

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

### **Chapter 321**

#### Chapter 321 Begging Is Devoid of Dignity

Harold prohibited Chloe from going home tonight and arranged for her to have her own room so that she was not forced to stay with Joseph.

She hid in the room. After gaining Harold's approval, she felt much more relaxed. She had not brought the laptop from her office with her, so she could only scroll through her phone to relieve her boredom.

At that moment, Icarus replied to her message.

[I was playing golf with my friends nearby that day. When I was just heading home when I bumped into you.]

Chloe opened the map application on her phone and searched the area around City Hall. True enough, there was a golf course nearby. She felt quite embarrassed to have thought badly of

him.

Icarus texted her again. It was a link to an article.

[Chloe, I know that you'll see this sooner or later, so I thought it'd be best to tell you earlier. There's no need to get upset because of me or these Internet trolls.]

She clicked on the link and saw that someone had secretly taken photographs of Icarus giving her a ride to the Graham Group this morning. The advertisements she did for Exotic Star had been released, so she had gained slight fame. That was the reason why these paparazzi targeted her.

The photograph captured the scar around Icarus' chin. It was laid bare under the sunlight, so it appeared pretty hideous. The netizens did not make very friendly comments about Icarus.

[Hahaha! Are they the beauty and the beast?!]

[Being honest, he's rather handsome if not for that scar. You losers have no right to laugh at him. Show me your photographs if you dare.]

[I can't figure out why beautiful ladies nowadays have such vulgar taste.]

Chloe clutched her phone and trembled in fury. She then typed a comment to retort to the negative comments, but after a pause, deleted it and rewrote it. Noah had told her that she needed to keep a good image for the three years that she was Exotic Star's ambassador or she would be violating the rules of the contract.

She tried her best to keep her composure and commented that Icarus' face was scarred when he had saved her. She even added something else at the end.

[Scars are powerful armor. It's the twenty-first century. We can't have such a limited concept of beauty.]

The

person involved stepped forward to retort to the negative comments, and the article gained even more traction.

[Hey, you're so cool!]

[Yes, I agree with you. My husband is a firefighter, and his face was burned in the line of duty. But I don't find him ugly. On the contrary, it's a badge of honor.]

Joseph read Chloe's reply and chuckled. The cigarette between his fingers was burning away. He recited word for word, "Scars are powerful armor. Hmph!"

He wanted to see how powerful it was.

The next day, Chloe was woken up by Jake's repeated calls. Still dazed, she picked up, but after Jake spoke, her sleepiness was instantly dispelled. "The foundation Icarus set up abroad was forced to shut down?"

"Yeah, Uncle Icarus put all his assets into this foundation. It's all because of Joseph. No one else would do this, and no one else has such power either. Chloe, you have to stay away from this villain."

Jake had called Chloe to advise her, not expecting that Chloe was at the Whitman family home right at that moment.

Chloe walked to the study and braced herself to ask, “Joseph, are you in there?”

Chloe and Joseph were separated only by a door.

Joseph was standing beside the window. Heavy sarcasm etched into his handsome face.” Hmph! So eager to beg for your lover after you’ve just woken up huh? This sort of relationship makes people envious. And I gave you so many chances. I was indeed a fool.’

Chloe waited for a long time outside and really thought that Joseph was not in the study. When she was about to go back to her room, the door opened. Joseph was wearing dark blue home. clothing. A tinge of blue could be seen under his deep-set and bewitching eyes. There was chill and distance in them.

When Chloe saw his heavy dark circles, she subconsciously wanted to grab some ice cubes to help soothe them. But on second thought, she felt that she did not have to worry about him at all. He had probably stayed up all night doing villainous deeds instead of sleeping. Otherwise, how could Icarus’ foundation be ruined in just one night

Joseph deserved what he got.

“What is it?” Joseph glanced at her expressionlessly.

“I wanted to ask you about Icarus’ foundation-”

However, he interrupted her as he leaned half of his body against the bookshelves. “Yes, I did it. Are you here to beg for mercy on his behalf?”

Stupefaction engulfed her and she sounded disappointed. “There’s no conflict of interest between you two. Why did you do such a thing?”

“I simply find him an eyesore.”

She became helpless. “Can you please let Icarus go?”

“So, are you begging for mercy for him?”

“Yes.”

Her firm attitude nearly sent Joseph into a great rage. He clenched his fists tightly but he remained composed on the surface. “Do you remember what I said? You know what you have to do.”

Chloe’s eyelashes fluttered slightly. ‘Icarus’ face is already ruined because of me. He can’t lose his business too.’ She suppressed her shamelessness as her face turned white.

“Fine, I agree.”

After all, it would not be her first time. Sleeping with him again was not too big of a deal.

The veins on the back of Joseph’s hand bulged. She was willing to sink so low just to help. Icarus. ‘Chloe, oh, Chloe! I’ll grant your wish if that’s the case.’

He pushed everything on the desk to the floor and stood at the side. He commanded cruelly,

“Lay here. We’ll do it right here.”

Chloe’s legs trembled. “In the study...”

“Begging is devoid of dignity.” Joseph sneered as he waited for her next move, looking calm.

## Chapter 322 Behave Well in the Sullivan Family

As she looked at him, Chloe’s gaze filled with bewilderment before turning to shame and fury. She finally fell into deathly stillness. In mere seconds, she had lost all hope.

Like a robot, she lay on the cold desk. Her fair and slim legs exposed themselves from under her silk pajamas. At the same time, her petite face was full of misery. Even so, she appeared extremely beautiful and bewitching. It was a kind of charm that came from extreme despair.

Seeing her in that state, Joseph could not withhold his deep envy. He covered her from above and vigorously marked her body as his sole belonging. Men were born sensitive in this aspect.

After a round, he pinched her soft cheeks. "Isn't this your first time?"

Chloe stopped breathing. She blinked and stared at him with her watery eyes. It was as if she had heard the most ridiculous joke in the world. "Can't you tell if this is my first time or not?"

That action became a direct provocation in Joseph's eyes. He fumed with anger. His final tinge of rationality left him as he engaged her in violent love-making. His demonic and hoarse voice accompanied his rough and violent moves.

"Who did you lose your virginity to?"

"What else did you lie about to my face?"

"Did you lose your virginity to Icarus or Jake?"

"Were you this slutty when you were in their beds?"

All his words were harsh and fierce, sending a surge of humiliation through Chloe. Helpless, she endured his wrath, cursing him, "You bastard!"

"Why does he want to humiliate me so? When we were together, I never wronged him."

Joseph kissed her frantically. Their tongues intertwined with each other. He acted as if he wanted to grind her into his bones.

He finally stopped after an unknown period. Looking down at the pale woman underneath him, he could see her scarlet, blood-stained lips. The desk was a mess, a hard sight to bear.

With her eyes closed, Chloe asked weakly, "Are you done?"

Joseph was about to say something when her eyes opened, filled with iciness and hatred. His heart skipped a beat, excruciating pain shooting through it.

He put a hand around her neck "You hate me? I bet you wouldn't hate it if I were Icarus."

She smacked his hand away, her eyes bloodshot. “Yes, I hate you! Any other questions for me?”

Joseph’s eyes narrowed before he let go of her. “Get out.”

Chloe struggled to get down from the desk. She picked up her clothes scattered across the floor before putting them on. Before she left, she reminded him, “Don’t forget about Icarus’ foundation.”

She opened the door and left, crossing paths with Harold, who was going upstairs. When he saw the state she was in, he immediately knew what had happened.

His fury deepened as he rushed into the study to berate Joseph. Fuming angrily, he lifted his walking stick and hit Joseph with it. “Look at what you’ve done! I asked you to get along with Chloe, not bully her!”

Joseph raised his hands to block the blows. His slender and long eyelashes hid the gloominess in his gaze, but he did not argue with Harold. He hurried downstairs and speedily drove away.

In Sullivan Fort in Docwood, Calvin and Ava were in the relaxed zone of the garden, waiting.

Ava looked at the spacious castle with brightened eyes. “Godpa, is this the Sullivan family’s residence, the founders of Exotic Star?”

“That’s right. Behave yourself when Mr. Desmond gets here later.” Calvin looked at Ava with worry in his eyes.

Noah had said that he could bring Ava here today. His company was in a crisis, and he could not resolve the problems with his efforts alone. He had a good relationship with Exotic Star, and Noah had agreed to help, but they still needed to gain Desmond’s approval before anything. If Desmond’s first impression of Ava was good, Calvin could expose her identity. If not, she would have to go back and polish herself.

After all, Ava’s current reputation was not sparkling. If she were to reunite with the Sullivan family in the future, she would surely be in the limelight..

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**Score 9.5**

## Chapter 323 Noah Wants to Protect Chloe

“I will.”

Ava started to scheme. At first, she had not understood why Calvin had brought her here. But now, she began to see the whole picture.

Although Noah was a few years younger than her, they were about the same age. Other than pairing her off with Noah, what other reason could there be? Benjamin had done the same thing in the past. When two different parties came together to discuss business, they would bring their children along. If their children fell in love with each other, they could have a business marriage.

Ava recalled Noah’s youthful and charming face. Although he was not her cup of tea, he was indeed handsome, and he had Exotic Star. She found him acceptable.

“Mr. Desmond!” When Calvin saw the old man, he immediately went forward to support him.

Desmond Sullivan was a man in his seventies, donning casual sports attire. His hair was white, but his body was still healthy and strong. He looked like a kind old man one met at the door of a neighborhood.

Noah stepped to the side and let the two of them talk.

“Well, you just made it worse. Why did you ruin your company like this for no reason?” Desmond criticized Calvin.

“You’re right. I shouldn’t have let my emotions get the better of me.” He pointed at Ava. “Mr. Desmond, this is my goddaughter.”

Ava stood up and obediently smiled at Desmond. “Mr. Desmond, my name is Ava. You look so young that I thought you were only in your sixties.”

Desmond sized her up and commented lightly, “You’ve got a pretty sweet mouth.”

Noah and Calvin looked at each other before the former shook his head slightly. Desmond did not recognize Ava, and he did not have a very good impression of her.

Desmond then picked up a white jade teacup and used the cup lid to remove the floating tea leaves before he said slowly, "I watched you grow up, and will thus help with your company's affairs. You're getting up there in age now so stop acting impulsively."

However, he was uninterested as to what caused the ruin of Calvin's company.

Deep shame engulfed Calvin. Though he knew that Joseph was young, he had not expected Joseph to have such a bad temper.

After chatting a bit, Desmond retreated to rest. Noah then chatted with Calvin.

Ava could not find any chance to chime in after biding her time by the side. She felt that it was

because Noah was young and was still in university that caused him to be shy.

She then took the initiative to say, "Let's exchange numbers."

Noah raised his brows but he agreed to it because of Calvin.

Ava now confirmed to herself that he was shy. She then mischievously winked at him. "I just

got here, so I'm not very familiar with Docwood. Can you be my tour guide and take me

around the city?"

Stupefaction got the better of him before his face was overcome by an indescribable expression. "I'm sorry. I don't have the time."

"Huh?"

After catching his gaze, she cracked a teasing smile. 'Is he still shy? What a dork!'



“Uncle Calvin, please come with me.” Noah ignored Ava and addressed Calvin instead.

Calvin was unaware of Ava’s scheme. He just treated it like she was being friendly and loved to make friends.

“Ava, wait here. I’m going to talk to Noah for a bit.”

Ava nodded obediently. Though she had lost Jonathan she was satisfied with having Noah. She would teach Chloe a hard lesson for how Joseph humiliated her.

Under the tree shade, the mottled shadow of the leaves fell on Noah’s fair face. But it made his face gloomier, which was vastly different from his usual gentle and naive look.

Calvin was baffled. “What’s wrong?”

“Chloe is the new ambassador of Exotic Star. You can’t touch her.”

“Are you protecting her?”

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 324 Grandfather and Grandson Unite

“If something happens to her, all of Exotic Star’s adverts have to be canceled. Who will be responsible for these losses? What’s more, you did something to her in the hotel. Did you ever stop to think about how it could’ve affected Exotic Star? Will Grandpa help you if he learns about this inside story?”

Calvin put on a cold front. “It’s because Mr. Desmond doesn’t know how Joseph treated his granddaughter.”

“Then you should have gone to Joseph.”

“I can’t afford to offend the Whitman family, can I?”

“Just stop.” Noah glanced at Ava and said slowly, “It takes two hands to clap. And I think that Luciana would never have given birth to such a troublemaker. Are you sure you didn’t make a mistake?”

Ava did not even resemble Luciana. In comparison, Chloe looked a lot more like Luciana. Or perhaps...Calvin had been misled by their ages and ignored the most crucial thing. 1

“Watch your tongue. What do you mean she’s a troublemaker? Ava was never afforded much. love during her childhood. We should protect her and take good care of her. I believe she’ll gain Mr. Desmond’s approval and favor.”

However, Noah ignored him and revealed a meaningful smile.

‘Making my own investigations is much more reliable.’ i

Chloe stayed in the bathroom for two hours, scrubbing herself clean before coming out. Also, some stains could not be washed away. She could only put up her collar to cover herself.

Harold had been waiting for her in the living room.

Chloe averted her gaze before whispering, “Grandpa...”

Harold responded lightly before asking her to take a seat. “Chloe, be frank with me. Do you have another lover?”

“No, it’s Joseph who has another lover.” She became agitated upon mentioning this and

clenched her fists.

Harold behaved like a lion protecting its cub as he gently patted Chloe’s back. “I know you’ve suffered a grievance, but can you give that bastard a chance? It wasn’t easy for you two to get together.”

“Grandpa, Xavia isn’t the only obstacle between him and me. I have a problem too. It isn’t that easy to resolve...”

1/3

“So just give each other a chance.”

“It’s over between us now. Joseph...doesn’t like me. If I keep getting entangled with him, it’ll be irresponsible for both of us. He slept with Xavia, so he should be responsible for her.”

“Chloe...”

“Grandpa, it’s fine. After all, Joseph wouldn’t have slept with Xavia if he cared about me. I understand your kindness.”

“I will never let Xavia be a part of the Whitman family.”

Chloe’s attitude was firm, but Harold’s was firmer.

Melancholy flashed across her face. But since things had turned out this way, it was not something she should be worried about. She stood up and gave him a firm bow. “Thank you. for your concern toward me during this time. I’ll be leaving now.”

Chloe turned around and left. She went to her room to change her clothes before hailing a cab to return to Aesper.

After a few hours, Joseph had calmed himself. When he came home and saw the vacant bedroom, he inevitably frowned. “Where’s Chloe?”

Patrick walked over and stated, “After you went out, she had a chat with Mr. Harold before she returned to Asper on her own.”

His handsome face was filled with gloominess. ‘Is she that impatient to go home and see Icarus? He’s indeed her good lover.”

“By the way, Mr. Harold asked you to go to him after you come home.”

“I don’t want to.” Joseph was irate. “I have something to do at Fairlight.”

Patrick smiled. “Sir, you’d better go and see him. Maybe he’ll suggest some ideas to you.”

Joseph stopped in his tracks. “What?”

“Both Mr. Harold and you like Ms. Chloe. As for Ms. Xavia, you can get her the best medical team or just throw some money at her if you don’t like her. There are many ways to compensate her. You have the right to choose...”

Patrick changed the topic and adopted a mysterious tone. "If you and Mr. Harold are on the same side, I'm sure you can coax her."

Both of them wanted to coax Chloe and pull her to their side so that she would belong to the Whitman family. They were two cunning and experienced men facing a naive young woman. If they spent a little time and effort on it, victory would surely be on their side.

As for whether Joseph wanted that or not, it depended on how much he valued Chloe.

"You're right, Patrick. And you, you scoundrel. I guarantee that you'll get the beauty if you hurry up and work with me."

Harold walked in from the back garden, unknown how much of the conversation he had overheard, and proceeded to arrogantly command his grandson.

Joseph's fierceness subsided a little, though his face was still devoid of much expression. "You think I want a woman who always lies to me?"

"That's enough! I don't want to listen to these fucking words anymore!"

"You don't have to worry about my business."

Harold flew into a great rage. Hands to his mouth, he fell backward, skillfully falling onto the top of the carpet.

Patrick appeared shocked on the surface but was not in a hurry to act. "We should rush Mr. Harold to the hospital." He turned to Joseph and suggested, "Why don't you inform Ms. Chloe about this? Mr. Harold really likes her. Maybe he'll get better after seeing her when he wakes. up."

## Chapter 325 Wish You Luck in Finding a Lover

Joseph's long eyelashes kept the gloomy glint in his dark eyes hidden. At the same time, his voice was extremely cold. "She isn't worth me going through so much trouble."

'Her body is filthy. I won't allow her to come back unless she begs me. I won't be so forgiving toward her as I was to her before, let alone make her the madam of the Whitman family.'

Harold, who was lying on the floor, was overcome by anger. Holding his heart, his expression turned unpleasant before he fainted for real.

He blacked out because of his fury.

When Chloe got home, she was physically and mentally exhausted. She fell asleep and only woke up at dawn the next day.

She glanced through her schedule and saw that she had promised to accompany Icarus to go and see a doctor for his scar that day. She scheduled the appointment for the afternoon and then texted Icarus to remind him about it. That way, he would not forget about the appointment.

Chloe was not that busy that morning, so she had a meeting with her employees to discuss their salary raise. At three o'clock in the afternoon, she went to the hospital with Icarus.

"By the way, how has work been lately?" She pretended to raise the question casually.

Icarus looked taken aback, his gaze gloomy under his gold-rimmed glasses, but it disappeared as soon as it appeared. "It's fine. I ran into some issues but they're resolved now."

She nodded. It seemed like he did not know it was all Joseph was doing. Perhaps it was for the

better.

The elderly doctor in glasses read Icarus' skin report before stating, "It's not very serious. We can make the scar less visible, but it'll be very difficult if you want to get rid of it completely."

"How long will it take?"

"I can't put down a definite timeline. It depends on the patient's level of cooperation."

Chloe nodded. "Okay, we'll do our best."

She then picked up a packet of ointment from the dispensary and handed it to Icarus. "The instructions for the ointment are clearly stated on the boxes. Make sure to apply them on time every day."

Laughter escaped Icarus. "Scars will slowly fade with time."

1/7

"That's true but at least this aids the process. If not, we can try lasers. But we can't eliminate it fully, so let's use the easier treatment first."

Icarus nodded, determined to not make her efforts go to waste regardless of whether they were effective or not.

They walked out of the hospital side-by-side when a woman in a sunhat and sunglasses suddenly ran into Chloe.

"Are you blind? Why didn't you step aside when you saw me coming in?"

The woman immediately started complaining though she was the one in the wrong. As she scolded Chloe angrily, displeasure dawned on Icarus' face.

"You were the one who knocked into her. What nonsense!"

"Are you standing up for her? Are you her lover?"

When Chloe heard the familiar voice, she smacked away the finger that was almost poking at her face. "Jane, are you stalking me?"

Since she had been recognized so quickly, Jane took off her sunglasses and stopped pretending. She cracked a sneer before shooting Icarus a sidelong glance. "Is he your new lover?"

"Why? Are you lonely? Do you want me to recommend a few to you?"

"No, thank you. I can get whichever men I want."

"All right, I wish you luck in finding a lover!"

Chloe's composure infuriated Jane, and her neck flushed from fury. "Why are you so smug? Joseph dumped you just like he did me.

"Hmph! I believe he never dumped you as you two were never together."

Jane was at a loss for words. She yearned to teach Chloe a hard lesson but was afraid of Icarus, who was tall and sturdily built. Besides, she had not brought along any bodyguards today, so she did not dare to slap Chloe.

After glaring at Chloe, Jane turned around to leave, but Chloe grabbed her and coldly asked, "Where did you get the news that Xavia is pregnant?"

"I have no obligation to answer your question."

"Oh, so she's not. You just came to me to find a sense of existence."

Under stimulation, Jane's bad temper was easily triggered. She laughed in mockery. "Don't flatter yourself. I saw Xavia heading into the OB-GYN department at Cloude Hospital."

Jane had spent a few months abroad when she got a skin allergy. When the plane touched

717

down at Cloude City, she went to see a doctor for her condition and spotted Xavia going into

the obstetrics and gynecology department alone. After using some tricks, she got a hold of Xavia's medical field.

Chloe became flabbergasted before she admonished, "Going to the OB-GYN doesn't necessarily mean that she's pregnant."

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 326 She Had Upset Grandpa Once Again

Jane haughtily lifted her chin and declared, "Someone as insignificant as you wouldn't understand. I know the vice president of Cloude Hospital. Of course, I can find out about something like this."

Based on Jane's demeanor, it seemed unlikely that she was lying. However, if they were to assume it was true, there were numerous unexplainable aspects such as why would Xavia have kept this information hidden from Joseph. Considering her current physical condition, pregnancy entailed significant

risks. Also, why had she chosen to go to Cloude City? There weren't many tourist attractions in that small town.

At that very moment, a young couple strolled past them.

"I've already told you. I can't get an abortion if I'm already six months pregnant. Are you trying to avoid paying the dowry?" the girl exclaimed.

"No, sweetheart. We will get married eventually, I promise I'll earn enough to pay the dowry

in the future.

"

As Chloe observed the young couple as they slowly disappeared from sight. A momentary spark of inspiration ignited within her, though it slipped away before she could fully seize it. Beside her, Icarus, who had been silent, revealed a fleeting glimmer of curiosity in his eyes.

On their way back, Chloe received an urgent call from an employee, informing her about a problem at the project site. It appeared that the safety measures had not been properly implemented, resulting in someone falling from an upper floor.

Without hesitation, Chloe hurried to the scene to address the situation. Thankfully, the injuries were not severe, and the patient's condition stabilized. It was crucial for the injured to rest and take proper care of their body for a complete recovery.

After offering solace to the workers, providing appropriate compensation, and resolving a multitude of issues, the night had already grown late. The ongoing project, originally initiated by Benjamin in the tourism industry, had a deadline set for completion in the following

month.

Chloe reached into the refrigerator and grabbed a bottle of cola, savoring the refreshing taste of the cool carbonated water that provided a much-needed respite from her fatigue. She switched on the television, sinking into the sofa, relishing the leisurely moments after a long day at work. Suddenly, her attention was caught by a news report.



“Could you please provide an update on Mr. Harold’s health condition? It’s been two days since he was hospitalized. Can you share any information on whether his condition has improved or worsened?”

The hospital director, clad in a white coat, politely declined the interview, stating, “As

healthcare professionals, we’re bound by doctor-patient confidentiality and can’t disclose any details.”

Disappointed reporters had congregated near the entrance of the hospital, with some even broadcasting live from the scene. The news anchor continued, “The elderly Mr. Harold remains in critical condition. It seems that a major upheaval is on the horizon for the Whitman family.”

Chloe’s hand, clutching the cola, trembled uncontrollably. The voices emanating from the TV became merely a cacophony of noise as her mind was consumed by the news she had just received. Today marked the second day of Mr. Harold’s hospitalization, indicating that he was admitted shortly after she left yesterday.

A surge of guilt washed over her, causing her throat to tighten as if filled with cotton. She blamed herself, ‘I upset Grandpa again.’”

Having endured a sleepless night, Chloe sat anxiously on the sofa, awaiting the break of dawn. After much contemplation, she mustered the courage to send a message to Jonathan, seeking vital information. [I need to know the ward where Grandpa is admitted. I want to visit him.]

Knowing that the hospital staff would be reluctant to disclose such details to her, and unwilling to seek Joseph’s assistance, she had to explore other avenues.

Jonathan, aware of the strained relationship between Joseph and Chloe, responded with a biting retort, [I’m not telling you anything. If you’re brave enough, ask my cousin to go with you.]

Chloe defiantly replied, [Fine, I’ll go with your cousin. Grandpa would be delighted to see him, and I believe he stands a better chance than you of winning Grandpa’s favor.]

Shortly after, Jonathan swiftly responded with a ward number, accompanied by a contemptuous emoji, clearly expressing his disdain. Chloe patiently waited until around noon before embarking on her journey, assuming that he would likely be occupied during lunchtime.

There were not as many reporters gathered at the hospital entrance as there was last night, but there were still a considerable number of them. Chloe managed to dodge them and entered the hospital, holding onto the food she had prepared.

To visit a patient, it was necessary to register personal information at the nurse's station. Chloe glanced ahead and noticed a handsome young man, diligently writing with a pen. She blinked her eyes in surprise and softly called out, "Noah?"

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 327 Three-Month Buffer Period

The young man lifted his head and glanced at her, his eyes filled with the warmth of spring." Ms. Chloe, are you here to visit Mr. Harold too?"

"Yes, are you here alone?"

"Yeah, the elders of my family are busy."

"Could you do me a favor then?"

"Sure. Just tell me what you need, Ms. Chloe."

"First, go inside and check if there's anyone else in the ward. If it's empty, send me a message and I'll come in."

A smile gradually appeared at the corner of Noah's mouth. "By 'other people,' do you mean. Mr. Joseph?"

"Yes..."

"Okay, Ms. Chloe. Wait for my message."

“You don’t have to call me Ms. Chloe. You can just call me Coco, or since you’re younger than me, Sister Coco. Of course, I don’t mean to take advantage of you or anything!”

The young man smiled, his lips about to utter a response when a little boy holding an ice cream accidentally bumped into him from behind. The little boy quickly apologized to Noah, saying, “I’m sorry, big brother. Please say it’s okay!”

“...It’s okay.”

A speechless Chloe sighed and handed a wet wipe to Noah. “Here. Use this to wipe yourself down.”

The ice cream stain was on Noah’s back, making it a bit difficult for him to reach. Seeing this, Chloe took the initiative and said, “Let me do it.” She bent down slightly and used the wet wipe to clean the stain.

Noah turned to look at Chloe. Her profile had a gentle contour, and after being held captive by Calvin for a few days, the baby fat on her cheeks seemed to have disappeared, revealing a slender oval-shaped face. Her fair and beautiful skin had a natural radiance.

It had been a while since someone had been this close to him, and his eyes flickered for a

moment.

“Okay, all clean now, but it needs some time to dry. It’s still wet.”

“No problem,” Noah said, smiling. “Thank you, Coco.”

Chloe found a chair in the corridor and sat down, waiting. Five minutes after Noah went inside, he sent her a message, indicating that Joseph was not present. She breathed a sigh of

relief.

Half an hour later, Noah emerged from the ward, and Chloe stepped inside. Harold lay weakly on the hospital bed, his frail face appearing paler than ever, and his lips tinged with a hint of purple. His condition seemed to have deteriorated significantly.

Tears welled up in Chloe's eyes. "Grandpa..."

Harold paused for a moment, looked toward the door, and grinned. "Little girl, you're here."

A smile tugged at Patrick's lips, relieved to see Chloe. It seemed that the news deliberately spread by the media had succeeded in bringing her to his side.

"Grandpa, how are you feeling? What did the doctors say?"

"The same old problem. As long as I don't get worked up, I'll be fine."

Feeling a pang of guilt, Chloe set the food on the table. "I prepared this for you. If you haven't eaten, how about a few bites?"

"How could I settle for just a few bites of the food made by my wonderful granddaughter-in-law? I'll take a picture and send it to that brat. He'll be so envious."

Chloe forced a smile. "Grandpa, please don't tell Joseph. He doesn't know I'm here to visit you.

"That's precisely why I have to tell him."

"... Grandpa, I can't be your granddaughter-in-law. It's my unfortunate loss, but if you don't mind, I can come and visit you from time to time."

Harold's expression softened, and he said in a serious tone, "You suddenly got together with that brat and then suddenly broke up. Even a normal person's heart couldn't bear it, let alone

mine."

Chloe disregarded his words and silently lowered her head, appearing like an obedient child waiting to be lectured.

Harold could not bring himself to blame her either. Suddenly, a sly gleam twinkled in his eyes as he suggested, "You don't have to reconcile with that brat, but don't break up so hastily either. I'm growing old, at least grant me a little buffer period."

"Huh?" Chloe was taken aback.

“How about a three-month cooling-off period? If, after that time, you still want to break up, I’ll stop interfering.”

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

## Score 9.5

Chapter 328 Well-Being

Chloe expressed her skepticism, asking, “Is that all?”

Considering she no longer resided in the villa, she could easily accept a three-month buffer. Time would fly by quickly.

“Yes, but I have one condition.”

Chloe’s expression revealed her anticipation that it would not be as straightforward as she initially thought.

“Don’t be afraid. I simply want you to find some time to visit me and check on Toto at the villa. Toto has lost weight without your care.”

Chloe found herself in a dilemma. This meant she could not avoid seeing Joseph. She did not want to see him at the moment, nor did she desire any form of contact with him.

“If you two fail to reconcile after three months, I’ll give up. Otherwise, I won’t be able to receive treatment peacefully while in the hospital. What if one day I suddenly pass away?”

Harold’s words filled her with anxiety. “Grandpa, please don’t say such ominous things!”

“Then do you agree?”

“Well...”

“Cough, cough, cough!”

Suddenly, Harold’s violent coughing fit began, making him appear as if he had aged ten years in an instant. Chloe felt a wave of helplessness wash over her, desperately wanting to call for a doctor.

Patrick stopped her, his expression grave. "Mr. Harold has been like this for the past few days. The doctor has already examined him, and the situation is dire. If his condition continues to worsen, there's no telling... he might not make it to next spring. Miss, can you bear to see Mr. Harold depart with regrets?"

Depart with regrets....

These three words struck Chloe's heart with a heavy blow. She could not bring herself to imagine such a scene. Grandpa was one of the few sources of warmth in her world, even more caring than Benjamin who was her father.

"Okay, I'll agree, but will Joseph?" She could not comprehend that man's inner workings. He was an enigma, oscillating between warmth and coldness, kindness and harshness.

Harold's coughing subsided, and he spoke with determination. "I'll talk to that brat."

"Okay... I agree, Grandpa. Please don't worry about our matters anymore. You need to take

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good care of yourself and prioritize your well-being."

"Good girl. Now, I need to rest. You go ahead with your business."

"Okay."

Patrick watched Chloe leave and gave a thumbs-up to Harold. "Sir, your acting skills are superb."

"You also played your part well."

Patrick expressed his concern, "The key now is how to deal with Mr. Joseph. Your acting skills may not be enough to sway him."

Harold pondered for a moment, then said thoughtfully, "It's time to bring out his father's suicide note."

Joseph received a call from Harold as he arrived at the hospital parking lot. Harold stated his terms and mentioned the bargaining chip, bringing up Joseph's late father in the process.

At the mention of his father, Joseph's handsome face turned grim. After a brief moment, he replied, "Okay."

That note was currently the thing he desired most. He needed to uncover the truth behind his

father's death.

Harold continued, "Chloe left the hospital not long ago. She should be back at the office. Go and visit her when you have time."

Joseph had the urge to question why he should be the one to seek her out instead of the other way around. However, as he raised his head, his gaze landed on a slender and tall figure.

Chloe stood before him, dressed in jeans and a white T-shirt that accentuated her best features. Her simple attire showcased her advantages to the fullest, and her long, well-proportioned legs possessed a captivating beauty that surpassed even that of international

models.

Joseph grew increasingly restless, his fingers fidgeting with his collar as he pressed the car horn with his large hand. The sudden, piercing sound startled Chloe, causing her almond-shaped eyes to glare angrily at the culprit.

'Who's the rude imbecile?' she thought, 'Don't they know to keep quiet in a hospital?'

As their gazes locked, Joseph's eyes held a deep and mysterious allure. It was as if they possessed the ability to penetrate one's very soul, sending shivers down one's spine.

Chloe's anger instantly dissipated, giving way to a sense of annoyance. Had this guy already found out about Harold's request so soon and thought it was her who suggested it, coming to settle the score?

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

### Score 9.5

#### Chapter 329 An Unworthy Match, but There Are Lingering Attachments

“Get in.” Joseph’s tone left no room for negotiation.

Chloe’s heart sank. Since she had said yes to Grandpa, she knew she would have to face it sooner or later. Taking a deep breath, she opened the car door and got in.

“Did Grandpa talk to you about it?”

“Min.”

“Three months starting from today. But don’t expect me to forgive you,” Joseph said with a cold indifference evident on his dazzling face.

Chloe offered a faint smile. “Perhaps I should be the one saying those words to you.”

‘A scumbag who slept with two women in one night can’t be whitewashed.’

Joseph cast a sidelong glance at her, his lips curling in a mocking smirk. “Then why did you say yes to Grandpa?”

“I’m a human being with feelings and emotions. I appreciate the kindness Grandpa has given me thus far. What’s wrong with agreeing to his request? Must we all be as cruel and heartless as you?” Chloe retorted, her voice filled with anger.

Joseph let out a cold snort, seemingly convinced that she had hidden motives.

Refusing to give him any more attention, Chloe crossed her arms and fixed her gaze on the passing scenery outside. As the car continued down the road, she belatedly realized their surroundings and asked, “Where are you taking me?”

“To the villa.”

“I don’t want to go there.”



“We can’t stop on the highway. If you insist, you can jump out of the car.

Chloe tightly clenched her fists, taking a deep breath. ‘Endure it. Just endure it until we’re off the highway.’

Joseph caught a glimpse of her shifting expression from the corner of his eye, and a faint smile played on his thin lips.

Halfway through the drive, Joseph’s phone rang. Chloe, seated in the passenger seat, caught sight of the words “Xavia Larson” displayed on the screen. Her eyelashes fluttered, and she averted her gaze to the window.

Being behind the wheel, Joseph opted to put the call on speakerphone.

“Joe, I saw on the news that Mr. Harold is seriously ill and is in the hospital. How is he doing?”

“His condition has stabilized and he’s currently doing well.”

Xavia’s disappointment etched onto her face as she listened from the other end of the phone. If the old man were to die now, it would be a perfect outcome for her. It would relieve her of the burden of making a difficult decision if the pregnancy was discovered only later. However, now she had to wait until the child reached four months, which carried greater risks. This strategy was dangerous.

While pondering these thoughts, Xavia offered her consolation, “That’s wonderful news. Grandpa will surely have a long and healthy life. But Joe, please don’t mention that I asked about his condition. We know how he feels about me. It would only make him

angry.”

Joseph’s brows furrowed slightly as he responded, “Don’t belittle yourself. It’s impossible for a person to be liked by everyone else.”

“Really? But you don’t like me either,” she said, her voice filled with a sense of desolation.

Joseph paused, his thoughts swirling in contemplation. He came to the realization that his feelings toward Xavia had never truly been driven by genuine affection. Initially, he had been drawn to her for her impeccable

propriety, her sensible nature, and her ability to navigate social dynamics with finesse, unlike those clingy young girls. He deemed her suitable to be his wife based on these qualities. Furthermore, as she had remained by his side for two years, he felt it appropriate to grant her a certain status, and thus they became a couple.

However, everything changed when he encountered the woman seated next to him. Unexpectedly, he discovered that genuine liking stemmed from an inherent fondness for someone, while suitability was a separate matter altogether.

So, on that fateful night at Graceville Estate, Joseph never anticipated that events would unfold in such a manner. He firmly held his position, offering Xavia compensation for the upheaval caused, but he could not make promises of a future together. Because deep down, he knew that his true affection lay with Chloe.

But now, he and Chloe were no longer a worthy match. Yet, strangely enough, he still found himself clinging to lingering attachments.

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 330 Getting Upset Over a Single Comment, How Melodramatic

Joseph's well-defined hand rested on the steering wheel as his gaze shifted toward the passenger seat in the rearview mirror. He observed Chloe's countenance, a medley of distress and conflict etched upon her features. Her expressions shifted like the tides, leaving him intrigued yet guarded.

Arching an eyebrow, his lips formed a subtle, contemplative line. It was evident that Chloe had reached a pivotal decision, ready to unveil a matter of significance.

'If Grandpa's yearning for a grandchild is so strong, what if Xavia was truly carrying Joseph's child? In that scenario, she could enter the Whitman family through marriage, with the child serving as an undeniable connection. Even if Grandfather holds reservations toward Xavia, he wouldn't dare insist on an abortion, would he? This revelation would potentially nullify the need for the three-month cooling-off period.'

Gathering her thoughts, Chloe began, "I happened to cross paths with Jane yesterday."

The man's countenance remained stoic, his anticipation palpable for Chloe's forthcoming words.

"Jane informed me that Xavia is pregnant," she disclosed, her voice laden with a mix of uncertainty and intrigue. "According to Jane, she witnessed Xavia entering the OB-GYN department at Cloude Hospital. She even claimed to have glimpsed Xavia's medical file."

Joseph's brow furrowed, a sign of his deepening concern. "Were those Jane's precise words?"

"Yes."

The atmosphere inside the car suddenly grew thick with tension. As they exited the highway, Joseph parked the vehicle by the roadside and promptly reached for his phone, making an urgent call.

"Verify if there are any existing medical records of Xavia Larson at Cloude Hospital."

The individual on the receiving end concurred, assuring a prompt response. Seizing this opportunity, Chloe swiftly arranged for a hired car with her phone.

Within a matter of minutes after concluding the call, Joseph's phone rang once more. It was remarkably efficient, to the point that Chloe's covertly booked ride had yet to arrive.

"Mr. Joseph, I've thoroughly checked the hospital records but found no trace of the you mentioned. Xavia has not sought any medical treatment at Cloude Hospital."

person

Joseph directed his icy gaze toward Chloe, intensifying the tension in the car.

Chloe clenched her fists tightly, her resolve unyielding. "So you think I'm fabricating all this?"

"Chloe Johnson, I thought you were intelligent. At the very least, you wouldn't fall for the

same deception twice. Yet, it appears that your days have grown monotonous to the point where you readily believe whatever others say.”

Her agitation heightened. “Jane seemed confident about it. I was concerned that Xavia might be concealing the truth from you, so I kindly informed you. And now, it seems I am the one to blame?”

“Xavia isn’t like you. She’s a genuine person.”

Chloe’s breath hitched as if an invisible hand tightened around her heart, inflicting

excruciating pain. In the past, she had been immune to his biting remarks, never letting them affect her. But this time, his comparison of her and Xavia hit particularly hard. She had sincerely wished to treat him well.

Joseph observed Chloe’s almond-shaped eyes turning red and her fiercely holding back tears, enduring all the grievances silently. He furrowed his brow, unaware of the impact his words carried. “Getting upset over a simple comment. How melodramatic.”

Chloe fixed a steady and unwavering on him for a brief moment before a disdainful laugh escaped her lips. In her mind, she thought, “There it is. The moment he heard about his first love, he immediately became defensive. He’s truly protective of her. Perhaps I was being too sentimental. I shouldn’t have said anything more.’

Just as Joseph was about to utter a response, Chloe abruptly undid her seatbelt and swiftly turned to exit the car. The door slammed shut with a resounding bang, reverberating through the air.

Joseph’s eyes fixated on Chloe as she entered the waiting hired car and swiftly vanished from his sight. A surge of irritation coursed through him—an intense urge to release his frustration through physical means. His temper had always been volatile, and when consumed by anger, restraint was a foreign concept.

Arriving at Fairlight, Joseph cast a disdainful glance at the towering stack of documents adorning his desk, promptly dismissing them all for further revisions. Gabriel and Nathan entered the room, only to be met with Joseph’s

icy countenance as he wordlessly discarded the proposals, scattering them across the floor. The room fell into an uneasy silence as a wave of trepidation washed over the middle-aged executives, who now quivered in fear, bracing themselves for an imminent scolding.

Nathan, with a contemplative stroke of his chin, sighed and quipped, "Hey, who do these uncles belong to? Boy, life sure ain't no walk in the park."

Gabriel, taking charge, approached the scene and signaled for Lucas to escort the agitated executives out. "This room feels suffocatingly crowded," he remarked.

Lucas, observing Joseph's tacit approval, nodded in understanding and promptly motioned for

the executives to leave.

"What seems to be the problem? Is the project incurring losses?" Nathan piped up, his playful

chuckle resonating through the room.

Joseph took a drag from his cigarette, the ember casting an eerie glow on his face. "What is it?"

"Gabe will be returning to Docwood tomorrow. Once Sam wraps up his cases, let's go out for a drink the four of us."

Gabriel responded with a hint of sarcasm, "To drown our sorrows, I presume?"

Having grown up together, Gabriel possessed an innate ability to see through the facade, whether it was work troubles or the uncertainties in their love lives.

Joseph took a drag from his cigarette, the swirling smoke shrouding his face.

Throughout history, alcohol had never truly solved sorrows. It only exacerbated one's troubles. When one's mood was already unsettled, alcohol would suddenly diminish one's tolerance.

In the bar, Joseph sat with an empty liquor bottle before him. His perfectly groomed black hair cascaded over his forehead, and his deep black eyes,

usually guarded and aloof, now shimmered with a hint of intoxication and restlessness. This version of him appeared more human as if a divine being had descended from the heavens, emanating a wide range of human emotions and desires that were uncharacteristic of his usual demeanor.

The other three men in the private room felt it was about time to pop the question. Nathan leaned closer and asked, "Did you have a fight with Chloe?"

Joseph's gaze shifted to Nathan, his expression revealing his turmoil. He recounted the heated argument he had with Chloe earlier that day, not holding back any details. As they listened, Nathan and Samuel immediately dismissed Jane's deceitful claims, convinced that Chloe had been deceived too easily.

However, Gabriel's reaction was different. He sprang up from his seat, his voice laced with urgency, "The hospital couldn't find any medical records for Xavia?"