

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 411

Chapter 411 To Feed Without Teaching Is the Father's Fault

One hour later, Chloe and Samuel arrived at the police station. Only the lawyer was allowed inside, so Chloe anxiously waited outside.

Another half hour passed. Joseph and Samuel came out at the same time. Chloe approached them and asked eagerly, "How did it go? Can we leave now?"

Samuel let out a long sigh. "Yes, everything is fine. The urine test came back negative, and they identified the person who placed the package through the surveillance footage."

Her tightly clenched heart found relief, and she exclaimed indignantly, "Who was it? How despicable!"

"It was Jonathan's subordinate, Isaac," Samuel replied.

In other words, Jonathan had orchestrated all of this. According to the surveillance footage, Isaac sneaked into Joseph's office this morning. Although the culprit was arrested, he refused to admit that he was acting on Preston's orders, but due to the evidence from the urine test and Isaac's incoherent statements, the police had no authority to detain Joseph.

Chloe was speechless.

'Is this retaliation for the altercation with Jonathan yesterday? Such foolishness and malice!"

Joseph's gloomy mood enveloped him, his imposing presence intimidating. He gently ruffled her hair and said, "I need to go to the family home. Samuel will take you home."

Chloe shook her head. "I'll go with you." 1

Even if Preston and Octavia knew the truth, they would undoubtedly stand on Jonathan's side. Harold might favor Joseph, but there was little he could do since both sides were his

grandchildren.

Joseph's eyes flickered slightly, and his mood improved a little. How could he refuse when Chloe wanted to stand up for him?

At the Whitman family home.

After hearing the whole story, Harold's face turned livid with anger. He glared at Jonathan and said, "How dare you... Don't you know how important that house is to Joseph?"

"Grandpa, I'm in need of money, and he refused to give me any. Why don't you blame him?" Jonathan retorted.

"Shut up!" Harold shouted, refusing to hear another word from him. "You even got Isaac to frame Joe. Have you lost your mind?!"

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"I didn't! It wasn't me!" Jonathan defended himself.

"That's right, Dad. You can't just believe everything you hear. Even Isaac denied it. Why are you accusing Jonathan without evidence?" Octavia chimed in as she tenderly touched

Jonathan's bruised cheekbone. "Look at him. Jon's been in pain all night. Don't you feel sorry for him? How can you still blame him?"

Joseph closed his eyes and sank into the leather sofa he was sitting on. After a while, he said, "So you're saying that everything is my fault?"

Preston spoke solemnly, "We're all family, and you two are cousins. It's not about who's right or wrong. But let me speak fairly, as the older cousin, you should support Jon's entrepreneurial endeavors."

"Hah."

A short, mocking laugh broke the tense and heavy atmosphere, igniting the fuse and quickly setting off an explosion.

Hearing the chuckle, Octavia stepped forward and accused, "Chloe, if I remember correctly, you're no longer part of the Whitmans. You have no right to intervene."

“Okay.” Chloe looked at Harold with clear and innocent eyes. “Grandpa, if someone doesn’t welcome me here, I won’t come again next time.”

“Don’t listen to her nonsense. This is your home!” Harold said.

Octavia was infuriated, her eyes rolling in exasperation. ‘How could Dad not help his own family? He really has gotten old!’

“Stop talking about these irrelevant matters,” Preston said, thinking that with Harold present, he could speak with more confidence than the previous night. “Joe, look at what you’ve done to your cousin. It’s time to calm down. When will you reinstate Jon to the board?”

Chloe again chuckled at this remark. “You’re talking about an unrelated matter too. Why did he get beaten? And why was he kicked out of the board? He can’t just whip out the victim card just because he made a mistake and was punished. That property was worth roughly 150 million, and he sold it. To put it more seriously, according to the law, with such a large amount involved, are you aware of how many years Jonathan will end up behind bars? And do you really think Joseph doesn’t have any method to force Isaac to speak the truth?”

Joseph was powerful and intelligent. He had plenty of ways to deal with such individuals. He had returned here out of consideration for their kinship, and he wanted to lighten Harold’s burdens. How could this family continue to take advantage of his kindness?

Joseph opened his eyes and looked at Chloe, who was fervently defending him. Emotions flooded his deep and cold eyes. It felt as if a missing piece in his body had been filled. An indescribable emotion permeated his heart as if someone had traversed mountains and rivers to stand in front of him, offering the most precious warmth. It infused his once

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monochromatic existence with vibrant hues, overflowing with unbridled passion, and profoundly stirring his soul.

“They’re cousins!” Octavia declared, her voice resonating with emotion.

“Even blood relatives have to settle their accounts.”

Preston said, "You don't understand. Jon has made significant contributions to the Whitman Group over the years. He should be treated better than this."

"All right, let's tally up his contributions and see how much he has actually done," Joseph replied calmly.

Preston fell silent.

Joseph stood up, his gaze cold and detached as he swept it over Preston. He let out a low, sardonic laugh and continued, "If Jon has generated profits of at least 100 thousand dollars for the Whitmans, I'll heed your words and reinstate him onto the board. If he hasn't, it will reflect his inability to learn and your responsibility, Uncle Pres. To feed without teaching is the father's fault. I suppose you wouldn't feel comfortable staying at the Whitmans Group any longer after that, would you?"

Jonathan, feeling infuriated and ashamed, refused, "No, I don't agree to this!"

What did it mean to generate 100 thousand dollars in profits?

In a conglomerate like the Whitman Group, anyone with normal intelligence could achieve that. It was not that he lacked intelligence, but rather he had a propensity for taking reckless risks, which resulted in greater losses.

Chapter 412 Show Mercy to Jonathan

Joseph glared at Jonathan, his gaze as sharp as a blade.

"

Jonathan instinctively cowered. He lost his previous confidence, and softly protested, "There's no need to go through all that trouble. If you don't want me back on the board, then I won't return. After all, you're the one in control of the Whitman Group. What right do I have to object?"

"I'm the one in control of the Whitman Group, but I'm also your older cousin. Uncle Pres is right. I shouldn't always dwell on your shortcomings and should try to discover your strengths instead," Joseph said, a smile playing on his lips.

With that, he promptly contacted the board of directors, as well as the finance and project teams. In less than an hour, everyone arrived at the family home.

In front of everyone, a meeting was held. Jonathan had been on the board for five years and had been involved in seven projects. Out of those, six projects incurred losses totaling about a hundred thousand dollars. Only one project was profitable, but that project was requested by Joseph himself and could not be counted.

When all the numbers were presented before everyone, Jonathan's face turned pale. His lips trembled, unable to utter a word. He had always known he was losing money, but he never expected the numbers to be so staggering.

However, Preston still refused to back down even after the facts were laid out before them. It's normal to experience losses in business. The market hasn't been favorable in recent years. Do you really want to judge a person's lifetime achievement based on a mere three years? Jon is just starting to grow. He'll surely improve in the future."

Such shameless words even earned Harold's contempt, despite Preston being his son.

"Of course not," Joseph said.

Preston's face improved slightly, a hint of relief flashing through his eyes. He thought that Joseph was showing him some respect, but the next words that came shattered that glimmer of hope.

"So I should be the one to bear the cost of his trial and error?" Joseph asked.

"Yes. You're Jon's cousin. You're his family," Octavia spoke firmly, without a hint of shame.

"We're better off without family members who scheme behind each other's backs," Joseph

stated.

Octavia trembled, a wave of fear washing over her. 'Is he being serious this time?'

Joseph turned to Harold, his tone neither light nor heavy but deeply unsettling. “Mr. Harold, I will be removing Jonathan from the Whitman Group and expelling Preston from the board of

directors. Do you have any objections?”

Joseph rarely called Harold “Mr. Harold.” When he did so solemnly, it indicated that something big had happened.

Harold felt a twinge of sadness as Preston and Jonathan stared at him. He looked up at Joseph and noticed his icy expression. Harold was certain that if he dared to voice an objection, he would be expelled as well.

“You’re the one in control of the Whitman Group. I’ll let you decide,” Harold replied.

“Dad, you can’t do this! I’m your son. Have you ever heard anything as ridiculous as not having family members on a company board?” Preston pleaded.

“Grandpa, I want to remain in the Whitman Group. I don’t want to leave. Please help me!”

Joseph remained unperturbed. He took Chloe’s hand and held it tightly as he walked away with large strides.

“Are you hungry?” he asked.

“A little.”

“Where do you want to eat?”

“I don’t know. Let’s decide when we get home.”

He nodded, glancing at her sideways. “Which home? Mine or yours?”

“Let’s go to yours.”

It was closer to her place by about half an hour, and she did not want to bother with the extra travel.

Joseph noticed her exhaustion and asked, “What do you feel like eating?”

“Are you okay with takeout?” she asked.

Chloe knew that he had never been fond of ordering takeout.

“No, I’ll cook,” Joseph replied.

Chloe was taken aback, her eyes welling up with tears.

Just after having a falling out with his family, Joseph still cared for her and wanted to cook for her. Sobbing, she realized that even though he could be annoying at times, he could also be pretty great.

On the way back, Joseph also bought some groceries.

Chloe blinked. “Besides pasta, do you know how to cook anything else?”

“I went abroad to start a business, not to experience the life of a rich kid. Is there anything!

can’t do?” Joseph said, wearing a proud expression on his face.

“Fine, I underestimated you,” Chloe replied.

Soon, they arrived at Joseph’s house. Oreo, who she had not seen in a long time, crazily rubbed against her, licked her, and rolled onto its back to ask for belly rubs. After playing with the dog. outside for a while, she entered the house and saw Joseph engaged in a phone call out on the balcony. Judging from the conversation, it was Harold calling, asking about the frame-up that Jonathan had done. He wanted to confirm if it was true.

“Do you want me to call the person from the drug side and confront them face-to-face?”

Harold fell into silence.

Infighting was a taboo within families. Once such a situation occurred, the losses in terms of interests were minor compared to the loss of family unity. People might start to stab each other in the back, and that was the real issue. After all, internal strife was always a hundred times more terrifying than external enemies.

“Don’t worry, I won’t show Jon any mercy.”

“Are you sending him to prison? I know that you’re furious with Jonathan and he deserves the punishment, but it won’t be good for our family’s reputation if you send him to prison...’

Joseph gave no reply and hung up.

The room was dimly lit, with moonlight shining through the window, casting a gentle glow on the floor. His tall and slender figure appeared lonely and desolate. Chloe had never seen Joseph like this before.

In her mind, he was always confident and in control of everything. He was the one who revived Fairlight and the one in control of the Whitman Group. Everyone saw his glory, but they never experienced the burden he carried on his shoulders.

Chapter 413 I’ll Give It to You Tomorrow

Sensing the weight of his burden, Chloe approached and embraced his waist.

“It’s been a while since I cooked for you. What do you feel like eating? Just tell me,” she said.

“I said I’d cook today. Do you not believe me?” Joseph patted her hand, his handsome face returning to its usual calmness. “Just wait.”

She raised her head and looked into his deep eyes, offering him a smile. “Okay.”

It turned out that someone who could build and strengthen a business would also have great cooking skills. There was fruit salad, grilled fish, braised pig’s trotters, stir-fried asparagus, and corn soup.

The dishes were not only visually appealing but full of flavor. Chloe could not wait and immediately popped a piece of pig’s trotter in her mouth. It was tender, chewy, and melted in her mouth. It was so delicious that her toes curled up. It was only now that she knew why he did not like to eat takeout. With cooking skills that could rival a five-star hotel, anyone’s taste buds would become demanding.

Joseph noticed the admiration in her gaze, and his lips curled up. “You’re such a foodie.”

“What’s wrong with being a foodie?”

As long as she could maintain her figure, the satisfaction of taste buds was easier to achieve

than success.

After the meal, Chloe finished eating most of the food on the table and took the initiative to wash the dishes. As she finished washing the last dish and put it away, her phone in her pocket

vibrated.

It was a call from Icarus.

Chloe looked at Joseph, who was watching TV in the living room. She did not want him to misunderstand anything, so she chose to reject the call. She planned to contact Icarus tomorrow after returning home, but her phone soon rang again. It was a text from Icarus.

[Chloe, please answer my call. I have something important to tell you.]

She lowered her gaze, hesitated for a moment, wiped her hands clean, and walked into the bathroom.

At this moment, Icarus’ second call came through.

“Did you move, Chloe?” he asked.

“Yeah, how did you know?”

“I’m outside your house right now. Can we meet tomorrow? I’m leaving for abroad the day

after tomorrow, and I’m not sure when I’ll be back.”

“You’re going abroad for business?”

“Yes.”

“Which country?”

“Ameria.”

“What time do you want to meet tomorrow?”

“Around noon. Let’s go out for a meal.”

Chloe agreed. Although Icarus had deceived her before, he had not harmed her and had helped her in many ways. From both an emotional and rational standpoint, she should go.

After hanging up the phone, as soon as Chloe opened the door, she found Joseph standing outside, his handsome face clouded with indiscernible emotions.

“Stomach ache? You’ve been inside for so long?”

She instinctively hid her phone behind her back, her eyes flickering with anxiety. “No... Nope...

He noticed her actions and furrowed his brows deeply. “Then what were you doing inside here?”

After careful consideration, she took a deep breath and met his gaze candidly. “Icarus called me, and I was worried that you’d misunderstand, so I answered in the bathroom.”

Surprisingly, Joseph did not display the same level of distrust as before. He simply asked, ”

And?”

“He said he’s leaving the country the day after tomorrow and wanted to meet me for the last

time tomorrow.”

“You agreed?”

“Yeah...” Chloe nervously explained, “I agreed to meet him because we’re friends, and he has helped me a lot. If you don’t want me to go, I won’t.”

She sensed that Joseph was treating her better than before, and it would not be appropriate for her to quarrel with him again because of Icarus. Besides, he was not in a good mood today.

“You can go.”

“Huh?”

“I’ll give you an hour,” Joseph replied, a trace of displeasure lingering in his heart, but he managed to suppress it. “Is that enough?”

“Yes! It’s more than enough!” she nodded vigorously. She asked curiously, “You don’t suspect

me anymore?”

Every time she had been with Icarus before, he would explode in anger.

“You informed me and asked for my opinion. What else is there to suspect?” Joseph sneered, his lips curling.

Of course, it was not because of that. He simply could not stand Icarus. Now that Icarus was going to leave, there was no need to argue with an unworthy person like him.

Chloe saw that he did not say anything more and did not pursue the matter. She could not help. but sigh at how much his personality had improved.

After washing up, she went to the guest room. Everything inside remained the same. The only strange thing was that the bed sheets carried a faint unknown scent. It was refreshing and pleasant, exactly the same as the scent on Joseph’s body.

She stared at the bedding in a daze. ‘Did he come to sleep in the guest room every day?’

Suddenly, the door opened. Joseph appeared fresh from the shower, his body glistening with droplets of water. He had a bath towel draped around his well-defined waist, accentuating his strength and allure. As the droplets cascaded down his damp hair, tracing a path along his chiseled collarbone and settling on his captivating abs, it was an enchanting sight that evoked a flush and a racing heart.

He was truly a sight to behold.

Chloe’s cheeks turned rosy. “What are you doing here?”

Looking at her as if looking at an idiot, he said, “What else can we do at this hour besides. sleep?”

‘What else can we do? No, no! The first three months are the most crucial! We mustn’t be reckless!’

“No! I don’t want to do that. Stay away from me. We’re in a cooling-off period, and you can’t force me!” she exclaimed, her eyes filled with resistance.

Joseph was slightly stunned, and he chuckled disdainfully. “Then why are you reacting so strongly? Are you trying to cover up something?”

He could not deny that he was addicted to her body. He had not touched her after such a long time, so it was impossible for him to show no physiological response. However, he was tired today.

“I did not!” she retorted. “You’re the one who dressed like this and tried to seduce me!”

“You’re overthinking it,” Joseph said while sitting down beside her, his voice cold but filled with indulgence. “If you really want it, endure it for tonight. I’ll give it to you tomorrow, okay?”

Chapter 414 Sullivan

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A Rare Family Name

Chloe’s cheeks flushed as she observed Joseph’s serious expression. Hastily, she dove under the covers and wrapped herself up tightly. Only her clear eyes peered out to express her protest. “Thanks but no thanks!”

She felt unfairly judged as if she were some sort of hooker.

‘Come on. I’m a woman with integrity, all right?!’

The only time she had compromised her principles was when she had impulsively pursued a relationship with Jake’s uncle, but that had been a result of a series of misunderstandings.

Sensing her shyness, Joseph leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead, offering reassurance once more. "Don't worry. I will definitely fulfill your desire tomorrow."

Chloe remained silent.

Both of them enjoyed a restful sleep, and even Joseph could not resist staying in bed until eleven in the morning.

Chloe had a peaceful night's sleep, and her skin glowed today. Her naturally flawless cheeks, untouched by makeup, were as delicate and smooth as a peeled egg, offering a luscious burst of freshness with each bite.

She changed out of her pajamas into a well-fitted dress that accentuated her graceful figure. With each step she took, she exuded elegance and charm, captivating everyone in her presence.

Joseph glanced up at Chloe as she descended the stairs, his gaze intensifying. If it were not for his impending need to go to the office, he would have been tempted to teach her a lesson for being so seductive before him.

Seating herself on a dining chair, Chloe picked up a slice of bread and spread some jam on it. She stole a puzzled glance at Joseph, who stared at her intently. "What's the matter? Is there something on my face?"

"I'll be finished with my work at the office in about three hours, and then I'll come to pick you up," he stated.

"Just because you're done with your work doesn't mean I am," Chloe replied, taking a bite of the bread coated in tangy, sweet strawberry jam. "Besides, I want to go home."

Joseph's eyes narrowed slightly. "I can come to your place."

He was aware of her current residence, but he also knew that Gabriel would only sell properties that did not meet his standards to the real estate agency. He could purchase a comfortable villa nearby instead. Apartments without a yard were inconvenient-giving off

the feeling of a confining birdcage.

“I didn’t invite you to my house.” Chloe blinked, unable to comprehend Joseph’s peculiar train of thought.

It had only been two days since they had opened up to each other, seeking honesty and dispelling their doubts. Though their connection was growing, it did not mean they would rush into a rapid reconciliation.

Chloe wanted to wait for the results of Xavia’s amniocentesis before making any decisions.

Joseph raised his head, his tone drawling out with a touch of arrogance. “Indeed, that’s not your house. It belongs to Gabe.”

Feeling belittled, Chloe did not feel like engaging in conversation with him and reached for the remote to turn on the TV. Noah’s face, caught between youth and adulthood, appeared on the screen. The host asked him to assist in showcasing Exotic Star’s latest jewelry collection, and he responded with a warm smile, confidently discussing each piece. The shimmering diamond necklace outshone the stage, captivating the host, who was instantly tempted to make a purchase.

Chloe was not sure if it was just for the show’s effect, but she had to admit that Noah seemed quite busy. In the background, Joseph caught snippets of the young man’s voice, but he did not look up. He asked, his tone nonchalant. “What’s your mother’s name?”

The question caught Chloe off guard. When her mother passed away, she was still young and could not remember much. Whenever her father and stepmother mentioned her mother, it was often accompanied by a string of profanities. They had never mentioned her name before. The only time Chloe saw her mother’s name was on her tombstone.

“Luciana Sullivan,” she replied.

Joseph paused for a moment, his gaze deepening. “Sullivan? That’s not a common family

name.”

“Well, according to Benjamin, there are quite a few people with that family name in the town. where my mother was born.”

“And which town was that?”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 415 Go See Benjamin When You Have the Time

“I don’t know. Benjamin didn’t tell me,” Chloe replied.

“You should find some time to ask,” Joseph suggested.

She sensed something amiss. “What’s wrong?”

Joseph set down his utensils and scrutinized the woman sitting in front of him, carefully examining her features.

Desmond was old, so it posed a challenge to notice any resemblance between him and the twenty-four-year-old Chloe.

Averting his

gaze, Joseph said lightly. “It’s nothing. I’m just curious.”

“Do you also think I look like Mr. Desmond’s daughter?” Chloe asked.

“I don’t know what his daughter looks like,” Joseph replied.

He was not familiar with the Sullivans. In the past, Desmond was not the only Sullivan in his family. He had a brother named Dominic Sullivan. Dominic had a good relationship with the Gunters, and it was through his introduction that Desmond got to know the Gunters. However, Dominic passed away a few years ago. Joseph had even attended his funeral.

Chloe rested her chin on her hand. “I haven’t seen her either.”

To be honest, she really wanted to see Desmond’s daughter and determine just how similar they looked. But for now, she was not particularly close with Noah, and it would be impolite to make such a request.

Joseph’s gaze returned to her face and he asked, “Do you have a photo of your mom?”

“My mom?”

“Yeah.”

She took out her phone and searched through it, murmuring with some confusion, “Why does everyone want to see my mother’s photo...”

First, it was Noah, and now, it was Joseph.

“What are you muttering about?” he asked.

“Nothing.” She handed him the phone. “Here. This is my mother.”

In the photograph, a young woman with delicate features emanated an aura of elegance and

charm, exuding the essence of a lady from a wealthy family. Joseph studied the photo for a few more seconds and commented, “You two look alike.”

“Right?”

“You’re not as elegant as your mom, though,” he noted.

“Well, I admit that,” she replied.

Her mother was the typical beauty, while Chloe’s vibrant personality added a touch of liveliness, differing their temperaments from one another.

In the afternoon, Joseph intended to accompany Chloe to the meet-up venue. However, their paths did not align, and Chloe did not want to trouble him, so she decided to take a cab there.

on her own.

Outside the restaurant, a waiter greeted her and led her to a private room. Icarus had been waiting for some time and immediately stood up upon seeing her, graciously pulling out the chair for her.

“Thank you,” Chloe said, taking her seat. She noticed that the scar on Icarus’ chin had faded, and his leg seemed to have healed. A smile graced her lips involuntarily. “The scar on your face has improved a lot. It’ll fade even more with time.”

Icarus forced a smile. “It’s not a problem. I don’t have any plans to date at the moment.”

She was briefly stunned but skillfully changed the subject. “Have you ordered?”

“Not yet. The menu is on your right,” Icarus replied.

“I’ll take a look then,” Chloe said casually. As she had a late breakfast, she was not very hungry and randomly selected two dishes before handing the menu to Icarus.

“You can choose whatever you like. Today’s on me.”

Icarus absentmindedly nodded and added three more dishes. His gaze wandered to the section of beverages, his eyes flickering. He tightly clenched the menu, almost distorting it, and asked, “Watermelon juice, orange juice, apple juice. Which one would you like to drink?”

Chloe lowered her head to send a message to Joseph, unaware of his peculiar behavior. Absent-mindedly, she responded, “Orange juice.”

The dishes took a while to arrive, but the beverage was promptly served. After placing the order, a waiter brought a bottle of freshly squeezed orange juice to the table. Icarus exchanged a glance with the waiter, who gave him a subtle signal, indicating that he could proceed.

A determined resolve flickered in Icarus’ heart as he stood up and said, “Chloe, I’m going to

the restroom.”

“Okay.”

After five minutes, the door creaked open. Chloe assumed that Icarus had returned and turned her head, only to be met with the unsettling sight of a mysterious fox mask.

Vanya giggled, “We meet again, sweetie.”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 416 Strip

Chloe's pupils contracted in sudden terror, her face filled with fear.

Vanya firmly grasped her shoulder, exerting an immense pressure that rendered her immobile with practiced ease.

"Don't do anything stupid. Are you not worried about your friend?" she remarked, clapping her hands. At that moment, Icarus was brought in, bound and gagged, with a gun pressed against the back of his head.

Chloe took a sharp breath, and cold sweat formed on her forehead. "What do you want?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Strip." Vanya's eyes gleamed mischievously. "I want you to take off all your clothes."

She bit her lip, unable to hesitate in the face of life and death. With trembling hands, she slowly removed her coat and shirt. However, when it came to her underwear, the overwhelming sense of shame overwhelmed her, freezing her in place. Her eyes reddened with a mixture of fear and humiliation, but tears stubbornly refused to fall.

Icarus' heart ached as if being torn apart. He struggled and said, "Don't force her. Take me instead!"

Impatience flashed through Vanya's eyes. 'What an idiot.'

"So, you're willing to stand up for her? Strip then."

Icarus was reluctant to do it, but the man with the gun moved in, and in a matter of moments, Icarus' clothes were stripped away, leaving him with only his underwear.

Like a mischievous child, Vanya pushed Chloe toward Icarus, causing the two of them to sit together in a suggestive position. To any unsuspecting onlooker, it would seem as if they were not having a meal, but rather in a hotel room.

Vanya took out a camera and snapped a few pictures. Chloe's body remained stiff as if she were a puppet whose soul had been sucked out, allowing Vanya to manipulate her at will.

She consoled herself, reminding herself that Vanya was just taking pictures. As long as she did not cross the final line, she should not fight back. After all, staying alive was the most important thing.

Icarus had a bitter feeling in his heart, silently vowing that once they were reunited in the future, he would treat Chloe better.

Just as Vanya was admiring the photos, a sudden blare of sirens could be heard from downstairs.

Chloe's spirits lifted, and she desperately ran to the window, calling for help at the top of her lungs.

"Help! Help us!"

Vanya cast a fleeting glance at her subordinate. After that, she feigned panic as she swiftly made her escape.

Chloe's nerves were on edge and she collapsed on the ground, her trembling hand pressed against her stomach. Her gaze fixated on Vanya's retreating bare feet, noticing a black snake tattoo coiled around her ankle.

Icarus approached her, his eyes filled with anguish as he tried to console her. "Chloe, are you okay...?"

"Don't come any closer. Hurry up and put on your clothes."

"Okay."

The two of them hastily dressed, but there was still no sign of the police arriving. Chloe leaned against the window, her heart sinking as she noticed the police car had long since departed without stopping.

With determination in her voice, she declared, "Let's go to the station right now."

Since the masked woman had only recently fled, the police would surely be able to gather evidence by retrieving surveillance footage from the surrounding area.

Icarus' face flickered with guilt. "Don't go. It wouldn't be good for you if those photos were leaked."

Chloe froze and she hesitated for a moment. After a while, she became even more determined to report to the police as she said, "The police will keep it confidential. If they spread the photos around, it'll be too late for regrets."

Icarus had no choice. If he continued to refuse, it would raise suspicions. Reluctantly, he

agreed.

At the station, Tyson listened to the general situation and his body trembled upon hearing about the tattoo on Vanya's ankle. "Are you sure about this?"

"Yes, it was a black snake," Chloe replied with certainty.

Taking a deep drag from his cigarette, Tyson said in a serious manner, "This is an important clue."

Chloe was stunned. "How is it important?"

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Score 9.5

Chapter 417 I'm Determined to Expose Xavia's True Nature

Chloe was stunned. "Why is it important?"

"In the past decade, a group of outlaws has emerged in the gray zone primarily controlled by Ameria, with Cloude as their secondary base. Their leader's nickname is Serpent, and his trusted associates often sport a snake tattoo on their feet. However, they seldom engage in activities within Aesper. Can you recall who you've had recent conflicts with recently?"

Chloe did not respond immediately but asked another question, "Have you managed to retrieve any fingerprints from the fruit knife?"

"Yes, I have some prior engagements today, but I plan to deliver the results to Joseph tomorrow," Tyson replied.

"Could you please show them to me first?" Chloe requested.

Tyson nodded, instructing his colleague to take Icarus outside. He then placed a file before Chloe. "After conducting comparisons, the fingerprints belong to a man in his thirties with a criminal history. Most importantly, he was one of the individuals involved in the kidnapping incident that targeted you and Noah."

In essence, it was a meticulously planned criminal case.

Unsurprised by such findings, Chloe's expression grew grave as she said, "The only person I've had recent conflicts with is Xavia."

Chloe had a hunch that all of these perilous incidents happened after Xavia's arrival. Although they appeared unrelated to her, no one else seemed to possess a motive except her. Especially when Toto was injured by a mysterious person, Xavia's inconsistent behavior in the presence of Chloe and Joseph almost confirmed their connection.

After listening attentively to Chloe's detailed analysis, Tyson paused and said, "You should discuss this with Joseph. The incident involving Toto could be classified as trespassing and assault with a deadly weapon. If you decide to file a police report, we can summon Xavia for a thorough investigation."

Chloe pursed her lips, her pale face masking her emotions. "Understood. I don't want Joseph to know about the photographs of me and Icarus together. Can you ensure confidentiality?"

Tyson had no objections. "Certainly, it's your privacy. As an unrelated party to the case, Joseph will remain unaware of it. However, it'd be wise for you to hire a bodyguard."

"You're right..."

Chloe left the station and received a call from Joseph. Other than concealing the fact that they were photographed, she recounted today's events to him in full detail.

"Wait at the station. I'll have Lucas pick you up," Joseph instructed.

"Okay."

Soon, Lucas arrived with two strong men who appeared to be bodyguards. They provided full escort throughout the journey. Chloe arrived at Fairlight, where Joseph thoroughly inspected

her.

Her face was pale, but there were no signs of injury or blood. However, precautions needed to be taken, and bodyguards had to be arranged.

Joseph's expression turned grim. "Do you think today's incident has anything to do with Icarus?"

Chloe realized what he was talking about and said, "I don't think so. Icarus is just a businessman. How could he know these people?"

However, Joseph did not share her opinion. Accurately pinpointing their location and controlling them without alerting the restaurant staff was a feat difficult to achieve even with prior surveillance or tracking.

"People in business have deep scheming minds."

"Let's put that aside for now. We should report to the police and have them investigate Xavia. I swear on my name that there's no way Toto's injuries are unrelated to her."

Joseph remained silent, leaning back without giving a response.

Seeing his reaction, Chloe frowned and she felt a suffocating sensation in her chest. "You don't believe me?"

"It's not that."

"Then what are you still hesitating for? Toto was lucky to survive this time, but what about next time? Can we rely on the same luck? Before Xavia came back, everything was fine between us. Now that she's back, our marriage is filled with arguments and setbacks. Even Toto's life has become difficult. The dog's constantly being abducted and physically harmed! I don't care anymore. Even if you disagree, I'm determined to expose her true nature!"

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5

Chapter 418 I Should Die to Give Way to You

Joseph was caught between tears and laughter. "Xavia doesn't have that kind of power. I haven't said anything, so please don't assume what I'm thinking."

Chloe gazed at him intently. “It’s not about her personal capabilities, but the people behind her. Besides, she’s incredibly beautiful. What man doesn’t desire a beautiful woman? They’re attracted to her beauty, and she’s enticed by their power.”

“If that’s the case, would they allow Xavia to bear

my

child?” Joseph questioned.

Chloe fell into silence, unsure of how to respond. Joseph’s reasoning made sense. Moreover, even though he did not explicitly say anything, he was clearly troubled by the fact that Xavia was carrying his child.

The more Chloe pondered the situation, the more distressed she became. Deep down, she vehemently resisted the idea of her baby and Xavia’s child sharing the same father. If that were the case, she would rather not have the child. She could just find another man with a clean background, marry him, and make him a Johnson.

“I don’t have any objection if you insist on filing a report, but I don’t believe it’s necessary,” Joseph said in a low tone, displaying no hint of mercy toward Xavia. He believed that filing a report and launching an investigation would not yield results and would only alert the enemy.

Chloe’s mind raced with countless thoughts, and she lifted her head to stare at Joseph. “I don’t care what you think. I’m filing a report.”

Unraveling the truth became a secondary priority. At the moment, Chloe’s main objective was to bring Xavia under control and make her stop whatever she was doing. That would be sufficient for Chloe.

Joseph was speechless.

Chloe wasted no time and went to find Tyson again.

During a music concert where Xavia was performing, the police delivered a message to her and took her away for questioning. It was her first performance in Aesper since her return, and it instantly caused a commotion among the audience.

“You’re arresting me without any evidence! You better watch out! I’ll sue you for abusing your power!” Xavia exclaimed angrily, her chest heaving with intense emotions as she sat in the interrogation room.

“We haven’t taken any action against you. We just want to have a conversation, so relax,” Tyson said calmly.

Xavia maintained a hostile expression as she looked at him. “Did Chloe send you to arrest me?”

How could I, a chemotherapy patient and a pregnant woman, possibly sneak into her house in the middle of the night?”

“You’re a suspect. We didn’t say you were the one who did it. Lower your guard and cooperate with us.” Tyson looked at her intently. “Where were you on the night of August 29th at 8 PM till 3 AM the next day? And what were you doing? Do you have any relevant witnesses?”

Xavia’s gaze drifted, and the next moment, she choked up, “I was at home the whole time. The nanny can testify. Chloe is just jealous that I’m carrying Joe’s child and deliberately causing trouble for me... This has nothing to do with me... Haven’t you already found fingerprints? Why are you still making things difficult for me? Did you accept her bribe too?” Xavia protested.

Tyson frowned and signaled to his colleague before excusing himself. When the officer had connections with the person who filed the report or the suspect, they had to stay away from the case to avoid suspicion.

Half an hour later, Xavia was released. As she caught sight of Chloe and Joseph, a flicker of resentment flashed through her eyes, and she abruptly threw herself at a distant table. Although her action seemed violent, she controlled the extent of her force.

Joseph quickly stood up and intercepted her. He grabbed her and admonished, “What are you doing?!”

With reddened eyes, Xavia’s tears streamed down uncontrollably as she said, “Ms. Chloe suspects me, and you’re not helping me either! I don’t know what to do. I’m alone and helpless in this world. It’s better to die so that you two can be together!”

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5

Chapter 419 A Live Stream

Joseph's face darkened. "You just need to cooperate with the investigation. Why the fuss?"

"What do you mean, 'Why the fuss?'" Xavia said, her voice trembling as she began to cry while covering her face. "I was taken away by the police in front of so many people during my concert. How will my fans see me? How will the audience see me? Grandpa already had a poor opinion of me, and now with this incident, I'll never gain his approval."

Chloe frowned, finding Xavia's crying voice grating. "Even without today's incident, you still wouldn't have gained Grandpa's approval."

You reaped what you sowed. If Xavia had ever cared about Toto in the first place, none of this would have happened.

"I didn't..." Xavia's voice cracked, her eyes turning red around the rims. "The police have already proved my innocence. Why are you still so harsh with me? You just want Joe, right? I'll give him back to you. I just want our child to be born safely. Please stop making things difficult for me."

In just a few words, she twisted the whole situation, portraying herself as the victim. The crowd looked at her with sympathy and pity as if she were the true victim.

Chloe was so enraged that her face turned red. "Don't you have any shame?!"

Xavia struggled to stand up, wearing a desolate expression and a sense of helplessness. "Go ahead and scold me. As long as you don't make things difficult for me, anything else is fine."

Tyson came out and shook his head at Joseph, indicating that they had not found anything incriminating. Joseph did not seem surprised.

Chloe could not help but roll her eyes. No one saw how arrogant Xavia was when she was looking at her. She was truly a skilled manipulator.

“I’m warning you, don’t push your luck. Everyone makes mistakes, and once I catch you with evidence, you’re finished!”

Xavia, with a touch of resilience amid her pitiful appearance, replied, “I don’t understand what you’re saying, but if you continue targeting me and my child, I’ll fight back until the end.”

Chloe sneered, “Hah, likewise.”

The reason she wanted to expose Xavia’s true colors was that she was going to become a mother herself.

“Enough. Let’s go,” Joseph said impatiently as he looked at Xavia.

Xavia gazed at Joseph, her eyes filled with disbelief. “Joe, can’t you see what she has done to me? Aren’t you going to do something about it? It’s bad enough that you don’t care about me,

but how could you speak to me like that?”

“Cooperating with police investigations is the responsibility of every citizen. Stop being so dramatic and act like you’re the one who got the short end of the stick,” Joseph replied.

His words caused immense satisfaction to resonate within Chloe’s heart. He had accused her of being overly dramatic in the past, so hearing him say these words to Xavia felt particularly gratifying.

Xavia’s face tensed up, and she gazed at Chloe with resentment. She had initially wanted to avoid embarrassing Joseph, but now that things had come to this point, she found she did not have to hold herself back anymore.

At nine o’clock at night, a live stream began on an online platform. In the heartbreaking video, Xavia was in tears. Standing by the seaside, she poured out her deep sense of helplessness of being born as a human. She lamented her inability to provide a stable family for her child and her powerlessness to sway the father’s decision.

After saying her piece, she stepped toward the vast ocean, her beautiful face filled with despair, while netizens frantically tried to dissuade her.

[Don't do it! I grew up in a single-parent household, and look at me now. Perfectly fine without any missing limbs.]

[Wait a minute, isn't she a violinist? I remember attending one of her performances.]

[Even someone as pretty as she can be abandoned by a scumbag?]

By the time Joseph received the news and arrived at the scene, the water was already up to Xavia's chest. The firefighters and medical personnel were all ready and standing by.

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5

Chapter 420 I'll Treat Your Child as My Own

The firefighter looked at him seriously and asked, "Are you a family member or a friend of hers?"

But before he got an answer, he quickly added, "Regardless of your identity, your main purpose is to calm her down. Don't say anything that might upset her, understand?"

Joseph furrowed his brow and nodded.

"By the way, can you swim?"

"Yes."

"Good. Go ahead."

Step by step, Joseph walked toward the sea. The water soaked his suit, clinging to his well-built physique, emphasizing his broad shoulders and long legs. Despite being drenched, he and Xavia exuded an air of elegance and nobility as if they were a pair of fallen celestial beings.

One of the people live-streaming with their phone said to Chloe, "I have to admit. Even when all drenched, they make a really good couple."

Chloe felt a sense of discomfort but remained silent.

“Forget me, Joe. I’m just a cancer patient. You have a long life ahead of you, so don’t let me and the child hold you back.” Xavia smiled faintly. “If there’s another life, I hope we’ll meet there.”

“Why are you talking such nonsense? When did I ever say I don’t want this child?”

“But once this child is born, he’ll become a source of contention between you and Ms. Chloe. I don’t want the child to suffer such grievances, nor do I want to put you in a difficult position.”

“Chloe will accept him,” Joseph said, his voice firm.

A cloud of worry appeared on Xavia’s face as her gaze shifted toward the woman by the seaside. “Are you sure? Unless she swears, I won’t believe it.”

Joseph did not immediately agree, his dark eyes flickering with hesitation.

Chloe’s eyes were clear as she fixed her gaze on the two people in the sea. Her slender figure looked frail as the hem of her clothes swayed along with the breeze.

The firefighter overheard the conversation and shouted toward the shoreline, “Is there a

Chloe here?”

Amid the searching gazes of the crowd, she stepped forward and declared, “I’m Chloe.”

The firefighter approached her and said, “Our main priority now is to calm her emotions. Just

agree for the time being. We can discuss the rest later.”

Chloe stared at him intently. “Are you asking me to agree first and then change my mind?”

“Yes, that’s what I mean.”

“With so many people live-streaming the scene, if I agree now and change my mind later, she might do the same thing again. At that time, those viewers will surely expose me online.”

The firefighter had not anticipated her concerns. He reassured her, "Don't worry. I'll testify on your behalf. No one will expose you. Our immediate priority is to save her. Remember, she's pregnant, and any accident would result in two lives lost."

"Yes, just agree already. It's just a matter of a few words," urged the others.

"Exactly. Why are you dragging this out? She's pregnant, so stop being so selfish," someone chimed in.

"You've already taken her husband. Do you want the lives of the mother and child as well?"

Chloe watched as everyone sided with Xavia, her fists clenched tightly. She suspected that Xavia was just putting on an act. This was all a performance to escalate their conflict, providing the perfect opportunity to expose Chloe and make the public believe that Xavia was the true victim afterward.

However, Chloe could not remain indifferent. She had to say something. Otherwise, she would become the complete villain in this situation. She closed her eyes briefly and said in a calm voice, suppressing her anger, "Fine, I'll do."

Upon hearing her response, the firefighter handed the megaphone to Chloe. She suppressed

rage and spoke with a calmness akin to still waters.

her

"Xavia, I promise that I'll accept your child. I pledge to treat your child as my own in the future."

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5