

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

### **Chapter 291**

Chapter 291 Don't Judge a Book by Its Cover

There was a brief silence as Chloe collected her thoughts.

Joseph's gaze bore into Chloe, the contempt in his eyes blazing. He was convinced that she was a stupid woman who would stop at nothing to achieve her goals. Unfortunately, there would be someone better, and Chloe's acting skills were inferior to those of Harold's.

Exiting the ward, Chloe turned to Joseph and said, "We can't let Grandpa find out the truth for now. He can't handle any more shocks."

"So?" Joseph replied, his hands casually tucked in his pockets, his demeanor cold and impassive.

Chloe furrowed her brows again. 'He's your grandfather. How can you act as if it's none of your concern?' she thought.

Speaking calmly, she proposed, "I'll give you three months. Xavia can take my place during that time, and after that, we'll go our separate ways. During these three months, I'll cooperate with you."

She was willing to persevere a little longer for the sake of Harold's well-being.

Joseph clenched his jaw tightly, his eyes filled with a dark gloom. 'Does she really want to end everything between us like this?' he thought.

"Xavia will not be marrying into the Whitmans," he stated.

"Huh? But why?"

"It's none of your business."

"Fine."

Chloe recalled Samuel mentioning that Harold, for some unknown reason, did not like Xavia. However, she did not probe further and instead said, "You should talk to Grandpa as soon as possible."

“Why? Are you in a hurry to find a new husband?” Joseph replied coldly.

She choked for a moment then retaliated, “I just don’t want to get in between you and Xavia.”

‘What’s wrong with this guy? I’m doing this for his sake, yet he’s so ungrateful!’

Joseph’s expression softened slightly. “Are you jealous?” he asked.

Well, it was only natural for her to regret it. After all, Icarus was not as great as him.

Chloe was speechless and replied nonchalantly, “Yeah, yeah. You’re right.”

Joseph’s mood improved significantly. However, regrets were useless, and he was not one to

look back.

“I’ll give you three months to deal with Grandpa,” he stated.

“And why should I?” Chloe questioned.

“Because you deceived my feelings,” he replied.

“But you cheated on me!”

“You deceived me first.”

Besides, that night was an accident.

Chloe was so infuriated that her chest heaved up and down heavily. She tried to calm herself and said, “I can’t handle this alone. You’re Mr. Harold’s grandson and thus have more opportunities to interact with him. There are certain things that only you can say. Let’s both try our best to find solutions, all right?”

Finally, Joseph nodded in agreement. But within the next second, he abruptly changed the subject, “The 30 million dollars you returned to me. Did Icarus give you that money?”

She rolled her eyes at him in exasperation. "It's my own savings. I asked for a bit from Benjamin as well. Don't assume everyone has such narrow-minded motives."

After she was finished speaking, she did not want to engage with him any further. With her canvas bag in hand, she stormed off.

Originally, she had planned to wait for the endorsement fee from Exotic Star before paying Joseph back. But now, she did not want to wait anymore. She did not want to owe him

anything.

After leaving the hospital, Chloe received a call from Emily, inviting her to dinner.

"Not tonight. I want to go to the Johnsons' office and have a look at its financial situation," she replied.

If she wanted to inherit the assets, she needed to understand all of it.

"I see," Emily responded, and then suggested, "Why don't you ask Joseph to have someone keep an eye on it for you?"

From Emily's perspective, entering a wealthy family meant leading a life of leisure without having to lift a finger. She could just rely on nannies and housekeepers to handle all the chores, while she indulged in leisurely afternoon tea sessions with her besties.

"Joseph and I broke up," Chloe said.

"What? Are you serious?!"

Chloe gritted her teeth, "Yes! And it's all thanks to you!"

Although they would have broken up anyway, Chloe was now painted to be completely at fault.

Emily, after being made aware of the full story, was so shocked that her jaw almost fell off.

"I'm so sorry! This is all my fault! One thing though... I don't believe that Joseph would cheat on you and go as far as to sleep with two different women

in one night. Could there be some sort of misunderstanding? He doesn't strike me as someone who would have such an active sex life..."

'Really?'

A thought crossed Chloe's mind, causing her face to flush. Irritated, she retorted, "Don't judge a book by its cover."

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**Score 9.5**

Chapter 292 Struck a Chord

"But I don't think Joseph is that kind of person..."

Chloe fell silent for a moment and asked, "What makes you say so?"

"You see, Joseph is highly accomplished. He possesses wealth, looks, and a prominent social standing. With just a wave of his hand, women would flock to him. If he intended to engage in multiple affairs, I believe he wouldn't bother concealing it from you. Instead, he'd more likely inform you beforehand. Something like, 'My dear, here's the amount I'll provide you and your "good sister" every month. You two should get along well and take good care of my needs, Emily explained.

"What you're saying does make some sense..." Chloe reluctantly admitted.

"That's why I said it might be a misunderstanding. After all, considering that Joseph publicly declared your relationship at the team-building trip, it's highly unlikely for him to sleep with Xavia after that. It simply doesn't add up," Emily continued.

"Even if there's a misunderstanding, it's a fact that he had a relationship with Xavia. He admitted it himself," Chloe stated.

Emily pondered intensely, her mind racing in search of a solution. "Do you think it's possible that Xavia orchestrated all of this?" she contemplated.

“That’s impossible. Joseph is smart, so he wouldn’t...” Chloe hesitated, unsure if she should completely dismiss the possibility given Xavia’s manipulative nature.

“Listen to me. Find an opportunity for the two of you to sit down and have a proper conversation,” Emily suggested.

“No, it’s useless. He won’t forgive me for lying, and this is a matter of principle. I can’t just let

it go.”

Both Chloe and Joseph held their share of responsibility in the situation they currently found themselves in. Perhaps the wrong choices made in the beginning had inevitably led to this unhappy ending.

After ending the call, Emily was consumed by a profound sense of self-blame. It had been no easy task for her best friend to find a wealthy and attractive man, and no, she had ruined it all.

Even though Chloe had labeled Joseph as a scumbag, Emily refused to fully believe it. She sprang up from the bed and made up her mind to go and talk to Joseph. Regardless of whether they could reconcile, she had to clarify things for Chloe.

Admittedly, Chloe’s initial intention was to become Joseph’s wife as a means of exacting revenge against Jake, thinking he was Jake’s uncle. But as time passed, she developed genuine feelings for Joseph.

Deciding to take action, Emily drove to Fairlight and approached the receptionist on the ground floor. “Hello, I have something to discuss with Joseph.”

The receptionist smiled and asked, “Do you have an appointment?”

“No, I don’t.”

“I’m sorry, but Mr. Joseph is very busy. If you don’t have an appointment, I can’t let you go up,” the receptionist politely informed her.

“Please pass along a message for me. Let him know that I’ve come to resolve things for Chloe,” Emily requested.

Hesitating for a moment upon hearing that Emily knew Chloe, the receptionist decided to make a phone call and inform Lucas about the situation. Lucas relayed the message to Joseph who did not even lift his head.

“I don’t want to see her,” he said.

If Emily was a friend of Chloe’s, then she was also someone of questionable character.

Lucas conveyed the message to the receptionist, who kindly declined Emily’s request once

more.

Clenching her fists, Emily pressed on, “What time does the office close?”

“We normally finish at six,” the receptionist replied.

‘All right, six o’clock it is. I’ll wait for him until he gets off work,’ Emily thought to herself.

However, to her surprise, Joseph appeared downstairs a little after five, cutting short her waiting time. When Emily spotted him, she hurriedly approached him, determined to have at

conversation.

“Mr. Joseph, I have something to tell you!” Emily exclaimed, trying to catch his attention.

Joseph glanced at her indifferently, his tone chilly as he said, “I’m not interested. There’s no need for you to speak.”

Emily hesitated for a moment but mustered up her courage and said, “No, I have to tell you. The recording on my phone isn’t what you think it is.”

Joseph remained expressionless, his eyes filled with mockery.

Despite the chill running down her spine under his piercing gaze, Emily gathered her strength and looked at Joseph seriously. “Mr. Joseph, I admit that Chloe initially mistook you for Icarus at the bar, which led to her pursuing you. But that was just the beginning of everything. The real reason you two fell in love was because of the connection you share.”

Joseph sneered. "Go on."

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'Go on with your lies.'

"While it's true that Chloe deceived you, her feelings for you are genuine. She frequently boasted to me about your kindness, how you bought her clothes and bags, and even mentioned the favorable treatment she received from your grandfather. She expressed a genuine desire to be a part of the Whitmans if given the opportunity."

Emily enlarged a chat conversation on her phone screen for Joseph to see. The messages showed Chloe's excessive praise for Joseph, dating back about two months when he gave

bonus.

Joseph squinted slightly.

her a

"You two should sit down and have a proper conversation," Emily suggested, her voice tinged with uneasiness. "I know there's nothing going on between you and Xavia. I don't believe you're that kind of person."

Her words struck a chord.

Joseph's heart ached as his mind raced. Even her friend knew that his relationship with Xavia was a result of a misunderstanding, yet Chloe had labeled him as a two-timing scoundrel.

Emily felt that she might have hit the mark when Joseph did not say anything. Her lips parted once again, determined to press on. "Since it's just a misunderstanding, the two of you should clear things up. Don't wait until it's too late before having regrets."

Chapter 293 Come To My House Tonight

As if compelled by something, Joseph asked, "Does she regret it?"

“Does she regret it? Yes, she does! She regrets everything immensely. She cried for days, her heart and mind consumed by thoughts of you!” Emily rambled, simultaneously offering a silent apology to Chloe.

Although Chloe had not explicitly expressed her regret to Emily, she could sense Chloe’s genuine concern for the relationship. Hence, Emily felt it was time for her to step forward and

take matters into her own hands.

“But what good is her regret now? It holds no significance,” Joseph retorted, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

Emily blinked. “Then go and talk to her. Win her back.”

His face sank and he ignored her. ‘Talk to her? Win her back? What nonsense. On what basis does she assume that I can’t live without that dumbbo?’

Emily watched as the Rolls-Royce vanished into a swirling cloud of dust, leaving behind a lingering question mark in her mind.

What did that mean? Did her efforts have any effect?

Regardless of the efficacy of her endeavors, she had done everything within her power at this point. Whatever happens next rested solely in their hands.

Once Chloe finished reviewing the financial reports at the Johnsons’ office, she returned home with Benjamin. After spending the night there, she woke up the next day to the warm embrace of sunlight streaming through the window, feeling rejuvenated and invigorated.

As she made her way to the dining room to get herself a glass of juice, she noticed something was wrong with Benjamin. His face was twisted in pain and he was crouched on the floor, seemingly searching for something underneath the wine display cabinet.

When Benjamin caught sight of Chloe, he gestured toward himself and then pointed beneath the cabinet, struggling to speak. “The...The medicine... It fell...under...”



It was only now Chloe remembered that Benjamin suffered from severe asthma and relied on medication to manage his condition as it could pose a threat to his life if left unattended.

“I see,” Chloe responded in a detached tone as she placed the juice on the table. She knelt down and reached her arm under the cabinet, attempting to retrieve the medicine. After a few futile attempts, she came up empty-handed.

By this point, Benjamin was drenched in cold sweat, gasping for breath, and unable to utter a

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word. Chloe tried again but to no avail. Helplessly, she shrugged. “It seems the medicine may be too far inside for me to reach. Do you have any spare medication?”

Gasping for breath, Benjamin mustered all his remaining energy to weakly raise his hand and point toward the upstairs bedroom, using simple gestures to convey his message. Every ounce of strength within him was expended in that single act.

Chloe nodded, her slender legs taking a few steps forward when a thought suddenly struck her and she paused. She turned back and gazed at Benjamin. “Am I the only one who can save you now?”

Benjamin could no longer speak, but the intense desire to survive blazed in his eyes.

With deliberate steps, Chloe walked back to Benjamin, her figure towering above him. She observed the shock that was etched across his face, her gaze unwavering. Her voice, now chillingly cold, pierced through the air as she spoke, “Wasn’t my mother in a similar situation before she passed away?”

Benjamin’s pupils dilated, a mixture of shock, panic, and fear cascading over his features.

“My mother begged desperately, but you intentionally ignored her pleas. How desperate she must have been to cling to life. What did she do to deserve what she got? You were her legal husband, and what you did verges on deliberate murder!” Chloe’s words sliced through the air, laden with anger and

accusation. She shut her eyes tightly, unable to conceal her seething hatred as her voice quivered. "Today, you shall experience the same torment."

Summoning his last ounce of strength, Benjamin clutched onto her ankle, his face flushed, his eyes pleading for forgiveness and brimming with the desperate desire to survive.

Chloe called Karen and placed the phone in front of him. "You can ask Karen for help. If she's willing to save you, I'll immediately go upstairs and get the medicine for you.

Unfortunately, Karen did not pick up.

Benjamin struggled to catch his breath, his face contorted with anguish. Deep down, he regretted it all. When he discovered that Ava was not his biological daughter, he was filled with remorse. He had hoped to make amends with Chloe, clinging to the belief that he still had a chance. Little did he know that Chloe had long been aware of the truth.

In despair, darkness enveloped Benjamin and he passed out.

Chloe wiped away the tears that welled up in the corners of her eyes and dialed emergency services. Though she desired revenge against Benjamin, she had no intention of violating the law in her pursuit.

For now, she had a more important task at hand.

After sending Benjamin to the hospital, she would inevitably have to report the incident to the police. With so many years having passed, the evidence was surely long gone. The only witness who could render Benjamin powerless was Wren.

However, one hurdle remained. Joseph was the one who had discovered Wren and Chloe lacked any means to contact her. To locate Wren, she would first need to find Joseph.

The thought of their shattered relationship caused a headache to gnaw at Chloe's mind. With no other choice, she mustered the courage to dial the man's number.

"Can you hand over Wren to me? I'm planning to report what happened to the police." In a distant yet polite manner, she conveyed her plea.

The man responded slovenly, his voice tinged with arrogance, "Beg me."

"Please..." Chloe said reluctantly.

"What a despicable bastard!"

"You call that begging?"

Chloe pursed her lips. "Then what do you want in return?"

There was a three-second pause on the other end before he replied, "Come to my house and serve me tonight."

Chloe assumed that he meant by "serve" was cooking for him, taking care of Toto, or handling some household chores. Without much thought, she readily agreed.

"Go and make the report now and send me the hospital address. I'll bring Wren to you," he said.

## Chapter 294 Is Your Heart Made of Stone?

An hour later, Joseph arrived at the hospital, followed by Lucas with Wren in tow.

Joseph glanced toward the hospital ward and asked, "Have the police arrived?"

"Yes, and Benjamin has regained consciousness. They're questioning him right now," Chloe replied.

He nodded, knocked on the door, and entered the room. Benjamin had been incessantly arguing his case until Wren appeared before him. Instantly, his spirit withered, and he appeared dejected.

Benjamin looked at Chloe and murmured, "How long have you been planning this?"

"Not long. About the time you divorced Karen," Chloe replied.

"And you manipulated the paternity test report too?" Benjamin asked.

“You could say that,” Chloe confirmed.

With these words, Chloe shattered Benjamin’s final illusion. He admitted his guilt and claimed that Karen was the mastermind.

Considering the seriousness of the crime, the police swiftly arrested Karen. At the time of her arrest, Karen was at a beauty salon with a friend, proudly boasting about Ava’s imminent marriage into a prestigious family in Docwood.

Her friend was taken aback. “Are you referring to the Whitmans?”

“Yes. In a few days, Mr. Jonathan will be bringing Ava home to meet his parents. I think they’ll announce their wedding soon,” Karen gleefully shared.

In Docwood, one could not stand firm without strong support. Thanks to Calvin who had been introducing Ava as his goddaughter to the outside world—even though his influence could not match the Whitmans, he could not be taken lightly either—Jonathan was quite satisfied with Ava’s association with him.

Her friend inquired, “Mr. Jonathan? The son of Mr. Preston?”

“That’s right. He’s Ava’s boyfriend,” Karen confirmed.

“I’m not sure if I should say this, but I remember he isn’t the eldest grandson in the Whitman family. In families like the Whitmans, the first child typically inherits the family wealth,” her friend added.

Karen cunningly smiled and said, “You don’t understand. I’ve done my research. The eldest grandson of the Whitmans is usually abroad, and the family business is managed by Mr. Jonathan.”

“You’re absolutely right! When Ava becomes part of the Whitmans through marriage, your life will be filled with opulence and comfort. When she becomes Mr. Jonathan’s wife, as your friend, I’ll bask in the glory of your elevated status just by sharing this news!” her friend exclaimed with excitement.

But before the words could fully sink in, several uniformed police officers burst through the door.

“Karen Smith? Based on a report, you are suspected of intentional homicide. We request that you accompany us to the police station for interrogation,” one of the officers declared.

Karen was dumbfounded by the sudden appearance of the police. “O-Officers, y-you must have mistaken me for someone else,” she stammered in disbelief.

“There’s no mistake,” the officer replied sternly, swiftly placing handcuffs on her wrists and forcefully escorting her to the police car.

When Ava learned of her mother’s situation, she initially considered seeking help from Calvin. However, fearing that he might uncover her true identity, she decided against it.

In the end, she left the station alone. As she stepped out of the station, Ava’s anger surged within her.

“That fucking bitch has already caused my parents to divorce, yet she still isn’t satisfied, and now, she wants to send my mother to prison?!”

Ava sought the guidance of a lawyer to gain a comprehensive understanding of the situation. With the existence of witnesses and Benjamin’s admission of guilt, the evidence against Karen was substantial. While her role as the mastermind was still being investigated, it was certain that she would be facing a minimum sentence of fifteen years in prison due to the gravity of the charges.

‘Does she think I’m a doormat she can just walk all over?!’

Ava stormed into the Johnsons’ office, forcefully kicking open the door to the general manager’s office. Pointing her finger at Chloe, she shouted, “Why are you so evil?! The family raised you for over twenty years, and now you want to send our parents to prison?! Is your heart made of stone?!”

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**Score 9.5**

Chapter 295 Say No to a Woman Like Her

Chloe slowly looked away from the financial report and fixed her gaze on Ava's face. She chuckled lightly, "If you don't want others to know about it, then don't do it. As simple as that.

Some actions came with consequences that had to be borne.

"Don't give me that nonsense. My mother was Daddy's first love. It was your mother who came later and snatched her place. In the end, she couldn't even take care of him due to her ailing body. My mother merely put her out of her misery!"

Chloe's expression turned cold, and she swiftly picked up a cup of hot coffee from the table. and splashed it on Ava's face. The scalding coffee caused Ava to scream in pain and grimace, as if ready to lunge at Chloe in retaliation. However, Chloe swiftly sidestepped, evading her attack and leaving her falling to the floor in a clownish manner.

With her face now splashed with the coffee, Ava's expression turned fierce as she menacingly threatened, "Tell the police to release my mother right now or you'll regret it!"

"Oh? And how will I regret it?"

"Jonathan Whitman is my boyfriend. He's the heir of the greatest family in Docwood. With a mere wave of his fingers, he can make your life a living hell!"

Chloe's gaze shimmered with intrigue. 'Isn't Jonathan Joseph's cousin? But that doesn't make

sense.'

The impression he left on her during their last encounter was that of someone who despised the less privileged. Why would he associate with someone like Ava, who lacked any notable background? Was it because of Calvin?

Observing Chloe's lack of response, Ava assumed she had been intimidated and rose from the floor with an air of arrogance. Sneering, she uttered, "Be sensible and go talk to the police soon. Tell them that you fabricated all of this and have my mother released. If I happen to be in a generous mood, I may choose to spare you."

Chloe smiled. “Do you think the police are a bunch of idiots? Instead of coming to me, why don’t you go find Wren and see if you can persuade her not to testify in court?”

Ava gritted her teeth and snarled, “I don’t need you to teach me what to do!”

She knew very well that the most effective approach was to find Wren, but Wren had already been detained and she could not meet her. That’s why she had no choice but to seek out Chloe.

“Since you’re well aware of that, please leave. I’m sure you’re well aware that although the Johnsons may not earn a lot of money, we do have plenty of security guards.”

Ava felt a chill run down her spine as she worried that Chloe might resort to extreme

measures. Choosing not to linger, she clenched her teeth and cursed, “Your mother deserved to die early! With a daughter like you, she couldn’t have lived long anyway. Just wait and see. I won’t let you off the hook, you f\*cking b\*tch!”

Chloe furrowed her brow, but in the next moment, a quick realization dawned upon her. If Ava had not actively provoked her, she could pretend to know nothing. However, since Ava chose the most offensive words to attack her, it was impossible for her to remain indifferent.

After all these years, she finally understood that reasoning with Karen and Ava was futile. To deal with the devil, one must become the devil. The Whitmans had a private chat group, and Harold had added Chloe. The group consisted of a small number of members, totaling to six, including Jonathan.

Chloe added Jonathan, and the acceptance of her friend request came in the evening. In

response, Jonathan promptly sent a question mark, asserting his presence and putting up a strong front.

Chloe wasted no time and sent him the details of Ava’s past misdeeds. Shortly after, Jonathan made a voice call, his tone filled with interrogation. “How do you know so much? What evidence do you have to prove that Ava is such a person?”

“It doesn’t matter if you believe me or not. Feel free to ask around,” Chloe replied calmly.

Jonathan did not trust Chloe wholeheartedly. He turned to his mother and sought her advice. If what Chloe said was true, he would never allow such a woman to enter the Whitman family.

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## Chapter 296 Stop Pretending to Be Innocent

After the police took Benjamin away, the burden of managing the family company fell squarely on Chloe's shoulders.

Previously, it was Benjamin who assigned tasks to her, and she never interfered in internal matters. Although she had been more involved in recent days, she did not have enough time to take care of it.

After getting back from the hospital, Chloe locked herself in the office. She was taken aback by the shocking truth she discovered-Benjamin had not lied to her. The office had experienced consecutive losses for two quarters, and if things continued like this, there was a risk of bankruptcy.

The only project that could potentially turn the tide was the collaboration with the Graham Group. Chloe felt overwhelmed by the situation. If she and Joseph had not divorced, perhaps the Grahams would have been willing to lend a helping hand to the Johnsons. But now...

Chloe busied herself into the late hours of the night, racking her brain for ways to turn the situation around. She dismissed Benjamin's previous plan as unfeasible and did not use it. As she was lost in thought, her phone that was placed on the edge of the table suddenly rang, startling her.

She answered the call, and Joseph's cold voice came from the other end. "How long do you expect me to wait for you?"

"...I'm sorry!" Chloe slapped her forehead in frustration. "I completely forgot. I'll come over right away."

After ending the call, Chloe hurriedly went downstairs and hailed a cab to the villa. When she arrived, she saw Joseph standing in the courtyard, grooming Toto's fur.

Bathed in the soft moonlight, his silhouette possessed an elegance akin to a majestic pine tree. His countenance bore a cold and stern expression, while an aura of pride and nobility emanated from him as if he were a flawless masterpiece brought to life.

Chloe's heart skipped a beat in an almost shameful manner.

Joseph glanced at her through the corner of his eye, his displeasure evident. "What are you. standing there foolishly for?"

She blinked and obediently nodded. "I'll get to work right away."

With that, she naturally took the brush from his hand and began grooming Toto's fur. The dog seemed delighted to see her and wagged its tail vigorously, occasionally emitting a few grumbles as if complaining about her absence for the past couple of days.

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A pang of sadness tugged at Chloe's heart. Strangely enough, she found that she had grown attached to Toto. It was fascinating how humans could develop such peculiar emotions towards animals. It was pure and untainted. The precious affection she failed to experience with others of the same species as she was vividly manifested in her interactions with animals.

Joseph narrowed his eyes, observing how Chloe's attention was completely focused on the dog. He lightly kicked Toto's backside and ordered, "Go to sleep."

With a sharp turn of its head, Toto stared at him. But under the man's overwhelming dominance, the dog gradually submitted. Its perky ears drooped, and with a dejected air, it retreated back to its kennel.

Chloe did not comment on this. It did not look like Joseph had used a lot of force, and it was time for the dog to go to sleep. Which dog would not sleep at night?

Setting the brush down, Chloe went to the living room to find other tasks to occupy herself. But Joseph would not let her dawdle. "Why are you bothering with these trivialities?"

"You asked me to serve you, so I'm tidying up the house," she innocently replied, her voice tinged with a hint of confusion.

Joseph's brows furrowed slightly, and he scoffed. "Those are tasks for a housekeeper. Your duty is to warm my bed."

Chloe's eyes widened. "What? That's why you called me here?"

“Hah,” he scoffed as he looked at Chloe sarcastically. “Stop pretending to be innocent. Weren’t you the one who used to eagerly offer to share a bed?”

“Fine, even if I misunderstood your intentions, could you please refrain from speaking so harshly?” Chloe responded.

Joseph shrugged and replied, “What’s wrong? You did indeed strip naked and try to get me into bed. There were many instances like that. You’ve done it, so why are you afraid of being criticized?”

Chloe raised her head, meeting his disdain-filled eyes. Her heart throbbed with pain, making each breath a struggle.

“Yes, I’ve done such things in the past, and not just once. But now, I realize how cheap and lacking in respect they were. So please, don’t bring up those matters anymore. If possible, forget about the series of submissive acts I’ve done before,” she said as her head drooped, her voice barely audible and filled with a profound sense of powerlessness.

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 297 Sure

Joseph’s brows furrowed deeply as he reached out and grasped Chloe’s chin, forcing her to look at him. “Don’t even think about it. I’ll tell Icarus about all these things and make him understand how you used to worship me.”

Chloe’s expression turned bitter. “Why bother? We’re already separated. Why do you still have to degrade me like this?”

“I enjoy it,” Joseph replied coldly.

“But I don’t!” Chloe protested.

Anger surged through Joseph’s heart as he leaned in and sealed her lips with his own. It was as if by silencing her, he would not have to hear the words he did not want to hear. For him to forget her in this lifetime was simply inconceivable.

Chloe widened her eyes and pushed against him forcefully. Unexpectedly, this time she managed to push him away. But before she could catch her breath, he lifted her up in his arms and headed toward the bedroom.

Chloe panicked and struggled to get down. “What are you doing?! Aren’t you afraid Xavia will find out?”

Joseph paused for a moment, and a mocking smile appeared on his lips. “You’re going to warm my bed. What else do you think is going to happen?”

Chloe’s face flushed with shame as she clenched her lips tightly, remaining silent.

Joseph mercilessly threw her onto the bed and stared at her intensely. “I’m sure you don’t need me to tell you how to warm my bed, right?”

Chloe shook her head and took a deep breath. “Can we turn off the lights?”

Joseph raised an eyebrow and reached for the switch on the wall. In an instant, the room plunged into darkness. Chloe endured the cold blasts from the air conditioning as she undressed, silently cursing in her mind.

‘D\*mn it, he truly is a businessman. We had been together at one point, so what’s wrong with helping each other out? Why must he ask for compensation? He’s so petty!’

With her final article of clothing removed, she quickly slipped into the warm embrace of the blanket. As she settled down, an enigmatic and unfamiliar fragrance danced its way to her senses, permeating her nostrils. It was a scent that belonged exclusively to Joseph.

Before she could fully warm up, Joseph also lay down, his hands circling her slender waist and drawing her closer to him. As his fingertips touched her smooth and delicate skin, he could not help but inhale sharply. Even someone as self-disciplined as him was on the verge of losing control in the face of her current appearance, not to mention Icarus and the others.

The thought of other men possessing her in the future filled Joseph with uncontrollable rage.

Chloe’s shame overwhelmed her, and she suddenly twisted her body, trying to escape.

“If you don’t want anything to happen tonight other than warming the bed, then it’s best your don’t move.” Joseph’s warm breath brushed against her ear. His magnetic voice was husky, giving away his struggle to restrain himself.

Chloe froze, the hairs on the back of her neck standing on end. She felt helpless and on the verge of tears as she said, “Okay, okay... I won’t move...”

“Good girl.”

True to his word, Joseph did not make any further advances.

That night, Chloe could not sleep.

Uncertain whether the man beside her was asleep or not, Chloe hesitated for a moment, attempting to free herself from his grasp. However, her slightest shift triggered Joseph’s hand. to land upon her curved and perched buttocks, producing a crisp and melodious sound that echoed through the silent room.

“What are you trying to do besides sleep?” he asked.

Chloe suppressed the urge to strike back and clenched her teeth. “I can’t sleep!”

“Just close your eyes and force yourself to sleep,” he suggested.

“Can you please stop spanking me in the future?” Chloe asked. Once the words left her mouth, she immediately wished she could take them back.

Where did she find the audacity to speak of a future between them?

“No,” Joseph replied without hesitation, lacking any signs of drowsiness. “If you behave and obey, there won’t be any need for that.”

“No. Why should I listen to you? Am I your mistress or something?” Chloe retorted.

Joseph chuckled. “Sure. We can discuss terms if you like.”

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

**Score 9.5**

## Chapter 298 Why Don't You Be With Uncle Icarus?

“Are you insane? Aren't you afraid Xavia will find out?” Chloe exclaimed.

“How is it any of her business?” Joseph replied nonchalantly as he swept up a lock of her hair and greedily inhaled its scent.

Chloe remained silent.

‘What a jerk!’

Aside from Joseph tightly embracing her and being nearly suffocated, nothing happened throughout the night. After enduring a night of humiliation, Chloe returned to her house the next morning and took a refreshing shower. Once clean, she squeezed a glass of orange juice and prepared to change into her work attire.

Suddenly, Jake came knocking on the door.

Chloe was surprised. “What are you doing here?”

“My mom told me that something happened to your family and that Benjamin and Karen were arrested. I was worried about you, so I came to check on you,” Jake explained.

“I was the one who got them sent to jail, not the other way around. What's there to worry about?” Chloe retorted.

Jake scratched his head. “I'm afraid Ava will seek revenge on you.” After all, he knew Ava quite well and was aware of her vindictive nature.

Chloe finished her glass of orange juice in one go and replied, “I know, but I couldn't just sit back and do nothing.”

Ava now had Calvin backing her, while Chloe was fighting alone. It would be untrue to claim she felt no fear. She could only be cautious in her daily life and remain on guard at all times.

Jake looked at Chloe with concern and spoke earnestly, “Why don't you be with Uncle Icarus? Let him take care of you. That way, Ava won't be able to hurt you.”

Although he desperately wanted to say those words himself, he no longer had the privilege to do so. Only Icarus was worthy of being by Chloe's side now.

Chloe helplessly replied, "There's no need for that."

It was too late now. She had just ended one relationship and did not want to hastily start another.

"Why?" he asked.

"Why do there have to be so many 'whys?' I have work to handle at the office. If there's nothing else, you should leave. Don't let your fiancée misunderstand me," Chloe replied,

remembering the conversation she had with Icarus about the arranged marriage between Jake and his new fiancée.

Jake felt embarrassed. "How's the current situation at the office? Is it running smoothly?"

"Not good. There are a lot of troubles," Chloe responded.

Jake made a mental note of her words and planned to discuss them with Icarus later.

Chloe

spent the morning typing away on her keyboard, working on a proposal. After careful consideration, she decided to pay a visit to the Grahams.

'Why not give it a try? Perhaps they would be interested in the new proposal?'

Maybe it was thanks to her connection with Joseph, Chloe had no trouble meeting with Alexander himself. After showing him the proposal, to her surprise, Alexander readily agreed.

She hesitated for a moment before asking, "If I may be so bold, did you agree to collaborate with the Johnsons because of Joseph? If that's the case, I want to say that I and Joseph-

Alexander interrupted her before she could finish her sentence and smiled. “I know about your relationship with Mr. Joseph. Even without him, I value the proposal you’ve provided, Ms.

Chloe.”

Chloe forced out a dry laugh, but she could not shake the feeling that Alexander still

misunderstood her words.

After seeing Chloe off, Alexander took a photo of the documents on his desk and sent it to Joseph, praising, “Your wife is so young, yet possesses such strategic thinking. She’s truly

talented.”

With the intention of building a good relationship with Joseph, he pressed the send button.

Five minutes later, Joseph called him.

Twenty minutes later, Alexander expressed his change of heart to Chloe through a tactfully

worded text.

Chloe read the message, her mind in a daze. She immediately turned back, wanting to find Alexander to inquire about the specific reasons behind his decision.

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

**Score 9.5**

Chapter 299 I’ll Break up With Ava

“I’m sorry, Ms. Chloe, but Mr. Alexander is currently in a meeting and can’t meet with you.”



Chloe pressed her lips together in a line and asked, "Then may I know if he'll have time after the meeting? I can wait."

The secretary politely refused once again, "Mr. Alexander's schedule is fully booked for the day."

In other words, he was not going to see her today.

Chloe's gaze filled with disappointment as she replied, "Thank you."

She naturally did not believe the secretary's words. However, continuing to pester would only annoy people. As for the reason behind Mr. Alexander's sudden change of heart, she needed to find out in order to come up with the appropriate response.

Feeling dejected, Chloe walked out of the Graham Group office and caught sight of a flashy pink sports car through the corner of her eye. She paused and looked over. Adam and a young, beautiful girl were sitting in the car, chatting and laughing. The girl wore a Graham Group company badge around her neck.

Apparently, she worked for the Grahams.

Chloe stood in the shade of a tree and watched them flirt and joke around. Suddenly, an idea sparked in her mind. Since Alexander refused to see her, perhaps she could approach Adam and ask him to inquire about the reason. After all, she could not think of any other solution.

She walked over and tapped Adam on the shoulder.

Adam turned his head and his eyes lit up with surprise. "Sis!"

Chloe cleared her throat and said, "I have something to ask you. I hope I'm not bothering you.

||

"Not at all. What's the matter, sis?"

"It's just some minor work matters. The plan I discussed with your father was suddenly rejected for some unknown reason. I just want to know the reason why, and I don't need you to intercede for me or anything." Chloe smiled at him. "Can you ask him about it for me?"

Adam immediately agreed, patting his chest and saying, "Leave it to me. I promise to find out the whole reason for you."

"Great! I'll treat you to a meal another day!"

After discussing the matter at hand, she left Adam alone. Around three in the afternoon, she received a message from him. He went straight to the point, sending a few comforting hug emojis first.

He wrote: [Sister, I asked Dad about it.]

She stared at the emojis on the screen, and a bad feeling rose up from her heart. [What did he say?]

[It's not that he doesn't value your plan, but Mr. Joseph said no to it.]

Though she had already guessed as much, the reality presented before her eyes made her unable to resist cursing under her breath.

Docwood City, the Whitman mansion.

Patrick knocked on the door and respectfully said, "Sir, I have gathered the information."

Putting down the newspaper, Harold asked, "What did you find?"

"Ms. Xavia did return to the country and had a few encounters with Mr. Joseph. Ms. Chloe is also aware of her presence," Patrick reported.

Harold's face turned livid with anger. Just as he suspected, that cunning woman had returned, and he believed she had played a part in the separation of his lovely granddaughter-in-law and Joseph.

Observing Harold's expression, Patrick wondered aloud, "Although Ms. Chloe and Mr. Joseph have broken up, their connection hasn't been completely severed. Let's observe for a few days to see if there are any signs of reconciliation. As for Ms. Xavia, Ms. Joseph hasn't had many interactions with her."

Harold huffed in annoyance, his mustache twitching. "Bring Xavia to me."

'How dare she come back to the country. Has she forgotten her promise? What is she up to this time?'

Patrick nodded, sighing inwardly. Harold might be getting older, but he was still observant. Even the most well-crafted plans could have loopholes. They had not anticipated Joseph and Chloe's marriage to be a sham. But though the marriage was fake, Joseph's attitude toward Chloe gradually changed. This divorce dispute probably involved genuine feelings.

Harold went downstairs to play with his pet birds, while Jonathan and Octavia stood by the pond, whispering to each other. Harold glanced at them, his eyebrows furrowing involuntarily.

Jonathan was inferior to Joseph. Not only was he less capable, but he also had the tendency to gossip like a woman, incessantly prattling on and offering unsolicited opinions.

Harold did not bother with the mother and son. He figured that he should not get angry with them as he would only be staying in Docwood for a few days and then return to his own house.

"Listen to me, son. Ava was engaged to another man before, and this won't do. Women who

marry into our family must be pure and untainted. You better break up with her quickly and find someone else," Octavia expressed her dissatisfaction.

Jonathan nodded emphatically. "Don't worry, Mom. Even if you didn't say anything, I would've broken up with her."

In the past few days, he had deliberately ignored Ava. When she could not bear it any longer and came to argue with him, he would take the opportunity to initiate a breakup.

Octavia grabbed a handful of fish food and threw it into the pond, a disdainful etched on her face. "Also, Chloe is Ava's half-sister. I can tell she's not a good person either."

As dusk approached, the slanted rays of the setting sun hung in the sky. The petite woman under the shade of the trees eagerly awaited, her gaze fixed on the exit of the underground garage.

Finally, Joseph's car appeared.

Lucas spotted Chloe early on, and since the car had just left the garage, it was moving slowly. Before they reached her, he slowly stepped on the brake and turned to look at the man sitting in the back seat.

“Mr. Joseph, Ms. Chloe is...”

Joseph, who had been resting his eyes, opened them and followed Lucas' gaze.

### Chapter 300 A Unique Charm

The petite woman had adorned herself with a touch of light makeup and was clad in an elegant business suit that accentuated her alluring curves. Holding a folder in her hand, she exuded a remarkable temperament that was captivating and beautiful.

Joseph's gaze flickered, and his Adam's apple bobbed as his eyes landed on her with a seemingly nonchalant expression.

Chloe saw that he had noticed her and silently encouraged herself, donning a professional smile as she approached. She gently tapped on the car window, indicating that she had something to discuss with him. Joseph graciously rolled down the window, his gaze indifferent.

“Mr. Joseph, if you have the time, I'd like to invite you for a meal. I'd also like your input on this proposal,” she said earnestly, devoid of personal emotions.

“I don't believe Fairlight has any collaboration with your company, am I right?” he asked.

“No, the proposal I presented was submitted to the Grahams this morning. You mentioned that the proposal wasn't acceptable, and I'd like to know specifically what's wrong with it and how I should modify it,” she replied, maintaining a smile that concealed her seething anger.

Joseph casually dismissed, “To be honest, everything written in that proposal is unacceptable.”

He thought Chloe would be disheartened by this. Little had he expected her to confidently shake the folder in her hand and say, “That's why I've created a new one.”

A flicker of surprise crossed Joseph's eyes, and a knowing smile played at the corners of his mouth. "My time is precious. How do you plan to show your gratitude?"

Her petite face tensed, and she cautiously raised her hand in front of her chest. "Treating you to a meal and drinks is fine, but not...that!"

If he had special requests, he should seek specialized services.

"What do you mean by...that?" Joseph drew out his words, his handsome face filled with confusion as if he genuinely did not know what she was talking about.

Chloe's face sank. She knew that he was feigning ignorance. Without a trace of hesitation, she turned to leave.

Joseph's temple throbbed, and he commanded in a deep voice, "Come back."

11

Chloe halted her steps but did not turn around. "How do you want me to express my gratitude?"

"Cook a meal for me," he replied.

"No problem," she readily agreed, opening the car door and jumping into the front passenger seat.

Lucas looked at Chloe speechlessly.

Joseph's expression darkened. "Drive," he commanded.

Lucas looked at both of them speechlessly.

'Fine. If both of you won't say anything, I won't either. Let's all keep it to ourselves.'

Unaware of the strange atmosphere in the car, Chloe lowered her head and watched the passing restaurants. Silence enveloped them as the car moved

forward. Joseph's phone vibrated, and he took it out to check. It was a message from Xavia.

[Joseph, can you accompany me for dinner tonight? Dining alone is so boring.]

His slender fingers tapped on the screen as he replied.

[I'm not free tonight.]

Chloe chose a Dai restaurant as their meeting place.

Joseph had a plain palate, preferring Asven, Amer, or Estren cuisine, and disliked anything

outside of these options. Consequently, if he did not like the meals, he would have more time to look over her proposal.

The waiter brought all the dishes to the table, and Joseph picked up a wrap. His eyebrows furrowed as he placed it back on the plate and never touched it again.

Chloe handed over the proposal. "Take a look at the new one I've written."

Joseph did not reach out to take it. "Why didn't you invite Mr. Alexander to join us?"

"You're a leader in the business world. Once you approve this proposal, Mr. Alexander will also approve it.'

"Hah, are you trying to flatter me?"

"I'm being honest."

She did not want to do this either, but who would expect Joseph to play dirty so openly? Whether Alexander cooperated or not, it all depended on his words.

Joseph stared at Chloe's beautiful face, which concealed a hidden resentment. Suddenly, a smirk tugged at the corner of his lips, and a word emerged in his mind-doormat.

'An infuriated doormat who could not voice her anger.'

Looking at it from another perspective, he admired those who could suppress their temper for the sake of work.

Joseph composed himself, adopting a tone that a superior would use when questioning a subordinate, and said, "I won't look at this proposal for now. First, tell me about the shortcomings of the document from this morning."

Chloe straightened her posture, her eyes bright and spirited as she said, "First, there's the issue of costs. The costs are high, and the profits are substantial. However, these so-called profits for the Grahams are insignificant. They're optional and dispensable. Furthermore, if we want to increase the profits to over 7 million dollars every quarter, it means we have to invest more. As a medium-sized company, the Johnsons can't afford such costs and can only rely on the Grahams to cover them.

"But the key is that once we decide to increase the profits to over 7 million dollars every quarter, the operational difficulty will also rise, and the risks will be significant. I reviewed several aspects and devised ways to reduce operational risks this afternoon. Please have a

look."

She spoke confidently, with a focused calmness that exuded a unique charm.

Joseph's eyes

flickered with surprise. He had only known her for her proficiency in Estren. He had not expected her to possess such quick and efficient problem-solving abilities too. Although there were still flaws, she was already remarkably impressive considering her age.

Finally, he picked up and viewed the documents placed on the table.

Chloe anxiously gripped her hands, her eyes fixed unwaveringly on Joseph. She resembled a student waiting for her teacher to grade her assignment.

"How is it? Is this plan feasible?" she cautiously asked, her voice filled with anticipation.

"Mmhm," he replied.

'Mmhm? What does he mean by mmhm? Does it mean that my plan is good?'

Chloe beamed brightly and asked, "Then, when will you help me talk to Mr. Alexander?"