

# Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

## Chapter 361

### Chapter 361 Abundant Gratefulness

Toto could feel its companion's fear and barked at Xavia. It sounded rather fierce, which lured Joseph out.

Guilt flashed across Xavia's face. "I accidentally stepped on Oreo's tail, so Toto thinks I'm bullying Oreo."

Joseph did not take it to heart. After all, Toto always barked recklessly. It was usually free and had nothing to do. It just needed a good beating.

That trip to Docwood was to handle some trivial affairs of the Whitman Group. Jonathan knew that Joseph would come today, so he waited anxiously. At eleven o'clock in the morning, Joseph arrived at Docwood. All the executives came out to welcome him.

Jonathan walked over earnestly. "Joe, here you are."

Joseph threw the former a sidelong glance but ignored him. Being ignored in front of people, Jonathan opened his mouth slightly to say something to retrieve his dignity but Joseph gave him no such chance, ordering Lucas to call the finance manager.

many

Hearing this, Jonathan became nervous. He followed Joseph and begged, "Joe, I just failed a few times. Don't scold me in front of outsiders. Our family will be embarrassed."

Joseph glared at Jonathan fiercely. "You should know better than to invest wildly if you don't want to be embarrassed."

"We all learn from our mistakes. I'm now learning the basics of future profits."

"You don't have such capability." Joseph did not do Jonathan the favor at all. If Jonathan could make a profit, he would have done that long ago.

The director of the finance department was an idiot too. He made trouble with Jonathan by spending extravagantly.

Jonathan was reluctant to give in. “Joe, I’m your cousin. You can’t say that about me. When you were working hard abroad, my father and I supported the Whitman Group. You should thank us.”

Ding!

As the doors of the elevator slid open, Joseph narrowed his eyes and emitted a terrifying aura. Lucas knew that Joseph had been in a bad mood recently, so he inevitably retreated and dodged to the side.

Suddenly, Joseph kicked Jonathan into the elevator. He then cracked a cold sneer and revealed his white teeth. “How should I thank you? Should I kneel before you guys? Or should I thank you for ruining the millions I subsidized?”

Jonathan, who fell on the floor, held his aching hips. He was struck dumb on the spot, glaring at Joseph with a wide-eyed gaze. He was engulfed in fear.

“Or should I thank you for rejoicing secretly after my father passed away?” Joseph leaned over a bit and slapped Jonathan several times. It appeared like he did not exert himself, but

Jonathan’s face became red and swollen. “Hmm? Tell me. How should I thank you?”

“No, you don’t have to thank us. Joe, we’re family.”

Joseph savored the word in his mouth and scoffed. “Family...”

Yes, they were a family. They fought and schemed against him, hoping that he would die.

As the person in power within the Whitman Group, Joseph kicked Jonathan out of the board of directors, making him an administrative director who held no power. As for the finance manager who let Jonathan act wilfully, he was fired. Joseph then put his man on that post.

Octavia went to Harold to complain about it with Jonathan during the birthday party at night.” Dad, Joe is out of the line. He’s not the only one who owns the Whitman Group. Jon has some shares too. Even if he is to withdraw from the board, we need everyone’s vote to decide on that.” Her face distorted with the overwhelming indignation she felt.

Similarly, Preston said seriously, "That's right. Joe even hit Jon. He's out of the line."

Harold was in a good mood at first but now it was ruined. He glanced at Octavia disdainfully." Why didn't you say this when you were investing? Jon should pay the price after making a mistake. You're a grown-up, so don't you know that?"

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## Score 9.5

### Chapter 362 Jonathan Got a Hard Beating

"But Jon is a Whitman too. He'll slowly mature." Preston sounded harsh. "Dad, transfer him back to the board."

"I can't meddle in this since I've long left the Whitman Group in that brat's care. Tell him if you have any opinions." Harold shirked responsibility because he did not want to meddle in

this.

"Dad, you

know Joe will disagree. That's why we came to you." Octavia refused to give up." You can't play favorites. Jon's hip is all swollen and red from being kicked."

"Go and make some achievements before you come bargaining. We can use money to help Jon grow up, but he has to have something to show for it."

Octavia fumed with anger. 'Fine, we'll make some achievements! My son is the best. He'll make some achievements soon and defeat Joseph!'

Chloe carried the birthday cake she made and a present she bought and walked into the Whitman family home. When she saw the dozens of luxurious cars parked in the yard, her lips twitched slightly.

'Patrick tricked me! But I'm already here, so I can't just leave.'

Chloe submitted to her faith and walked into the house behind the helper. She prayed that she would not bump into Joseph and Xavia.

The hall was meticulously decorated. The gifts were piled high up. It was both luxurious and

extravagant.

Chloe looked around. Other than Ginny, she saw Natalie and Noah too.

Noah glanced over. He was wearing a black suit, which set off his fair skin. His handsome and youthful facial features, coupled with his rosy lips and white teeth, appeared bright and unique among the crowd. He was indeed prettier than girls.

When their eyes met, he smiled at Chloe and walked over to her.

“I didn’t expect to see you here.”

“Yeah, I didn’t expect to see so many people here.” Chloe smiled helplessly and bitterly.

“You didn’t want to come?”

“What do you think?” She blinked and put on a serious expression. “Do you think I should come given my current identity?”

“Yes, it is indeed inappropriate,” Noah echoed her words before he glanced at her slim wrist.

She was not wearing the bracelet that Icarus gifted her.

Jonathan, who fell on the floor, held his aching hips. He was struck dumb on the spot, glaring at Joseph with a wide-eyed gaze. He was engulfed in fear.

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**Score 9.5**

Chapter 363 Insist on Being a Fickle Woman

Chloe’s outfit was not flamboyant and rather casual. She had on a short sweater with a beret and a pair of jeans, exposing only a finger-width of her waist. She appeared young and lively. Standing next to Noah, they appeared like a couple.

Joseph tugged at his tie and kept his composure, but his cold look frightened people.

Octavia, who had planned to find trouble with him, did not dare to approach him.

Chloe spotted Joseph, becoming slightly nervous as she tried to stick close to Harold.

Joseph caught the change in Chloe's expression and anguish hit his soul, filling him with pain and gloominess.

When the birthday party started, Harold saw the cake Chloe had gifted him. When he heard that she baked the cake herself, he grinned from ear to ear. He then showed it off smugly. Look! She baked it herself. The best presents are those that time is spent on."

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"Only poor people make the presents themselves to pretend to be attentive," Octavia muttered softly.

Harold was old and lacked sharp hearing. He did not hear what Octavia said, but Chloe did.

She glanced at Octavia and smiled faintly. "I did bring a present," she said loudly, and the surrounding people looked over.

Disdain engulfed Octavia's expression. "What present did you bring? Show us."

"I gifted it to Grandpa. It's a chess set."

Chloe had hurriedly gone to buy it this afternoon. Of course, it was nothing for rich people, but she had not bought a cheap item either.

"I saw the chess set. The carvings are very nice. I have the same set at home." Noah suddenly spoke up as if he was just making a casual comment.

Chloe looked up at him and knew that he was trying to get her out of the predicament. She now had an even better impression of him. She smiled as she looked at him.

When Joseph saw the interaction between them, he clenched his fists tightly. Deep anger filled his chest. 'She's casting sheep's eyes at him and is being all intimate with him but she won't even stay with me for more than half a minute.' He chose to close his eyes. When he opened them, they were somber and

without emotion. 'Forget it. She's the one who insists on being a fickle woman. I won't go easy on her again.'

Octavia was flabbergasted. 'Why is this bumpkin so generous?'

The Sullivan family used the best things. Even when casually buying a chess set, it would surely be valuable.

Harold coughed and frowned with annoyance. "Okay, the gift is just a kind gesture. I like the

cake more."

He then glanced at Joseph because he thought that Joseph had failed him again. 'What's the matter with this brat today? His wife has been here for such a long time but he hasn't said a

word.'

A few pianists were talking endlessly outside the house, wanting to enter the house. "We were invited to come and perform here. We charge by the time. You're just a guard. Don't stop us from earning money."

Patrick faked a smile. "We didn't invite anyone to perform today. Please leave."

"That's impossible. It was the young madam of the Whitman family who hired us to celebrate Mr. Harold's birthday for him."

Ronald Atkinson enjoyed great fame in the piano field. He could earn 100 thousand dollars

in a single show, which contributed to his arrogant behavior.

Patrick was taken aback. "The young madam of the Whitman family? May I know what her name is?"

Ronald thought Patrick was scared, so he answered smugly, "Xavia Larson."

Patrick had been working for a rich family for more than twenty years and understood Xavia's intent. She was trying her best to show her status and power, but unfortunately, she had taken

the wrong step.

“You’ve misunderstood. We have no young madam in the Whitman family. Please take your

leave.”

Ronald became a bit anxious. He could not have come here for nothing, so he stopped Patrick and demanded rudely, “Call over someone who can decide on things. You’re just a guard and I don’t trust you.”

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### **Score 9.5**

#### Chapter 364 He’s Bloodthirsty

Patrick was amused. ‘I only came out here for some fresh air, and he thinks I’m a guard. Are security guards so inferior nowadays?’

“That’s unnecessary. I’m more than enough to decide on this. If you don’t trust me and insist on barging in, I’ll then offer you some friendly advice. This is the Whitman family home. You can come in but it doesn’t mean you can leave.” Patrick made an ominous statement before he turned around and refused to look at them again.

Ronald was not a fool. He naturally knew the seriousness of barging into this house. Hence, they did not dare to enter the house even after such a long time.

After being criticized by Patrick, Ronald’s face turned gloomy. He learned that the Whitman family did not take Xavia seriously at all and felt that he should not have promised to come.

Patrick then entered the hall and whispered to Harold. The latter sneered. He was more experienced than Xavia. How dare she try to play tricks on him? What a rude bitch!

Chloe was in the hall, so she did not know what had happened outside.



Being pestered by Natalie, frustration got the better of Joseph before he left the hall and went upstairs.

Chloe and Noah chatted from time to time. When she noticed that it was about time, she

up to go home. This was when Lucas came over to invite her somewhere.

“Ms. Chloe, please come with me. Mr. Joseph would like to talk to you.”

Chloe refused directly. “I don’t want to.”

Lucas became embarrassed. “Mr. Joseph stated that if you don’t go to him, he’ll tell Icarus what happened in the office last night.”

Rosiness crept up her face. She gnashed her teeth. “What does he want?”

“He didn’t say. You’ll know after going upstairs.”

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Noah tilted his head and looked at Chloe before suggesting gently, “I can take you away if you don’t want to go.”

Chloe shook her head. “It’s fine.” She did not want to drag others into this mess. If Joseph learned that she was close to Noah, he would get the wrong idea.

“Don’t feel burdened.” Noah’s gaze was sincere. His fair skin was perfect and clean. “I want to.

Chloe was slightly stunned. At last, she turned him down tactfully. She had burdened Icarus, and she did not want to trouble others. But she had other methods,

She walked over to Harold and begged him to go upstairs with her to see Joseph. If Harold was around, that bastard would not go over the line.

Harold agreed to it without any hesitation. Secretly, he said to Patrick, “Contact all the ride- hailing companies. I hope that there won’t be a single cab around the house tonight.”

Patrick was enlightened and nodded before going to deal with it.

In the bedroom, Joseph was swirling the glass of red wine in his hand. He was wearing a loose bathrobe at the moment, exposing his eight, strong abdominal muscles. When he looked at Chloe, he was not as indifferent and distant as before. On the contrary, he appeared aggressive and willful.

Chloe averted her gaze and stopped looking at him. She then complained about it to Harold softly, "Grandpa, look. He looks so bloodthirsty."

"Don't be afraid. I'll make things right for you."

Joseph disrespected Harold and drove him away. "I didn't ask you to come."

"You bra. Cut the crap! This is my house!" Harold winked at him. "Why do you look so sullen? You're scaring her. Hurry up and give her a ride home. It's late. She should be going home. You can talk another day."

Chloe quickly grabbed the chance. "You don't have to give me a ride, I can call for a cab."

However, something strange happened. It was not raining tonight, but she could not seem to get a ride. Even when she doubled the fee, no one took her order.

A sharp light was hidden in Harold's eyes. He said kindly, "Chloe, just spend the night here if you can't get a ride."

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 365 What a Humiliating Gaze

Chloe quickly waved her hand. "No, I can get a ride."

She then doubled the fee again. After waiting for ten minutes, it still yielded the same result. She anxiously used another platform, but the results were still nil.

Harold pretended to be helpless. "It's very late now and this house is pretty remote. It's normal that you didn't get a cab. Even if you do, it'll be dangerous if you bump into a wicked driver. He may try to rob you or take liberties with you. How dangerous is that?!"

Chloe shuddered before she recalled the news of women being harmed after riding in a cab

alone at night... At last, she decided to spend the night. She stayed on the same floor as Joseph but in different rooms.

She stuck to her room. After washing up, she lay in bed and texted Icarus. She thought he would be asleep by now but he called her.

"Chloe, why didn't you answer my video call? Are you still busy at the office?"

"No... I was celebrating an elder's birthday."

"Oh, I see. I'll go with you next time when my legs have healed."

Chloe smiled awkwardly and changed the topic.

'Let Icarus come to the Whitman family with me? That would be treading a dangerous path.'

Before the call ended, she recalled Joseph's words.

'Did Icarus lie to me...'

"Chloe, go to bed if you're sleepy. Goodnight," he said gently and considerately, sensing that something was on her mind.

"Okay, goodnight."

She would question him about the accident, but she needed to get her facts straight before that. She remembered Icarus' car plate number. If she logged into the traffic accident database, she could obtain records of the accident.

Many things happened one after another over the past few days. First, Chloe had to go to the jewelry store to retrieve the jewelry she had pawned off the other day. She decided to resolve those two issues when she got back tomorrow.

Nestling in bed, she planned her schedule. Suddenly, someone opened the door in the dark, letting in a ray of light from outside. Startled, she quickly sat up. "Who is it?"

The man stood there against the light, his figure tall and strong. His slender eyes were filled with gloominess. As he stared at the person in bed, his expression was unfathomable.

Chloe used the blanket to firmly cover her body. "How did you get in? I locked the door."

"Is this your house?"

"No."

"So is it very difficult for me to get a backup key?"

Besides, Harold had purposely thrown it his way.

Chloe was stunned before she flared up in rage. "You can't barge in at will even if this is your house"

Joseph ignored her interrogation and put his phone on the bedside cabinet. He then took off his bathrobe and naturally pushed the blanket aside to get into bed. He pulled her into his arms and slept in the same bed as her

Chloe's body stiffened, and her face was burning hot. She could feel that he wore nothing else but his underwear. In comparison to the two times they had sex in agitation previously, this filled her with more helplessness and awkwardness. She pressed her hands against his chest and tried her best to distance herself from him.

"Get out now. If not, I'm going to call Grandpa

"I don't have a blanket in my room.

onsense! I saw one just now.

"Grandpa took it away."

Chloe pursed her lips. "It isn't cold today. It's fine to sleep without a blanket for one night."

He was strong and healthy. Even if he caught a cold, it was none of her business.

Joseph's hands stiffened around her waist. His eyes turned even colder "Are you sure this is the tone you want to take with me?"

Chloe laughed out of anger. "We're no longer a married couple. You barged into my room but are prohibiting me from resisting"

He gently nibbled her earlobe as he rubbed his cheek against her fair neck, but his voice was cold and harsh.

"Would you willingly accept if it were Icarus or Noah lying here beside you instead of me? Chloe, you tried all means to sleep with me back then. Why are you pretending to be pure now? You were so eager to throw yourself into Icarus' embrace after you broke up with me. Now, you've even hooked up with Noah Why are you so fickle?"

After that, Chloe felt a wave of cold hit her. Her pajamas were torn off, and large parts of her body were exposed Feeling frantic, she wanted to use a blanket to cover her body. However, Joseph did not grant her wish. He snatched the blanket and stared at her naked body

condescendingly.

His gaze was extremely humiliating.

Chloe's anger topped her humiliation. She met his gaze and coldly demanded, "Are you done?"

Joseph's anger subsided slightly at first but his eyes turned red when she behaved so brazenly. He gripped her cheeks as if he wanted to crush her jaw. He said maliciously, "Why are you so shameless?"

'She doesn't feel any shame when I'm seeing all of her. Did she treat other men this way when I wasn't around?'

"Yes, I'm a shameless woman. What's the big deal? Are you satisfied now? You just want to see me like this, right?" Chloe's eyes turned red but she shed no tears. "And you want to keep forcing yourself on me, don't you?"

## Chapter 366 Hatred Is Always Better Than Being Forgotten

Joseph's chest burned with restless heat, a fervor that demanded release. The alcohol he consumed tonight was unusually odd, likely tampered with by the old man. Yet, at this moment, he could not spare a thought for that. His mind was consumed by vivid images of Chloe together with Noah, their hands intertwined.

'Why is she always so defiant? She had explicitly promised to end things with Icarus, but here she is, gravitating toward Noah. Does she truly believe she can't exist without a man by her side?'

Overwhelming jealousy broke through his last line of defense, and Joseph stared at her

intently before impulsively capturing her lips in a forceful kiss. Chloe, never one to silently endure, was like a cornered rabbit ready to fight back.

Smack!

She delivered a resounding slap across his face, sparing no mercy. The force of her strike turned his face to the side, rendering him momentarily motionless. Time seemed suspended as the aftermath of her action unfolded. The imprint of Chloe's hand marred his once flawlessly handsome features, accentuated by the still-healing wound on his forehead. A tinge of pity emerged from the depths of her heart as she observed the now reddened face before her.

Chloe gazed blankly at her own hand, feeling a tingling numbness resonate in her palm. She had not anticipated exerting such force. All she had intended was to teach him a lesson.

As Joseph slowly turned his neck, his eyes mirrored the frigid essence of a solitary winter moon, brimming with a volatile fury. His expression was truly terrifying.

Chloe trembled uncontrollably, her instinct driving her to leap off the bed and make a desperate attempt to flee. In the blink of an eye, he seized her waist with a firm grip, forcefully yanking her back into his clutches. Yet, this time, there was no gentle catch to soften her fall. His eyes bore an indifferent gaze as she crashed onto the bed, pain coursing through her entire being. Fear consumed her, compelling her to struggle and clamber to her feet,

desperately yearning for escape.

Joseph exerted pressure, subduing her beneath his weight. He gazed at the woman, her body adorned with bruises and marks. His heart felt heavy with sorrow as he gently lifted her toward the bathroom.

Wash. Wipe.

Chloe screwed her eyes shut, resolute in her refusal to meet his gaze.

Returning to the bed, Joseph's voice resonated with calmness, "Open your eyes and look at me.

Still, she remained unresponsive, her brows furrowing, a testament to her deep-seated emotions. Her disdain for him was palpable. She despised him.

The veins on the back of Joseph's hand twitched, and he forcefully grasped her chin, compelling her to open her eyes. "Do you dislike me?"

"I don't just dislike you, I hate you!" Chloe screamed in a hoarse voice. As her eyes met with his, scalding tears streamed down her face and landed on his fingers. She sniffled, her words punctuated with determination. "I regret the day I ever got close to you, and I regret marrying you even more!"

'If only none of this had happened, how wonderful it would be,' she thought, consumed by

regret.

Upon hearing the word "hate," Joseph's pupils suddenly contracted. He spoke slowly, his voice tinged with resignation. "Then hate me."

Hatred was always better than being forgotten.

The night passed in restlessness as Chloe, unable to find solace, failed to find sleep.

In the early morning, Patrick observed the two emerging from the room and offered a smile. "Breakfast is ready. Have a meal before you depart."

"No, I want to go home," Chloe replied with a weary shake of her head, her eyes bearing dark

circles.

Patrick was taken aback as he looked at the man who had equally heavy dark circles, feeling puzzled. 'This shouldn't be happening. I measured the amount I put in the drink last night. How is it possible that instead of improving their relationship, it seems to have worsened? They're like enemies now,' he thought.

Patrick pulled Chloe aside and cautiously asked, "Ms. Chloe, regarding you and Mr. Joseph..."

"Forget about us being together. It's impossible," Chloe replied, rubbing her temples. "You and Grandpa need not concern yourselves any longer,"

She had noticed Joseph's peculiar behavior the previous night, but even if the old man had not intervened, she believed he still would not let her

Patrick spoke earnestly, "I can see that you and Mr. Joseph have feelings for each other.

Someone like Xavia can never marry into the Whitmans. It's impossible."

"What does it matter if it's impossible? She carries a Whitman child in her womb. Even if her Identity isn't acknowledged, her child will call her mother. What's the difference?" Chloe

sighed. "Can Grandpa control everything indefinitely?"

Stepping back, if Xavia gave birth to the child, even if Harold never agrees, considering Xavia's young age, she could endure and strive to achieve her desires in the end.

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**Score 9.5**

Chapter 367 Fatal Consequences, Escorted to the Police Station

Patrick was momentarily at a loss for words, contemplating his response.



“Ms. Chloe, you’re right. Mr. Harold can only oversee things for a while and not for a lifetime. But what about you? Do you no longer have any feelings for Mr. Joseph?”

Chloe froze, her eyelashes quivering ever so slightly. “No, I don’t,” she admitted with a heavy sigh. Joseph was right, she should not have provoked him. She had only brought discomfort

herself.

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Without bidding farewell to Harold, Chloe left the Whitman home. She knew he would

continue to try and persuade her, but the decision had already been made, and there was no need to further prolong the inevitable.

Upon her return to the office, the first order of business for Chloe was to investigate the records of the car accident. With Icarus’ license plate number in hand, she accessed the traffic accident database. Her heart sank as she read the information that appeared on the screen.

To her disbelief, the vehicle that collided with them that day was not a tanker truck, but a regular private car. Unable to accept this revelation, Chloe decided to visit the traffic enforcement department and make further inquiries. To her dismay, the information she obtained there confirmed the facts.

Chloe experienced an inexplicable sense of unease. Why would Icarus lie to her when he had always been a kind-hearted person? Even if he did not lie, she had already considered being with him. She remembered all the good things about him.

The sleepless night took a toll on Chloe, leaving her in a state of confusion and exhaustion. Upon her arrival at the company the next day, the receptionist informed her that someone was looking for her and was waiting in her office. Chloe first thought it was Joseph, but then she heard the receptionist hesitating before providing a description. “He appears to be around forty years old, with a square face. I think he’s the CEO of an entertainment company.”

‘Calvin Norman! But why is he here? Is he here to speak out on behalf of Ava again? It’s been a

while since I last saw her...' Chloe wondered silently.

With a nod in response, Chloe nervously made her way upstairs. There was something unsettling about Calvin's psyche. Why had he suddenly claimed Ava as his goddaughter and treated her with such kindness and genuine care? It all seemed peculiar and out of place.

In the office, an air of awkwardness enveloped Chloe and Calvin. The latter appeared uneasy as he said, "I didn't grasp the situation correctly before, and as a result, I unintentionally caused you harm."

"Huh?" Chloe was taken aback. "You came all this way just to apologize to me?"

"Yes... Truth be told, I mistook Ava for a child of an old acquaintance, and that led me to

shower her with excessive affection. And I often wrongly believed that you were mistreating

her..."

Chloe comprehended his explanation. "I see. So are you still her godfather?"

"No, no. I've severed all ties with her."

These past few days, a heavy sense of guilt had weighed on Calvin's conscience. When Noah shared the details of how Ava and Karen had bullied Chloe since their childhood, he had never felt more foolish in his entire life.

Chloe graciously accepted his apology. In her opinion, the past had already transpired, and apologies held little significance. However, she believed that accepting the apology might offer some solace to the remorseful party.

Calvin felt a sense of relief upon receiving forgiveness, yet a lingering bitterness still resided within his heart. He had wasted precious time, and to add to it, Ava turned out not to be Luciana's daughter. He would have to start anew, embarking on a quest within the vast sea of individuals to locate Luciana's daughter. It seemed easier for Noah to investigate since he had more information. Perhaps he would be able to find her.

Then again, if Luciana's child were to return to the Sullivans, they would have to collaborate with Noah in managing Exotic Star. Could he genuinely accept that deep down?

Upon leaving the Johnson Group, Calvin made his way toward the parking lot. Suddenly, his attention was captured by the sight of uniformed police officers entering the company premises, heading straight for Chloe's office. He stood rooted to the spot as Chloe was soon escorted out by the police.

Desperately, she explained her case to the officers, her words filled with urgency. "I strictly adhere to building regulations. The matter of wage settlements falls under the responsibility of my partner, Aaron Mitchell. This has nothing to do with me!"

"Aaron Mitchell has absconded. The unpaid wages are a minor concern now. The primary issue at hand is the safety equipment at the construction site. There was an accident resulting in an unexpected fatality. The victim's family is filing a lawsuit against you, and you will be held legally accountable."

In one swift motion, Chloe swayed as she was forcefully ushered into the police car by two female officers.

There was a significant distinction between a mere accident and one that resulted in someone's death. Calvin wasted no time in contacting Joseph to relay the news. Their top priority now was to secure a competent lawyer who could effectively navigate the situation.

At the hospital, the doctor held the prenatal examination report and addressed Joseph with a hint of disapproval, "Despite the patient's significant health improvements due to

chemotherapy, her condition still can't be equated to that of a healthy individual, particularly when considering the risks of pregnancy. Emotional stability should take precedence over everything else. As the father of the child, it was disheartening to see that you didn't visit her last night when she was admitted."

Xavia interjected in a gentle tone, defending Joseph, "Doctor, he has been swamped with work. It's understandable."

The doctor let out a sigh but refrained from saying anything further.

“Joe, I-”

But before she could finish her sentence, their conversation was abruptly interrupted by the

sound of a ringing phone. Joseph saw that it was a call from Calvin and raised an eyebrow before answering it.

### Chapter 368 Joseph Wanted to Take Advantage of You?

The call was not on speakerphone, **but** Xavia leaned in closer, catching a few keywords that piqued her curiosity.

Chloe, police, lawyer...

The fragments of the conversation gave her an inkling that something involving Chloe had

gone wrong.

Joseph ended the call, his brow furrowed with concern.

“Joe, what’s happened?” Xavia asked.

Joseph’s voice carried heavy weight as he replied, “There’s something I need to attend to. I have to go.”

“But...the doctor isn’t finished yet. Aren’t you worried about the baby’s health?”

His gaze fell **on** her still-flat belly. “Contact Lucas if something comes up.” With that, he stood up and left.

Xavia’s hands clenched tightly, her frustration and resentment boiling within her. “They’re already divorced. Why **is** she still trying to steal my man? What a two-faced bitch!”

At the police station, Chloe was brought into the interrogation room. The situation was clear-cut. Aaron had disregarded her suggestion and continued to push the workers into overtime as he pleased. The purchase of necessary safety

equipment was neglected, and the wages were delayed. Tragically, one **of** the workers lost their life due to issues with the safety rope.

A chilling sensation swept over Chloe, her mind filled with regret. If only she had been more present at the construction site, perhaps she could have prevented such a tragedy. She had focused her energy on the company, believing that minor accidents were an unfortunate norm in the construction industry. She never anticipated such a severe incident that would lead to a

**loss** of life.

Soon after, the families **of** the workers arrived. Among them was a middle-aged woman, her eyes swollen from crying, accompanied by a seven or eight-year-old child. As her gaze **met** Chloe's, a mix of hatred and anger emanated from her. Chloe's composure shattered as the woman unleashed her fury, physically and verbally attacking her. Thankfully, the police intervened swiftly, preventing any significant harm.

Chloe's heart sank, consumed by unease. **She** contemplated the woman's words, feeling the weight of her responsibility. "Please, express your demands. I'll do everything in my power **to** fulfill them and offer compensation."

"I want my husband back! Can you compensate for that?!"

Chloe lowered her head, her voice filled with remorse. "I'm so sorry..."

Both parties failed to reach a settlement, resulting in Chloe being temporarily detained.

Coincidentally, Tyson was on leave that day but hurried to the station as soon as he received a call from Joseph. He instructed his colleagues to take special care of Chloe, emphasizing that she was his relative.

As Chloe sat there, a sense of helplessness grew within her. She felt that she could not simply wait passively and called out to a nearby officer, "Excuse me, could you please return my phone? I need to contact my lawyer."

The officer glanced at her and responded, "Hang on."

Shortly after, Tyson arrived at the station. “Joe has contacted Samuel to be your lawyer. We

just need to wait for updates from Samuel. Stay put. No one will dare to bully you,” he reassured Chloe.

Chloe was taken aback, her heart filled with mixed emotions. “Joseph...knows about my situation?”

“Yeah, he called me this morning,” Tyson replied, unaware of their current circumstances. “Don’t worry too much. Just wait patiently for updates. Joe cares about you and won’t let anything bad happen to you.”

Chloe smiled bitterly. “We’re divorced.”

Tyson was surprised. “Just recently?”

‘About two months ago.’

He took the opportunity to ask inquisitively, “Your half-sister was brought in not long ago. Are you aware of this?”

“Huh?” Chloe looked up, a bit confused.

Observing her reaction, Tyson decided to tell her everything. “Ava went to your office with sulfuric acid intending to harm you. Luckily, Joe caught her in the act and had her brought here. She’s currently detained for intention to cause bodily harm.”

Chloe’s almond-shaped eyes widened slightly. “When exactly was she brought in?”

He pondered for a moment and provided her with the date.

Chloe’s fingertips trembled, and an indescribable sensation washed over her. It was complex and overwhelming. What was her place in Joseph’s heart? He protected her, yet he also humiliated her.

“Can I see Ava?” she asked.

Tyson hesitated for a moment. “Let me consult with my superiors.”

Chloe nodded gently in understanding. “Thank you.”

Half an hour later, Chloe got the chance to see Ava. The latter was dressed in a prison uniform, her hair cut short and appeared visibly thinner. Her face had become gaunt, with slightly

protruding cheekbones, giving her a tattered appearance.

The moment she saw

Chloe, intense hatred burst forth from Ava's eyes as she exclaimed, "What are you here for? To mock me?"

Chloe silently looked at her, not uttering a word. All the past events flooded her mind as if they had occurred just yesterday. So much had transpired throughout the year, altering the life trajectories of many individuals.

After a pause, Ava's hands trembled as she pressed them against the cold glass partition, her face contorted with a mixture of remorse and desperation. "I was wrong, Chloe. I never should have sought revenge against you. Can you find it in your heart to help me get out? After all, we grew up together. You wouldn't want to see me spend the rest of my life in a dark prison, would you?!"

"Since you've made a mistake, you should reflect on it and seek repentance, shouldn't **you**? There's no magic pill that can instantly erase regret in this world."

'And even if such a magical remedy existed, it's clear that Ava doesn't deserve it.'

Ava abruptly halted, her eyes bulging with disbelief. "You came here just to ask me that?"

"I want to ask you, on the day Joseph brought you to the station, what did he say to you?"

Ava shuddered **at** the thought of Joseph, not fueled by anger but by a genuine fear emanating from the depths of her heart. "He attempted to violate me. I fought back, and he threw sulfuric acid on my thigh!" She rolled up her pants, revealing the gruesome scars burned onto her thigh.

With a pained expression, she continued, "That man's a lunatic. **If** you continue to be with him, who knows, one day he might go crazy and do the same to y

ou. Please be sensible. Break up with him or your fate will be the same as mine.”

Chloe was momentarily stunned. “Are you saying that Joseph wanted to take advantage of you?”

### Chapter 369 Chloe Is Preferred by All Men

“Yeah. Of course, he laid his filthy hands on me. And in the end, he turned around and betrayed me. Out of anger and embarrassment, he used his connections to send me to prison!” Ava spewed lies with wide-open eyes, unable to bear the fact that Chloe seemed to be preferred by all men.

‘**Once** Chloe and Joseph separate, I’ll find a way to deal with this woman once I get out of here!’

Chloe’s heart grew heavy as she sat there, observing Ava’s remorseless face. At that moment, she found herself at a loss for words. Part of her wanted to laugh, while another part recognized that this person was beyond redemption. Taking a deep breath, she said with seriousness and helplessness, “Stop lying. Joseph’s standards aren’t that low.”

“What do you mean? You believe in a man over me?!” Ava shouted angrily, drawing reprimands from the prison guards.

Tyson cast a sidelong glance at Ava and urged Chloe, “Don’t waste time on her. Joe is already at the Aesper City Police Department.”

Chloe nodded, stood up, and followed him out.

Ava stomped her feet in frustration. She was determined to find a way to escape and reclaim everything that rightfully belonged to her.

**In** the interrogation room, the man sat in the chair, his long legs casually crossed. He extinguished the cigarette between his fingers in the ashtray, asking in an unhurried manner, “Do you want to be set free?”

Chloe’s eyelid twitched. “Yes, I do.”

“Do you want me to get you out of here?”



“Yes,” she softly responded, looking at him calmly. “What are your conditions?”

She

knew that Tyson was just showing respect to Joseph. If Joseph intentionally made things difficult, she might not even have the opportunity to hire a lawyer, let alone see Ava.

The finger marks on Joseph’s cheek had faded, and his face showed no emotion. His dark eyes were profound, carrying a trace of weariness. “I have no agenda.”

Chloe stared at him, a look of disbelief settling on her face.

“Heh.” Joseph chuckled, his face adorned with a cold smile.

‘Do I need an agenda to treat her well?’

Chloe could not fully grasp the situation, unsure of what she had said wrong.

“My father left behind a suicide note when he killed himself, and it’s currently in Grandpa’s possession. He’s fond of you, thus it’s now your responsibility to retrieve it.”

Chloe contemplated for a moment and said, “I’ll try.”

The outcome of this unknown task was uncertain. While Harold treated her well, delving into the Whitmans’ private matters was a different story altogether.

Joseph slid Chloe’s phone across the table, making his demand clear. “Now, end things with Icarus and I’ll get you out of here.”

“This isn’t fair! I only agreed to one condition!”

He remained unfazed, his tone devoid of emotion as he casually responded, “Fairness doesn’t exist in this world. At the moment, you need me, not the other way around. I’m offering you a chance to repay me.”

Chloe bit her

lip, her clear eyes staring at him unblinking. “Then may I ask you a question?”

“Speak.”

“Why did you choose to help me today, and why did you intervene when Ava was about to harm me, leading to her arrest?”

‘Is it because he genuinely cares for me? Is he worried about me?’

Joseph’s stoic face displayed a subtle shift, meeting her gaze. “What do you think the reason is?”

An answer formed in Chloe’s thoughts, but she hesitated to voice it. He had inflicted so much pain on her, one hurtful action after another. If he harbored feelings for her, how could he bear to cause her such harm?

“I don’t know.”

Joseph’s eyes instantly darkened. ‘Yes, she knows nothing. She only knows how to flirt and evade responsibility.’

“Don’t waste your breath with meaningless words. Do you want to leave or not? The choice is yours,” he said, his tone abruptly turning cold, his patience wearing thin.

Unaware **of** Joseph’s internal struggles, Chloe asked quietly, “**If** I break up with Icarus and help you retrieve your father’s note, **you** won’t interfere with Icarus’ life anymore?”

He clenched his molars and his jawline hardened. At that moment, he realized that she still cared about Icarus. ‘Such unwavering affection.’

Chloe felt a shiver run down her spine as she met his gaze, her confidence wavered.

“As long as you agree to those conditions, it’ll be as if I’m seeing a dog whenever I see **Icarus**. I’ll completely ignore him,” he declared.

Chloe had no comeback and remained silent. ‘Why do his words carry a trace of jealousy? And why does he sound so childish?’ she wondered, shaking her head. ‘It’s impossible. Joseph is cold and arrogant, like a block of ice. Such thoughts are out of the question!’

She picked up her phone, collected her thoughts, and composed a breakup message to Icarus.

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

## Score 9.5

Chapter **370** Is Joseph Bothering **You** Again?

Chloe followed Joseph out of the station. But before they even, Icarus' call came in.

Joseph calmly crossed his arms and said, "Answer it."

Chloe whispered, "I don't want to answer."

"I'll answer it for you then." He snatched the phone and answered while pressing the speakerphone button.

"What's wrong, Chloe? Why did you suddenly break up with me? Is Joseph bothering you again?!"

Chloe was afraid that Joseph would get angry. She tiptoed and held onto his strong and powerful arm as she hurriedly replied into the phone, "It has nothing to do with him. It was my own decision. That day, it wasn't a tanker truck in the accident, and you didn't risk any lasting damage to save me. I despise deception. Don't contact me anymore." She pressed the end call button and snatched back the phone.

The entire sequence of actions flowed smoothly.

Joseph smiled ambiguously. "Lying without flinching, as always."

Chloe did not want to argue with him and wisely changed the topic. "How does Samuel plan to handle the situation with the victim's family?"

"Standard procedure."

Chloe frowned. "But they're not willing to settle..."

"If he lacks the ability to negotiate, then he shouldn't be in this line. Being a lawyer requires professionalism and eloquence."

“I can ask him to offer them more compensation. I have money.” Chloe offered, realizing that providing additional monetary assistance was the only contribution she could make at the moment. For other matters, she was willing to go to great lengths if necessary.

Joseph glanced at her but did not offer a response.

Along the way,

Chloe noticed that they were heading toward the Whitman family home. She focused her gaze and inquired, “Are we going to see Grandpa for the note now?”

Joseph responded matter-of-factly, “Why not?”

“Okay.”

She wanted to assess Grandfather’s stance before delving into the matter. It puzzled her why the suicide note left **by** Joseph’s father, meant for his son, was being withheld from him.

In a private hospital in Docwood, Noah looked at the just-awakened Eustace. He casually poured himself a cup of chamomile tea and asked, “What’s your relationship with Xavia?”

Eustace, the person he had unexpectedly saved, had been involved in an assassination attempt. Despite sustaining multiple gunshot wounds, none of them had hit any vital organs, allowing him to cling to life.

The reason Noah decided to save Eustace was simple. He had found numerous photos of Xavia on Eustace’s phone, all taken at close range, some of which were rather revealing. The timestamps on the images indicated that they were taken relatively recently. However, according to Noah’s knowledge, Xavia had recently become pregnant with Joseph’s child. The timelines simply did not match up.

Eustace gritted his teeth and remained tight-lipped.

Observing his reaction, Noah suddenly erupted into laughter, revealing pointy canine teeth, which app

eared adorable yet innocent. He carefully set the teacup aside and took deliberate steps toward Eustace's bedside, coming to a halt beside him.

Eustace glanced up at the young man, who bore a resemblance to a university student, with a perplexed expression, unsure of his intentions.

Noah abruptly seized a handful of Eustace's hair and forcefully yanked him downward. Eustace was taken aback by the sudden brutality hidden beneath Noah's gentle and seemingly docile demeanor. Caught off guard, he was unable to react in time and found himself being forcefully dragged from the bed to the nearby bathroom.

During the process, all of Eustace's wounds were torn open, and his hospital gown became soaked with blood. His scalp was almost ripped off his head.

Noah did not give him a chance to respond, pressing his head down firmly into the filled bathtub.

Eustace struggled desperately, but Noah showed no concern, allowing the water to splash onto his **face**. With innocent eyes, he serenely observed as the person in the water weakened and struggled until bubbles emerged on the surface.

Just as Eustace was on the brink of drowning, Noah pulled him out, gazing at the person slumped on the floor. He tilted his head slightly and casually stated, "I saved your life, so your life now belongs to me. When I ask you something, you answer. Understand?"

"Ack, ack, ack!" Eustace coughed up water, his horrified gaze fixed on Noah. "I understand, I understand..."

"Excellent. Now let me ask you again. What's your relationship with Xavia?"

Eustace hesitated for a moment, his desire to survive overpowering everything. With

earnestness, he replied, "I'm her boyfriend."

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

**Score 9.5**