolete without modification, then I'll accept this outcome."

Joseph leaned back into his chair, maintaining a composed demeanor, and skillfully dodged her question, "How much of a bonus do you desire?"

Chloe hesitated, unsure of how to respond. "Can I ask for as much as I want?"

"You can tell me. Who knows, maybe your dream will come true."

"I'm not greedy. I just want the same amount as Ellie."

"Good answer."

After that, Joseph had Lucas bring over a large stack of money. It was aptly described as large, as it could not be held by a single hand and required both hands to cradle. It contained at least 30 thousand dollars.

Lucas pushed the money toward Chloe and said, “Ms. Chloe, this is your bonus and consolation.”

“Consolation?”

“Yes,” he explained, “We’ve obtained surveillance footage that reveals what happened last night. It appears that someone deliberately orchestrated the incident.”

Chloe was taken aback, “What? Who did it?”

“Ellie.”

“Then why would you still give her a bonus?!” Chloe exclaimed.

“Someone saw Ellie meeting with an executive from Baxon today. It’s highly likely that she intends to leak confidential information about this project. We can’t alarm her at this moment, so we need to make her lower her guard,” Lucas said sternly.

Chloe felt a shiver down her spine. She was well acquainted with Baxon’s way of doing things. They prioritized their own interests above all else. If Ellie’s connection with Baxon was exposed, Chloe would undoubtedly become the scapegoat.

Joseph had the security office make a copy of the surveillance footage, and he gestured for Chloe to come closer. “Come take a look.”

Chloe walked over, bending slightly at the waist as she stared at the computer screen. She was dressed in a professional suit today, and it had a low neckline.

Although Joseph was seated in a chair, he still held a slight height advantage over Chloe, affording him a glimpse of her neckline. He took a deep breath, struggling to avert his gaze. ‘D *mn it! She’s trying to seduce me again!’

“Come sit over here.”

Chloe looked around but did not see any extra chairs. “Where should I sit?” she asked in confusion.

Joseph's eyes were as dark as ink, and his voice carried a husky tone. "On my lap."

Chapter 198 Do You Love Money or Me?

Chloe glanced at Lucas awkwardly. "It's okay. I'll just stand."

They were at the office right now, and it was necessary to maintain proper decorum, especially with others present.

Joseph's gaze sharply swept across the room, and Lucas immediately grasped the signal. "I'll be leaving now," he said.

Chloe was speechless. 'Oh well, guess I'll just go ahead and sit then. It's not like it's the first time anyway. I'll consider it a free cushion.'

As she settled into Joseph's lap and adjusted her position, a thought crossed her mind. She turned back to Joseph and remarked, "Make sure not your belt doesn't poke me this time.

A hint of crimson graced Joseph's handsome face as he retorted in a low voice, "Shut up."

Chloe pursed her lips. She had noticed that whenever Joseph could not come up with a response, he resorted to telling her to shut up.

He lightly clicked his mouse, and the surveillance footage from outside the marketing department the previous night appeared on the screen.

Around ten o'clock, Ellie had stealthily made her way to the vicinity of the department. She brought her own lock to secure the door and took advantage of a moment when the security guard was on patrol to cut off the power in the office. In the darkness, she excitedly played a song on her phone and took

great pleasure in hearing Chloe's screams. She laughed gleefully, taking great pleasure in Chloe's misfortune.

After watching the entire process, Chloe was infuriated, her teeth itching with frustration. No wonder she had a constant feeling that someone was lurking outside the door yesterday. It was not just her imagination. It was real. Ellie had been outside the department!

Apart from their competitive relationship, there were no personal grievances or conflicts between them. Chloe could not fathom why Ellie would do this to her. Fixating her gaze on Joseph's hand, she pressed her lips together. "Could Ellie be the one who placed the safety pin inside the folder that time?"

Joseph did not say anything, his eyes remaining calm and unwavering as he said, "In any case, I trust you."

Being inherently naive and kind-hearted, Chloe was often the one who fell victim to exploitation. She was never someone who would take advantage of others.

'In any case, I trust you.'

A warm feeling welled up within Chloe, and inexplicably, a fluttering sensation stirred in the depths of her stomach. The sensation of being trusted by someone was a comforting one, and Chloe could not help but feel that this man had the ability to speak kind words, on occasion.

"So what do you plan to do with her next?" Chloe asked.

Planting safety pins and pretending to be a ghost were not grave offenses, but they were not innocent pranks either. Normal people would not engage in such actions. However, if

Ellie were to disclose confidential company information, **the** consequences would be severe. It could lead to her being fired, substantial financial liability to compensate for the company's losses, and even legal disputes.

But Ellie was not foolish enough to endanger herself for a minor favor from Baxon. In the whole of Aesper and even Docwood, Fairlight was among the few prestigious corporations offering fame and fortune. Remaining here and working diligently would pave the way for limitless o

opportunities. Chloe doubted Ellie had any intentions of seeking alternative employment.

As such, Chloe was certain that Ellie was targeting her.

Joseph enclosed Chloe within his embrace, resting his chin on her shoulder and playfully nuzzling against her neck. "You don't need to do anything. Just take the money and go back to work."

If Ellie harbored ill intentions, she would surely take action. Upon seeing the money.

Joseph's sudden movement brought them closer, his breath gently grazing Chloe's neck, creating a tingling sensation that tickled her. Her body tensed up as she tried her best to ignore this peculiar feeling.

"An eye for an eye?" she asked.

"Not bad."

"What do you mean by not bad?"

"You're not that stupid after all."

"I'm leaving."

After freeing herself from his embrace, Chloe cast a glance at the pile of money on the table, her voice slow and hesitant as she asked, "Is this money just for show, or is it a genuine reward for me?"

Since Ellie had boasted after receiving 3 thousand dollars, she would surely be infuriated when she saw Chloe returning with

ten times that amount.

With his ten fingers crossed over his chest, Joseph raised an eyebrow and playfully teased, "Will you still act unreasonably in the future?"

'What does he mean by that? Does it mean that I can receive more money as long as I don't act out of line?'

Chloe vigorously shook her head, her face beaming and her eyes shining with an almost dazzling intensity. She said, "No, I won't. I promise. From now on, I'll follow your every word, Jojo. If you tell me to go west, I won't go east!"

Joseph did not know why but he did not like this. His cold gaze fell upon her, his doubt evident as he asked, "Do you love money or do you love me?"

'Isn't that obvious? Of course, I love money!'

That was what Chloe thought deep down, but she looked at Joseph with sincere eyes and spoke in a sweet, obedient tone, "Of course, it's you, Jojo. You hold a special place in my heart. Nothing and no one can compare to you. My heart belongs to you and you alone."

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"Then why did your eyes light up when I gave you money?"

"Because this money is from you. It signifies your care and

protection for me. You knew I was frightened last night and feeling down, so you compensated me to make me happy."

Joseph found her answer satisfactory. He nodded slightly, expressing his approval. "Good girl." As long as she recognized his kindness, it was enough for him.

Chloe clutched the stack of money before leaving, but then Joseph suddenly asked, "Are you in need of money?"

"Not really." She did not lack money. What she lacked was the money to pay him back. After she had earned enough money, she would stand on equal footing with him.

"What about the supplementary card I gave you?"

"It's still with me."

"If you need money, you can withdraw from that card."

Chloe shook her head and looked down at the money in her arms. "It's different. This is money I earned

through my own efforts. It gives me a sense of accomplishment.” Besides, she could not possibly use the money from Joseph’s

supplementary card to repay him. It felt somewhat unethical.

With so much money in her hands and also carrying a folder, Chloe found it difficult to handle them all. Lucas offered to help her take them back to her work station.

“Thank you.”

Along the way, Lucas carefully considered his words before saying, “Ms. Chloe, I risk offending you by saying this, but there’s something I really want to tell you.”

Chapter 199 Once **the** Novelty Wears Off, She’ll Lose

“Hmm? What is it?”

“Don’t allow Xavia to come between you and Mr. Joseph. Their chapter is closed, and you’re the one who matters to him now. When you two had an argument yesterday, he was in a sour mood all morning. It wasn’t until you arrived that he seemed to brighten up a bit.”

Lucas had been working anxiously the whole morning as he was afraid of enraging Joseph.

Chloe looked at Lucas, taking in his features. With his delicate facial structure and slightly tanned skin, he exuded a spirited demeanor. Aware of his good intentions, she calmly shook her head. “You know that our marriage is fake, right? The contract will expire. We have no relationship beyond that.”

“Don’t you want to fight for it?” Lucas asked.

“What do I have to fight with?” Chloe retorted.

“Mr. Joseph has shown interest in you. You have a chance,” Lucas encouraged.

Chloe scoffed mockingly. “He has never explicitly expressed any romantic feelings toward me. I’ve tried, but

the outcome was far from satisfactory. I'm the kind of person who prefers everything to be clear and straightforward, especially when it comes to relationships. I don't like being toyed with."

"You know that Mr. Joseph is tough on the outside but a softie on the inside, right? I'm sure he has feelings for you," Lucas insisted.

Chloe let off a dismissive chuckle. "Are you referring to

infatuation or mere attraction? It's natural for there to be a sense of novelty in a relationship, but what matters is how things progress once that initial spark fades."

Lucas

paused, momentarily at a loss for words. While he acknowledged the presence of novelty in relationships, he understood the importance of what came after that stage.

Seeing his hesitation, Chloe sighed and continued, "Before Xavia appeared, I had naive thoughts just like you. But I understand now and have placed myself in the right position."

Perhaps Joseph had a slight interest in her now, but she did not have the confidence to believe that she would be an exception. Novelty was not synonymous with love, and once the novelty wore off, she would inevitably become the one left behind.

She did not want to end up being the one who got left behind.

It was crucial to know when to cut her losses and maintain her resolve. For her, securing her financial independence took precedence.

Before Lucas could respond, Chloe interrupted, "We've arrived. Please hand me the money."

"Okay."

The stack of money in Chloe's arms was eye-catching, attracting the attention of everyone as she stepped into the department.

"Oh my, did you go to the bank to withdraw money?"

“This must be tens of thousands!”

“Nope! These are bonuses and compensations from Mr. Joseph,” Chloe said, smiling bashfully.

“What? Then where’s our compensation?” one of Chloe’s colleagues asked.

Chloe exaggeratedly recounted the incident of being locked in the office last night, vividly describing the scene, leaving her coworkers startled.

“I was taken to the hospital last night, and the doctor said I have neurasthenia. I have to go for regular check-ups from now on,” Chloe continued.

In an instant, the envious gazes of her colleagues transformed into sympathy. They knew that good health was more valuable than any amount of money.

“Don’t worry, Chloe. It’s probably just because you were overworked last night and had hallucinations. Use the compensation money to treat yourself to some good food,” her colleagues comforted Chloe. However, in their hearts, they were already planning to visit the church to seek blessings.

Chloe returned to her workstation with the money in her arms, feeling a malicious gaze piercing through her back. If looks could kill, Ellie would have murdered Chloe countless

times over.

‘Looks like I need to speed up the plan.’

After getting off work, Ellie arranged to meet with Maurice. “I can give the data you’re looking for, but I have one condition,” she said.

“What condition?” Maurice asked eagerly, “As long as it’s within my capabilities, I guarantee I’ll fulfill it.”

Previously, Fairlight’s marketing department was under Wendy’s management. She was a loyal and dedicated

employee who staunchly refused any bribe, regardless of the price they offered. However, with Wendy now on maternity leave, an opportunity had arisen.

“In case something goes wrong, I need a scapegoat, don’t I?”

“What do you mean?”

Ellie slid

Chloe’s personal information toward Maurice. “She’s my competitor, always at tempting to steal the spotlight from me. Find a way to arrange a meeting with her, and I’ll take a few photos as evidence.”

If it were not for Chloe suddenly being transferred to the marketing department, Ellie would have been Wendy’s top choice for promotion. But things had changed. It seemed to her that Chloe had somehow managed to gain favor not only with Wendy but also Joseph. In a matter of mere months,

Chloe was on the verge of surpassing Ellie. Such an outcome was unacceptable. Chloe had to be removed.

As Maurice’s eyes fell upon Chloe’s photo, an evil grin spread across his face, and his fingers lewdly brushed against her cheek in the photo.

“So, it’s her,” he said.

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5

Chapter **200** How Bold of Him to Pursue **Joseph’s Woman**

“Do you know her?” Ellie asked.

“Chloe used to work at Baxon, and I had always desired a taste of her,” Maurice said.

This caused Ellie to pause in surprise. She had never expected Chloe to have worked for Baxon, and it seemed to her that Maurice held a strong interest in her. “Find a way to arrange a meeting with her quickly. I don’t care what you do, but I need a few photos as evidence,” she said.

Maurice replied, “Arranging a meeting with Chloe won’t be easy. She’s wary of me.”

“You want me to help you?” Ellie questioned.

“Let’s not frame it as helping or not helping. If you help me, you’ll benefit too.”

Ellie contemplated for a brief moment, her mind filled with vivid images of a future where Chloe’s reputation was completely destroyed, leaving her unable to pose any competition. A wave of pleasure surged through Ellie, engulfing her with a sense of satisfaction.

“All right then, but it’ll cost you more,” Ellie agreed.

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Since the day Xavia appeared at Fairlight, several days passed without her re-emerging. The Johnsons seemed to have

vanished from Chloe’s life as well. Life settled into a tranquil rhythm as if turning over a new leaf. Yet, an unsettling feeling lingered within Chloe.

Xavia would not simply appear before her without reason, just as she would not genuinely withdraw from Joseph’s life for no apparent cause. Even if Chloe tried to overlook Xavia’s peculiar behavior and believe her words, she could not help but

question why Xavia had not stayed away in the first place. What purpose lay behind her actions?

In addition, it had been more than a month since the Johnsons had stirred up trouble. They had come close to achieving their desired outcomes on two occasions, only to have Chloe thwart their plans. If they were willing to show reason and accept responsibility for their actions, opting for a peaceful resolution, it would undoubtedly be a favorable outcome.

However, given Ava’s cunning and treacherous nature, Chloe could not believe she would endure the humiliation of being showered with rotten eggs. Was it possible that Ava was brewing something behind her back again?

Sitting in the VIP seat, Joseph glanced below the stage.

Whether it was deliberate or unintentional, Chloe fell precisely within his line of sight. She had her eyes cast down, lost in her thoughts.

Today was the outdoor launch event for Fairlight's new project. The gentle breeze tousled Chloe's hair, and a few strands floated in the air. She had opted for light and natural makeup today, and her sky-blue round-collar short dress accentuated her delicate and charming appearance.

She furrowed her brows at times, then relaxed them. She shook her head, then nodded slightly, clearly lost in a daydream. She did not even notice when her pen fell from her hand, and it was a male colleague sitting beside her who helped her pick it up.

When he returned her pen, his fingertips grazed her hand, and intentionally, he grasped her palm, as if examining her hand lines or engaging in palmistry. Chloe listened intently, while Joseph's expression darkened.

His thin lips parted, and he uttered her name, "Chloe."

The product manager came to an abrupt stop. He humbly looked at him, awaiting further instructions. Amid the crowd, Chloe was bewildered as she looked toward Joseph, pointing to herself with her finger. 'Was he calling me?'

"Don't drift off," he responded.

He did not lower his voice and it possessed a magnetic chill, carrying an undeniable aura of intimidation that sent a chill down everyone's spine. Suddenly, everyone in the room became hyper focused, devoting themselves wholeheartedly to their work. Whether in school or at work, being called out on the spot was always the most embarrassing situation.

Fortunately, Chloe had developed the resilience to handle such moments. While she wore an expression of embarrassment on her face, her response remained calm, "Yes, Mr. Joseph." Her ability to remain unruffled by praise or humiliation earned her admiration from the male colleague who had been reading her palm.

"Based on your palm lines, you're a woman destined for greatness!" he exclaimed.

"You're giving me too much credit," Chloe replied modestly.

Enthralled by Chloe's radiant beauty and joyful demeanor, the male colleague could not resist the urge to ask her for her

contact information. Sensing an opportunity for further interaction, he proposed, "Let's exchange numbers. I'm from Tech downstairs."

Considering they were coworkers, Chloe saw no harm in

exchanging numbers and agreed, "Let's do it once the event is over."

'Otherwise, that guy over there will call me out again,' she added silently.

The project manager, having been interrupted, lost his flow. With a sense of urgency, he rushed through the remaining content, wrapping it up in about ten minutes, leaving the audience eagerly anticipating their chance to ask questions.

As Joseph left the stage, he glanced at Chloe exchanging numbers with her male colleague. His face instantly turned dark, and a faint aura of terror seemed to emanate from him. "The one with the glasses. Fire him," he commanded, his voice dripping with fury.

Lucas' body was drenched in a cold sweat as he followed

Joseph's gaze, witnessing the man's audacity to pursue

Joseph's woman while employed under him. He could not help but admire the man's remarkable courage in the face of such a risky endeavor.

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5