

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 331

Chapter 331 Stay Put

Joseph narrowed his eyes. "Yeah."

"I have a feeling that Jane may be telling the truth."

"Are you suggesting that Xavia really is pregnant?"

"It's possible."

Nathan's playful tone left his voice as he said in a serious manner, "This isn't funny."

Lifting his head slightly, Gabriel spoke with a voice tinged with amusement, "We can find out by checking the surveillance footage. If she has been there, there will definitely be traces left behind."

Joseph lapsed into silence. If Xavia was indeed pregnant, he would have to give her proper status. This was something he never wanted to face or for to happen. He also did not want to delve further into the investigation either.

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Everyone present was shrewd enough to understand Joseph's thoughts, and they unanimously decided not to pursue the topic any further, save for Gabriel.

Deciding to take matters into his own hands, Gabriel sent someone to investigate the matter at Cloude Hospital after the outing. Within a week, he received the surveillance footage from the obstetrics and gynecology department of the hospital.

After watching it for a while, he grew impatient with the monotonous content. He decided to assign the task to two other individuals, instructing them to inform him promptly if they discovered any sightings of Xavia. Three days later, the two had quickly finished watching all the footage and to their surprise, they did indeed spot Xavia in the recordings. They promptly informed Gabriel about it.

Upon seeing the screenshots from the footage, Gabriel pondered for a few seconds. However, he chose not to disclose this information to Joseph. Xavia's medical records were scrubbed the day after Jane's conversation with Chloe. In other words, she had someone assisting her, so he decided not to make a move yet to avoid potential threats.

Chloe diligently prepared homemade pet snacks, taking advantage of when Joseph was not around to bring them to his house. As the saying goes, practice makes perfect. After repeating this several times and living together with Joseph for over half a year, Chloe quickly figured out the general pattern of when he was not home.

On this particular day, she finished her work and arrived at Joseph's house. Just as she expected, Joseph was not home. She proceeded to divide the snacks between Toto and Oreo. With frantically wagging tails, the furry companions enjoyed their treats, bringing a sense of

joy and fulfillment to Chloe.

If Joseph and Chloe had not broken up, she would have loved to prepare daily snacks for these two little creatures, especially for Oreo. Oreo always wore a cautious and endearing gaze, seemingly attuned to its owner's moods. Whenever it sensed any trace of unhappiness, it would immediately approach for comforting cuddles, evoking a sense of compassion within Chloe. She believed it must have endured hardships in the past.

"Bye-bye now. I'll come to visit again in a few days," Chloe said, picking up the flask placed on the nearby table.

She still had to visit Harold at the hospital before proceeding to the banquet venue Noah had arranged for. It was rumored to be an exclusive event hosted by Exotic Star with even Desmond among the attendees, along with numerous other prominent business figures. She saw it as an opportunity to attract potential investments for her own company, and naturally, such an invitation was impossible for her to decline.

The hospital courtyard was a picturesque scene, with fallen maple leaves scattered around. While the brisk autumn wind carried a chill, Chloe made her way toward the inpatient area and gently rapped on the door of the ward. But this time, it was not Patrick who opened the door, but Joseph.

Their eyes locked in a moment of connection. Joseph stood before her, clad in a sleek black trench coat, his face an exquisite masterpiece crafted by Heaven. He leaned back with his arm against the doorframe, a hint of sarcasm evident in his brows and eyes. However, no one could tell if he was amused, angry, or something else altogether.

Chloe paused for a moment, calmly ignoring him, and walked toward Harold.

A chilling smirk played at the corners of Joseph's mouth. How was this dumbo not feeling caught in the act at all? Did she really think that he would not notice her avoiding him for the past few days?

"Grandpa, I made you some butternut squash soup," Chloe said, serving a bowl to Harold.

"It's delicious. You make the best soups," praised Harold generously, "Do you have any plans for today? This punk is joining an event hosted by Exotic Star later, and he happens to need a companion. Why don't you accompany him?"

Chloe was stunned for a moment. "I'm sorry, Grandpa. I too am attending the event. After all, I am the ambassador of Exotic Star and they invited me as well."

When Joseph heard her words, an inscrutable shadow cast over his eyes.

"Oh, right. In that case, why not go together?" Harold said, oblivious to his grandson's changing demeanor. After all, he simply wanted to create more opportunities for the two of them to interact by any means necessary.

Chloe managed a forced smile, concealing her inner sigh. It appeared that evading Joseph

tonight was an impossibility.

Before leaving, Harold urged Joseph, "You should go too and give her a ride there."

Not wanting to disregard Harold's goodwill, Chloe obediently agreed. However, as they walked a short distance away from the ward, she paused

and turned to the man by her side. "I'll make my own way there. No need for you to give me a ride."

Chapter 332 Entertaining People

Joseph's expression darkened. He tightly grasped Chloe's wrist and forcefully pulled her into the car. Lost in his own irritation, he paid little heed to his strength, leaving a visible red mark on her skin.

She winced, her voice carrying a tinge of pain. "Ouch! You're hurting me!"

Upon hearing her words, he loosened his grip, but Chloe remained trapped in his firm hold, unable to break free. Reluctantly, she resigned herself to follow him into the car, hoping to minimize any further discomfort.

"Noah invited you, didn't he?" Joseph coldly questioned, his brow furrowing tightly.

"Yes, what's the problem?" Chloe replied, her voice tinged with defiance.

His gaze shifted to her face, taking note of the layers of makeup adorning her features. Mockery laced his words as he sneered, "The guests who receive invitations to such prestigious events are worth billions, and Noah wants an advertising spokesperson like you to grace the occasion. Are you there to serve drinks or entertain guests? Isn't this no different from wealthy businessmen hiring celebrities to accompany them for their amusement?"

Chloe's heart tightened as she immediately grasped the significance of this event. Though she also felt unworthy, Noah had indeed extended an invitation to her. Noah did not appear to be someone who would do something like that. He was young, kind-hearted, and gentle.

She furrowed her brows. "I have the ability to judge right from wrong, so there's no need for you to meddle."

Joseph sneered, "We'll see."

'If you ended up being mistreated by those influential figures later, you better not come crawling to me for help.'

The banquet hall of the Exotic Star event was located at the border between Aesper and Docwood. It was a private garden, to be exact, constructed by

Exotic Star to cater to esteemed guests. As they followed the ushers inside, a magnificent and luxurious building came into view.

The building boasted three floors, with most people gathered on the first for socializing. The second floor was reserved for dining, while the third floor served as a resting area for after meals.

“Sir, madam, it’s warm inside. Would you like us to hold on to your coats?”

Chloe could feel the warmth inside the venue and handed her coat over to the staff.

For the event, she had adorned herself in a pale pink dress, elegantly showcasing a sheer back design that offered glimpses of her flawless and velvety skin. The choice of such a delicate

shade of pink was often a daunting feat, but her well-toned physique and fair complexion only enhanced her natural beauty, captivating all who cast their eyes upon her.

When Joseph’s eyes fell upon her attire, his anger was ignited. He pitched his voice low and asked, “Who are you trying to entice this time?”

Tired of being misunderstood, she scoffed coldly, “Rest assured, it isn’t you.”

Joseph’s gaze darkened once more. Even a man with such strong self-control like himself could not resist her provocative charm, let alone others.

Feeling a bit uneasy under his piercing eyes, Chloe spotted Noah not far away and hurriedly walked over. ‘I better distance myself from him. Who knows when he might lose his temper again.’

Noah was in the middle of a conversation with the CEOs who were a decade or so older than him. His manner of speaking exuded confidence and maturity, often causing people to overlook his young age. Upon spotting Chloe, he exchanged greetings with those around him and stepped aside.

He carefully observed Chloe from head to toe with his eyes and commented, “You look young and beautiful in this outfit.”

“Haha, thanks.”

“My grandfather wishes to meet you,” Noah said as he glanced in Joseph’s direction. “Is that convenient right now?”

“Your grandfather?” she asked in surprise.

“Yes, the founder of Exotic Star.”

Chloe felt honored and somewhat astonished. “Of course. It’d be my honor.”

Noah led Chloe to the third floor and into a room. When Desmond caught sight of Chloe, he was stunned. Upon seeing the endorsement photos earlier, he had already noticed a striking similarity between Chloe and Luciana. And now in person, the feeling that this girl looked like his daughter grew even stronger.

However, the girl standing before him possessed a strong spirit and determination that Luciana did not have during her younger years. He could not escape blaming himself for showering Luciana with affection but neglecting to provide her with proper guidance. She had never faced the harsh realities of the world.

As a result, she developed a strong sense of self in matters of love. Not only did she make a private commitment to Benjamin, but she also got hitched even though she knew he disapproved of having an out-of-town son-in-law.

Luciana had been even willing to sever ties with Desmond, her own father, in order to marry Benjamin.

To this day, Desmond remained unaware of the true nature of his daughter’s husband. However, he was certain that it could not be a virtuous individual. Over the years, he had

traveled far and wide, encountering many faces similar to Luciana’s. Each time, he would look into them, only to be disappointed by the results.

Eventually, he became more accepting of whatever came his way. However, this young girl standing before gave off this incredible sense of familiarity and comfort.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 333 Are You Bullying Ava Again?!

However, anyone who could marry into the Whitman family was certainly no ordinary individual, so he felt there was no need for further investigation.

“Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Desmond. I’m Chloe Johnson,” Chloe greeted Desmond calmly and confidently.

Desmond found her composure comforting and gestured for her to take a seat and enjoy a cup of tea. Unaware of his intentions, Chloe elegantly raised the teacup to her lips and took a sip, relishing the lingering fragrance and the exquisite taste. Although she knew little about tea, she could tell it was of the finest quality.

“So, you are married to Harold’s eldest grandson?” Desmond asked.

Chloe’s face twitched slightly. “I...I am.”

He paused for a moment, then smiled kindly. “It’s normal for young couples to have arguments. Joseph is a remarkable talent of his generation. He’s worthy of your trust.”

Chloe could not argue with him and nodded awkwardly in agreement.

For the next half hour, Desmond engaged Chloe in casual conversation, discussing various topics. By the time she left the room, her head was spinning. Do all these big shots have so much free time? Should they not be utilizing their time for business matters rather than indulging in small talk with an insignificant figure like me?

Noah’s gaze followed Chloe’s departure from the room, and he lowered his eyes as he said to Desmond, “I don’t think Joseph is suitable for her.”

Since the banquet was about to start, Chloe headed to the restroom where she bumped into Ava. Encountering Ava here, Chloe could not help but doubt the validity of Joseph’s words.

“Didn’t Joseph say that all the guests here are worth billions of dollars?” Chloe questioned herself, skeptical of Ava’s ability to achieve such a status.

“You wretched woman. How dare you appear before me!” Ava shouted, her voice piercing through the air. The haunting memories of her encounters at the bar flooded her mind, intensifying her anger to its limits. Swiftly and without hesitation, she raised her hand and delivered a resounding slap to Chloe’s cheek.

With the wall behind her, Chloe had no room to retreat. Despite her swift reflexes, her cheek still suffered a scratch from Ava’s long fingernails. Thankfully, it did not draw blood.

“Have you gone mad?!” Chloe exclaimed.

“I’m not the one who’s mad, but you can be,” Ava retorted.

It would be best if Chloe transformed into a disheveled madwoman, someone whom everyone would despise. That way, she would be the center of attention tonight. A sinister gleam flickered in Ava’s eyes as she shifted her strategy. Determined to ruin Chloe’s appearance, she reached out in an attempt to grab her hair.

Chloe winced in pain as Ava forcefully yanked her hair, pulling out several strands. The searing pain made her inhale sharply, and her anger surged like wildfire. Being a woman who valued her beauty and image, Chloe knew she could not allow someone to lay their hands on her without fighting back.

In a defiant display, she flung her purse to the floor and gripped Ava tightly, forcefully ripping off Ava’s false eyelashes.

“Ah! My eyes!” Ava cried out in distress, “Screw you, Chloe!”

When Joseph and his group heard the commotion and rushed over, the two women were locked in a tangled mess, their hair disheveled and their makeup smudged. It was clear that Ava was at a disadvantage, with Chloe straddling her, asserting her dominance.

In the presence of influential figures from various industries, the sight of such a scene was both comical and embarrassing. Surrounded by a crowd of spectators, Ava felt her reputation crumbling before her eyes. Her mind raced, desperately searching for a solution.

Suddenly, an idea took shape in her mind. Under the scrutinizing gazes of the onlookers, she slowly rose to her feet, her sobs uncontrollable as she knelt before Chloe.

“Stop it! Stop! Please don’t hit me anymore. Please stop bullying me. From now on, I’ll listen to everything you say. If I see you, I’ll take a different path and never hinder you again,” she pleaded, her voice filled with desperation.

Calvin was the first to explode in anger. His stern face turned crimson with fury as he fixed a fierce gaze upon Chloe. “Are you bullying Ava again?!”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 334 Do You Not Trust Me?

Chloe sneered contemptuously at the use of the word “again,” finding it utterly absurd. People always had a tendency to sympathize with the weaker party and treat them with kindness. This inclination became evident as the onlookers witnessed Ava’s pitiful state and directed their scolding toward Chloe.

After all, they all were familiar with Calvin and had very little impression of Chloe despite finding her somewhat familiar. Mistakenly, they assumed Chloe to be a well-known celebrity.

“I can’t believe someone so beautiful is capable of such violence.”

“Looks can be deceiving. Many young girls put on a facade while behaving differently behind closed doors.”

“Who invited her? She has quite the audacity to bully Mr. Calvin’s beloved goddaughter.”

As these comments rolled in, Joseph’s eyes narrowed, his expression turning dark. He kept his gaze fixed on Chloe, waiting for her to beg him for help. However, Chloe paid him no attention.

Unflinchingly, she maintained her composure, gently biting her rosy lips with her pearly white teeth. Despite her slightly disheveled hair and red eyes, she displayed no signs of distress. Instead, she evoked pity and sympathy.

Then, with a deliberate motion, she slowly lifted her gaze, tears streaming down her face like glistening pearls. Choking on her words, she sobbed, "I didn't hit her. I was merely defending myself. I only wanted to use the restroom. I have no idea what I did to provoke Mr. Calvin's daughter. She approached me and began berating me.

"I didn't say anything because I know she's Mr. Calvin's daughter. I wanted to leave, but she relentlessly grabbed my hair. She even expressed her intent to make me the laughingstock in front of everyone. I had no choice but to defend myself. The rest of the situation is already known to everyone. I couldn't foolishly allow myself to be beaten without putting up a fight.

"If anyone doubts my words, you can check the surveillance footage in the hallway."

As she spoke, tears continued to cascade down her cheeks.

Ava was well-versed in the art of feigning vulnerability, often shedding tears to appear pitiable, but Chloe was just equally as skilled.

A faint, cool smile played upon Joseph's thin lips as he watched her. With her exceptional acting skills, she skillfully manipulated the situation to her favor, turning the tide of public

opinion.

Chloe succinctly expressed her thoughts with logical clarity, providing a concise summary of the whole incident. This prompted many individuals to swiftly grasp the situation at hand.

The act of ruining one's appearance was often employed by lawful wives when confronting

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home wreckers. In their eyes, homewreckers used their allure to captivate and lead their

husbands astray. Consequently, the initial course of action would involve hair pulling and face scratching a manifestation of their jealousy.

In truth, everyone there perceived Chloe to be more attractive than Ava, and Chloe's explanation shifted the onlookers' perception of Ava. However, no one wished to offend Calvin, so they feigned ignorance and found reasons to depart.

As the crowd dispersed, Chloe was left alone, making her feel cold and deserted. Her eyelashes trembled slightly, and her gaze settled upon Joseph. She pondered why he remained in place. Was he going to assist her, or were her thoughts merely wishful thinking?

Calvin's anger surged, and he did not care about the details. Even if it was Ava who had provoked Chloe first, Chloe deserved whatever she got. After all, Ava had already suffered enough grievances.

"Go ahead, don't hold back. Throw at her exactly what she gave you. I have your back," Calvin said.

A glimmer of determination flickered in Ava's eyes, yet she cast a cautious glance toward Joseph.

"Can I really do that?" she asked.

"Yes, go ahead and do it," Calvin said confidently.

Today, the Sullivans were the host, and Calvin's connection with them surpassed that of Joseph. Besides, he had heard the news that Joseph and his wife were now divorced. Even if Joseph wanted to intervene, he had no authority to do so.

Ava felt a sense of relief, and a sinister smile crept across her face as she advanced step by step.

Chloe's heart skipped a beat, and a chilling sensation coursed down her spine. She could not believe that Calvin would allow Ava to act this way in such a situation.

The memories of her confinement flooded Chloe's mind, causing her blood to turn cold. Anxiously, she gulped. She took a step back, but there was no escape route behind her. She raised her head and looked at Ava and Joseph.

In a decisive moment, she threw herself into Joseph's embrace. Temporarily setting aside her pride, she pleaded pitifully, "Ava wants to hurt me. If you don't help me, I'll tell Grandpa!"

It had been a while since they had any physical contact, and the tender and fragrant sensation overwhelmed Joseph, causing a hitch in his breath. His gaze grew slightly deeper, a look that Chloe failed to comprehend. She thought he was unwilling to help her, so she held onto him even tighter.

Observing the fear that flickered across her face, Joseph's heart ached. Her cunning demeanor was merely a facade to conceal her helplessness.

"This isn't Aesper, nor is it Docwood. Are you sure you want to step in?" Calvin asked.

Joseph shielded Chloe behind him, casually rotating his wrist while wearing a mischievous smile. "It's been a while since I last hit a woman."

Ava's body trembled, and Calvin's expression turned grim. Despite Calvin's military background and consistent physical training, he could not match Joseph's combat skills.

"I have over ten bodyguards with me, while you're all alone. I'll give you one last chance to choose. The Whitman family holds a prestigious position, and it wouldn't bode well if this matter becomes a spectacle," Calvin declared.

This place provided the utmost privacy and security, so there was no need to worry about any information leaking to the outside world. Moreover, Calvin just wanted to teach Chloe a lesson. He was not going to escalate the situation.

Chloe lightly tugged at Joseph's shirt, whispering softly, "Why don't I apologize to them? It wouldn't be worth it if you end up getting hurt."

"Do you not trust me?" He spoke with a sidelong glance, his warm and moist breath lightly brushing against her earlobe, sending a tingling sensation down her spine.

Chapter 335 He Found Ava to Be Unlikable

Chloe instinctively tilted her head slightly and said, "Be careful. If things don't go well, we'll make a run for it."

Observing Joseph's unwavering determination, Calvin summoned a group of burly bodyguards who menacingly closed in.

Joseph's clenched fist displayed prominent veins, his back slightly arched like a poised leopard, ready to sink his teeth into his enemies' flesh at any moment.

Calvin barked out an order, "Teach him a lesson."

With those words, one of the bodyguards lunged at Joseph.

A resounding "thud" echoed through the air as Joseph swiftly and forcefully kicked the assailant, sending him crashing into the bathroom door, which recoiled like a tightly coiled spring, producing a loud, reverberating sound.

An eerie silence fell upon the hallway, with Calvin and the others remaining silent and still.

Furious, Ava berated, "What are you all standing there for?! Get him!"

More individuals swiftly joined the assault against Joseph.

One, two, three....

Chloe anxiously observed the unfolding chaos, and in a critical moment, her eyes locked onto a young man descending the stairs. She urgently cried out, "Noah, please help us!"

Noah followed the voice and his face sank. Without a word, he forcefully intervened to put an end to the commotion. "What do you think you're doing, Uncle Calvin?" he questioned, his tone filled with accusation.

Calvin pulled Noah to a corner. His anger was palpable as he said, "Joseph just allows Chloe to bully Ava. How can I let them off the hook so easily?"

"Have you forgotten who nearly ruined your business?"

"This isn't Aesper. If no one finds out, it'll be as if it never happened. What's wrong with teaching Joseph a lesson?" Calvin's voice lowered, his eyes turning red. "You know about what happened to Ava when Joseph took her to that bar, don't you? Aren't you concerned for Ava?"

Noah's gaze involuntarily shifted toward Chloe. Strangely, he felt a stronger sense of empathy for her than for Ava. After all, there was something about Ava that he found unlikeable.

"Why aren't you saying anything? Don't you want to stand up for Ava?" Calvin asked again.

"Uncle Calvin, you may have made a mistake," Noah said, staring at Calvin.

Calvin was momentarily taken aback. "What do you mean?"

"Simply put, Ava may not be Aunt Luciana's daughter."

"That's impossible. When I first met her, she was wearing a diamond necklace that Mr.

Desmond made for Luciana. Only Luciana could have had it."

"It's indeed a genuine piece, but Aunt Luciana might have taken more than just that piece of jewelry with her."

Calvin's lips trembled. "What are you trying to say here?"

"This month, among the jewelry that we recovered, I found another piece that might have been sold by Aunt Luciana a long time ago.

Calvin's body swayed. He found it hard to believe.

Noah lowered his voice and continued, "If you want to confirm whether or not Ava is truly Aunt Luciana's daughter, ask her a few simple questions about her mother. As her daughter, she couldn't possibly know nothing about her biological mother."

Enchanting piano music filled the air, its harmonious notes resonating throughout the building as the dozen or so bodyguards withdrew, leaving behind one severely injured bodyguard who had to be carried off the scene. Calvin led Ava upstairs and promptly shut the door tightly. For some unknown reason, Ava inexplicably felt that Calvin's affection for her had suddenly diminished.

"Coco, are you hurt? Do you need me to call you a doctor?" Noah looked at Chloe concernedly.

“I’m fine,” Chloe shook her head and glanced at Joseph from head to toe before adding, “He’s fine too.”

“That’s good.”

“I need to use the restroom.”

After speaking, she turned and entered the restroom. She looked pretty terrible. Her perfectly fine dress had been ruined, and it pained her.

Joseph’s gaze turned icy as he observed Noah. Though he wore a smile, there was no warmth in his eyes. “You two seem pretty close.”

During their last encounter at the exhibition, Noah had addressed Chloe as “Miss Chloe,” but now, it had changed to Coco.

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Chapter 336 He Disliked Her Treating Him Like a Nobody

Noah tilted his head and replied calmly, “I guess so.”

Joseph chuckled, his cold eyes seemingly penetrating all things.

As the banquet proceeded, Ava and Calvin were nowhere to be seen. Chloe found this rather peculiar. After all, they had made the effort to come all this way, so it seemed strange for them not to show up just because of some incident. Given Calvin’s seemingly special relationship with the Sullivans, should he not be more concerned about this event?

Desmond stayed for a moment, exchanging pleasantries with the others before turning to Joseph and asking about Harold’s condition.

“Well, it’s inevitable for people to become this way as they grow older. We worry about our children and future generations. Just like Harold, I’m putting all my hopes on Noah now,” Desmond remarked.

Joseph nodded. “Now that our two families are cooperating, I’ll take care of him in the future. Please rest assured, Mr. Desmond.”

Unless there were any unforeseen circumstances, Noah would solely inherit the Sullivans’ assets. Despite his young age and not having graduated from school yet, he had been involved in business from a young age.

However, Desmond still felt that Noah needed someone to support him. Since the Sullivans had the intention of establishing a good relationship with Joseph, he had no reason to decline.

Desmond was satisfied with Joseph's response and flashed a smile at him.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Chloe engaged in a lively conversation with a real estate tycoon. The gentleman admired her courage and unique insights, leading them to exchange contact information.

By chance, Chloe mentioned the accident involving construction site workers, and the gentleman kindly warned her, "When accidents happen at construction sites, it's often due to insufficient funds and the purchase of substandard safety equipment. Keep an eye out. There might be some misappropriation of funds."

No one would neglect their own life, especially those engaged in high-risk industries. Of course, there were also a small number of people who harbored a sense of luck and were too Jazy to use safety ropes.

Chloe was taken aback by this revelation and nodded seriously. "I'll keep that in mind."

As the clock struck nine, the event came to a close. Everyone grew tired of toasting and exchanging pleasantries. Some headed to the third floor to rest, while others summoned their drivers to take them home.

Chloe was prepared to leave. Before her departure, she scanned the hall but found no trace of Joseph. Noah was assisting Desmond back to his room. She did not want to bother them and so followed a staff member to the exit since the venue was vast and a little challenging to

navigate.

The attendant offered attentively, "Miss, if you give me your car keys, I can bring the car around for you."

Chloe maintained her composure and replied, "I don't have a car. I'll get a cab. Is there a place around here for me to get one?"

The attendant hesitated briefly before regaining composure. "Certainly. Allow me to escort you there."

After walking a few steps, her phone buzzed inside her purse.

“Where are you?” came Joseph’s calm voice.

“I don’t know,” she replied.

“Come to the garage.”

“Why should I?” Her tone remained calm. Gone was the pleading Chloe.

“Stop acting ignorant. I helped you just now, so it’s time for you to repay the favor,” Joseph said, his voice tinged with annoyance, “If I don’t see you in ten minutes, you’ll bear the consequences.”

As Chloe listened to the disconnected tone on her phone, she stood motionless for a few moments. Then, she turned toward the attendant and requested, “Please take me to the garage. Thank you.”

Joseph had exchanged his vehicle for a new sports car, emanating an aura of dominance with its commanding black hue. Chloe possessed limited knowledge about cars, but she could sense that this one had impressive speed.

“What’s the matter?” She cut straight to the point, her tone distant.

Furrowing his brows, Joseph’s gaze turned icy and something inside of him cracked. He disliked her calm demeanor as if she were treating him like a nobody.

“Grandpa is hungry and wants to eat a meal you’ve prepared,” he replied.

Chloe was taken aback. “Your grandfather is hungry this late in the evening?”

“He got hungry again,” Joseph replied.

“Fine, I’ll go home and

a half.”

prepare some food for him, but it’ll take some time. About an hour and

“No need. Prepare it at my house,” he said.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 337 Xavia Is Pregnant

Upon arriving at Joseph's house, Chloe conscientiously changed into the disposable slippers typically worn by guests. She entered the kitchen and busied herself with the preparations.

Joseph's gaze

fell upon the white cartoon slippers inside the wardrobe, causing his brow to furrow once again.

"Why aren't you wearing your original pair?" he asked.

Chloe was caught off guard by his question while tending to her tasks in the kitchen. She froze for a split moment before replying casually, "I didn't feel like wearing them. I'll throw them away when I leave."

"Why would you throw them away?" Joseph stubbornly pressed, despite already knowing the

answer.

"I don't live here anymore. Do you expect me to keep them as a keepsake?" Chloe responded. Her nonchalance marred his expression.

Without a word, Joseph slammed the door and stormed into the study. Half an hour later, he emerged from the room and glanced at the prepared meal in the kitchen. Picking up his fork, he began to eat.

Baffled, Chloe's face contorted with confusion. "Isn't this meal meant for Grandpa?"

"Patrick said he fell asleep and won't be eating," Joseph replied.

Chloe furrowed her brow. "Are you messing with me?"

Innocence washed over Joseph's handsome face as he replied, "I don't know what you're talking about."

Taking a deep breath, Chloe decided not to argue with Joseph, knowing he could be quite unreasonable. Meanwhile, she silently vented her frustrations in her mind, 'Go on then. Eat more. I hope you turn into a fat pig!'

As she changed her shoes and prepared to leave, she ran into Gabriel, who happened to be walking in. The man exuded an androgynous allure, captivating those who laid eyes on him. and leaving no doubt that he was not to be taken lightly.

Without hesitation, he firmly grasped Chloe's arm and led her back to the living room.

"What are you doing? Let go of me!" she exclaimed.

"I came here because of business, so I don't have much time. To get straight to the point, Xavia is indeed pregnant," Gabriel revealed, presenting a screenshot from Cloude Hospital to both of them. "The problem is that Xavia intentionally had someone delete her medical records, which is highly suspicious. Why would she delete her records in the first place?"

Moreover, she managed to do it before Joseph could investigate. In other words, someone

must have informed her about our investigation. Besides Jane, have you shared this information with anyone else?"

Noticing Chloe lost in thought, Gabriel nudged her. "Hey, wake up."

Chloe felt a heavy discomfort in her chest and lowered her gaze to conceal her emotions." Icarus knows about this too."

"Icarus? Who's Icarus?" Gabriel asked, "Does he know Xavia?"

Chloe was no longer in the mood to answer his questions. She simply stated, "I have family matters to attend to, so I have to go now."

Without giving either of them a chance to respond, she hastily left Joseph's house.

Joseph, who had remained silent throughout, caught up to her and stopped her in her tracks. "I'm sorry. I was a fool for not believing you," he said in a low, husky voice, burdened by complex and heavy emotions.

This was the first time Joseph had apologized to Chloe, and it was because of Xavia.

Chloe raised her head, gazing at the vast starry sky. Her eyes welled up with a burning sensation, yet she fought back the tears, refusing to let them escape. "It's getting late. I need to get home and get some sleep," she said.

Joseph set his jaw. "Let me send you home."

"No," Chloe said, looking into his eyes. "Let's end it here. I'll fulfill my duties to Grandpa as usual for the next three months, but we shouldn't contact each other anymore."

With those words, she turned and walked.

away.

There was a series of footsteps behind her. However, the sound of footsteps came to a halt. after about ten steps.

Tonight, sleep refused to come to Chloe. And she was not the only one suffering from insomnia. Joseph too was restless throughout the night.

The next morning, he called Xavia. Upon seeing the timing of his call, Xavia's heart skipped a

beat.

"Morning, Joe," she greeted, trying to sound composed.

"Are you pregnant?" he asked, his tone questioning yet filled with certainty.

"Joe, I can explain-" Xavia began, but Joseph cut her off.

"Let's talk when you return to Aesper."

At one o'clock in the afternoon, Xavia arrived at Fairlight.

"Joe, I didn't mean to hide it from you. I just haven't figured out how to handle the situation yet," she pleaded.

Joseph stood by the floor-to-ceiling window, gazing at the bustling traffic below. "Have you figured it out now?" he asked, his tone cool and distant.

“Not yet...” Xavia’s forehead broke out in a cold sweat. “Joe, how did you find out?”

“I want you to answer my question first. Why did you have someone delete your medical records from the hospital?” His voice was slow and commanding, devoid of anger yet radiating authority.

“I saw Jane at the hospital. She likes you so much, and I was afraid she would tell you. I know what I did was wrong, Joe. I’m sorry,” Xavia confessed.

On the way there, Xavia had already devised a plan. Despite appearing flustered, she was actually adept at handling unexpected situations.

Joseph’s silence persisted, hanging in the air like a heavy cloak of deathly stillness, casting an eerie chill upon Xavia.

Testing the waters, she ventured, “Now that you know, let’s discuss how we should handle this child, shall we?”

After a prolonged pause, Joseph turned, positioning himself against the backlight, obscuring his expression in an enigmatic veil.

In a deep voice, he said, “I’ll respect your choice.”

A surge of euphoria engulfed Xavia’s being, nearly causing her to burst into delighted laughter. She gripped her hand tightly to force tears into her eyes. “If I choose to bring this child into the world, I want to provide them with a complete family. Your involvement is vital in this process. Will you respect and cooperate with me?”

Chapter 338 Unless It Wasn’t Xavia That Night

Confronted by her hopeful gaze, Joseph averted his eyes and calmly said, “Let’s wait until the fetus reaches four months and have an amniocentesis done before we make a decision.”

Xavia’s joyous and excited emotions had barely begun to soar before she was doused with a bucket of icy water from head to toe. Her voice raised sharply as she shouted, “What do you mean by that?”

With an indifferent demeanor on his chiseled face, Joseph replied, “Do you really want me to spell it out for you?”

She was stumped.

‘It’s impossible. There’s no way he could know. My plan is flawless. He must only be suspicious now. That’s right. He doesn’t have any evidence. I just need to stay calm.’

With that thought in mind, Xavia tried to reach out for Joseph’s hand, but he saw through her intention and subtly evaded her

grasp.

“I don’t understand what you’re saying. If you have any questions, just say it directly. We’ve known each other for so long. Just say whatever is on your mind,” she said.

At her words, Joseph suddenly let out a laugh, filled with irony and a chilling undertone. Indeed, they had known each other for so long, and he had just discovered how colorful her past had been.

“Fine, I’ll just ask then.”

“Yes, go ahead,” she responded.

‘Are you absolutely certain that you became pregnant after that night we spent together?’

“Well, yes, I do find it incredibly coincidental, but since the child has come into this world, perhaps it’s a twist of fate,” Xavia strained to maintain her composure, forcing at a compassionate smile upon her face. “Is something wrong? If you don’t believe me, I can wait for the four-month mark and undergo amniocentesis.”

The depths of Joseph’s eyes resembled a pot of spilled ink, dark and impenetrable. He closed them briefly, and after the surge of anger, a miraculous calm settled within him. When he reopened his eyes and looked at Xavia once again, he seemed to be looking at an insignificant

ant.

He had given her a chance due to their past relationship and her physical condition, but she still refused to tell him the truth. So, he would accompany her and play this game until the end.

Xavia did not have any friends in Cloude, so there was no way she could delete the medical records in such a short time. In other words, there must be someone helping her from the shadows.

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He wanted to find out what her ultimate goal was.

“We have to get the amniocentesis done. It’s Grandpa’s requirement for me to marry you,’ Joseph declared firmly.

Xavia was shocked. “You’ve already spoken to your grandfather? Does he...approve of me?”

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Suppressing the hint of scorn in his eyes, Joseph responded, “Given that you’re carrying our child, it’s my responsibility to ensure you and the baby’s well-being. However, his prejudice against you may not disappear immediately.”

“I understand. If I were in his position, I’d probably feel the same way.” Xavia smiled, but her gentle gaze held a hint of compromise, evoking a desire in man to console and empathize with

her.

“You don’t have to go back to Cloude anymore. Settle down in Aesper. I’ve purchased a villa next to the hospital. Lucas will take you there later.”

“Okay,” Xavia replied obediently, “I’ll get out of your hair then. By the way, was it Jane who told you about my pregnancy?”

Joseph’s gaze flickered. “No, it was Chloe who told me.”

Surprised and angered, Xavia exclaimed, “How could Jane try to sow discord between you Ms. Chloe?”

and

“Chloe and I have ended our relationship.”

Xavia scrutinized Joseph's facial expression carefully. He appeared distant and cold, his eyes reflecting a rational and detached nature.

That's right. This was the Joseph she knew—a man who categorized everything based on personal gain. He adhered to the moral principles of an ordinary person but lacked warmth and sensitivity.

She vividly remembered the day Joseph agreed to be with her. She had naively believed that this flawless man had genuinely fallen in love with her. However, her hopes were shattered when she discovered that he had only agreed to their union because she was the "suitable"

choice to be his wife.

She suspected that Joseph saw Chloe in the same way—merely as a suitable candidate for marriage. Even though neither of them had truly captured Joseph's heart, she was more successful than Chloe. At least, in the end, the woman standing by Joseph's side would be her.

After Xavia left with Lucas, Gabriel emerged from the restroom in Joseph's office. Raising an eyebrow, he looked at Joseph and said, "See? She's still pretending."

Last night, when he asked Joseph if he wanted to take care of Xavia, Joseph had unexpectedly answered yes. He even mentioned that she was a virgin before him and considering her poor health, he should take responsibility.

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His reaction startled Gabriel, and he immediately told Joseph that he had slept with Xavia before. Even if she was really pregnant, they should rely on scientific methods like amniocentesis to confirm whether it was his child.

Joseph held a cigarette between his fingers, his chin sporting stubble that had grown overnight, giving him a slightly disheveled appearance, like a fallen deity who had lost some of his divine radiance. He sounded a little dejected as he said, "I believe Xavia was truly a

virgin that night."

"You're just too noble and righteous. It's normal to be unable to distinguish such things," Gabriel smirked. "We grew up together, so do you think I

wouldn't be able to tell?" After a slight pause, he teased, "Unless it wasn't Xavia that night."

Joseph's head jerked up suddenly, his mind racing as hidden turmoil stirred within his eyes.

Chapter 339 A Mystery Man Called S

Xavia meticulously reported in detail what had happened at Fairlight earlier this morning to the person saved as "S" in her phone.

S: [You did well. Be careful not to expose anything and immediately cut off contact with Eustace.]

Xavia: [I don't think Eustace will agree to a break up so easily. Also, what should we do if we have to do the amniocentesis?]

S: [Don't worry. When the fetus reaches four months, I'll give you instructions. As for Eustace, now that he's no longer useful, find a way to get rid of him.]

Xavia knew the meaning behind the word "get rid," and fear flashed across her face.

Chloe immersed herself wholeheartedly in her work, keeping busy to avoid being overwhelmed by chaotic emotions. She even turned down Emily's invitation to have a meal together.

Emily decided to go to the mall instead and got a serving of Chloe's favorite crab cakes before heading to the Johnson Group.

"Don't overwork yourself. If you need rest, take a break. You look exhausted," Emily advised.

Chloe furrowed her brow and pinched the bridge of her nose. "Try not sleeping for a whole night. You'd be tired too."

"Then why don't you sleep? Have you been thinking about that scumbag? Let me tell you, no matter how many skincare products you use, nothing beats getting enough sleep. Take that female tyrant in my company for example. She's not even in her forties, but her skin looks like that of a sixty-year-old—"

“I think Joseph and Xavia will be getting married soon. Joseph and I have no ties anymore, so let’s not mention him again,” Chloe interrupted, stating the facts.

The footsteps that stopped abruptly yesterday served as proof. Joseph had made his decision

at that moment.

Emily fell silent, staring at her best friend, who seemed outwardly calm but harbored

immense sorrow and desolation in her eyes.

“I’m sorry, Chloe. I’m so sorry... If only I had accurately pointed out Icarus to you at the bar, you wouldn’t have come on to the wrong person and none of these would’ve happened.”

The recurring cycle of offering a sincere heart, only to be met with disappointment each time, was a sensation Emily understood all too well. The pain it caused was overwhelming.

“It’s all in the past. Maybe I have a knack for attracting scumbags. But hey, I can always

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become a wealthy woman and keep a younger lover.” Chloe smiled. “Being by his side has brought me quite a few benefits. I can’t say I got nothing.”

Without Joseph’s aid, she would have never been able to confront her father or secure the crucial deal with the Grahams. The substantial wealth she had acquired during her tenure at Fairlight was also a direct result of his guidance. She was well aware that without Joseph’s aid, she would not have accomplished any of these feats. Thus, it was not an entirely futile endeavor, right?

Emily could see past the forced smile, sensing the underlying turmoil within her friend. This only deepened her sense of guilt. When she was threatened by her ex-boyfriend with those indecent photos, it was Chloe who helped her resolve the situation and even settled the score with Ava.

This time, she was determined to stand up for her best friend!

The following morning, Lucas parked the car in the underground garage at Fairlight. Unbuckling his seatbelt, he turned to Joseph in the backseat and said, "Sir, I'm going to go buy breakfast. Please give me five minutes."

The black circles under Joseph's eyes were even more prominent today. His handsome face showed signs of exhaustion, and he simply nodded. "Mm-hm."

Shortly after Lucas left, Emily appeared, holding a black plastic bag. She walked up to the car and tapped on the window. When Joseph looked up and saw her, his eyebrows lifted in surprise.

"Good morning, Mr. Joseph. Can you roll down the window, please? I have something to tell you," she said, raising a smile that seemed quite fake.

Joseph remained unmoved, staring coldly at the bag in her hand. "What's inside?"

It smelled even worse than the shit Toto put out.

Emily hesitated, not expecting him to be so cautious. Trying a gentle approach, she said, "They're my sanitary pads. Supermarkets always pack them in black bags for women. Please roll down the window. I really do have something to tell you."

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 340 Finalize Your Marriage to My Son

He paused for a moment, lowering the car window by a finger's width. "Speak. What do you want?"

Emily hesitated, unsure of how to respond.

"What are you doing here?" Lucas, who was returning with his breakfast, felt a sense of unease wash over him when he saw Emily.

Lately, Emily had been bombarding him with text messages, and slowly, their relationship had grown closer.

Emily discreetly hid the black bag behind her back and smiled. “Nope. Nothing.”

As Lucas skeptically opened the car door, Emily swiftly pushed him aside, forcefully flinging the contents of the black bag toward Joseph. Reacting quickly, Joseph picked up a nearby newspaper to shield himself. Though he managed to block most of the spills from the bag, a small portion splattered onto his suit.

Inside the car, the air became saturated with a repugnant and nauseating smell, a revolting combination of onion, blue cheese, and an unidentified gray liquid that emitted a pungent aroma. The noxious fumes permeated the space, eliciting an immediate and overwhelming sense of disgust.

The fatigue on Joseph’s face vanished, replaced by a menacing expression as his temples throbbed with veins. Lucas’ eyes widened as he shouted, “Are you trying to get yourself killed?!”

He did not utter curses or hurl insults at her. Lucas genuinely believed that Emily was deliberately seeking her own demise. Joseph had an extreme aversion to uncleanness, and she had undoubtedly just triggered his wrath.

Emily’s heart raced with fear, but she summoned her courage and stood her ground before Joseph. She stared directly at him and delivered her words with conviction.

“If I could afford to pay for your car, I would’ve already poured paint on it. This is the treatment that a despicable creature like you deserves! Having money doesn’t give you the right to trample on other people’s feelings. Those who commit adultery in a marriage deserve

divine retribution!

“I can’t believe I once thought you weren’t that kind of scum. Lucas, make sure that you prepare oyster shooters for this jerk every day to prevent the early onset of erectile dysfunction!”

Lucas anxiously covered her mouth. “Shut your mouth!”

“Mmm... mmm...” Emily struggled to express her indignation, but Lucas kept a firm cover on

1/2

her mouth, preventing her from speaking and making it difficult for her to breathe.

While Lucas missed the key point, Joseph caught it. He commanded Lucas, "Take her to my office."

Inside Fairlight, Emily continued to mutter and complain. "You're just a slave to your boss. Whatever Joseph tells you to do, you do it. Whoever marries you in the future is one unlucky woman! Joseph's a scumbag. Birds of a feather flock together, so you're no good either!"

Lucas could not help but feel a sense of powerlessness. He could not comprehend why Emily had to behave so irrationally. After all, it was Chloe who had deceived Joseph in the first place. Both parties had their share of blame, and on top of that, Emily had been venting her frustrations for an entire month. Was that not enough?

In the office, Joseph exuded a powerful aura, causing Emily's feigned courage to gradually fade.

"Why did you bring me here?" she asked, her voice faltering.

"You were talking about n

"You were talking about me just now?" Joseph asked.

"Yes..."

"Who told you about it?"

Looking at the towering man before her, Emily gritted her teeth and hissed, "You've betrayed your marriage! You're nothing but a despicable man with a chaotic personal life!"

Joseph's eyes narrowed, and a thought that made his blood boil flashed through his mind. He picked up his car keys and strode away. Although the likelihood of this possibility was minuscule, he could not wait to verify it.

Concerned about Joseph's unstable emotions in recent days, Lucas hurriedly chased after him.

Emily stood in place, her face filled with regret as she called Chloe.

“Damn it!” Emily cursed under her breath, filled with regret and embarrassment. How could she have let slip such humiliating and shameful words in front of Joseph? She berated herself for her impulsive outburst, realizing that the scumbag might even twist her words into a source of pride.

The call connected, and she quickly said, “Coco, I just scolded Joseph a moment ago and accidentally let something slip. He might come looking for you now...”

The Johnson Group.

Icarus’ mother scrutinized Chloe and said, “My son was disfigured because of you. Since you just barely meet the standards of becoming my daughter-in-law, let’s discuss the wedding date and finalize the marriage.”

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Score 9.5