

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 31

Chapter 31 Jake's Aunt

"Take that card I gave you earlier as your salary."

Chloe stared in disbelief at the document lying on the table, her mind blank. Then, a smile slowly spread across her face, revealing a row of straight pearly whites.

"Thanks a bunch, Jojo," she said.

'Now I can finally use your card without scruples!!

She suspected that he was concerned that she might be reluctant to spend his money and thus had arranged a job for her.

'Looks like he can be pretty sweet and considerate at times.'

Joseph's eyebrows went up slightly, and the indifference on his face melted a little as he chuckled. "If you want to thank me, just stop making terrible food."

"I'll enroll in a cooking class!" she said.

'But with your money!'

Chloe struggled with the documents Joseph had given her due to all the financial jargon written on them. After translating two pages, she leaned against the table and closed her

eyes, intending to take a quick break, but ended up drifting off to sleep. 1

She was roused by a furry thing brushing against her face. Initially, she assumed it was her own hair, but she soon heard muffled giggles. Quickly lifting her head, she came

face-to-face with an adorable little face.

Chloe's eyes widened as she stared at the little face cautiously, "Who are you?"

“I’m Joseph’s cousin,” said Ginny Reyes as she scrutinized Chloe. “You’re his wife, right?”

‘Joseph’s cousin? Doesn’t this mean this little girl is Jake’s aunt?!’

Understanding dawned upon Chloe. She asked softly, “How old are you?”

“I’m five.”

“That means you’ll be a beautiful young lady in a few years.”

Ginny nodded, her bright eyes, and said softly, “Yeah! And when I’m all grown up, I’m

going to marry Joseph, so I can’t call you sister-in-law!”

“Oh, so you have a crush on Joseph?” Chloe blinked. “But you can’t marry him because he’s your family.”

Upon hearing this, Ginny pursed her lips and tears filled her eyes.

Chloe’s forehead twitched, and she quickly tried to console the little girl, “Don’t cry. I was just teasing you.”

Ginny looked at her, her eyes brimming with tears as she asked, “So can I marry Joseph in the future? Wahh!!!!

“Well, you can, but...”

“But what?”

“But there are many men in the world who are better than your cousin. By the time you grow up, Joseph will already be a forty-year-old man.”

“Wahh! Joseph won’t get old! You’re lying! Wahhh!”

The corner of Chloe’s lips twitched. Concerned that the commotion would draw the attention of the adults, she watched helplessly as the little girl’s crying got louder and louder.

She eventually relented and said, “All right, all right. Joseph won’t grow old. When you’re grown up, you can marry him if you want. But you have to promise me that you won’t cry anymore. Joseph doesn’t like girls who cry.”

“What kind of girl does Joseph like then?” Ginny anxiously wiped away her tears and stopped crying.

Chloe pointed to herself with a serious expression and replied, “Of course, he likes someone pretty and mature, just like me.”

Ginny gazed at Chloe with a serious expression, chewing on her fingernail. She seemed to agree with the idea that Chloe was pretty, and she nodded in agreement. “I want to be as pretty as you.’

Chloe touched her chin with her delicate, white fingers and said, “Then you have to call me Aunt Coco!”

After hesitating for a second, Ginny called her out in a sweet voice, “Okay, Aunt Coco!”

Chloe was speechless.

Clearly, nothing was more important than becoming beautiful. Not even Joseph

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Chapter 32 I’ve Met You Somewhere

Half an hour later, Chloe appeared in front of everyone holding Ginny’s hand.

Joseph’s eyes flickered with surprise. Ginny was a sheltered child. Despite not being mischievous, she was timid, especially around unfamiliar people. It seemed to him that Chloe possessed some commendable traits.

At the very least, she knew her way around kids.

Ginny went around the crowd, showing off to everyone her new hairstyle. It had been tied up in a pair of symmetrical buns, each on one side of her head. It accentuated her adorable features, making her look like a little fairy.

“This hairstyle looks good on you, Ginny. It’s good to know that my granddaughter-in-law is good with her hands,” Harold praised generously.

“That’s right. Her hands are like magic.”

“Someone who is usually good with their hands probably cooks very well too.”

“You’re so fortunate to have a wife like her, Joseph.”

All of the people nodded and agreed with Harold.

Blushing and smiling shyly, Chloe took a seat next to Joseph and assumed the role of a good wife.

While at the dinner table, Joseph raised his glass to make a toast with the others. He proceeded to drink several glasses of white wine in succession and began feeling uneasy in his stomach. As he got up to pour himself some water, someone approached him and offered a straw to his lips.

He turned his head and saw Chloe holding a bottle of yogurt in her hand. She looked at him fixedly and said, “Drink some yogurt. It’ll help hydrate you.”

Bright lights filled the room, while a faint scent tickled Joseph’s nostrils. He gazed at her deeply, and his tightly set jaw relaxed at this moment.

Chloe did not know what was going on in his mind. As she lifted the yogurt, she accidentally touched his lips with her fingers. Startled, she quickly moved away and whispered, “Drink.”

Joseph twirled his finger and lowered his head slightly to take a few sips of yogurt from the straw she handed him.

After the party ended, Chloe thought they would spend the night at the ancestral home together, but they had to leave as Joseph had been called in to come to work early the next day.

Chloe stayed alone in the villa that night. The next morning, she woke up early and finished translating a few pages of the documents. While searching for jobs online, she also looked for cooking classes nearby. After finding one, she inquired about it, and the other party called her back that afternoon.

“Hello, Ms. Chloe. We have a trial class this afternoon. If you’re interested, I can reserve a spot for you.”

Since the place had positive reviews on the Internet and she had finished her tasks on hand, Chloe agreed to attend the class.

She reached her destination shortly after, but the culinary school was nestled in a labyrinthine neighborhood, almost causing her to lose her way. Just as

she was about to give up, a clear, refined male voice sounded behind her, "Are you looking for Sander Culinary School too?"

Turning around, she saw a towering, handsome man with well-defined features wearing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. He exuded a mature, regal aura and appeared to be in his early thirties. Something flickered through her mind the moment she saw the man, but she could not quite catch it. Yet, one thing was certain-she had seen this man before.

Chloe collected her thoughts and replied, "Yeah."

Icarus Baker smiled faintly and said, "Their place is really hard to find. Let me make a

call and ask the staff for directions."

He took out his phone and went to the side to make the call. Having no other option, Chloe had to wait for him to finish the call and find the right way.

The staff was very helpful. Upon learning that they were lost, they immediately offered to come and pick them up.

Chloe stood waiting in silence since she did not know Icarus, maintaining a dignified and elegant demeanor.

"I have a feeling that I've met you somewhere," Icarus said, his face displaying a slight perplexity as he struggled to recall where he had seen her before.

She was startled and felt somewhat incredulous. "To be honest, I get the same feeling."

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Chapter 34 That Nutjob of a Moron Is Your Nephew

When Joseph came back from work, he found Chloe in the kitchen, chopping potatoes with a knife. She looked as if she had a deep grudge against the potatoes, for she was smashing instead of chopping them.

"Who upset you?"

Chloe paused and turned around to look at him, knife in hand.

“A moron,” she said begrudgingly.

‘Yes, a moron. And that nutjob of a moron is your nephew!’

After a look of confusion, Joseph went upstairs to clean up.

For dinner tonight, they had beef potato stew, oven-roasted vegetables, and Greek salad.

“I took a crash course on cooking today. Want to try the result of my learning?” Chloe asked.

Joseph took a bite of the beef and said, “Well, there isn’t much difference from the previous days.”

“Today’s only the first day, okay?” Chloe replied. “Give me a month and I’ll surprise you.”

“We’ll see,” Joseph said.

Although he said the food was not great, he enjoyed the meal very much.

Chloe retired to her room to continue her work after dinner. Shortly after, Emily called and said that Jake had come to her house looking for Chloe.

“He’s still waiting outside my door. He’s going on about some heirloom bracelet that

gave you and claims that it must be at my place,” Emily said.

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Chloe narrowed her eyes and said, “Put him on the phone.”

“Chloe, I understand that you’re attached to the bracelet, but please, you have to return it to me. It’s a precious family heirloom that I had planned to give to my future wife,” Jake pleaded, as though he had exhausted all other options.

“That’s enough. Meet me at the coffee shop in the middle of Dixie Street in an hour and I’ll return the bracelet,” Chloe said firmly, “Stop bothering Em or I’ll report you for

trespassing on private property.”

Chloe was familiar with the family heirloom that Jake was referring to. During their time together, he had presented her with the bracelet with great enthusiasm. She had been over the moon, believing that she had gained not only Jake’s approval but also that of his family.

However, all her illusions were shattered the day she caught him cheating on her. Consumed by her fury, she had discarded most of his belongings, including the bracelet. She could not recall if she had disposed of it or if it was still tucked away in her jewelry box or if it was somewhere back in her room at the family home.

The last option seemed unlikely. Given Ava’s personality, she probably already rummaged through Chloe’s room in search of it. That was why Jake had contacted her.

As expected, Chloe found the bracelet in the jewelry box stuffed inside her suitcase. She did not feel like changing clothes. Jake was not worth the effort of her dressing up anyway. Without even bothering to change out of her pajamas, she lazily slipped on a coat and swung open the bedroom door, only to run into Joseph who was carrying a cup of water down the stairs.

“I’m going out for a bit. I’ll be back soon, don’t worry,” she said sweetly, voluntarily reporting her plans to Joseph.

Chloe was wearing a plain nightgown, and her black hair cascaded down her shoulders like a waterfall. Her face had a healthy hint of pink, and her long legs were hidden by the nightgown, revealing only a pair of dainty, slippers. Her oversized coat covered her delicate figure, and her innocent-looking eyes and brows lent her an air of purity. She was not wearing any makeup, yet she appeared more stunning and captivating than if she had.

Joseph’s gaze remained steady as he asked, “Where are you going?”

“I’m going to Dixie Street.”

Since her relationship with Joseph was not yet stable, she could not let Jake know about them. Dixie Street was about two miles away, so it was unlikely for them to run into

each other.

Joseph glanced at the darkening sky outside and put down his cup on the table. "I'll take you there."

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Chapter 35 Joseph Is Jealous!

By the time Joseph came back with the car keys, Chloe's mind was still swimming.

"Hmm?" He raised his eyebrows. "What's the matter? Let's go."

Chloe fiddled with the buttons of her coat and demurely said, "Is it too much trouble for you to drive me this late at night?"

Despite not being emotionally prepared to confess to Jake yet, the idea of him seeing her with his uncle and losing his confidence was too big of a temptation to let go. Just the thought of that scene sent shivers of joy down her spine.

Unfortunately, Joseph misconstrued her intentions and his expression turned sour as he quipped, "Don't worry. I just happened to be heading back to the office and it's along the way. I won't be a hindrance to your secret meeting with your paramour."

"What paramour?" Chloe was taken aback, and it was not until a moment later that she realized the meaning behind his odd tone. She took a few steps closer, smiling slyly as she stared at him. "Are you jealous?"

Otherwise, why would he sound so sarcastic?

Joseph met her gaze and gave a dismissive smile. "Overconfidence is an illness. You better get it treated sooner rather than later."

He checked the watch on his wrist and strode downstairs in long strides. "If you're not leaving, I am."

"Of course, I'm coming! This is the first time you're driving me somewhere, Jojo." She trailed after him like a lively butterfly.

Joseph turned the steering wheel, but he could still see Chloe out of the corner of his eye. She sat in the passenger seat, earnestly looking ahead and occasionally pointing

out the way as if they were a husband and wife on a journey.

“Hey, stop! The right lane is on green light!” The urgent tone in Chloe’s voice brought Joseph back to reality. He looked toward the pedestrian crossing and quickly adjusted

the car’s course.

Chloe breathed a sigh of relief and muttered, “What’s wrong with you? I told you several times, but you still didn’t change directions.”

Regret flickered in Joseph’s eyes as he could not believe he had ever entertained the idea of spending the rest of his life with such a talkative woman. He must have been insane.

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Without pressing him for an explanation, Chloe simply pointed to a nearby cafe and said, “You can drop me off here.”

As she got out of the car, Joseph looked at the small bag in her hand and said, “I’ll probably be back in about an hour. If you can’t wait for me, just get a cab and go home first.”

“Are you really going to the office?” Chloe asked in surprise, her rosy lips parted slightly.

Could it be that she was just imagining things?

Well, she felt the likelihood of such a scenario was quite high. Having spent time in his presence, she had become adept at discerning his usual mannerisms—aloof,

unforgiving, and sardonic.

“Of course. Do you think I’d deliberately become your personal chauffeur just to drive you here?” Joseph replied with a sneer.

“Okay then.” Chloe smiled brightly, waving at him. “Bye-bye. Be careful on the road and remember to come back and pick me up. I’ll be waiting!”

“Okay.”

Joseph ran into Nathan who was just stepping out for a late-night snack when he arrived at Fairlight.

When Nathan saw Joseph coming out of his car, his eyes widened in shock as he asked, “What are you doing here so late at night?”

Joseph glanced at him and replied, “I came back to check on the bidding documents for

tomorrow.”

“Isn’t that something the staff can take care of?” Nathan wondered aloud, knowing Joseph would usually not bother with such a trivial matter.

“Well, Chloe had something to take care of, so I dropped her off and decided to make a stop here,” Joseph replied as he rubbed his temples. “Besides, those employees are all new. I want to make sure there are no mistakes.”

Nathan was puzzled but unsurprised. He could see that Joseph’s primary intention was to drop Chloe off at her destination and that the visit to the office was just a brief detour. She clearly occupied a special place in Joseph’s heart.

However, he did not expose Joseph. After the brief chat, he slipped away quietly.

Why did he not expose Joseph?

The reason was simple—he could not beat Joseph.

Chloe waited ten minutes at the coffee shop before Jake and Ava showed up. The moment Ava spotted her, she immediately started to act as if they were close sisters.

“Coco, how could you be so foolish? The second floor of our house is ten feet above the ground. You can’t just jump off because you disagree with Father’s rules.

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Chapter 36 What Was Once Precious Is Now Meaningless

It seemed that Ava was still proficient in twisting the truth.

“These are

Ignoring her sister, Chloe placed a bag on the table and said in a flat tone, all the jewelry and clothes you gave me. The dolls and such are at the Johnsons’.”

Ava grabbed Chloe’s hand and asked worriedly, “Where have you been staying the past few days?”

“Does it matter?”

“I asked Em and she said you haven’t been at her place.” Ava bit her lip, her voice thick with concern. “You should come. It’s not safe for a girl to stay outside alone.”

Jake knew a thing or two about Chloe’s involvement with an older man and a mixture of disdain and disappointment filled his heart. On one hand, he felt responsible for her downfall, but on the other, he felt she should not just give up on herself even though their relationship did not work out.

“Ava’s right. It’s not right for a girl to be alone. Go back home,” Jake chimed in and said in a preachy tone.

Chloe was speechless. “Is there something wrong with you guys?”

After all they had done, it was audacious of them to interfere in her personal affairs.

“How could you say such a thing? We’re just worried about you,” Jake scolded her.

“I didn’t ask for your concern.” Chloe blinked her innocent eyes, almost writing “Mind your own business” on her face.

Ava wanted to say something more, but Chloe did not give her the chance and interjected, “I’ve returned your things. Please don’t contact me again. Thank you.”

As soon as she finished speaking, she got up and left.

“Chloe, I’m so disappointed in you!” Jake’s angry voice came from behind her.

Ignoring him, Chloe calmly exited the cafe and aimlessly wandered around the vicinity, knowing Joseph would arrive soon. After walking for a while, she estimated that he would be back soon, so she turned back in the direction of the cafe.

As Chloe approached the cafe, she witnessed Ava and Jake discarding the bag that held the jewelry he had given her by the roadside. Ava even offered a tissue to Jake to wipe his hands with as though they had touched something dirty.

Initially, Chloe was unfazed, but as she saw the gifts that Jake had given her in the past being tossed away so nonchalantly, she felt as if their precious memories together had been ruthlessly abandoned. After all, those memories represented some of the happiest moments of her life.

Suddenly, indescribable anger and grievance surged through Chloe’s heart, overwhelming her and making it difficult for her to take even one step.

Meanwhile, Jake and Ava had already left in their car.

Chloe walked over to the scattered trinkets on the ground. There were rings, keychains, and the necklace that Jake had personally woven for her. She picked them up one by one, handling them with the utmost care, almost as if she was bidding them a heartfelt farewell.

From a black Rolls-Royce parked on the side of the road, Joseph sat inside and observed her intently. Nobody knew how long he had been there.

Despite feeling unhappy, Chloe did not forget her main goal to become Joseph’s real wife. She composed herself and looked around before fishing out her phone to call him.

“Jojo, are you done? When are you coming over?” she asked.

“I’m here,” he replied.

Chloe was taken aback. “What? Where?”

“Look across the street.”

Sitting in the passenger seat, Chloe looked at the man next to her with a puzzled

expression. “Jojo, was there some problem at work? You seem like you’re in a bad mood.

”

“Nope,” he replied.

“Then what’s wrong? If you have something that’s bothering you, you can let it out. Talking about it will make you feel better,” she said.

Joseph kept his gaze fixed on the road ahead, his eyelashes drooping slightly and casting a shadow over his eyes.

“What about you? Why don’t you talk about what’s bothering you?” he asked.

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Chapter 37 Goodnight

A little taken aback, Chloe asked, “You saw everything?”

However, Joseph answered in a non-committal tone, “What did I see?”

“The person I met at the cafe...”

‘That sc*mbag is your nephew!’

Joseph was silent for a while and said, “Nope. I didn’t see anything.”

He had only seen her standing on the street looking lost and dejected.

Chloe stared into Joseph’s eyes and realized that he was not lying. He really had not seen Jake or Ava, leaving her slightly disappointed.

Joseph thought she did not want to talk about the subject so he did not press any further. The journey home was silent. After Chloe wished him good night, she went to her room to sleep.

As Joseph watched her disappear up the stairs with a pensive expression on her face, he murmured, "Good night..."

Chloe, still seething in anger, did not notice what Joseph said and went straight into her room.

Upon coming downstairs the next day, a look of surprise spread across Joseph's face when he saw a lunchbox out on the table. Chloe then emerged from the kitchen, her clean and pure face shining brightly in the morning sunlight.

"I made you breakfast. They're some sandwiches and salad. You can have them while working," she said.

Joseph had a habit of eating breakfast, and he much preferred to have the healthy food that Chloe made at home rather than buying from some cafe. It was not particularly delicious, but it was nutritious.

He grunted in acknowledgment, picked up the lunchbox, and headed out the door. It was half

past nine in the morning, and he was stuck in traffic for almost half an hour before he finally arrived at the office.

Joseph headed straight to the meeting room. The board of directors seated in the room looked at the pink lunchbox he placed on the table and exchanged confused looks. They all had the same question in their minds.

'Did Mr. Joseph choose that cute lunchbox himself? Could his loving wife have prepared it for him?'

As Lucas entered the room with a pile of documents, he sensed the unusual atmosphere and followed everyone's gaze to the lunchbox placed in front of Joseph. He quickly realized the situation and walked over to pick it up, placing it on the windowsill.

Who could be so foolish as to place their wife's lunchbox in front of Joseph and cause everyone to mistakenly assume that he had a girlfriend? It was widely known that Joseph was a pristine golden bachelor!

Joseph looked up at Lucas, then his gaze shifted to the lunchbox on the windowsill. It was a suitable spot to place it since it would not obstruct the view of those in the back.

row.

Understanding dawned upon the board of directors as they realized that the lunchbox did not belong to Joseph, but to his assistant. When the meeting ended, Joseph was the last to leave. But before leaving, he did not forget to pick up the lunchbox that had been put aside.

Lucas witnessed this and his jaw dropped as if it had been dislocated. “M-Mr. Joseph, did you bring this?”

Joseph raised an eyebrow. “Yeah. What about it?”

After finishing her breakfast, Chloe began to focus on her own affairs. She had scheduled an interview for a translator position. Although this company was not her first choice, she did not have any other options at the moment. Fortunately, it was a

position at a large company.

Upon reviewing her resume, the interviewer took off her glasses and exclaimed, “You’re so young, and you’ve already passed the C2 exam?!”

“Yes,” Chloe responded with a smile.

“That’s a shame.”

“Why is that?”

“As you know, we’re a large corporation and positions here are limited. We’ve already filled all the translator positions.”

“Why did you call me for an interview?” Chloe furrowed her brows, unable to understand.

Was this just a ploy for this person to boost her performance?

“Please don’t be quick to judge. Although all the translator positions have been filled, we have other openings that you might be interested in. Would

you be willing to consider joining our sales team? The starting salary is 2,000 dollars and there's an 18% commission fee. Some of our top-performing employees in the sales department are making up to 8,000 dollars per month."

Chloe smiled sardonically and picked up her resume before walking out. "Thank you, but no thank you."

She was wrong. This woman was not just trying to boost her performance. She was also misleading applicants with false promises.

As Chloe left the company, she ran into Icarus. He was dressed in a formal suit and looked quite dignified. Offering him a polite smile, she greeted him, "Hey, what a coincidence seeing you here."

"It certainly is. It seems we're fated," Icarus replied as he glanced at the skyscraper behind her. "Do you work here?"

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Chapter 38 Chloe, You Sure Are Clear-Headed

"No, I was here for a job interview," replied Chloe.

"You had a job interview with the Baxons?"

"Yeah," Chloe confirmed.

"How did it go? Did it go smoothly?" Icarus inquired.

"No." Chloe shrugged as she sighed dejectedly. "It's difficult to find a job these days."

Icarus gestured toward her resume. "May I have a look?"

"Sure," she replied, handing it over.

After reading through her resume, Icarus remarked, "Objectively speaking, you are indeed outstanding among your peers."

"And subjectively?" asked Chloe as she fixed her gaze on Icarus.

"Subjectively, in my opinion, you're extraordinary," Icarus answered.

It was evident that she was an exceptional candidate, with a four-year streak of receiving scholarships during her time in university, attending internships at two major corporations during her sophomore year, and achieving excellent results on all her projects. Upon graduation, she even led her team in overseas business negotiations. Her frequent travel abroad could be the reason why she was able to obtain the Estrenian C2 certificate at such a young age.

However, Icarus could not help but wonder why she ended up staying in a small company instead of going to a large corporation with such impressive performance during her internships. He vaguely recalled hearing the name of this small company a few times from Jake, but at the time, he paid little attention to Jake.

Chloe smiled. "You're too kind. If I really were extraordinary, I wouldn't have trouble finding a job."

"Don't worry, I believe you'll find one soon."

Chloe was oblivious to the hidden meaning of his words and responded with a simple nod and a brief expression of gratitude. "Thank you for your kind words."

As he watched Chloe walk away, Icarus took out his phone and dialed an old friend's number.

"I'm at your office right now. You're half an hour late. I'll wait another ten minutes. If you aren't down here by then, I'm leaving," he said.

Five minutes later, a man of similar age to Icarus emerged from the Baxon's office, carrying a briefcase and complaining, "We're so busy this quarter. I have to hide in the bathroom if I want to slack off."

"Do you regret not starting your own business?" Icarus teased.

"Regret is useless. I have a wife and kids. The risk of starting a business at my age is too great," the man replied.

Icarus patted his shoulder and said, "Staying at Baxon isn't a bad choice. Didn't you get promoted recently? I'm sure you'll become one of the top executives in another ten years."

"You're right. Contentment brings happiness," the man agreed.

Icarus looked in the direction Chloe had left and smiled. "Is your department still looking for people? I just met a talented young woman with commendable skills."

For the next two days, Chloe spent her mornings translating documents Joseph had given her and her afternoons looking for a job. In the evenings, she would buy groceries

and cook.

On the third day, Joseph instructed her to pick Harold up, who had just returned from

out of town.

"Patrick will drive you there," Joseph said, "He might bring up the topic of meeting the parents and the gifts."

Chloe was taken aback. "What should I do? Should I find two actors to play my parents?"

She could not go home, nor could she accept Harold's gifts.

"You can accept the gifts," Joseph said nonchalantly, "Just consider it part of the contract fee."

Chloe shook her head profusely and firmly refused, "No! I don't want your money. Our relationship isn't measured by money!"

If she accepted the gift, it would be as if she was acknowledging their contract and would be unable to reverse her decision later. She aspired to be Jake's aunt for life. Furthermore, if she could win Joseph's affection, his wealth would be hers as well. Why should she allow the prospect of a trifling gain to obscure her true goal?

There was a moment of silence on the phone, then Joseph said meaningfully, "Chloe, you sure are clear-headed."

“Jojo, do you know why I’m clear-headed?” Chloe asked.

“Nope, and I’m not interested.”

“Can’t you just play along?”

“Fine, what’s the reason?”

“Because I really love you. I’m not here for your money,” she teased him,
“Aren’t you

touched?”

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Chapter 39 Toto

“Not one bit,” Joseph replied honestly.

If she was not coming for his money, it meant he did not have the ability to make her after it.

Chloe found herself at a loss for words.

‘How could he be so insensitive?’ she thought, ‘Any normal guy would be moved by such words, so why is his response so indifferent?’

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Chloe fixed her gaze upon the mirror, observing her reflection. She had been honing her cooking skills lately and her principles of minimizing waste had led her to consume everything she prepared, regardless of its flavor.

Consequently, she had gained some weight-particularly around her cheeks-and no longer appeared as slim as she used

Standing with her hands on her hips, Chloe declared, “I’ve made a decision. Starting today, I’m going to go jogging with you every morning! Be sure to wake me up!”

Joseph’s eyes narrowed, tinged with a hint of suspicion. “What scheme are you cooking up now?”

Chloe had been waking up around ten lately and had not made him breakfast in a while. The last time she had made it was the only time. And now, she was talking about going for morning runs? With her tendency to oversleep, she would probably only last three days.

Women were unpredictable. Thank goodness he had a reliable male assistant.

"I'm serious. I think I've put on weight, so I need to start losing it!" Chloe persisted.

'Otherwise, how am I going to win your heart?'

Joseph, not wanting to continue this conversation, said helplessly, "You're not fat. You don't have to lose weight."

"Really?" Chloe replied, her eyes lighting up with excitement. "You like curvy girls?"

"Uh-huh."

"Great, then I know what to do now!" Chloe exclaimed.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, confused.

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"You'll find out tonight!"

Chloe went upstairs to change, and Patrick arrived shortly after. She got into the car and went to the airport to wait for Harold. But instead of a man, a dog arrived instead.

An airport worker in uniform handed Patrick a black and white Border Collie and asked him to sign a form. Chloe bent down and curiously petted the dog's head. "Patrick, what's this?"

"This is Mr. Joseph's dog that he has been raising abroad. It was shipped back today. Its name is Toto," Patrick replied, "Mr. Harold's flight will be arriving soon."

Chloe was stunned and she stopped petting the dog. "Joseph has a dog?"

‘But he’s a clean freak, and Border Collies have long fur. Won’t the whole house be covered in dog fur during shedding season?’

“He does. Mr. Joseph raised Toto’s mother too,” Patrick replied.

“I see,” Chloe replied, shocked by the revelation.

Sensing that Chloe had stopped petting it, Toto barked discontentedly at her, urging her to continue. Chloe’s mouth twitched, and she reluctantly went back to petting it.

Just then, Harold stepped out of the terminal, and Chloe greeted him warmly. As they made their way back to Joseph’s villa, the two chatted about trivial family matters, and Chloe specifically inquired about Joseph’s habits and hobbies.

Upon arriving at their destination, Chloe said to Harold, “Grandpa, go rest up. I’ll call for you when I’ve finished cooking.”

“That’s not necessary. It’s already tiring enough for you to pick me up. We can just get the chef to come by,” Harold replied.

“But...”

“No buts. Patrick will handle everything,” Harold interrupted and walked to the balcony.

The balcony was teeming with a plethora of plants, while a dainty pink apron was hung on the wall of the kitchen. The refrigerator was adorned with cartoon stickers and daily reminders.

Harold ran his hand contentedly over his beard and remarked, “Now this is what a

home should feel like. This place has a much more human touch now compared to when

that scoundrel was overseas all the time.”

Chloe smiled and agreed, a hint of cunning flashing through her almond-shaped eyes. The old man might be old, but he was still as sharp as a tack. Fortunately, she had been smart enough to prepare everything ahead of time.

After strolling around the villa for a while, Harold remembered the main topic of discussion. “Chloe, let’s talk about the gifts for your family-”

Ring, ring!

His words were interrupted by a phone call. Chloe’s tense nerves immediately relaxed. She said, “Grandpa, get some rest. I need to take this call.”

Harold paused for a moment before saying, “Go ahead.”

Chloe went to the backyard to answer the call. “Hello? Who’s this?”

“Hello, Ms. Chloe. I’m the HR manager of Baxon Corporation. Have you found a job yet? Would you be interested in working for our company?”

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 40 Not as Good as Chloe’s Cooking

Chloe tightened her grip on the railing as she asked, “May I know how you got my contact information?”

‘Did Baxon’s HR give this person my number?’

“That’s not important. The important thing is whether you’re still interested in our company. However, the position of Estrenian translator you wanted has been filled. Janice wasn’t trying to make things hard for you the other day.

“Anyway, the only available position open now with a salary and job scope that matches your capabilities is a project leader position. If this interests you, we can arrange a face-to-face meeting to discuss further.”

“Discuss it with you or with Janice who interviewed me before?”

She had been highly annoyed during that incident and did not wish to meet with the HR personnel who randomly called people in for interviews just to meet performance goals.

“You’ll be talking to me directly.”

“All right then. Let’s set up a time to meet.”

After the call ended, Chloe stared at her phone and got lost in thought. She did not know what made Baxon suddenly change their mind and offer her a new position.

“Why are you standing here daydreaming instead of keeping my grandpa company?”

Suddenly, Joseph appeared, his tall figure and deep gaze looming over her.

“I’ve already been chatting with Grandpa for quite some time. He’s gone upstairs to rest now,” Chloe replied, her pretty almond eyes shining brightly. “You can trust me to handle things.”

Joseph did not say anything more. He had faith in her abilities, as Harold’s fondness for her was genuine. As the two walked into the house, he noticed a change in the decor and his face sank.

“What happened to the house?” he asked, noticing the fresh green plants, the pink apron in the kitchen, and the cartoon stickers and post-it notes on the refrigerator.

Chloe quickly explained in a hushed tone, “You’ve misunderstood. I put these things up so that Grandpa wouldn’t suspect anything.”

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Joseph could not deny that she had a point. However, he was still displeased. These girly decorations just were not his cup of tea.

As Chloe gazed at Joseph’s handsome face-now clouded with displeasure-she felt a growing resentment within her. Despite all the hard work she had put into impressing his grandfather, this insensitive man not only failed to praise her efforts but also showed no empathy whatsoever.

However, Joseph’s mood did not remain sour for long. Just as he was about to tell Chloe, he had found a job for her, Toto, his furry little companion, came bounding down the stairs, wagging its tail and begging for attention.

Joseph’s icy demeanor softened considerably at that moment as he knelt down to scratch Max’s belly. Chloe watched the scene with mixed feelings. She raised a hand to her cheek and got lost in thought when she saw that he showed more affection to a dog than to her.

She wondered if she had no charm at all.

With a despondent sigh, Chloe turned to leave, not wanting to interrupt the tender moment between the man and his dog.

“Chloe,” Joseph suddenly called out to her.

She spun around, her sad expression turning into a bright smile.

“Yes?” she asked.

“Toto will be staying with me from now onward. When you have the time, play with him,” he said.

“Oh, okay,” Chloe replied, her voice devoid of any real emotion.

Joseph watched with furrowed brows as Chloe left in dejection. He thought that she was feeling down because she had not found a job yet after so long, so he decided to tell her after dinner that he had found her a job.

He knew that she would be overjoyed once she heard the news. When the thought surfaced in his mind, a faint smile played at the corners of his lips, unbeknownst to even himself.

Dinner was prepared by a five-star restaurant chef. The table was laden with all sorts of

delicacies.

Chloe savored every bite while Joseph found the food tasteless. Perhaps he had grown accustomed to her cooking over the past month, as he now found her dishes more

delicious than what was served by the restaurant chef.

Had he finally gone insane?

After finishing his meal, Harold wiped his mouth with the handkerchief Patrick handed to him and placed a card in front of Chloe.

“I’m a simple man, Chloe. I don’t know what kind of gift to give you other than money. Buy whatever you like with this. We Whitmans treat all our members with equal kindness.”

“I can’t accept this, Grandpa,” Chloe pushed the card back and said sincerely, “As you said, I’ve already married Joseph, so there’s no need for these things. Joseph has already given me his secondary card and I’m not wanting for anything. Please take the money back and use it however you like.”

With a bashful expression, she raised her eyebrows as she leaned onto Joseph’s shoulder. “Don’t you agree, Jojo?”

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