

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

### **Chapter 311**

#### Chapter 311 Chloe Refused to Deliver the Meals

Having learned her lesson, she turned around and muttered under her breath as she exited the office, "We'll see if I dare."

Perhaps merely a product of her imagination, Chloe had a lingering sense of being followed as she made her way home. It was not until she reached the safety of her house that the feeling of being trailed faded away, leaving her to question if her worries had been excessive.

The next day, Exotic Star's private car came to pick her up. Chloe brought her laptop, intending to work during the journey. Noah informed her that if everything went smoothly, they could wrap up the shoot in three days.

As a newcomer in the industry, Chloe initially took some time to adapt and understand the requirements. However, her quick wit and adaptability allowed her to grasp the demands swiftly, fully immersing herself in the shooting process.

Two days passed, and despite a few minor obstacles, overall progress was satisfactory. With just one more day to go, they would successfully conclude the project.

After completing her evening work and returning to the hotel, Chloe called Emily to express her amazement at how effortlessly one could earn money as a celebrity. In a mere three days, she had earned 30 million dollars, while the Johnsons struggled to earn a fraction of that.

After chatting with Emily on the phone, Chloe began the process of removing her makeup. Suddenly, Lucas called.

"Ms. Chloe, are you busy right now?" he asked.

"Not particularly. What's the matter?" she replied.

There were some trivial matters in the company that needed to be addressed. Of course, if there were urgent matters, the work could be put aside temporarily.

“In that case, can you come and cook a meal for Mr. Joseph? His stomach is acting up.”

“If his stomach is acting up, he should go see a doctor,” Chloe said.

Lucas stuttered, knowing very well the reasoning behind her words. The problem was that he refused to go to see a doctor. He thought that if Chloe could come and cook a meal, she could also persuade him to go to the hospital for a check-up. It had been several years since Joseph last had a medical examination.

These days, aside from when Chloe was present, Joseph barely ate on time. During other times, he managed with whatever was available. He was currently in his office participating in a video conference.

“If it’s about food, I can’t help. But if there are other important matters, like going back to see Grandpa I can assist him. Just remember to schedule the time in advance,” Chloe said. After all, it would take some time for her to travel from Docwood back to her hometown.

Lucas looked at the disconnected call, feeling utterly helpless.

At that moment, Joseph emerged from his office, hunched over and clutching his stomach, his brows furrowed in pain. “Go downstairs and buy me a bottle of painkillers,” he ordered.

Lucas was taken aback. “Did you finish the one you bought before?”

His frown deepened. “It’s expired.”

Lucas promptly agreed and hurried toward the elevator, his steps quick and determined. The screen of the mobile phone in his hand lit up, displaying the call history with Chloe.

Joseph’s voice turned cold as he asked, “What’s going on?”

Lucas scratched his head and honestly replied, “I noticed that your appetite hasn’t been great lately, so I thought of contacting Ms. Chloe to see if she has time to cook a few meals for you.”

Joseph always finished every meal that Chloe prepared for him, and Lucas noticed it.

Joseph raised his eyebrows. His tone remained icy though his anger had abated. "From now on, you are not allowed to contact her without my permission."

"Yes, sir."

After saying that, Lucas hurriedly went downstairs to buy medicine. Just as he was about to enter the elevator, Joseph called him back. "Wait."

"Yes?"

"Did Chloe mention what time she would deliver the meals?"

Lucas hesitated for a moment and then awkwardly responded, "Sir, Ms. Chloe didn't agree to my request..."

Joseph's expression instantly darkened. He was not sure if it was anger or if his stomach spasms had worsened.

The final day of shooting stretched until nine at night. Since it was a bit late, Noah suggested returning to Aesper the next day. However, Chloe politely declined, "I have a lot of things to take care of at the office and I can't afford to delay them."

She needed to keep a close eye on the collaboration with the Grahams. Although she was the boss of her company, she had yet to cultivate employees she could truly trust. In the past, any employee who had a good relationship with her would find themselves targeted by Ava, resulting in the current situation.

Noah seemed to have a fondness for incorporating traditional Asvand elements into his attire. On this particular day, he was donning a beige round-collar suit, which accentuated his youthful face that glowed brilliantly in the twilight. Every strand of his hair could be distinctly seen, adding to his overall charismatic appearance.

"Are you busy at Fairlight? Exotic Star and Fairlight have jointly invested in a resort. I'll be going to Fairlight in a few days to discuss the specific details with Mr. Joseph. We'll have the chance to meet again then."

The proposal to invest in the resort had come from Desmond. He took notice of Fairlight's rapid development in recent years and believed that partnering with a strong ally would reduce many risks.

Chloe smiled faintly and calmly replied, "I no longer work at Fairlight, but if you wish to contact me, I'm available anytime."

"Huh? Why?"

"We broke up."

### Chapter 312 Someone's in the Closet

Noah's eyes flickered with slight surprise, a momentary shimmer of perplexity crossing his amber gaze. However, he swiftly regained his composure and calmly responded, "You'll find someone better."

The man might not possess Joseph's wealth, but he would undoubtedly have a better temperament than him.

"Thank you, Noah," Chloe replied.

"I'll get a car to take you home, but it'll take about half an hour," Noah offered.

"No need to trouble yourself. I already called a cab. We'll meet again when the opportunity arises," Chloe declined.

Noah nodded. "All right, until next time then."

Shortly after parting ways with Noah, that lingering feeling of being followed resurfaced within Chloe. She quickened her pace and suddenly turned her head. It was a long street ahead, populated by several individuals resembling office workers and a man wearing headphones, lost in his own world of music. Unable to discern anything unusual, she continued walking. toward the hotel.

The room Noah arranged for Chloe was a deluxe suite with a spacious wardrobe in addition to other amenities. Chloe retrieved her luggage from the corner and began organizing her clothes. Just as she finished folding a piece and placed it in the suitcase, she sensed something was amiss.

A man's breath, low and controlled, emanated from the wardrobe. Her nerves had been on edge for the past few days, and she instantly picked up on it. Someone had entered her room and was now hiding inside the wardrobe, patiently waiting for her return.

Chloe's mind exploded with a buzzing sensation, and the hairs on the back of her neck stood on end. Fear gripped her, causing her breathing to become rapid. She fought to maintain control, setting down the clothes in her hands, and swiftly sprinted toward the door. The moment she started running, the cabinet door was kicked open, revealing the face of a strange man who mercilessly seized her hair, forcefully slamming her head against the wall.

Thud!

The intense pain spread through Chloe as fresh crimson liquid trickled down her head, instantly dyeing her vision a bloody red. She stopped struggling and collapsed onto the floor, her entire body going limp.

The man bent down, wanting to assess her condition. Chloe abruptly opened her eyes and mustered all her strength to deliver a punch directly into his eyes.

Caught off guard, the man instinctively covered his eyes, cursing under his breath.

Seizing the opportunity, Chloe quickly got up and attempted to run. Just as her hand touched the doorknob and before she could even make a move, the door swung open. Standing outside was the man with headphones from earlier.

The man caught sight of his injured accomplice on the floor and swiftly kicked Chloe in the stomach. She fell to the floor, clutching her abdomen in pain and whimpering.

The man, seeing that she was still conscious, struck her across the head with a forceful slap.

This time, Chloe's eyes closed, and she truly lost consciousness.

In the early morning, Icarus went to the Johnsons' office in the afternoon but did not find Chloe there. He called her, but the call went unanswered. He then went to her house but still could not find her.

Icarus thought the shoot had been delayed, so he waited for several hours. When he tried calling again, her phone was switched off. He realized something was amiss and immediately contacted Emily, only to learn that Emily had also tried calling Chloe the previous day, but received no response.

Worried that something might have happened to Chloe, they called Noah, and the staff informed them that the shoot had ended the previous night.

After some initial hesitation, Emily chose to report the incident to the police.

“It hasn’t been twenty-four hours yet. Come back when it is,” the officer responded.

Emily was indignant. “What if something happened to her earlier? Every second counts!”

“That’s how the country’s regulations work. Try to locate her yourselves first,” the officer insisted.

Emily’s anger surged, and just when she wanted to argue with the officer, Icarus grabbed her arm and said, “I’ll get someone to search Aesper first. If there are no leads, then Chloe must be in Docwood. We can go directly to the police there.”

Emily nodded, feeling lost and helpless.

Meanwhile, Harold called Joseph and reminded him to attend their friend’s birthday party in Docwood tonight. He also reminded him to bring Chloe along.

Joseph rubbed his temples and sent a message to Chloe. After finishing his meeting, he waited for another two hours but did not receive a reply from her.

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**Score 9.5**

Chapter 313 Chloe Is Missing

Lucas thought for a while and said, "Maybe she's busy. Should I call and ask?"

Joseph's face turned icy, and he almost crushed his phone in his grip. "No need."

He had been overly lenient with her all this time. It was time for her to realize that there were plenty of women interested in him. Today, he wanted her to feel a sense of urgency and understand when to come back.

Docwood, the Walker mansion.

Joseph was clad in an exquisite black tailcoat, exuding a commanding and refined presence akin to a noble prince. Seated beside him was Natalie Walker, the granddaughter of Arthur Walker. Their recent encounter on the dance floor had been skillfully captured by visiting journalists, and it would be no surprise if Chloe caught a glimpse of it on the news tomorrow. Natalie blushed and said shyly, "Mr. Joseph, why did you invite me to be your plus-one? My grandfather said you were married, but I refuse to believe it."

Joseph's face was strikingly handsome as he suppressed his impatience and replied, "If I had a wife, would you refuse to be my plus-one?"

"No. As long as you're the one asking, I will unquestionably say yes."

During the event, numerous business associates extended olive branches to Joseph, but he responded with a cold gaze. "Apologies, today is Mr. Arthur's birthday. I prefer not to discuss work matters."

These individuals sensed his displeasure and wisely chose to withdraw. However, Natalie assumed that Joseph did not want these people to interrupt them, so her smile grew event

sweeter.

After celebrating his birthday with family and friends, Arthur descended the stairs and saw his granddaughter seated with Joseph. A smile appeared on his face as he asked, "Harold said you'd be bringing your wife, Joseph. So, where is she?"

Before Joseph could say anything, Natalie replied, "Grandpa, Mr. Joseph doesn't have a wife. You've misunderstood."

Joseph pressed his temple, choosing not to delve into the matter. "Mr. Arthur, this is my gift. to you," he stated simply as he presented the gift box he had placed behind him.

Arthur possessed a completely different personality from Harold. He was an amiable old man. He did not pry further and simply said, "Enjoy yourself today, and don't overthink things."

After Arthur left, Joseph's phone vibrated several times. It was a message from Lucas, stating that Emily had an urgent matter and wanted his phone number. Joseph simply sneered and ignored the message.

After waiting for ten minutes, Lucas understood the answer when he received no response and declined Emily's request. A while later, Joseph glanced at his wristwatch and felt it was almost time for him to leave. Suddenly, he caught sight of Calvin.

Standing beside Calvin was Ava, who exuded an air of elegance. She was dressed in this year's luxury fashion, her makeup on point. Though some time had passed, faint bruises on her

knees were still visible.

Walking beside Calvin, she adeptly exchanged greetings with the affluent businessmen and prominent families present. It was clear that Calvin intended to help Ava find a partner from among these individuals.

As Calvin turned and noticed Joseph, a flicker of guilt briefly crossed his square face before being swiftly replaced by anger.

Joseph narrowed his eyes, his gaze fixated on Ava as his expression turned gloomy.

Observing this, Natalie pouted unhappily. "Mr. Joseph, that woman isn't as beautiful as me. You shouldn't look at her."

At this time, Joseph's phone rang again. It was still Lucas.

"Mr. Joseph, Emily said that Ms. Chloe has been missing for two days. They've searched everywhere in Docwood, but there's no trace of her. It is believed that she disappeared after completing Noah's endorsement shoot in Docwood."

Joseph's body tensed up, immediately understanding the meaning behind Calvin's earlier glance.

'Damn it! He can't lay a hand on me, so he targeted that dumbo instead?!

After hanging up the phone, Joseph walked toward Calvin and grabbed his collar, forcefully dragging him toward the restroom. Calvin was caught off guard and, coupled with Joseph's overwhelming strength, was unable to break free for a moment.

Several bystanders considered intervening. However, Joseph's piercing and fierce look discouraged them, and they quietly withdrew, refraining from uttering a single word.

Soon, the sounds of a scuffle emanated from the restroom. After five minutes, Joseph kicked open the restroom door, dragging a bruised and battered Calvin with him into the car.

The crowd quivered in fear as they witnessed the intense confrontation between Joseph and Calvin. Calvin could be considered Joseph's elder due to his age, so what did he do to evoke Joseph's fury?

Ava's face turned pale, realizing that Joseph must have discovered that Chloe was in their hands. She was frightened and filled with resentment. 'Why does this perfect man care so much about that wretched model?'

Guided by Calvin, Joseph found the barely breathing woman in a dark and dismal room. Her hair was disheveled, her face pallid, and her body covered in numerous wounds, both large and small. Her once moisturized red lips were cracked, a sign that she had not had water for who knew how long.

Most importantly, her clothes were disheveled, indicating she had been man-handled.

A string snapped in Joseph's mind, and a glint of murderous intent shimmered in his eyes. What have you done to her?"

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**Score 9.5**

Chapter 314 Grievances From the Past Few Days Burst Forth

Calvin spat out the blood from his mouth and said, "Rest assured. I'm not as wicked as you."

He had initially intended to let Chloe have a taste of her own medicine, but her resemblance to Luciana made him hesitate in the end.

Joseph's heart eased. He picked Chloe up in his arms and headed toward the exit. As they reached the doorway, he abruptly spun around, his eyes aglow with a bloodthirsty madness. "Do you honestly believe things will end this easily?"

Calvin's brows knitted together in a display of anger, his voice dripping with contempt. "What else do you want? Don't forget, you were the one who made a move on Ava first! You even did such despicable things to her. Are you even a man?!"

In his heart, Chloe might be innocent, but Joseph had gone too far. Fortunately, Ava was strong-willed and did not do anything foolish. Comparatively, he had already shown mercy

toward Chloe.

Joseph's face turned cold as he uttered, "Ava brought it upon herself."

After the medical assessment, Chloe received four stitches on her head. The other injuries she sustained varied in severity, but none of them posed a fatal threat. However, the injuries inflicted upon her constituted a cruel form of torment for any woman.

Joseph sat vigilantly beside her bed, feeling a deep ache in his heart as he witnessed the exhaustion and weariness etched on her face. He had underestimated the gravity of the situation. Merely punishing Ava was inadequate. He should have taken proactive measures to ensure Chloe's protection.

Upon receiving the news, Emily hurried to the hospital without delay.

However, when Icarus attempted to enter, Lucas blocked his way.

Tears welled up in Emily's eyes as she witnessed Chloe's tormented condition.

Annoyed, Joseph said, "All right, stop it. She's not dead."

Emily sobbed uncontrollably, wiping her tears away as she said, "Thank you. Coco will be so grateful to you when she wakes up."

At those words, Joseph's cold countenance softened. "I know. You don't have to tell me. I've arranged for someone to take care of her. You can go home now."

She nodded and obeyed his words. Being unfamiliar with Docwood, she deemed it better to entrust Chloe's care to Joseph rather than pretending to be strong. Besides, they might even mend their relationship in the process and reconcile.

Outside the hospital, Icarus, who had been waiting, rushed over to Emily. Anxiety was written

all over his face. "How is she? Is Chloe okay?"

"She has four stitches on her head and her other wounds are varying degrees of severity, but she's stable now."

Upon hearing about the stitches, Icarus's handsome face turned grim. "I'll stay here to take care of Chloe."

"Hey, don't go in. Joseph's there." Emily said, touching her nose. "I know you like Coco, but judging from their current situation, it won't be easy for them to break up."

Icarus furrowed his brows. "Aren't they considered broken up after a divorce?"

"They can reconcile after a divorce, and besides, their marriage was a sham."

"Their marriage was fake?"

Realizing her slip-up, Emily quickly corrected herself. "Never mind... I was just talking

nonsense."

Icarus' eyes flickered slightly. "I won't tell anyone. Even if I give up, I don't want to give up without any reason, and after listening to what you said, I won't be able to let go of Chloe even

more."

Emily paused for a moment. After a while, she sighed and spoke concisely, "Fine. Coco and Joseph initially agreed to a contractual marriage for some reason, but they ended up falling in

love with each other."

"For some reason?"

"I only know this much. I'm not clear about the rest..." Emily said, feigning ignorance.

Fortunately, Icarus did not press further and stopped asking. He escorted Emily home before driving back to his own place. He sat in his study, looking at an unfamiliar number on his phone, and after much contemplation, he finally dialed it.

"Have you made up your mind?"

Xavia's confident voice came through the phone as if she had anticipated his call.

"Yes, but I want to know your true identity."

"Well..." Xavia hesitated. She intended to marry into the Whitmans and could not reveal herself too much. Staying low-key was the wiser choice.

"I'll remain in the shadows while you stand in the spotlight. It wouldn't be fair for me. As a token of my gratitude for providing me with the information about their divorce, I can share something with you that you might not know."

Xavia fell silent for a moment. "Deal."

"Their marriage wasn't real. It was a contractual arrangement."

The next day, at four in the morning, the effect of the anesthesia on Chloe's head wore off,

and she woke up in pain. In the dark hospital ward, she licked her parched lips and spoke in a weak voice, "Water..."

A glass of water was placed in her hand. She eagerly took it and drank several large gulps before realizing there was someone in the room.

She was stunned for a moment and then realized she had been saved. Suppressing her excitement, she cautiously asked, "Who are you?"

Joseph replied, "...Idiot."

With a click, the light turned on. Joseph stood with his arms crossed, and there were faint dark circles under his eyes. His neat short hair fell over his forehead. He looked somewhat exhausted, evidently having not slept all night.

Chloe stared at him, her eyes becoming watery. Her grievances from the past few days burst forth at this moment. She did not want to cry, so she bit her lip, holding back the tears.

Unbeknownst to her, the facade of strength she tried to maintain only intensified his anguish. He yearned to embrace her tightly, to offer solace and comfort within the shelter of his arms.

### Chapter 315 This Kind of Thing

Joseph's expression turned dark, and he twirled his fingers to quell his inner urge. "If you want to cry, go ahead. It's not like I haven't seen it before."

Chloe's lips formed a slight pout as she looked at Joseph, her emotions tangled within.

"How did you find me?"

"e?" she asked, her voice tinged with curiosity.

"Emily called me, and I guessed it was Calvin."

Chloe recalled the things Calvin told her and she asked, "Calvin said you got many men to assault Ava Is it true?"

"Yeah, I did," he replied nonchalantly, sending a shiver down her spine.

This man was far more ruthless than she had imagined.

Joseph's gaze intensified as he observed the subtle shifts in Chloe's expression. Leaning in closer, he placed his hands on either side of her, his commanding presence towering over her.

"Are you scared?" he asked.

"Not at all. You did all that to Ava because of me," Chloe said, her eyes locked with his. "You came to rescue me. Does that mean you still have feelings for me?"

If Joseph still held a place for her in his heart, she would be willing to calm down and listen to his explanation about that night with Xavia.

Confronted with her probing question, Joseph's pride compelled him to avert his gaze, his voice turning cold as he scoffed, "You're simply deceiving yourself. I merely felt sorry for you. and nothing more."

A pallor washed over Chloe's face, and a touch of self-derision flickered in her eyes.

In Joseph's heart, Chloe's presence may have been akin to that of Toto. He had a fondness for her, but it fell short of love. Occasionally, he would caress her like one would stroke a pet's fur, but it remained at that level.

She realized how foolish she had been.

"For now, rest. We can discuss everything tomorrow."

Joseph lay on the other bed in the room. Chloe had injured her head, and insufficient rest could hinder her healing process.

Chloe woke up at eight in the morning to find the other bed empty, indicating that Joseph had left at some point.

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"Good morning, madam. I'm the caregiver arranged by Mr. Joseph. Please let me know if you have any needs," a middle-aged woman humbly greeted her as she entered the room.

Chloe paused, feeling a mix of emotions inside. She could not fathom Joseph's true intentions. Why had he chosen to appear before her in her most vulnerable moment? Was he oblivious to the fact that it could lead her to believe he still harbored feelings for her?

Throughout the morning, apart from making a phone call to Emily and Icarus to let them know she was safe, Chloe spent her time assigning tasks in the work chat. Her body was covered in various bruises and injuries. Every slight movement caused her pain. As a result, she could only pass the time scrolling through her phone to avoid any significant physical exertion.

As she accessed her social media, a captivating photo seized her attention—a snapshot of Joseph and Natalie engaged in a graceful dance. Their bodies intertwined in seamless spins and twirls, conquering the center of the dance floor. The overhead spotlight silently celebrated their performance, bestowing imaginary applause upon them.

Chloe clenched her hand, her fingertips digging into her palm. A sensation akin to a heavy stone weighed down her heart, inflicting both pain and a suffocating feeling.

Her fingers swiftly scrolled, unwilling to linger on that particular page.

[Wyatt actively sought the attention of a board member in the company, willingly taking on the role of her kept man, all in the pursuit of gaining access to superior resources.]

[Lannie Wurths has been taken away for investigation by the authorities on suspicion of tax evasion.]

[Saydie Lanes has been exposed for undergoing over three hundred plastic surgeries and multiple affairs with a famous hip-hop singer while being married.]

[The stock of Docwood's most renowned entertainment company has experienced a sharp decline, putting it in the midst of a significant crisis.]

Chloe gazed at the incessant stream of trending topics on her phone, feeling a mix of confusion and bewilderment. Something seemed amiss in the entertainment industry, as a sudden wave of trouble befell numerous popular stars. Driven by curiosity, she clicked into the comment section, and her

attention was immediately caught by the first comment that had hundreds of thousands of likes. It read:

[Have you noticed that all the stars involved in these incidents are under Mr. Calvin's management? Did he offend some mysterious big shot?]

Chloe's mind raced, connecting the dots between Joseph's rescue from Calvin's clutches and the unfolding events. Could Joseph be responsible for all of this?

In the evening, Chloe finally had the chance to confront the man. She blinked and asked, "Did you have something to do with the changes in Calvin's office?"

The hospital ward fell silent. Joseph sat in a chair, his fingers interlocked across his chest as he asked, "Do you think I went too far?"

Chloe was taken aback, and then she instinctively said, "No, I'm just worried that it might affect your future and that Calvin might seek revenge on you."

"I won't even need to take action if he retaliates. My grandfather will be the first one to make a move," Joseph said.

Their reputation as the leader of the Four Greats was not an empty title. Countless adversaries lurked in the shadows, yet they never shied away from direct confrontations.

Chloe felt slightly relieved, her tone submissive as she said, "Thank you."

Without Joseph, she might have truly been in mortal danger.

"Is this your way of showing gratitude?"

"In that case, shall I cook for you a little longer? I can be your housekeeper, tending to your needs and taking care of you and the dogs."

This time, she was willingly offering her help. She did not want to owe him too much. Besides cooking, she could not think of any other way to express her gratitude.

Joseph's face darkened. "Again? What am I? A pig?"

“I only know how to cook. Oh, and I can also help you translate Estrenian documents.”

“No need. We have a competent translator at Fairlight.”

“Ah...” Disappointment clouded her expression as she lowered her head.

“If you truly want to show your gratitude, there are many ways,” he stated.

“Tell me!” The words slipped out before she realized it. As she saw Joseph’s playful and nonchalant gaze gliding over her, Chloe instantly understood.

### Chapter 316 I Won’t Force You, Don’t Define Our Relationship

“No!” Chloe refused without hesitation.

Joseph’s expression twisted into a sneer. “Would you be willing to do it if it were Icarus?”

Deep furrows appeared on Chloe’s forehead as she glared at him. “Who gave you the audacity to make such assumptions about me?”

“And yet, isn’t that who you are?” Joseph retorted.

“Whatever. Suit yourself.”

Chloe’s frustration grew, causing her to avert her gaze and look out the window.

Sensing an implicit admission in her reaction, Joseph was consumed by anger. He abruptly stood up, creating a resounding slam as he stormed out of the room.

The footsteps outside gradually faded until they disappeared entirely.

Chloe curled up, hugging herself tightly. Her pale face bore an overwhelming sense of

bitterness.

After Joseph left, he did not appear again until she was discharged from the hospital.

In the blink of an eye, a month had passed. The caregiver who had been taking care of her accompanied her to Aesper and stayed at her house for two more days. Only when she saw that Chloe was moving around with ease did she finally feel at ease to leave.

Before leaving, the caregiver said, "Ms. Chloe, I hope you won't find this offensive. Mr. Joseph may seem cold, but he genuinely cares about your well-being. He calls every day to ask about your health."

Chloe froze. "Is that true?"

"Yes. He was the one who asked me to accompany you to Aesper. He instructed me to take good care of you. Today's my last day here, and I can tell that you both have feelings for each other, so I don't want to witness the continued misunderstandings between you two. As a woman, I understand that it's not easy for you either."

Chloe lowered her head and let out a long sigh. "I understand. I'll talk to him properly."

Not long after the caregiver left, an unexpected visitor arrived.

Jane, who had not been seen in a long time, somehow found her way there. She swaggered in and looked at the recently recovered Chloe, laughing provocatively. "I told you that you'd be kicked out once Xavia returned. And now Joseph doesn't want you anymore. Serves you right!"

Chloe remained unfazed, smiling slyly. "Joseph doesn't want me, but does he want you?"

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"Why you!"

"Please leave my house, or I will call the police."

She believed it was necessary to move out quickly. Her house was lacking security.

"Why are you so worked up? It's been some time since we last saw each other. Don't you wanna chat?"

"No, I don't want to," Chloe replied without any hesitation.

Jane sneered and said, "Xavia's pregnant."

Surprised, Chloe raised her gaze. "How do you know that?"

"That's none of your concern. Cherish the remaining time you have with Joseph," Jane

continued.

Chloe was struck by those words like a bolt of lightning, impaling her heart with an invisible blade and causing her body to tremble with anguish. Her mind went blank, and she stumbled, clutching the sofa as she sat down.

At that moment, she understood the truth of the saying, "There is no greater sorrow than a

heart that is dead."

She could not believe that Xavia had gotten pregnant after just one night... It must have been

more than just one night.

For the next two days, Chloe confined herself to her home, only making a phone call to Emily, while the rest of her time was spent in seclusion. On the third day, she had to go to the Grahams to discuss the progress of the project. She dragged herself out of bed, freshened up, and concealed her weary face with makeup.

As she stepped out of the house, Icarus was waiting outside in the car. It seemed to her that he had been there for quite some time.

"Wh-Why are you here?" she asked.

"I happened to glance at your office's monthly schedule and snapped a picture, thinking I could be your driver," Icarus said. He was impeccably dressed in a black shirt and the glimmer from his gold-rimmed glasses bestowed upon him an air of sophistication and competence.

Chloe wanted to smile at him, but she found even the simplest movement of curling her lips to be exhausting, so she gave up. Along the way, she noticed that the leaves outside the car window were showing signs of turning yellow. It seemed that Fall had arrived.

These past few days, Chloe had been thinking about how to resolve the relationship between her and Icarus. Summoning her strength, she said, “I need to discuss something with you.”

“Oh, isn’t that the endorsement you did for Exotic Star? It came out to the market pretty

20

quickly,” Icarus said, seemingly not to have heard her. He pointed to the billboards on the side of the road and praised, “Chloe, you look stunning.”

Chloe’s train of thought was interrupted and she followed his gaze. In the city center streets, there were Exotic Star billboards every fifty meters, featuring her in a black evening gown. Her slender neck was graced by a radiant diamond necklace, while an irresistible aura of grace, elegance, and enchanting allure surrounded her.

Chloe was momentarily stunned, never realizing she could be so beautiful. “The photo editor is truly skilled!” Witnessing this scene, she suddenly remembered that Noah had her a message, and she had not replied all this time.

payment

Chloe took out her phone and found the conversation with Noah, confirming that he had indeed informed her a few days ago about the ad going on the market and that the would be deposited into her account. At the end of his message, he expressed deep apologies, stating that on the day of the shoot, he should have arranged for someone to escort her back to Aesper.

It seemed that Noah had also become aware of Calvin’s act of imprisoning her.

Chloe did not reply immediately. Instead, she checked her bank account and found 30 million dollars had been added to it. Seeing this substantial sum of money, her mood finally improved

a bit.

In the end, one had to rely on oneself. If she had listened to Joseph and had not gone to the Docwood for the audition, she would have been left with nothing—neither money nor freedom.

“We’re here,” Icarus announced as he parked the car in front of Graham Group’s main building.

Chloe reached out to unfasten her seatbelt and said, “Thank you.”

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“You don’t have to thank me, Chloe. I hope you won’t rush to define our relationship. We can just be ordinary friends. You don’t need to put pressure on yourself, and I won’t force you either, all right?” Icarus said sincerely.

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Chapter 317 The Urge to Explain and Prove Himself

Her hand froze in mid-air.

“I’ve managed to secure an appointment with a renowned skin specialist in the country. In a few days, I’ll accompany you there, and I’ll do my utmost to ensure that your face remains unscarred.”

Icarus clenched his fist, comprehending Chloe’s intentions. She did not want to owe him anything.

It appeared that there were other significant guests present in Alexander’s office, so his secretary instructed Chloe to wait in the lounge for a while.

“All right,” Chloe said.

After approximately fifteen minutes, the door swung open, revealing Lucas’ face.

Chloe’s brows furrowed in confusion. “What are you doing here?”

‘So, the important guest that Mr. Alexander’s secretary mentioned is Joseph?’

“I’m here with Mr. Joseph. He’s discussing work matters with Mr. Alexander,” Lucas explained.

Chloe was rendered speechless. She felt as though Alexander had deliberately scheduled their appointments on the same day.

Lucas found himself in a predicament and appeared visibly distressed. “Ms. Chloe, could you please talk to Emily?”

“Huh?”

“She’s been bombarding me with text messages every day. I can’t focus on my work,” Lucas confessed.

“Why is she bombarding you with messages?”

Lucas looked embarrassed. “Emily claims that Mr. Joseph is a scumbag, a heartbreaker who is involved with two women simultaneously. Not only that, but he also has gotten Xavia pregnant...”

Chloe’s memory came rushing back as she recollected their phone conversation from a few days ago. Emily had detected a hint of unease in Chloe’s voice, prompting her to bring up Xavia’s pregnancy. Yet, Chloe never anticipated that Emily would go to such lengths.

“Perhaps there’s been a misunderstanding. I’m with Joseph every day, and I have no knowledge of such news,” Lucas’ voice faltered for a moment. “And it was you who deceived Mr. Joseph first...”

Placing her hand on her forehead, Chloe interjected, “Let’s not dwell on that. From now on,

Joseph and I will go our separate ways.”

Outside the lounge, Joseph and Alexander remained poised, yet to enter, when they were struck by the callousness of Chloe’s words.

Alexander was dumbfounded. He had kindly tried to create an opportunity for the quarreling couple to reconcile, but fate seemed to have played an unfortunate trick.

Joseph’s face was cold and gloomy, devoid of any warmth. He pushed open the door, striding purposefully toward Chloe. He leaned against the table in

front of her, exerting an overwhelming presence. “Did I agree for us to go our separate ways?”

Chloe felt an overwhelming sense of oppression and a tinge of fear. However, Jane’s words echoed in her mind, injecting her with a surge of courage. Straightening her posture, she retorted, “If I don’t step aside, do you expect me to disrupt your blissful family of three?”

“What did you say?” Joseph tightly gripped her shoulders, causing her pain. Her face contorted in discomfort, further deepening her sense of injustice. “Xavia’s pregnant. Don’t you intend to settle down and be a responsible father?”

Joseph’s heart skipped a beat. “Who told you that Xavia’s pregnant?”

“Jane did,” she replied.

“I’m aware that you aren’t the brightest individual, but it appears that I’ve greatly underestimated the extent of your naivety,” Joseph remarked with a touch of scorn in his voice. “How could you possibly believe Jane’s words? Has your mind been reduced to mush?”

“Huh? Are you saying Jane deceived me?” Chloe exclaimed, slowly grasping the truth.

“Of course,” he replied.

She remained skeptical. After all, she had already divorced and separated from Joseph. Was there any reason for Jane to lie to her?

Seeing Chloe’s doubtful expression, Joseph decided to call Xavia right then and there.

“Joe?”

On the other end of the line, Xavia’s voice sounded excited and happy.

“Are you pregnant?”

Chloe was stunned. She had not expected him to be so direct.

Unbeknownst to Chloe, the moment Joseph heard her declaration of going their separate ways, his years of cultivated rationality shattered

instantaneously. Driven by instinct, he felt an overwhelming urge to explain and prove himself.

After half a minute of silence, Xavia finally spoke. "I'm not."

Even if she were, it was not the right time to disclose it.

Joseph was not surprised by the answer as he knew that Xavia getting pregnant after a single encounter was highly unlikely. After ending the call, he fixed his gaze on Chloe, his eyes filled with intensity.

"Do you believe me now?" he asked.

"Fine, fine. This time is my fault," Chloe conceded.

'But even if she's not pregnant, it doesn't change the fact that you slept with her,' she thought.

"Why did you come in?" Joseph turned to look at Lucas and asked, his gaze penetrating.

Lucas, feeling a slight shiver run down his spine, stammered, "Sir, I entered to check if Ms. Chloe needed anything. I was worried that she was thirsty or hungry..."

Joseph raised an eyebrow, recognizing Lucas' growing perceptiveness.

"I need you to come back with me to the family home today. Grandpa wants to see us," Joseph said.

"Today?"

"Yes." He glanced at Alexander. "Wrap up the discussion quickly. We need to go home early today."

With that, Joseph found a seat and settled down. Meanwhile, Alexander wiped the sweat off his forehead, feeling the immense pressure of being under Joseph's scrutiny. He had the sensation of being watched by a hawk.

Chloe, on the other hand, remained unfazed. During her time with Fairlight, she had often presented entire plans in front of Joseph.

Twenty minutes later, the discussion concluded.

As Alexander hurriedly departed, Chloe could not help but sigh at the challenges he faced. She realized he was likely rushing to the next meeting location, burdened with the responsibilities of a busy general manager.

In contrast, Adam was unreliable, always chasing after women. He embodied the perfect epitome of what people referred to as a parasite.

The two returned to the family home, and Chloe's face brightened with a sweet smile upon seeing Harold seated in the main position. She immediately went over to him and greeted him, "Grandpa."

However, Harold looked at her sternly and said in a serious tone, "I know that you and that rascal have been hiding things from me."

### Chapter 318 Your Wife Is Leaving You, Do Something!

Chloe's expression momentarily froze. She then plastered on a smile as she attempted to deceive her way out of the situation. "Grandpa, what are you talking about?"

"Stop pretending!" Harold huffed, his mustache twitching with anger. "Do you think just because I'm old that you can conspire with that punk to deceive me?"

He had long pondered over how Joseph managed to find a wife who was not only well-mannered but also remarkably beautiful. He had contemplated various explanations, but he never anticipated that they would go to the extent of orchestrating a sham marriage to deceive

him.

Chloe stumbled over her words, bewildered by how she had unintentionally revealed herself when things were going smoothly.

Observing her silence, Harold grew increasingly agitated and directed his anger toward Joseph, who sat calmly beside him. "You're about to lose your wife. Do something instead of sitting there idly!"

Joseph reclined comfortably on the sofa, crossing his long and slender legs. His hand rested on his forehead, while the other casually rested on the armrest. Radiating an aura of a distinguished gentleman, he coolly said, "It was fake at the beginning, but it became real afterward."

Harold's aged eyes widened in anticipation as he looked at Chloe. "Is that true?"

It was a contractual marriage, yet it was not entirely based on a contract.

"Yes, it's true, Grandpa."

Harold patted his chest, his anger subsiding slightly. "You two should've mentioned that earlier. I thought that this punk would end up—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Chloe interjected, "But we've broken up now."

Harold felt as if he could not catch his breath as he suppressed his anger as much as possible. He could not afford to get angry. They needed to resolve this matter now.

He would never let his amazing granddaughter-in-law slip away.

Chloe stared intently at Harold's reaction. God knew how much courage she had to muster to confess all this. She was worried that he might pass out like last time.

"Tell me everything else you've deceived me about. Everything," Harold demanded.

Chloe turned her gaze toward the composed man beside her and innocently shook her head. "That's the only one I'm aware of, but I don't know if he's hiding anything."

Harold's face brightened with realization as he anxiously slapped his thigh. "Did you two

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break up because of him?"

Joseph's gaze shifted to Chloe, who was trying to shift the blame to him. His thin lips pursed lightly as he corrected, "We both bear responsibility."

Chloe sneered inwardly. 'Yeah, yeah, yeah. All you did was just fall into the same trap that men all over the world have fallen into, and I am the one who committed an unforgivable sin that brought an end to this relationship.'

Harold's brows furrowed deeply as his gaze flickered between the two. "Chloe, go upstairs and rest. I want to have a few words with this scoundrel."

Chloe nodded, her mind racing with curiosity about who had revealed their secret to Harold. After all, only a handful of people knew about their contractual marriage, and not many had the opportunity to speak with Harold.

She pursed her lips and raised her eyes, locking her gaze with Patrick.

Patrick immediately expressed his loyalty and waved his hands.

That's right. If Patrick wanted to expose them, he could have done it a long time ago. Why wait until now?

Chloe returned to her room to rest, and it did not take long for Harold's resounding shouts to reach her ears from downstairs. After ten minutes, Harold seemed to have calmed down. Chloe cautiously opened the door a slit and peered out.

Joseph held an exquisite blue and white porcelain teacup, taking a sip of tea with a nonchalant attitude about him. He was engaged in a seemingly casual conversation with Harold, and Harold, rare as it was, appeared to be listening attentively, occasionally nodding in agreement.

It seemed as though Joseph was the wise elder, the one coming up with ideas, while Harold was the younger who would shout and panic at the slightest sign of trouble.

Chloe listened for a while but did not hear anything significant, so she closed the door.

After another five minutes, Patrick knocked on the door and called for Chloe to come downstairs, telling her that Harold wanted to discuss something with her.

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 319 All the Whitmans Are Great Actors

Harold was downstairs, sitting upright, feeling somewhat out of his element when it came to dealing with the romantic issues of the younger generation.

Chloe lowered her gaze and softly replied, "Yes, Grandpa?"

"Don't worry. I assure you that Xavia will never appear in front of you again. You and Joseph should focus on living your lives well," Harold assured her.

She widened her eyes in surprise. "Grandpa..."

Having been a soldier all his life, Harold's face had been weathered by the sun, darkened to a deep tan. Being looked at like this, he blushed uncomfortably as he continued, "That's settled then. The cat of a comrade of mine gave birth at home, so I need to go and take a look. Goodbye."

Despite it being an accident, it was undeniable that Joseph had made a mistake, leaving Harold in the awkward position of having to come to his defense. The level of embarrassment he felt at that moment was unparalleled by whatever else had happened in his entire life.

Chloe called out to him, "Grandpa, I'm grateful that you stand firmly on my side, but Joseph and I can't go back to how things were."

"No! Don't say that. My heart can't take it, and I might faint!" Harold exclaimed.

Chloe, well aware of Harold's temperament as well as Joseph's, turned pale with fear and dared not say another word.

"Chloe, I genuinely hope that you will continue to be my daughter-in-law. Since you entered this scoundrel's life, he has undergone a remarkable transformation. He now knows how to laugh and to get angry. He has even become more vibrant and lively. He's no longer the cold and distant person he used to be."

People always thought that being born into a prestigious family was wonderful, but they did not know the burden that came with it. It might seem like Joseph was only focused on Fairlight, but in reality, the entire Whitmans relied on him to thrive.

"Now, let me be clear. I don't like Xavia. I suspect that this so-called accident involving Joseph was most likely her scheming once again. As long as I'm alive, she'll never set foot inside the Whitman estate. With me as your support, you have nothing to fear.

“And if this scoundrel hurts you again, you don’t have to say anything. I’ll let you go,” Harold

added.

Chloe’s heart was filled with a mix of emotions, and she could not help but feel a twinge of sympathy for Joseph. Behind his seemingly glamorous facade lay the untold hardships that nobody knew about. Furthermore, she had no idea that Harold held her in such high regard.

She pressed her lips together, neither accepting or rejecting his proposal. Instead, she tactfully changed the subject. “May I ask you something?”

“Go ahead,” he replied.

“Who told you about our contract marriage?” she asked.

“Jonathan told me. He said his ex-girlfriend knows you,” he answered.

A cloud of suspicion crept over Chloe’s brow.

‘Jonathan’s ex-girlfriend? Ava?’

From a logical standpoint, there was no way she could have been aware of her contract marriage with Joseph unless someone had informed her. Almost involuntarily, she recalled the encounter with Icarus when she and Joseph were just about to enter City Hall. In hindsight, attributing it to mere coincidence seemed too far-fetched. It appeared more likely that someone had informed him.

‘No wonder Joseph had misunderstood...’

Deep in thought, Chloe pondered for a while before sending a message to Icarus.

[On the day of my divorce with Joseph, were you near City Hall for any specific reason?]

It might take some time for Icarus to respond to her message, so she decided to wait. As she headed upstairs to the restroom, Chloe passed by the study and caught the rhythmic sound of keystrokes emanating from within. It seemed like Joseph was replying to emails again.

At that very moment, Patrick happened to be carrying a tray of fruits and tea. Spotting Chloe, he contemplated handing her the items. “Ms. Chloe, why don’t you take these inside?”

“No, you should handle it,” she promptly declined.

She had no intention of continuing to serve Joseph. Though she felt a sliver of sympathy for him earlier, her own well-being took precedence.

Faced with a sense of helplessness, Patrick opted not to insist and placed his hand on his waist, feigning discomfort. “Ms. Chloe, I’ve pulled my back. The pain makes it difficult to walk, so…”

“Fine, I’ll help you,” Chloe agreed, swiftly taking hold of the tea tray. “Go apply some medicated patches. If the pain becomes unbearable, consider taking a break and going to the hospital with Grandpa. As one grows older, it’s crucial not to delay tending to one’s health. You should never take your body for granted.”

“You’re right, Ms. Chloe. I’ll be leaving then.” Patrick turned around and left. Although his gait lacked a sprightly bounce, there was no indication of a back injury. He could certainly be

described as strong for his age.

Chloe’s lips twitched. It seemed to her that everyone in the Whitmans, be they an adult or a child, were great actors. Not only was Harold adept at deceiving others, but even his entourage. was no less impressive.

Feeling resigned to the situation, Chloe freed up one hand and rapped gently on the door.

“Come in,” came Joseph’s cool and languid voice from inside, a voice that was pleasing and magnetic to the ears.

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 320 A Foreboding Sense of Dread.

Chloe gently pushed open the door and entered the study. Joseph remained with his back turned, his gaze fixed on the computer screen. His handsome

face was dark and brooding, fueled by his intense frustration over the Whitman Group's recent months of losses. He had an irresistible urge to grab Jonathan and give him a good beating.

He picked up his phone and called Jonathan, his voice carrying an obvious tone of frustration. "Terminate all the projects you invested in last quarter immediately. Also, I want you to voluntarily step down from the board of directors. Focus on your role as the administrative director and refrain from meddling in any senior-level projects."

Chloe's heart skipped a beat. She could not help but wonder just how much damage Jonathan had caused the Whitman Group to provoke such anger from someone as influential and formidable as Joseph. The extent of the losses must have been significant for Joseph to be seething with such frustration.

"No! You can't do this to me, Joe! As a Whitman, it's only natural for me to be on the board unless Grandpa says otherwise!" Jonathan protested.

Joseph sneered, "Just wait for the notice."

Without waiting for Jonathan to spew any more nonsense, Joseph promptly ended the call, unwilling to listen to any further explanation from the other end. After all the talking, he felt a bit thirsty and turned around to reach for a glass of water on the coffee table.

Chloe noticed his action and handed it to him.

He looked up, and their gaze met.

Chloe stood there, radiating with beauty. She donned a knee-length dress in a serene shade of sky blue, enhancing her appearance with a subtle touch of makeup. Her delicate features exuded an aura of grace, gentleness, and refinement, captivating all those who laid eyes upon.

her.

She met Joseph's deep, enigmatic gaze, her eyes shimmering. "Patrick hurt his back, so he told me to bring this to you."

"Did Grandpa say anything to you?" he asked.

“No... He didn’t say anything.”

“Hmm? Really?” Joseph raised his eyebrows.

“Grandpa told me to live my own life, and that I shouldn’t care about how others think of me.”

She chose not to tell Joseph everything that Harold told her.

Joseph furrowed his brow slightly and said, “Don’t listen to him.”

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Chloe refused to back down. “Then I guess I shouldn’t listen to you either.”

A malicious smirk tugged at Joseph’s thin lips. “Well, let’s see.”

“What do you really want?” Chloe stared at him incredulously.

“Nothing. Since Grandpa loves you so much, you should stay and continue to be his granddaughter-in-law.”

Joseph believed he had made his intentions clear and had given her enough reputation. He had made numerous concessions on her behalf. This was her final opportunity, and if she failed to seize it, the consequences would be solely her responsibility.

Chloe could not believe what she had heard as she stared at him. “Am I some kind of object? Just because Grandpa likes me, I’m supposed to stay and be your wife? Joseph, you have a lot of nerve!”

“Watch your words when you’re talking to me!” Joseph rose to his feet, his thin lips pressed into a straight line, his countenance cold and merciless.

Chloe immediately covered her mouth, realizing her mistake. This was his territory, and she should not have been so reckless.

Joseph moved closer to her, his tone dripping with condescension. “Isn’t it beneficial to be my wife? Here, you can have everything at your fingertips. Endless wealth, glory, and others can only dream of. Aren’t these the very things women desire the most?”

power that

“Yes! It’s true that women, and not just women, but people all over the world, are drawn to such a lifestyle. But if life lacks love and is only filled with materialism, I’d rather remain in poverty forever!”

She had experienced that feeling of being needed without being loved when she was with the Johnsons and refused to go through it again.

Chloe’s words landed like a heavy blow on Joseph, piercing deep into his heart and causing an intense ache. The realization that she did not love him stirred a tumult of emotions within him. Did this mean that her affections belonged to Icarus instead?

Joseph’s penetrating gaze fixed upon the woman standing inches away, his eyes carrying hidden anguish. He briefly closed his eyes, erasing any trace of lingering tenderness he had for her. When his eyes reopened, his demeanor turned cold and merciless.

“You’ll come to regret your decision.”

An unexplainable chill raced down Chloe’s spine, accompanied by a foreboding sense of dread in her stomach.

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

**Score 9.5**