

# Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

## Chapter 231

### Chapter 231 She's So Troublesome

"I found the friend of the man in the footage. He's one of the homeowners of this neighborhood. I went to see him, but he had already deleted the video..."

"Tsk."

Since Xavia had achieved her goal, it did not matter if the video was deleted. Lowering her head, she said nervously. "My emotions got the better of me when I watched the video yesterday, and I unjustly accused Ms. Chloe. Joe, is Ms. Chloe at home right now? I want to apologize to her."

Joseph's jaw tightened, his expression cold as he sneered. "No need to apologize. Didn't she hit the dogs? Did she not lie? What's done can't be undone. Since she made a mistake, she needs to be punished."

After briefly pausing, Xavia agreed with Joseph, "You're right. Lying isn't about the size of the problem but about one's fundamental attitude."

Upon hearing her words, Joseph's gaze darkened, his countenance subtly changing with a chilling aura. "Please see yourself out. I want to be alone for a while."

Xavia nodded silently and reminded him, "Remember to take your breakfast. You have a weak stomach."

Joseph looked at the white bandage on Xavia's arm and suddenly became irritated again.

Noon arrived.

Joseph thought that Chloe would beg him to let her out, but he had not heard any movement from the bedroom. Frowning, he called out to her. "Chloe."

There was no response.

He twisted the doorknob and saw her lying in bed. Her face was pale and covered in cold sweat as if trapped in a nightmare. Her eyes were tightly shut as she muttered something helplessly.

His heart skipped a beat, and he touched her forehead. ‘D\*mn it, she’s having a fever.’

“Wake up. I’ll take you to the hospital”

Joseph tried to wake Chloe, but she seemed to sense someone beside her and curled up in fear, resembling an abandoned little kitten.

Joseph had no other choice but to carry her. However, as soon as he touched her, she screamed in

panic.

“No... It wasn’t me... Please don’t hit me...”

“Dad... It really wasn’t me...”

“It was Ava. She’s the one who did it. It wasn’t me...”

A pang of pain shot through Joseph’s heart, and his large hand gently patted Chloe’s back, soothing her emotions in the middle of the nightmare.

In the end, he invited Harold’s doctor to the villa. After a simple examination, the doctor said, “Her body is weak, and her immunity system isn’t in great condition, so she caught a cold. She just

needs to take some cold medicine.”

Once the doctor left, Joseph retrieved cold medicine from the first-aid kit, intending to feed it to Chloe. She tightly sealed her lips, refusing to take the medicine, causing most of the water in the cup to spill.

Joseph frowned. “You’re so troublesome.”

Without hesitation, he placed the medicine in his mouth, leaned down, and kissed Chloe’s lips.

Evening came.

Chloe woke up in an exhausted state. When she saw someone beside her, she instantly became fully alert.

“Why are you in my bed?”

Having slept for too long, coupled with menstrual discomfort and having a cold, Chloe felt weak all over, and her voice sounded soft and tender, resembling a spoiled child.

Joseph, who had not been fully asleep, was awakened by her fuss. Putting his hand on his forehead, he replied irritably, "This is my bedroom.

Chloe was momentarily stunned, recalling being forcibly locked in the room by him yesterday. Without hesitation, she uncovered the blanket and got out of bed to return to her own bedroom.

Softening his tone, Joseph spoke as if he was doing her a big favor. "You have my permission to sleep here tonight."

Over the course of last night, she should realize where she went wrong, and it was about time she apologized to him.

"Thanks, but no thanks." Chloe put on her shoes without even a pause.

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## Score 9.5

### Chapter 232 Are You Going to Lock Me Up Again?

Joseph's brow furrowed, his voice laced with frustration as he asked, "I've already decided to forgive you, so what trouble are you stirring up again?"

Upon-hearing the word "again," Chloe chuckled She turned around, her eyes shining brightly as they locked onto Joseph. "What do you mean, again? What did I do? Did I cheat on you or commit some unforgivable sin?"

The accusing tone in her voice did not sit well with Joseph, and his expression grew icy. "You lied and still think you did nothing wrong?"

"Have you ever thought about why I lied?"

Joseph was stunned. Before he could say anything, Chloe pressed on. "That's because I knew that even if I had told you that I ran into Icarus, you'd still be suspicious and angry. Speaking the truth or not would lead to the same outcome, so why bother?"

“Even though nothing happened between you and Icarus this time, you shouldn’t talk to him since you know he has a thing for you!”

“So, now I can’t even talk to someone of the opposite sex?!” Chloe laughed scornfully and emphasized every word that came out of her mouth. “Joseph, I’m a human being. I need social interaction. Even if you disapprove of someone in my circle, the right approach is to sit down and have a calm conversation with me. Not lock me away like a criminal”

After finishing her words, Chloe did not give him a chance and turned around to leave. Fortunately, she managed to return to her bedroom in one piece. She flopped onto the bed, letting out a sigh of relief. She was terrified, absolutely terrified. Thankfully, Joseph did not lose his

temper.

She had finally stood up for herself. Next time, she would strive to do even better!

This time, she was confined for one night, but next time it could be a whole month. She could not

let Joseph think that she was a pushover.

Meanwhile, she realized that she had recovered a lot from her cold. She had not even taken any cold medicine, so she wondered how. Could it be that her immunity had grown stronger?

Chloe stayed in her bedroom for a while, and then Joseph knocked on the door.

“What do you want? Are you going to lock me up again?” Her voice was cold, but her ears perked

There was a moment of silence outside the door. “My grandpa wants us to go to the family home for dinner. There’s a party tonight.”

Chloe pressed her lips together and said, “But I need to go to the office to make some revisions to

some documents. It’ll take about half an hour.”

“Is your cold any better?”

“I felt much better once I returned to my bedroom.”

“Get ready to go to the family house.”

1/2

“What about my work?”

“We’ll stop by the office on the way and you can pick up your laptop.”

Chloe finished her morning routine and rummaged through the wardrobe, selecting an outfit from the clothes Joseph had bought for her before. She opted for a knee-length skirt that struck the perfect balance between sophistication and modesty.

After that, she applied rosy pink lipstick to add a touch of vibrancy to her complexion.

When she came downstairs, she found Joseph already waiting for her in the car. As she passed by the living room, her gaze briefly flickered over the breakfast on the dining table.

‘Joseph’s not in the habit of buying breakfast from outside...’

Chloe did not question it because she already had an answer in her heart.

During the journey, she did not initiate any conversation with Joseph. The car quickly arrived at the underground parking lot of Fairlight. The on-duty security guard stepped outside to catch some fresh air. He recognized Joseph’s car and took a few steps forward to greet him, but his eyes caught sight of Chloe sitting in the passenger seat

The security guard paused, realizing that Chloe was an employee of Fairlight..

He smiled and said, “Miss, are you hitching a ride?”

He found this quite unusual. After all this time, it was the first time he had seen an employee daring to hitch a ride with Joseph’s car. It seemed to him that this young lady had quite the nerve..

“Umm...” Chloe’s face showed a hint of discomfort as she replied, discreetly poking Joseph, urging him to hurry up and leave.

Joseph narrowed his eyes slightly, his intense gaze sweeping over her guilt-ridden face. The corners of his mouth curled into a wicked smile and said, "She's not hitching a ride."

The security was stunned. "Huh?"

"She's my wife. Can you call that hitching a ride?"

Chloe was stunned.

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 233 My Daughter-In-Law Is Prettier Your Company's Celebrities

The security guard's eyes widened, displaying a perplexed expression as he struggled to comprehend the situation. Meanwhile, Joseph expertly maneuvered the steering wheel, moving the car into the parking lot.

"What were you thinking, Joseph? Why did you reveal our relationship to the guard?" Chloe asked, her voice raised and bristled like an enraged cat. She could not understand Joseph's reasoning behind his actions.

Maintaining an air of nonchalance, Joseph casually responded, "Isn't that what you wanted me to

do?"

"I wanted you to hurry up and leave so that the guard wouldn't figure out our relationship!"

He shrugged, pretending innocence. "I must've misinterpreted your intention."

Chloe knew Joseph had done it deliberately, but she lacked evidence to prove her suspicion. Never speak out of turn like that again in the future," she said.

Observing her indignant expression, Joseph swelled with a sense of satisfaction. "It depends on my mood."

As Chloe made her way to her cubicle to retrieve her laptop, a colleague nearby playfully remarked, “Chloe, you took the day off today, and Mr. Joseph didn’t come into the office either. Some people might think you two planned this.”

Chloe’s hand trembled, causing her to nearly lose her grip on her laptop.

“I was just joking. Look at how scared you got as if it were true,” the colleague quickly clarified.

Chloe laughed, though her expression held more sadness than joy. “Who knows? Maybe one day it’ll come true.”

The colleague’s smile froze, replaced by a hint of surprise. “You certainly have confidence in yourself,” he commented, subtly acknowledging her unwavering belief.

It took about an hour to travel from Aesper to the Whitman family home. As Chloe wrapped up her work on the way and closed her laptop, the car came to a halt, reaching its destination.

Stepping out of the car, she glanced at the numerous luxury cars parked outside the house. -Among them, a familiar white Maybach caught her eye. She paused for a moment and asked, “Are

there going to be a lot of people here today?”

“Yeah.” Joseph nonchalantly raised an eyebrow. “Feeling nervous?”

“Not at all. I’ve been a part of grand events before. I’m just curious about who Grandpa invited to such a large gathering.”

“There are family members and business associates.” Joseph paused for a moment. “Diego is here

too.”

1/2

The Whitmans’ business was rooted in Docwood, and their connections primarily revolved around that region. The Baileys, on the other hand, made their fortune in the seafood industry, and the largest seafood market in Docwood belonged to them.

According to Lucas's finding, Diego was the second son of the Baileys, with a significant chance of competing for the inheritance. Prior to this, Joseph had no particular impression of this individual.

When Chloe heard this name, the hairs on the back of her neck stood up, and she clenched her fists silently. This man was indirectly responsible for her mother's death.

Sensing the change in her mood, Joseph tightly wrapped his arm around her waist and whispered, "Do you want revenge?"

"Yes!" Chloe responded without hesitation.

"Then do as you wish today."

"Today is your family event... It could tarnish your family's reputation. It's fine. I'll focus on seeking revenge against the Johnsons instead."

Diego may be an irresponsible scumbag, but the true culprits who caused her mother's death were Benjamin and Karen.

Joseph chuckled softly, his handsome face suffused with a warm tenderness. How could he let this sensible woman bear grievances and suffer silently? 1

The Whitman family home was vast, hosting many influential figures. Chloe and Joseph stuck by Harold's side as he introduced them to each important individual present. To their surprise,

among the distinguished guests, Calvin was also present, accompanied by a gentle and refined young man by his side.

Chloe's eyes briefly flickered with surprise when she saw Calvin, but she quickly regained her composure and nodded lightly in his direction. She was astonished that she had the chance to meet this kind-hearted young man again after their encounter on the road.

Unaware of the intricate connections between them, Harold pulled Chloe to stand beside Calvin and proudly proclaimed, "This is my obedient granddaughter-in-law. She's far more beautiful than those small-time stars in your company, isn't she?"

soone



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### Score 9.5

#### Chapter 234 I'm Married, and My Wife's Over There

Calvin felt incredibly awkward, not knowing how to handle the situation. His square face turned red with embarrassment.

On the other hand, Joseph had distanced himself from the family business long ago, opting to pursue ventures abroad. Despite his rebellious and detached demeanor, he possessed an exceptional aptitude for strategy and leadership, devoid of the typical deception often associated with businessmen. Recognizing these qualities, Harold held his grandson in high regard. However, Harold understood that bestowing the family business upon Joseph would be a narrow-minded decision, so he allowed Joseph to carve his own path and prove himself independently over the years. This decision did not sit well with the Whitmans' core members, who harbored a deep-rooted desire to keep Joseph overseas, fearing he would snatch away the opportunities they held.

Given this environment, it was only natural that nobody made a deliberate effort to unveil Joseph's familial background prematurely. Alternatively, it could be attributed to Joseph's formidable presence, as many people, including Calvin, often overlooked the fact that he was one of the Whitmans.

With a seemingly ambiguous smile, Joseph remarked, "Uncle Calvin, we meet again. This is my wife, Chloe."

Displaying gentle compliance, Chloe added, "Hello, Uncle Calvin."

Calvin was at a loss for words and remained silent. He had never experienced such an awkward situation before in his entire life. It was only now that he realized the girl he met at Fairlight last time was Joseph's wife.

Suddenly, he found himself embodying the archetypal elderly villain that was often portrayed in movies.

"You two are already acquainted?" speculated Harold. "Have you collaborated in business?"

Calvin hastily changed the subject. "Yes, yes. We had some minor business collaborations. Speaking of which, Mr. Harold, let me introduce you to someone." He shifted his body slightly, revealing the young man behind him. "This is Noah Gunter, the grandson of the Sullivan elders."

Noah was dressed in a casual white shirt. His slightly disheveled hair fell gently over his forehead. Despite having a clean and charming youthful face, he looked more mature than his

age. With warm, gentle eyes of hazel, he offered a welcoming smile and greeted, "Mr. Harold. Mr. Joseph. Ms. Chloe."

Harold was aware of the things that happened to Noah's family. He felt deep sympathy and

commented, "You've grown so much. Are you married yet?"

Noah chuckled and replied, "Mr. Whitman, I'm still pursuing my studies.

Harold appeared momentarily surprised. "Are you in your final year?"

"Yes, I'm currently a senior, and I intend to continue my education through postgraduate studies."

"That's commendable. However, it might be time to consider marriage. Your grandfather is a great

man. I don't understand why he hasn't taken the initiative to arrange one for you."

Noah replied with a warm and gentle smile, "I feel that I'm still young, so there's no rush."

Harold agreed, "You're right. Joseph only found a wife at nearly thirty."

Joseph, uninterested in the conversation, decided to lead Chloe to the refreshment area. Chloe's empty stomach grumbled with hunger, but after indulging in a piece of cheesecake, her satisfied expression brightened her entire being.

"If you're tired, feel free to rest," Joseph said.

“Okay.” Chloe understood that occasions like these often involved drinking. She gestured toward the nearby vintage sofa and said, “I’ll wait for you here.”

Harold could not help but worry about Noah. There was not a trace of the typical businessman aura about him. Instead, he exuded the air of a scholar. He pondered about Noah’s future with a hint of concern.

Calvin saw through the thoughts in Harold’s mind and chuckled softly. “The kid’s quite shrewd. Just a few days ago, he enlightened me on a few matters.”

“Is that so?” Harold was surprised.

“Yeah.”

While Noah appeared harmless and pure on the surface, beneath his facade, he concealed a cunning nature. It was not far-fetched to say that he was a wolf disguised in sheep’s clothing.

At this moment, Noah bid farewell to Harold and promptly left.

Noah’s driver quickly followed behind him. He sighed and commented, “I can’t believe that young lady is Mr. Harold’s granddaughter-in-law. But her husband is so ruthless to her. If it were my daughter left stranded in the pouring rain, I’d advise her to break up, regardless of their wealth. It’s only been a short while since their marriage, and he’s already treating her this way. She’s bound to face further mistreatment in the future.”

Noah chuckled softly, refraining from expressing his opinion.

As the banquet reached its midpoint and the majority of the attendees had finished their meals, they started seeking out Joseph and the Baileys, hoping that they could form some sort of collaboration with them.

Diego, in his forties, donned a finely tailored suit that accentuated his portly figure. His countenance was unremarkable, yet he exuded an air of superiority. However, in Joseph’s presence, his sense of superiority noticeably waned.

There was always someone who could outshine you in all aspects.

Diego plastered a smile on his face and said, "Mr. Joseph, it's a pleasure to meet you. I didn't expect you to be so young."

With one hand in his pocket, Joseph casually glanced at Diego and ignored him.

Diego felt insulted. However, the thought of the Whitmans being the top among the Four Greats, combined with Joseph's formidable capabilities, made him swallow his pride. "Mr. Joseph, you appear to be around the same age as my daughter. I wonder if you'd be-

"I'm married," Joseph interrupted, looking toward the woman sitting on a nearby sofa. "My wife is over there."

#### Chapter 235 Two Nicknames-"Jojo" When Happy, "Joseph" When Angry

Diego followed Joseph's gaze and was overcome by embarrassment. His daughter paled in comparison to the stunning young lady before him. His daughter was always indulging in food, lacking in the grace and elegance that this young lady exuded.

His daughter's figure was far from slender, and her features could not compare to the exquisite beauty of the young lady.

Diego did not press the matter further. His main objective was to strike a deal in private and secure an investment from Joseph. After all, with Joseph confident that money was never a concern for Joseph.

eing in the financial industry, he was

"Mr. Joseph, are you interested in the seafood business? I have something else in mind that I'd like to discuss with you. It's guaranteed to be profitable," Diego proposed.

"I'm not particularly interested in the seafood business," Joseph replied nonchalantly, "But if you're looking for a suitable match for your daughter within the Whitmans, I wouldn't mind helping with the matchmaking. There are plenty of eligible candidates among the unmarried men of my family's branches."

Diego's eyes lit up. The hope of marrying his chubby daughter into the main Whitman family was dashed, but marriage to a branch family might still be possible. "Which branch are you referring to, sir?" he asked.

"There are so many suitable candidates, I heard that your daughter has high standards," Joseph' remarked casually.

"Nope. Not at all. She's a bit overweight," Diego admitted.

It was good to have some self-awareness Although men liked a full-bodied figure, she was indeed a bit chubby.

Diego did not dare to lie to Joseph.

"Overweight?" Joseph frowned and feigned a faint perplexity that managed to deceive even Diego. "I recall her being quite slim."

Diego burst into laughter. "She weighs about 200 pounds. She isn't slim at all. Mr. Joseph, could you have mistaken someone else for her?"

"Maybe. Uncle Calvin told me that her name was Ava," Joseph said, his pitch-black eyes locked onto Diego, his tone drawn out. "I was wondering why your surname is Bailey while your daughter's surname is Johnson Looks like I made a mistake."

Diego froze in place, his face turning pale and then red. Finally, he pleaded in a low voice, "Mr. Joseph, please don't mention this to anyone. If my wife finds out, she'll eat me alive."

Dealing with his wife was manageable, but his wife's family was a force to be reckoned with!

Joseph chuckled, "I don't understand what you're talking about. If you're truly worried, why not ask Uncle Calvin about it?"

N

Diego pulled Calvin to a corner, but their conversation quickly escalated into a heated argument. The more they argued, the louder it became, attracting the attention of the surrounding guests.

"What nonsense are you spouting? Ava is my goddaughter and has nothing to do with you."

“I don’t care who she is to you, but she has nothing to do with me either. Stop spreading baseless rumors!”

“When did I spread baseless rumors? You’re the one who’s spouting nonsense here!”

Feeling increasingly guilty and anxious as more people gathered around, Diego hurriedly slipped into the crowd without looking back.

Chloe, who had been observing with interest, raised her head and admired the man beside her, her face filled with admiration. “Jojo, you’re so good at causing trouble for others!”

Joseph had made them suspect and doubt each other, and then they would both go looking for trouble with the Johnsons.

He looked at her smiling face and recalled a saying: “A kid will only go to their parents when their car is having problems.”

‘She calls me Jojo when in a good mood. When she’s not, she calls me by my given name. She’s been grumpy on the way here, and now...’ When the thought surfaced in his mind, he chuckled. ‘What a realistic woman.’

Chloe did not understand why he was laughing, but she did not voice her confusion.

A mother and child approached them. They were dressed elegantly and carried themselves

gracefully, their gaze fixed on Chloe without any reservation.

“So, you’re the woman Joe married without much consideration?” Octavia Thornfield said

arrogantly to Chloe.

Likewise, Jonathan Whitman unabashedly scrutinized her and commented, “I don’t think she’s as good as Xavia. After all, Xavia’s an artist. What talents do you have?”

“Aunt Tavia, you’ve misunderstood. I gave it careful thought before deciding to marry her,” Joseph responded with a smile, though his smile failed to reach

his eyes. “Not every woman is as impulsive as you, getting pregnant before marriage. My wife is rather traditional and far from being promiscuous.”

This statement implied that Octavia was a woman of loose morals.

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 236 Think Twice Before Deciding on a Lifetime Commitment

Octavia glared at him fiercely “How dare you speak that way to me I’m your aunt!”

Jonathan joined in the confrontation, his voice filled with aggression. “Joe, my mother is only looking out for your best interests. How could you support a stranger?”

“If Chloe’s a stranger, doesn’t that mean that your mother is also a stranger?” Joseph retorted calmly, leaving Jonathan momentarily speechless.

Realizing that engaging in further argument would be futile, Octavia took a deep breath and changed the topic. “Enough of this discussion. Since you’ve chosen her despite our concerns, there’s nothing more to be said. You live your own life. However, we’d appreciate knowing some basic information about her.”

Joseph maintained a composed smile as he stood by Chloe’s side.

Unaffected by the tension, Chloe greeted Octavia respectfully, her voice filled with sweetness. Nice to meet you, Aunt Tavia.”

Octavia found some solace in Chloe’s respectful demeanor and her frustration was momentarily subdued “As you are aware of the Whitman family’s circumstances, there are countless women vying to marry into our family. As the eldest grandson, Joe’s wife must possess suitable qualities. You appear to possess some charm, so can you provide some information about your family background?”

Chloe blinked innocently before replying, “I am my only family, and I’m self-sufficient. Aunt Tavia, rest assured I will not be a burden to the Whitmans.”

In Chloe's heart, Benjamin was no longer her father.

Octavia was taken aback by this revelation. 'Joe married an orphan? This is utterly unacceptable! she exclaimed internally.

The Whitmans held a prominent position, whether in Aesper, Docwood, or internationally. How could they allow an orphan without parents to enter their doors? This was clearly inviting

misfortune to their family!

Meanwhile, Preston Whitman came over, and Octavia turned to him. "There are so many women who're more suitable than this woman to be Joe's wife, yet... Honey, you need to say something."

After understanding the situation, Preston frowned "Joe, I advise you to think twice before deciding on a lifetime commitment."

He and his wife had been traveling overseas for some time and had just returned a few days ago. Harold, his father, then informed him that Joseph had married someone without even having a

wedding.

Preston was certain that the woman was not someone they could proudly present to others. And now, seeing it for himself, it was indeed the case.

Joseph remained calm, but his attitude was resolute. "Uncle Pres, I have the right to make my own decisions in my own matters. I control my own life, and I have the ultimate choice in deciding whom I want to be with. You just need to manage our family's business well."

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Preston could not help but become more curious about Chloe when he saw how Joseph defended her. He paused for a moment and asked her, "How did you meet Joe?"

Chloe hesitated for a moment and replied, "Through a social gathering."

'It was at a bar where alcohol flowed freely, so it's totally okay for me to call it a social gathering, right?'



Preston nodded and pondered for a moment. “Do you have any elders in your family who can make decisions? Let’s arrange a time to sit down and have a chat.”

Chloe responded, “If you have anything to discuss, you can talk directly to me. I’m an adult and can make decisions for myself.”

Preston remained silent. What could he say? Of course, it was to advise her to leave Joseph, but could he say such words directly?

Preston did not know what to say and decided to seek help from Harold. He hoped that Harold could successfully help him in persuading Joseph. Little did he expect Harold’s face to sink when he heard all this.

Harold reprimanded him, “Why do you meddle in other people’s affairs? She’s not pregnant out of wedlock. You’re already a grown-up, why do you still discriminate based on family background?”

Preston’s expression turned sour. “Chloe’s background is far inferior to ours. At the very least, Joseph should find someone of similar social standing Jane would be a good choice.”

“Social standing? What a load of nonsense! Other families engage in strategic alliances due to their own weaknesses, but our family is not lacking in wealth. If the brat likes someone, let him. be with her. Why must love be entangled with self-interest? Is our family so poor that it can’t afford to feed you?”

“Dad.. that’s not what I meant. I just think that marrying a woman who has never seen the world would tarnish our family’s reputation.”

“Our company has been suffering losses every year under your management. Doesn’t that tarnish our family’s reputation? Instead of nitpicking on trivial matters, spend more time figuring out how to make money. Don’t focus on useless things.”

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**Score 9.5**

Chapter 237 Joseph Felt an Inexplicable Sense of Satisfaction

After receiving a stern reprimand from Harold, Preston emerged from the room wearing a

crestfallen expression, his lips sealed in silence.

Jonathan quickly approached Preston, eagerly inquiring about the outcome. “Father, how did it go? Did Grandfather make any mention of expelling that woman?”

With an air of self-satisfaction, Octavia chimed in, “That’s right, honey. At his age, he surely wouldn’t lose sight of what’s important, right?”

“Ahem!” Before Preston could speak, Harold descended from upstairs. His eyes, clouded yet piercing, resonated with authority as he asked, “Have I ever lost sight of what’s important?” Octavia chuckled awkwardly. “Dad, you’ve misunderstood. I didn’t say anything...”

Under Harold’s intimidating presence, Preston took a deep breath and announced, “From now on, Chloe is a member of our family.”

Jonathan was stunned. He did not know what kind of magic Chloe had cast on Harold to make him so protective of her. Unwilling to accept it, he questioned, “Grandpa, if you can embrace Chloe as family, why did you reject Xavia back then?”

“Xavia?” Harold scoffed dismissively. “She’s merely a cog in the entertainment machine. What makes you think she’s deserving of joining our family?”

“Xavia is an artist and a renowned actress, not just-”

“Only dim-witted people like you could be deceived by her. Now, go amuse yourself somewhere else and stop bothering me,” Harold said, clearly displeased whenever Xavia’s name was brought up. He had no interest in engaging with Jonathan and decided to join a group of old friends for a card game.

Joseph’s heart burned with dissatisfaction. “Dad, Grandpa is being biased. He favors my cousin and pays me no heed.”

Preston cast a scornful glance at him. “It’s simply because you fail to meet his expectations. You don’t have a successful career or a wife.”

Jonathan grumbled, "What's so difficult about getting a wife? Who knows, maybe the first great-grandchild of the Whitmans will be my child..."

At night, Joseph and Chloe chose to spend the night at the family home.

-They retired to their room.

After finishing her shower, Chloe emerged from the bathroom and noticed Joseph engrossed in his work. He was dressed in a navy blue pajama, slovenly leaning against the headboard. His slender fingers rhythmically tapped on the keyboard, and the sharp angles of his profile

resembled a masterpiece sculpted by the heavens,

Blushing slightly, Chloe hesitated. "Um, where am I supposed to sleep?"

Joseph raised his gaze, displaying a mix of arrogance and nonchalance as he looked at her.

There's only one bed, so what do you think?"

"Well, since there's only one bed, we'll have to make do and share it for the night," she said, her tone reluctantly accepting.

But despite her reluctance, she wasted no time climbing onto the bed. After all, they were already together, and she had no intention of sleeping on the floor.

A twitch formed at the corner of Joseph's mouth as he saw through her intentions. It made him question himself-was he really seen as so indifferent in her eyes?

Initially feeling a bit uneasy, Chloe's exhaustion quickly overcame her, and she drifted off to sleep. It was two hours later when Joseph finished replying to his emails. He set aside his laptop and rubbed his temples, casting his gaze toward the peacefully sleeping Chloe by his side. Her flowy t shirt hung loosely on her body, and a few strands of her hair partially covered her face. Her sleeping posture was not particularly graceful, yet she exuded a carefree and somewhat amusing charm.

A barely perceptible smile tugged the corner of Joseph's lips as he reached out to tuck a stray lock of her hair behind her ear. With gentle and deliberate movements, he opened his arms and embraced her, drawing her close.

The faint scent of her body mingled in his nostrils, evoking an inexplicable sense of contentment in him. Nestling his face into the curve of her neck, the softness of her skin seemed to possess a magical quality, relieving him of the day's weariness.

They slept deeply through the night. They were oblivious to the passing time, and as a result, missed breakfast the next morning.

Chloe gradually awoke from her slumber, her body feeling relaxed and rejuvenated. Stretching lazily, her fingers inadvertently brushed against the person beside her.

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 238 I Like Aunt Coco!

Furthermore, Chloe discovered herself nestled in the curve of his arm, her legs draping over his well-defined waist.

Joseph's brow relaxed as he slept peacefully, unaware of the world around him. Such a sight carried an inexplicable sense of harmony.

Concerned about arousing Joseph's anger, Chloe gingerly maneuvered herself out of his embrace, lifting the covers and tiptoeing to the bathroom.

Soon after, Joseph woke up, and upon discovering her absence from his embrace, a surge of emptiness engulfed him, prompting a deep frown of discontent to etch across his forehead. He rose from the bed and passed by the bathroom, where the sound of rushing water reached his ears. A restless unease tugged at him, causing him to fidget with his collar.

After freshening up, Chloe and Joseph made their way downstairs to the first floor of the house.

On the first floor, Preston and his family were seated on the couch, engrossed in watching television. Several other relatives were also present, and all of them were engaged in casual conversation.

Chloe took the initiative to greet everyone, but Octavia responded with a sneering glance and a sarcastic remark, "Do you know what time it is? You clearly have no sense of manners."

Chloe pressed her lips together, realizing that it was indeed inappropriate for her to oversleep on her first night at the family home. She shyly explained, "I was tired yesterday, so I accidentally overslept. It won't happen again."

Jonathan chimed in, "Exactly! Absolutely! In ancient times, as a granddaughter-in-law, you would've been expected to rise early and perform ceremonial tea-serving for the elders."

"In ancient times, you'd have to respectfully address her as 'Big Sister Chloe,'" Joseph said, his voice cold.

Perhaps due to his excessive protection of Chloe, Jonathan exploded in anger. "What's gotten into you, Joe?! How could you help an outsider and not me? I'm your cousin!"

As if struck by a sudden realization, Joseph raised an eyebrow and continued, "Ah, now I remember. In ancient times, you wouldn't even have had the chance to exist. You would've been eliminated before entering this world."

Octavia's complexion turned sour, her face shifting between shades of red and white.

Preston's expression grew stern. "Enough with the jokes. Be mindful of your words, Joe. There are children here."

Ginny was blowing bubbles next to them, her big watery eyes gazing at everyone innocently.

Suddenly, Jonathan's eyes lit up, and he scooped Ginny into his arms. "Ginny, this is your wife. Do you like her?"

cousin's

Ever since she was little, Ginny had declared that she wanted to marry Joseph. And after Jane

1/2

expressed her liking for Joseph, Ginny would throw a tantrum whenever she saw Jane Now that Joseph had married Chloe without telling anyone, he was certain that Ginny was likely to create a commotion when she found out

Tilting her head and blinking her eyes, Ginny said sweetly. "Yes! I do!"

Jonathan thought Ginny misunderstood his question and patiently corrected her "No, I know you like Joe, but I'm asking if you like his wife, the one standing right in front of you"

Ginny spoke with conviction, her head still nodding. "I like her I like Aunt Coco!"

After all, her sister in law had braided her hair beautifully. Her mother also said that her sister-in-law was pretty and talented-a perfect match for Joseph.

Chloe smiled warmly "Good girl. I like you too, Ginny

Jonathan was taken aback. He instinctively rubbed his ear, questioning if he had misheard

Ginny, what did you just say?"

Ginny pouted "Jon, your ears are like Grandpa's Are you getting old and can't hear us anymore?"

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

**Score 9.5**

Chapter 239 Happiness Lies in Contentment

Jonathan felt a wave of embarrassment wash over him as he was criticized by a little girl.

'This doesn't make sense. Why would Ginny say she likes Chloe?'

In high-society marriages, it was customary for a prestigious family like theirs to seek a match from an equally well-established family—a wealthy and refined heiress, not someone like Chloe who had a humble background.

How could his intelligent cousin, who usually made wise decisions, be so dumb when it came to women?

Except for Ginny, everyone else sensed the subtle tension in the air. Their expressions varied, but no one said a word.

Octavia concealed the envy that flashed in her eyes and whispered to Jonathan, “Don’t worry about it. Let it be. If he’s willing to choose such an insignificant person, it’s an opportunity for you. Work harder and quickly find a suitable girlfriend. Have a child before they do, and then, your grandfather will naturally favor you.”

If Jonathan had a son, he would stand to gain at least half of the Whitmans’ assets.

“Okay, Mom, I understand. Just watch me. I’ll make you proud!”

Scoffing, Joseph briefly glanced at Jonathan before turning to Chloe. “Should we leave now or have breakfast first?”

Chloe shook her head. “No need. Let’s grab something downstairs near the office.”

It was already close to eleven o’clock, so if they were going to eat, it would be for lunch.

“Okay.”

Joseph did not see Harold around and instructed Patrick to pass on the message that they had some urgent matters to attend to.

Lucas did not accompany them to this family gathering, so Joseph drove. Chloe sat in the passenger seat, rolling down the car window halfway, allowing the gentle breeze to caress her face. Her hair danced in the air, and she felt invigorated.

“Do you see it?” Joseph suddenly asked.

“See what?” Chloe paused, her expression filled with confusion.

“My family.”

Chloe was taken aback, trying to make sense of his words. “What do you mean about your family?”

“What you’ve witnessed is merely the tip of the iceberg,” Joseph said solemnly, “The life of an esteemed household is darker than you could ever imagine.”

Such a family could serve as a safe harbor, but it also concealed an invisible double-edged sword. While it brought advantages, it also brought undeniable harm from all directions. Even though they were bound by blood, his family members were also the ones who secretly

desired his downfall.

When Joseph’s father passed away, Jonathan rejoiced behind his back. If Chloe was going to become his wife, she would have to bear these pains alongside him.

Chloe fell into silence, seemingly lost in thought.

Joseph’s countenance turned icy, and he gripped the steering wheel so tightly that his knuckles were turning white.

After a brief pause, Chloe lifted her gaze, her eyes shimmering with determination. Her voice was soft but resolute as she said. “Jojo, I’ve made up my mind. Yes, I do.”

Joseph’s grip on the steering wheel abruptly loosened, his previously impassive expression giving way to a softened demeanor, infused with a sense of relief. He wanted to praise Chloe, but before he could utter a word, she continued, “You’re rich, handsome, and abstain from vices like smoking and debauchery. What more could I possibly desire? True happiness lies in contentment!”

“What if I were poor and unattractive?” Joseph asked.

Chloe shook her head, and spoke earnestly, “Then I’m sorry. You need to have one of those qualities before I can do it.”

The feeling of relief in Joseph’s heart instantly vanished.



‘What a realistic dumbo.’

The two of them soon arrived at Fairlight. After parting ways, Chloe received a call from Icarus.

“Chloe, I received the bank card you sent me. Did Joseph force you to return it?” Icarus asked.

Chloe smiled bitterly. “Joseph arranged for someone to mail it, but even if he didn’t, I’d still return it to you. The card has 30 million dollars inside, not 3 thousand. How could I unjustly take your money?”

“But...I felt really sorry for you when I saw you like that,” Icarus said.

“I appreciate your concern, but the situation between Joseph and me is not what you think. I willingly become his wife. I hope you can find your other half soon too,” Chloe replied.

“Thank you...” Icarus paused for a moment and asked tentatively, “Chloe, are we still friends?”

“Of course, we are.”

Icarus had given her a job opportunity, and she would never forget that.

“That’s good. Friends should attend each other’s birthday parties, right?” Icarus continued.

Chloe was momentarily stunned, but she instantly understood what Icarus was about to say next. And as expected, Icarus invited her to his birthday party in the next second.

“My birthday is next Sunday. I hope you’ll come,” Icarus said.

Chloe instinctively looked for an excuse to decline the invitation. “I don’t want to see Jake right now...”

“I know you don’t want to see him, so I won’t invite him. I’ve only invited a few friends, and you know them too,” Icarus assured her.

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

**Score 9.5**

## Chapter 240 I've Decided to Pursue Mr. Joseph

At this moment, Chloe found it difficult to turn down his invitation. She decided to agree for now and come up with an excuse later. Although she had no intention of attending his

birthday party, she still intended to offer him gifts.

Upon arriving at the marketing department, Chloe took notice of a recent addition to the team. Wendy was currently on maternity leave, and Ellie had been dismissed. The sudden shortage of staff left them overwhelmed with their workload. The HR department had initiated recruitment the previous week, and today marked the first day for the new employee.

Sophia Reynolds exuded a keen sense of style in her attire. With a strikingly beautiful face and an alluring figure, rumors circulated that she had recently returned from studying abroad.

Exuding open-mindedness and enthusiasm, Sophia quickly formed connections with her colleagues within a single day.

When Sophia saw Chloe, she cheerfully approached her. "You must be Chloe, right? I'm the new girl. Feel free to call me Fia."

Chloe nodded slightly. "Nice to meet you, Fia."

Initially, Chloe did not pay much attention to Sophia until a situation arose where a document needed to be delivered to Joseph's office. Without hesitation, Sophia volunteered, setting aside her current task. "I'll take care of it. I'll personally deliver the document to Mr. Joseph's

office."

A colleague expressed their concern and asked, "Are you sure, Fia? You just started and might not be familiar with the work..."

"It's fine. I used to work in Marketing overseas, and I've admired Mr. Joseph for a long time. This is my chance to see him in person. I'll be so excited tonight that I won't be able to sleep. Please trust me. I promise I won't mess it up," Sophia pleaded in a sweet and charming tone.

Reluctantly, the colleague agreed, repeatedly reminding her to deliver the document and not say anything unnecessary as Joseph detested chatty individuals.

“Okay, I understand!”

Fifteen minutes later, Sophia returned. Curiosity got the better of her, and she asked her colleagues, “Do you know if Mr. Joseph has a girlfriend?”

Upon hearing this, Chloe’s fingers paused on the keyboard.

“I don’t think so.”

“He never mentioned having one.”

“As low-level employees, how would we know about Mr. Joseph’s personal life? But I believe

there’s a 99% chance he’s single.”

Sophia’s face lit up with a radiant smile as she confidently announced her decision, “That’s perfect. I’ve made up my mind-I’m going to pursue Mr. Joseph!”

“Ah...but our company doesn’t allow office romances...”

“Rules are meant to be broken,” Sophia said with unwavering confidence, “Worst-case scenario, once I win over Mr. Joseph, I’ll resign and enjoy life as a wealthy wife. That wouldn’t

be bad at all.”

Her colleagues exchanged glances, masking their incredulity with polite smiles.

Meanwhile, after the house party, Calvin could not shake off an unsettling feeling that grew stronger with each passing moment. Why did Chloe bear such a striking resemblance to Luciana compared to Ava?

Calvin held Luciana’s photograph in his hands, studying it for a long while. An inconceivable thought emerged, but he swiftly dismissed it. ‘It can’t be. It just can’t be! There’s no way I’d make such a stupid mistake!’

After careful consideration, he called Ava.

“Ava, what are you doing right now?”

Ava glanced at the nearby Karen and responded softly, “Godpa, I’m in the office reviewing reports. Is there something you need to tell me?”

Since she broke up with Wyatt, Calvin had urged her to focus more on the company and minimize her public appearances.

“It’s nothing. I just wanted to ask if the diamond necklace around your neck was left to you by your mother,” Calvin asked.

Upon hearing this, Ava immediately became cautious. She anxiously sought help from Karen, who patted her back, signaling her not to panic.

Karen silently mouthed a few words to Ava. While observing her lip movements, Ava answered, “Yes, it was indeed left to me by my mother.”

Calvin chuckled inwardly, realizing his own foolishness. After all, Ava and Chloe were of the same age, so there was nothing to doubt. He briefly expressed concern for her before ending

the call.

Ava breathed a sigh of relief and said anxiously, “What should we do, Mom? Calvin only took me in as his goddaughter because of the necklace. He must know that woman’s mother.”

If Calvin were to discover that the necklace did not actually belong to her, he would certainly take back everything she had now.

2/3

Karen was much calmer than Ava, and she reassured, “Don’t worry. Just keep saying that it’s yours. Chloe doesn’t know Calvin.”

“That’s right. That b\*tch doesn’t know Calvin. As long as they don’t cross paths and bring up the necklace, who would know? Perhaps, all of this is rightfully mine!”

With Ava settled, Karen checked the time and said, "I'm going downstairs to meet a friend. When you go home tonight, remember to talk to your father about Calvin and be careful not to let slip."

"Got it. Who are you meeting, Mom?" Ava inquired.

Karen's eyes flickered. "You don't know them. It's someone I met at the beauty salon."

"I see," Ava replied.

In a secluded corner of the cafe, Karen glared angrily at the man sitting across from her, struggling to contain her emotions. "Why did you tell Calvin about our past?"

"That should be my question! Why did you shamelessly bring up our past? Aren't you worried that Benjamin will find out about us?" Diego retorted, seething with anger.

"It wasn't me!"

There was no way she would expose anything that would ruin her reputation.

"If it wasn't you, then who else could it be? Me?!"

Sensing the escalating tension, Karen cautiously asked, "So, who told you all this?"