

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 441

Chapter 441 Stop Being Suspicious of Everything

Suddenly, all eyes turned to the young man. Clarity sparked in Noah's amber-like innocent look suggested he had yet to figure out the situation.

eyes. His

Joseph gritted his teeth, aware that the young man was pretending. He strode over with an expression so grim that it distorted his handsome face. "Tell me what you saw."

A faint smile played on Noah's lips as he lowered his voice. "Are you sure that I'll help you?"

Joseph sneered, disdain filling his eyes. "Kid, I'm going to see your elders if you lie."

"You're just old." Noah's smile widened. Not a tinge of malice on his face after snatching one's beloved. "Men should find partners who are older than them. Coco is merely three years older than me."

However, Joseph was unmoved. "It's a good thing to have dreams."

"Hmph! Confidence is a good thing too."

"Noah, tell us. What did you see?" Chloe took the initiative to ask since Noah did not reveal

the truth.

Similarly, Xavia looked at Noah anxiously, afraid of what he might blurt out.

Noah averted his gaze and glanced at Chloe. He pursed his lips and showed his hesitation.

Taking a deep breath, Chloe forced a smile that was quite unpleasant to watch. "It's fine. Spill it. You don't need to worry about my feelings." She had mentally prepared herself for the

truth.

“Tell us what you saw,” Joseph ordered coldly, emanating a superior and oppressive aura.

“I didn’t see anything.” Noah shrugged. “Mr. Joseph and Ms. Xavia were just sitting there and not engaging in any inappropriate behavior. But a minute before you came back, Ms. Xavia called Mr. Joseph to her side. After that, her clothes....were taken off.”

Joseph explained nonchalantly, “She asked me to look at her wounds. As for how her clothes

came off, I wasn’t sure because I didn’t touch her.”

“That homeless man tore my clothes, so the buttons were ruined...” Xavia explained in panic as she blushed, “I have no idea how they fell off.”

Chloe rolled her eyes at Xavia’s words, ignoring the obvious fabrication. “It doesn’t matter.” She looked up at Joseph. “What matters is you, a man, were in a room with her, a woman, checking her wounds. You’re not a doctor, right? Why did you do that?”

“I wasn’t thinking,” Joseph confessed. At that time, the room was too hot, so his mind had been foggy. When Xavia claimed she was in pain, he instinctively went to her aid.

“Don’t you know how to maintain a respectful distance from the opposite sex?”

“Exactly. Mr. Joseph, you should have found a doctor for Ms. Xavia if she’s unwell. Why start an argument with Coco over such a trivial thing?” Noah tried to mediate, though his bias toward Chloe was clear.

Because of this, Chloe found herself admiring Noah more. She felt he was genuinely nice, not prone to nonsensical behavior just because he was threatened or oppressed.

However, Joseph caught a flicker of joy in Noah’s eyes, a sign that he was enjoying Joseph’s discomfort. Veins were seen bulging on the latter’s forehead as he softened his tone. “Let’s

discuss this at home.”

“Why can’t we talk it out here?” Chloe resisted. She did not want to let Xavia off the hook so

easily.

“Stop being suspicious of everything.”

At home, they could speak freely without prying eyes or unsolicited advice, especially from people with ulterior motives. A quiet environment was good for clear thinking.

‘Why is she so stupid? Why must she let Noah enjoy our fight? Besides, I didn’t say wouldn’t explain the situation.’

that I

However, Chloe interpreted Joseph’s words differently. ‘So he wants to protect Xavia...’

Disappointment filled her voice. “Yeah, I’m suspicious of everything. It’s my fault. We can stop this conversation right now!”

With that, she turned on her heels and left, ignoring Joseph’s attempts to call her back. She quickly walked to the roadside, hailed a cab, and left that distressing scene behind.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 442 Easy Slut

“Joe, I’m so sorry. Hurry and go after Ms. Chloe. You don’t need to worry about me,”

Xavia said gently.

Joseph’s face sank. “I’ve called you an ambulance. It’ll be here soon. Bye, I’ll be going now.”

“Okay. Be careful.”

Xavia watched Joseph leave, her haggard and feeble face slowly turning into a malicious expression. Although her plan had not gone flawlessly, it could still be considered a success. That was what she wanted to see. Bit by bit, she aimed to ruin their trust and drain their love for each other. Over time, it would build up, leaving them deeply exhausted from endless arguments. The building blocks of their love would then topple and fade no matter how strong their love was.

Xavia slowly draped Joseph's coat over her body as if she had won the battle. She tidied her appearance and smoothed her hair. After that, she appeared graceful again. When she walked out, she found that Noah was still there, staring at her.

She recalled that Megan was still vying to be Exotic Star's ambassador. If she could secure that...

Chloe was Exotic Star's current ambassador, but usually, luxury brands would hire more than one person to endorse their products. Entertaining this thought, Xavia took the initiative to introduce herself to Noah.

"Nice to meet you. I'm Xavia Larson. Could I have the pleasure of making your acquaintance?"

Noah looked up slightly with bewilderment on his handsome face. However, Xavia did not feel awkward at all. Noah appeared more mature and intelligent than people his age. It would be a piece of cake to handle him if he was not as slick and experienced as Joseph.

"I apologize if this is sudden. I just wanted to tell you that the designs and concepts of Exotic Star's jewelry are fantastic."

Most people, when flattered, tend to soften and show less hostility toward their admirers. However, Noah kept a calm expression and just said, "Is that so?"

"Yes, of course. I'd be delighted if I could become your friend." Xavia did not conceal her intentions, confessing with a smile. Such a candid approach would make her more appealing than those who feigned modesty.

Noah gaped before slowly uttering his sarcastic reply, "Are you even qualified to be Easy Slut?"

my

friend?

Xavia was struck dumb on the spot as self-doubt hit her. She felt she had heard him wrong. After suppressing her anger, she asked, "What... Do you understand what you just said?"

"I said, you're a slut." Noah got up from the chair and casually smoothed out the wrinkles on his clothes. "No one has ever made such a weird request. If you want to hear it again, I can buy you a voice recorder."

"Noah Gunter!" Xavia's voice was sharp with anger. "Apologize this instant!"

"What the hell are you shouting about? You're so fucking noisy." Showing clear disdain, he took out his earphones and put them on.

Xavia tried to stop him from leaving, but she was blocked by a bodyguard secretly protecting Noah who roughly pushed her away.

Noah frowned. "Don't overdo it. Be careful of the baby." He wanted to use that child to make Chloe give up on Joseph. As for Eustace, he would play his role later.

Oceanic Residence.

Chloe returned home and locked herself in her room as exhaustion overwhelmed her. She reluctantly reflected on things. 'Is it good for me to continue this way with Joseph? We're always arguing because of Xavia. A healthy relationship shouldn't be like this.'

"Chloe, open the door." A man's cold voice came through the door.

Hugging her knees in the corner, Chloe remained silent.

"I know you're in there."

Again, her silence was her only response to him.

Joseph leaned against the door and took out his phone to call Gabriel. "I need a key to Oceanic Residence."

Gabriel stated, “No, the rented unit belongs to the renter. If you break in, I’ll be held responsible.”

“I’m in a very bad mood right now.”

“Fine, give me a few minutes. I’ll have someone deliver it to you.”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 443 You Should Buy Her Flowers

For over ten minutes, Chloe remained silent, eavesdropping. Joseph seemed to have left since it was now quiet outside. A chill pierced her heart. They had been dating for almost a year, but his patience toward her was still so low.

Feeling disappointed, she lay on her bed, flashes of their past replaying in her mind. There was happiness, anger, grief, sadness, and moments of feeling touched...

Her mother passed away early, leaving her to face verbal and physical abuse in the Johnson family from time to time. Jake would sometimes bring her snacks or beautiful clothes. At that time, she was over the moon, feeling that he was the one. But he cheated on her. Emily then became the only person who treated her kindly.

Slowly, Joseph became a part of her life. He spoke harsh words and was a fierce man, but sometimes, he was very nice to her. He gave her a job and avenged her. When she was filled with the deepest despair, he saved her repeatedly. Without him, Ava would still be safe and making quite a scene. The true reason for her mother’s passing would remain hidden. However, he was also the one who caused her the deepest grief...

Confusion and helplessness engulfed Chloe.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. It was so unexpected that she jumped in fright, but her instinct told her it was not Joseph.

“Is anyone home? I’m here to deliver furniture.”

Chole was stupefied. “I didn’t buy any furniture. Do you have the wrong address?”

“Are you Ms. Chloe?”

“Yes, I am...”

“Well, I got it right then. It’s to be delivered to this location. Please open the door. There’s a lot of stuff, and they’re blocking the corridor.”

Chloe was very vigilant. She put on her slippers and looked through the peephole. A middle- aged man in a set of work uniform was standing outside with a leather sofa, TV, dining chair, and other items behind him.

She hesitated for a while. “Can you tell me who ordered them?”

“Sure...” Rustling, he flipped open his notebook and replied, “It was someone named Lucas Anderson.”

Chloe was struck dumb on the spot. ‘It was Joseph. He bought them...’

“Miss, can we come in now?”

“Ah... Okay.”

Chloe collected her scattered thoughts and immediately opened the door to let the workers in. They moved in essential items such as a sofa, coffee table, desk, and even a bean bag she really liked. After some time, her house looked brand-new. It was now neat, clean, and familiar. She recognized the brand of the furniture-it was the same as the ones in the villa.

When the workers had finished and left, Chloe remained rooted to the spot, feeling upset. Her eyes turned watery. She walked to the bean bag and sat down, sinking into its soft sensation. At some point, she nestled there and dozed off.

Some time passed before she was woken up by the sound of someone opening the door. As she opened her eyes, Joseph was standing in the doorway. Their eyes met.

Chloe was moved. He was incredibly handsome as if he came out of a painting. He had long legs and a slim waist, and at that moment, he was holding a bouquet of roses, staring at her intensely.

She found her voice and interrogated, “Where’d you get a key?”

“From Gabe.”

Gabriel even told him that a man who was denied entrance should at least bring a bouquet of flowers. He could not show up empty-handed.

Chloe said, “I’ll sue him.” As a landlord, he had failed her.

“Are you still mad?” Joseph handed her the roses.

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Chapter 444 Stop Being So Dramatic

Chloe refused to accept them. Pouting, she asked the obvious, “Why did you buy me flowers?”

“Don’t women love flowers?” Joseph seemed genuinely confused.

“Oh, please. Many people are allergic to pollen. They wouldn’t love flowers then.”

“Okay. I’ll stop buying you flowers since you don’t like them.”

For a moment, Chloe was speechless. ‘He only listens when it doesn’t matter!’

“Go ahead and ask me anything. I’ll answer all your questions.” Joseph pulled over a chair and sat down. He temporarily set his pride aside, so his attitude could be considered good.

Chloe stared at him before finally saying, “I have nothing to ask.” Noah had made it very clear.

She was angry because of Joseph’s attitude toward Xavia.

An indiscernible frown appeared on Joseph’s face. He found it hard to understand her. She talked nonstop at the forum but refused to say a word now that they were home. He wondered why. Was it the environment that caused their fight?

Joseph considered himself patient. At least, he had never shown such a good temper in front

of any woman. Chloe was the first exception.

“Why did you buy me furniture?” Chloe suddenly changed the topic.

Joseph answered truthfully, “Because your living conditions were pitiful.”

Chloe was flabbergasted.

“Why? What’s wrong with wanting you to live more comfortably?” Joseph snapped in his usual aloof tone, his temper getting the better of him.

“I’m just renting this place. I don’t need any of this.”

“We can just ask Gabe to transfer it to your name.”

It was just a unit. Of course, he could afford it.

Chloe’s lips twitched hard. She sighed again, finding the rich insufferably willful.

Once she clammed up, Joseph took a moment to collect his thoughts. “That whole business with Xavia, let’s just drop it. Nothing will happen between her and me. It didn’t happen five years ago, let alone now. Trust me. I’ll handle it well. We all need time to sort things out, don’t you think so?”

Chloe’s ears seemed to perk up a bit. It seemed like she was convinced.

Joseph continued, “And please stop being so dramatic. You always make a fuss when you face an issue. Stay calm and use your head to think if it’s sound.”

If worse came to worst and he was tempted, he would never be so eager and do that kind of thing in the lounge. In short, there was something fishy about the whole incident. Too many things conveniently fell into place. Even that lounge appeared suspicious. When someone entered it, they would feel hot all over. He thought about the possibility of being drugged, but he ate nothing and only had tea from the teapot, and he was not the only one who drank from

Chloe's mood, which had eased slightly, darkened at his last words. She grabbed a random pillow and chucked it at him. Joseph, who was lost in thought, failed to dodge it.

“Stop being conceited just because I'm into you.”

and

When his expression changed, Chloe could not help feeling scared. She quickly got up sought refuge in her bedroom. She had changed the lock of her bedroom door to a password lock, adding another line of defense against unwanted visitors. She was afraid that someone might barge in. Unexpectedly, she would be using it against Joseph first.

Joseph gave up trying to smooth things over. He picked up the remote, turned on the TV, and settled in. ‘It's only six in the evening right now. She'll come out when she's hungry.’

Elsewhere, as Xavia destroyed the teapot, she received Harold's order. He demanded her to immediately head to a private hospital for an amniocentesis.

Xavia panicked. ‘Is there a hospital that can do an amniocentesis when I'm just a little over three months pregnant? There shouldn't be. That doesn't make sense.’

But she did not dare refuse, fearing she might give herself away. While promising him to go, she called Vanya for help.

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Chapter 445 The Final Chance

Vanya answered her phone and listened to Xavia's frantic story, then cut her off, “It's

impossible to do an amniocentesis at three months unless they slice your belly open. Why are you panicking?”

Xavia, taken aback by the rebuke, fell silent. 'Right, they can't do the amniocentesis yet. Four months is when it's safe. Plus, given my current condition...' Once she had calmed down, the panic lifted.

"All right, don't call me again unless it's something serious." Vanya was as busy as a bee to fulfill the task S had given her. But all the items were moved in today, so she had accomplished her mission.

After hanging up the phone, Xavia arrived at the private hospital. The Whitmans invested in that hospital, so there was a floor dedicated to serving Harold.

She went to the obstetrics department with the nurse. Surprisingly, Octavia was there too.

"Mrs. Tavia..."

Smiling, Octavia nodded. "You're here.'

"Umm... Mrs. Tavia, why did Grandpa want me here? It's too early for an amniocentesis."

"Alas, he's quite old now, so he does whatever he feels like," Octavia replied, staring at Xavia's belly. "You're nearly four months along. I'm sure the baby has ears and eyes by now. Get an ultrasound later and let me see."

The doctor at the side chimed in, "We can do it now."

Being a private hospital, they usually clocked out at half-past five. There were no more patients, but the doctors worked overtime for the Whitmans.

"Okay, go ahead."

Harold was having a check-up upstairs and had not made his way down yet.

Xavia did not sense any hostility from Octavia, so she obediently lay on the bed for the ultrasound. Soon, a baby that was just starting to look like a little human appeared on the screen, albeit slightly blurry.

Octavia leaned in for a closer look. "Hey, the baby's very cute. Just a tiny little ball. You and Joe better hurry up and tie the knot or you won't fit into a wedding dress."

Xavia managed a bitter smile. "Joe's not exactly eager to marry me."

"What's there to worry about? You're pregnant, aren't you?"

Octavia felt that Joseph would never abandon Xavia and their child. Firstly, it would smear the

Whitman name. Secondly, that was how she herself had become part of the Whitmans back then. Harold might not be on board yet, but once the baby was born and he got to hold his grandchild, he would surely ease up.

"Umm, Mrs. Octavia, can you help me... I don't know what to do. Grandpa dislikes me, and Joe has a lover..."

"Absolutely. I've always seen you as Joe's wife. Chloe is just a shameless bitch. I don't know why Joe's into her."

Octavia readily agreed, seeing as Xavia was obedient and showed her respect. Besides, Xavia was nothing like Chloe. The latter relied on Harold's favor and was out of control.

She was well aware that Joseph loved Chloe, but she did not want Joseph to have it easy. Since he did not want to marry Xavia, Octavia wanted to do the exact opposite and help Xavia.

There was a knock on the door. It was Patrick, announcing, "Mr. Harold is here."

Octavia grabbed the ultrasound print and shoved it into Harold's hand, gushing, "Dad, look at your great-grandson."

Harold's stiffened expression softened once he saw the tiny blurry ball on the ultrasound print.

Xavia stood to the side and said gently, "We don't know if it's a boy or a girl yet. It might be a girl."

"Regardless of the gender, the baby is a Whitman."

Harold, who was nearly fooled, hardened his expression again. He shoved Octavia aside and said, "Don't try to con me. We have yet to get the amniocentesis result, so the baby isn't a Whitman. Enough with this nonsense."

“Grandpa, she’s barely over three months along, so she can’t have an amniocentesis. Didn’t Joe tell you?”

“Just because you can’t find someone to do it doesn’t mean I can’t,” Harold retorted, an imposing aura about him as he glared at Xavia. “This is your last chance to come clean. Once the results are out, you won’t be able to handle the consequences.”

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Chapter 446 That Damned Old Man

Xavia’s body trembled, her lips quivering as she said, “If you’re already set on not believing me, no matter what I say, it won’t change your mind. Even if the amniocentesis results say the baby is a Whitman, you might still argue that the results are false, right?”

“If you don’t want others to know, don’t do it. If you have nothing to hide, why the fuss?” Harold shot back.

“Will you stop doubting me if I agree to do it?” Xavia pleaded, her voice filled with hope.

“That remains to be seen,” Harold retorted dismissively, stroking his beard. Even after the amniocentesis, he wanted a paternity test after the baby was born. Who knows, Xavia might tamper with the results.

Octavia could not stand to watch any longer and interjected, “Dad, this is between Joe and his wife. Why are you hassling her like this?”

“Stay out of it,” Harold snapped.

“I get that it’s not my business, but besides intimidating her, you can’t do the amniocentesis,” Octavia insisted, “If you ask me, the fact she’s here means she has nothing to hide. Plus, haven’t you always wanted a great grandson? Well, looks like your wish came true.”

A glimmer of relief flashed through Xavia’s eyes. ‘So this old thing is just intimidating me.’

Harold's face flushed crimson, fuming with rage at his plan being thwarted. He roared, "Get out!"

Octavia trembled in fear, confused about why Harold was mad at her.

"Grandpa, please don't yell at Mrs. Tavia. This is all on me." Xavia rushed to Octavia's defense. Octavia was the only one on her side, and she needed her in her corner.

"Starting today, you'll remain in this hospital until the amniocentesis is done. You're not allowed to take a single step outside," Harold commanded, forcefully waving his hand. "Someone, take her phone and ID."

Without delay, two bodyguards immediately seized Xavia's bag. Harold grabbed her documents and phone, stuffed them in a bag, and handed it to Patrick for safekeeping. He instructed the hospital director next to him, "Keep her in your sight at all times."

"Yes, Mr. Harold."

Having completed these tasks, he left with Patrick.

It took Xavia a while before she came around to her senses. She turned to Octavia, seeking her help. "Mrs. Tavia, please help me. I can't stay here!"

"I'll talk to Harold once he's cooled off in a few days," Octavia assured her.

"What? Then what am I supposed to do now?"

"Just stay here. Don't worry, they won't hurt you."

Octavia did not dare to provoke Harold further. Besides, he was not that heartless.

Xavia realized she could not rely on Octavia and quickly changed her strategy. "Could I borrow your phone? I need to call my manager. She'll worry if she can't get ahold of me."

Octavia saw a younger version of herself in Xavia, having gone through her fair share of troubles and hardships to marry into the Whitmans. Without hesitation, she gave Xavia her phone.

Xavia walked to a corner and called Vanya, her anxiety mounting with each passing moment. As she waited, a string of curses formed in her mind.

“That damned old man! Why does he always make things difficult for me? Why can’t he just disappear?”

“Beep beep beep. Hello, the number you have dialed is not available...”

Xavia’s entire body went limp, but she refused to give up and dialed the number again. But

after four or five attempts, it was still the same response. Given the circumstances, Vanya was likely on a mission, so any more calls would be pointless.

‘Oh no... I’m trapped...’

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Chapter 447 Turning His Father’s House Into a Graveyard

Chloe woke up to find it was the middle of the night. She grabbed her phone to check the time, discovering that it was 2 a.m. Having caught up on a full night’s sleep, she wondered if she

should sleep till morning or get up.

After ten minutes of wrestling with her thoughts, her growling stomach made the decision for

her.

Joseph was still in the living room, fast asleep. With his eyes sealed shut, he appeared innocent. and tranquil. Even when he was lying on the sofa, he exuded an aura of refinement and elegance.

Suddenly, Joseph cracked his eyes open and pulled Chloe into his embrace. “Finally decided to come out?”

Chloe was irritated. “Were you pretending to sleep?”

“No, I couldn’t sleep.” He rested his chin on her shoulder and said slovenly, “Are you hungry?”

“Yeah.”

“Go to the kitchen.”

Chloe looked at him in disbelief. “Did you cook?”

“I had the chef come and prepare it.”

“Where did the chef come from?”

“The family home.”

Entering the kitchen, Chloe was greeted by the enchanting aroma of simmering mushroom soup on the stove. Next to it, a loaf of fresh-baked bread was waiting to be devoured.

After having a bowl of soup and some bread, Chloe felt satisfied and calm. When she returned to the living room, she realized that Joseph had closed his eyes again. This time, he was truly asleep, his long eyelashes casting faint shadows on his cheeks.

She poked him a few times with her finger, but he did not stir. She stared at him for a while, then went to grab a blanket from the bedroom to cover him. She then went to the bathroom to freshen up and brush her teeth.

The next morning, Chloe was up at six.

Joseph was outside on a call. Despite his efforts to keep his voice down, she caught snippets of his conversation.

It seemed to be about Jonathan’s unauthorized sale of his father’s house. Intrigued, Chloe put on her slippers and stepped outside to listen in.

“You keep an eye on things over there, I’ll be there soon,” Joseph said before hanging up. He then put on his coat, preparing to leave.

Chloe looked puzzled. “Where are you going?”

“Emerald Heights,” Joseph replied. He paused for a moment and added, “That’s where my

father's house is located.”

Even though they knew the buyer's information, this person had yet to show up. He moved some stuff in yesterday, then disappeared.

This morning, they got word that more stuff was being moved in. The items were quite large, but the other end was evasive and did not provide a clear answer, so Joseph decided to go and see for himself.

“I'll come with you,” Chloe offered. Perhaps they might discover clues about the suicide note.

Joseph narrowed his eyes. “All right.”

Using GPS, Chloe found out Emerald Heights was a good forty-minute drive from Oceanic Residence.

Foot heavy on the gas, Joseph sped towards Emerald Heights. Lucky for them, the Amer guy who had bought the house was still around when they got there.

He possessed an imposing figure, towering over six feet, and had a menacing look about him. One could tell at a glance that he was not to be messed with.

At that moment, he was directing six workers to unload cargo. The cargo was rectangular and covered with cloth, making it impossible to discern its contents. Yet, an eerie aura emanated from it, sending a shiver down Chloe's spine as she could not shake off the uncanny resemblance to a coffin.

Joseph's expression remained stoic, his face as cold as the frost of midwinter. Ignoring the Amer's protests, he marched over and yanked the cloth off the rectangular object.

Before everyone's eyes, a coffin was revealed. Whether it was occupied or empty, nobody knew.

Joseph's hand, hanging at his side, clenched tightly, veins popping on the back of his hand. Was this guy planning to turn his father's house into a graveyard?

This enraged the Amer, who rolled up his sleeves and stormed towards Joseph.

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Chapter 448 The Mastermind Is Another Person

Chloe felt a bit shaky in front of the hulk of a man before them. "Don't do anything rash, Joseph," she murmured, "We're clearly outnumbered."

Joseph's fists clenched, his eyes filled with a chilling emptiness. Apparently, he wasn't hearing

her.

Anxious, Chloe instinctively shielded her stomach with one hand, the other slipping into her bag to grab a can of pepper spray from her bag, ready for whatever came their

way.

The Amer buyer glared at them, practically spitting with rage. "What's your problem?!"

"Who gave you permission to bring coffins here?" Joseph spat back.

Emerald Heights was a wealthy neighborhood and highly sought-after for its school district. Property prices had skyrocketed in recent years, making it tough for even the affluent to buy at place. But this man, whose funds to purchase the house were questionable, had turned it into a graveyard. What was he thinking?

"It's my house! I can do whatever the hell I want! It's none of your-" His words cut off as Joseph's fist connected with his face.

The man staggered backward, his face red and swelling. Enraged, he grabbed a nearby chair and swung it. Chloe quickly pulled Joseph back, trying to avoid the incoming blow.

Out of nowhere, Abigail appeared, delivering a beautiful spinning kick to the Amer's chest. Taking advantage of his disorientation, she snatched the chair from his hand and ruthlessly walloped him with it, subduing him within moments before dragging him over to Joseph.

Chloe was left astounded. She never expected Abigail to possess such strong combat skills.

“Who told you to do this?” Joseph’s expression turned icy, his shiny leather shoes pressing down on the Amer’s face, arrogantly crushing him. “Think carefully before you answer. You only get one shot.”

The once arrogant and conceited man had now transformed into a trembling lamb. “Someone paid me to buy this house, and she told me to bring the coffin. I’m just a worker...”

“What’s her name?” Joseph asked.

“I don’t know. Everyone just calls her Van...” the Amer stuttered.

Joseph’s gaze darkened. “Describe her.”

“Yes, yes... she’s in her mid-twenties, pointed chin, sharp eyes. She’s skinny and always has goons around her,” he replied.

Chloe thought of the Masked Woman, and her brow furrowed. “Does she have a snake tattoo on her foot?”

“I don’t know, I never paid attention...” he admitted.

Joseph glanced at the coffin. “Are there more coffins in the house?”

The Amer trembled as he stammered, “She arranged it. It has nothing to do with me. It’s out for you. If you want the house, I’ll transfer the ownership to you right away.”

“Is there anything in the coffins?” Joseph asked.

The Amer understood his meaning and swore, “No! They’re all empty!”

“How did that woman give you the money?” Joseph pressed further.

“She gave me a card,” the Amer replied, promptly handing the card over to Joseph.

“Mr. Joseph, what should we do to him?” Abigail asked respectfully.

“Take him to complete the transfer and give him some money,” Joseph answered.

T’ll

move

Abigail understood his intention. They had to follow legal procedures for the transfer, and giving it as a gift could backfire and cause trouble later. Giving him some cash would make things smoother.

Chloe and Joseph entered the house, where they indeed found another coffin inside.

After getting someone to get rid of the coffin, Joseph had someone investigate the information on the card. Surprisingly, it was registered to a man, not a woman.

Clearly, the mastermind behind the scenes had anticipated Joseph’s investigation and had taken precautions to hide their identity.

Chloe thought aloud with growing fear, “Could it be the Masked Woman? But why would she do this? We’ve never crossed her, so why would she go to such lengths...”

Joseph took a drag from his cigarette, the smoke obscuring his handsome face. His voice was low as he stated, “The Amer’s contact might be her, but she’s not the one pulling the strings.”

The Masked Woman was likely just a pawn in the grand scheme.

Chloe speculated, “Putting coffins in other people’s houses seems like revenge. perhaps provoke someone in your business dealings?”

Did you

“No one from my business would dare,” Joseph affirmed, crushing out his cigarette and putting an end to the conversation.

Chloe looked at him, sensing that he had something on his mind but chose not to share them. Since he did not want to talk about it, she decided not to pry further. This matter was too complex, and she probably wouldn’t understand even if he explained.

Just as she was about to explore the villa, Joseph got a call from Octavia.

“Your grandpa has Xavia locked up in the hospital. You have to do something about it.”

Joseph froze, grabbing Chloe’s hand as they walked outside.

“Which hospital?” he asked.

“The one our family invested in. Listen, Xavia is sick. You need to get her out safely. Don’t let anything happen to her.”

Earlier, Octavia had received a phone call. Seeing the number, she recognized it as the one Xavia had called yesterday.

She shared the news with Xavia’s manager, but the latter told her there was nothing she could do and suggested contacting Joseph. They believed if something happened to Xavia, the Whitmans would be held responsible.

Hearing that they were going to see Xavia, Chloe wasn’t thrilled. She pursed her crimson lips, reluctant to go. But she remembered her decision from the night before and ultimately agreed to go.

With everything escalating, all she could do now was wait for the amniocentesis results. As long as the baby was Joseph’s, she would leave.

She had come to terms with it, realizing that a little pain now was better than suffering indefinitely. No matter how they resolved things, the child’s existence was a fact she couldn’t change.

If the child was indeed Joseph’s, then the next few months would be their final time together.

Chapter 449 Promise Me That You Won’t Leave Me

When they arrived at the hospital, they found Xavia was confined to a separate ward. Despite its small size, it had everything she could need. It was clear that Harold had simply locked her away without mistreating her.

Seeing Joseph walk in, Xavia was quick to put two and two together. Vanya must have tipped off Octavia.

“Joe, I can’t stay cooped up here. The meds I need are only available at Dahlia Hospital. You’ve got to get me out,” she pleaded.

Chloe blinked and watched the whole drama unfold, feeling a hint of satisfaction bubble up within her. She couldn’t help but silently cheer Harold on, ‘Way to go, Grandpa!’

“Okay,” Joseph replied, “I’ll get you out of here,” He had to admit Xavia was right. This private hospital didn’t have the variety of medications and equipment that Dahlia Hospital boasted.

At his words, Xavia swiftly got out of bed and followed him out. Suddenly, as if she just noticed Chloe, she smiled warmly. “Oh, Ms. Chloe, I didn’t notice you there.”

Chloe smirked a little but didn’t bother to respond.

As they made their way out, the hospital’s director appeared, looking frantic. “Mr. Joseph, your grandfather has made it very clear that Xavia shouldn’t leave the hospital. Please, don’t make this difficult for us.”

“And you think you can treat her leukemia here?” Joseph retorted.

“No, we can’t. But her condition is stable at the moment, and she doesn’t need chemo for now. Plus, your grandfather insisted on all her future check-ups being done here. I hope you understand our situation, Mr. Joseph,” the director explained.

“Well, she can have her check-ups here. But for now, I’m taking her with me. If my grandfather has a problem, he can take it up with me,” Joseph said firmly, leading Xavia out of the hospital.

Left with no alternative, the director hurriedly reported the situation to Harold.

Once outside, Xavia glanced at Chloe and spoke gently, “I can get a cab back on my own.”

Chloe didn’t quite know how to feel about Xavia’s stare, which caused her to furrow her brows slightly.

“Suit yourself,” was all Joseph said.

“Oh, by the way, Grandpa still has my ID and stuff,” Xavia mentioned.

“I’ll have someone deliver them to you,” Joseph assured her.

“Alright.”

Without lingering further, Xavia hailed a taxi and was out of sight in no time.

As Chloe settled into the passenger seat, she raised an eyebrow. “Drop me at the office first, then get her ID from Grandpa.”

“I’ll have my men get it,” Joseph replied.

“Fine.”

“Let’s grab some food first, then I’ll drop you off,” he said. She had not had a decent meal. since yesterday afternoon.

“No need. I’ll just grab something at the office,” Chloe countered. Earlier, she had received some feedback from Hugo’s secretary and had a bunch of matters to sort out. She did not want to waste any more time.

“No, your stomach is weak,” Joseph insisted. With a firm grip on the steering wheel, he started the car.

Letting out a sigh, Chloe gave in and decided to review some documents on her phone while Joseph drove.

Meanwhile, Joseph interpreted her silence as sulking. ‘Is she jealous because I went to see Xavia?’

Oddly enough, he wasn’t annoyed but amused. He couldn’t help but admire Nathan for managing so many women it was a skill in itself.

When Chloe saw his smile, she found it strange. “What’s so funny?”

“I’m laughing because you’re jealous,” Joseph admitted, sounding rather affectionate.

Chloe’s mouth twitched. “I’m not jealous.”

“Then why are you so quiet?”

“I just don’t feel like talking.”

Joseph pulled over to the side of the road and, in a softer voice, reassured her, "I asked you to accompany me to the hospital today to put your mind at ease. I'm still considering the matter regarding the child and trying to come up with a solution that works for both of us. I won't let you down."

Hearing him bring up the baby again, Chloe lowered her head to hide the sorrow welling up in her

eyes. She forced a smile and said, "Alright, no need to rush. Take your time to think it through."

Joseph had a weird feeling about this. Something felt off. He felt like they were drifting apart, like there was an invisible rift growing between them.

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He held her hand tightly and said, "Promise me that you won't leave me."

Chloe looked up, hesitating.

Joseph keenly caught that hint of hesitation, and his heart ached. He took hold of her delicate chin and made her look at him. "Look at me."

Chloe was forced to meet his gaze, and in her eyes, there seemed to be a trace of guilt, as if silently confirming something.

The calmness that once enveloped Joseph had vanished, replaced by a mix of anger and anxiety. He leaned in closer, his gaze dark and intense. "Tell me, you're not planning on leaving me, are you?"

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5

Chapter 450 Don't Lie to Me

Chloe had always been skilled at telling lies, and this time was no exception. She nodded, her lips forming a playful pout as she said, "Alright, alright, I won't leave you. Now let go. My chin's starting to hurt."

Joseph kept his eyes locked on her, his hand showing no signs of loosening. Instead, his grip got even tighter, causing his knuckles to pale slightly.

Feeling the searing pain in her chin, Chloe pushed against his chest, trying to put some space between them. "It really hurts. If you don't let go, I... mmm!"

Before she could finish her sentence, he abruptly leaned down and sealed her lips with his own. The intensity of the kiss was anything but gentle, as if he desired to possess every inch of her, to claim her completely.

Chloe found herself almost suffocating under the force of his kiss, barely managing to pull away. She tried to resist him, but that only made Joseph more intense. His strong hand firmly held the back of her head, leaving no room for escape. In the end, Chloe gave up trying to dodge and started to kiss him back.

Joseph momentarily froze, his demeanor softening instantly.

Encouraged by this, Chloe took the lead and wrapped her arms around his neck, turning the tide in her favor. Sure enough, he eased up, lightly kissing her lips and savoring the sweetness with gentleness.

Finally, Chloe had a chance to catch her breath, but her whole being was enveloped by a slow-burning flame of desire, making even her breath feel hot. His slightly calloused hand moved to her waist, skillfully slipping beneath her clothes, exploring the delicate skin beneath.

"Um... stop." She managed to intervene in time, her cheeks blushing and her gaze firm.

Joseph stopped right there. Considering their location in the car by the roadside, he understood this was not the right place. Instead, he held her face close, their foreheads touching intimately. His eyes still had that burning desire as he said, "Promise me you won't lie to me."

Chloe's heart skipped a beat. "Okay."

After having a meal, Chloe returned to the office and held a meeting with her employees, fully immersing herself in her work. She remained busy until the end of the day.

When she finally picked up her phone, she saw a text from Icarus, letting her know that he had settled down in America. She replied politely with a few sentences.

In truth, she regretted how things had turned out between her and Icarus. If things had not gone sour from the beginning, she and Icarus could have become good friends.

After finishing work and getting back home, Chloe received an invitation to a jewelry fashion show. It was sent by a designer from Exotic Star.

Basically, they wanted her to model Exotic Star's jewelry on the runway. The pay was pretty good, but she was afraid of wearing high heels. So, she tactfully inquired about the clothing and footwear requirements.

Designer: [The clothing brand will be chosen by another department, but for this show, the models will be barefoot. However, as our ambassador, you will be given the privilege of wearing shoes for the grand finale.]

Chloe: [No, no, no, I can go barefoot too!]

Designer: [Alright, if you insist.]

The fashion show was tentatively scheduled at the end of the month, before Chloe's baby bump would become noticeable.

Money was not an issue for Chloe, but she saw these events as an opportunity to expand her network and maybe score valuable resources for her office. In the business world, apart from talent and skills, connections played a crucial role.

Docwood, the Sullivan estate.

Desmond waved a servant over to pour a drink and smiled at Joseph, inviting him to take a seat. "What brings you here, Boy?"

Joseph kept his cool. "I've been thinking about renovating my house and heard you've hired a foreign architect specifically for the renovations. I thought I might get some inspiration."

"You want to take a look at my place?"

"Yes."

"Alright then, have you built your own estate?" Desmond stood up and led him inside.

“Yes, it’s being built on the land between Cloude and Aesper.”

Joseph followed Desmond closely and casually remarked, “The designer I hired also happens to be a Sullivan.”

“Oh? What’s their name? I might know them.”

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5