

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 461

Chapter 461 Just Kill the Bitch.

Chloe stiffened. She obediently followed the man out before she hugged her head with both hands and got on her knees.

It was a mess out there. Most of the attendants had run away by taking advantage of the mess. A small part of the crowd was subdued by the robbers, including Noah and Abigail.

Abigail was the only injured person among them. Her thigh had been shot, and her face was beaten up. It looked like she had fought against them. However, physical combat could not withstand the power of firearms.

Too many people were being held there, so the police tried to negotiate with the robbers.

“Get me a van now. I’ll give you three minutes. One of them will die with every minute that you’re late!” The leader was a fierce and ruthless man. He pressed his gun against Chloe’s forehead and gestured arrogantly. “Tell Joseph Whitman to get me 75 million in cash. Otherwise, I’ll blow up this bitch’s head!”

Tyson appeared to comply, asking someone to get them a van.

Noah watched as they tried to take Chloe away forcefully. Suddenly, he stood up. “Let her go. I’ll be your hostage. I’m the heir of Exotic Star. I’m more valuable than her.”

Chloe was stunned as she looked at him firmly, complicated feelings surging through her. “Wh -What is he doing?”

Desmond had hurried to the scene with Joseph in a panic. When he heard this, his aging face turned pale. He wanted to rebuke Noah not to speak nonsense but he saw Joseph out of the corner of his eye. Joseph looked like a demon that had crawled out from hell at that moment, exuding great fierceness and coldness. At last, Desmond remained silent.

Tyson was afraid that Joseph would act recklessly, so he immediately lowered his voice and said, "There's a tracker in the van. Keep calm. We need to get control over the situation first."

Joseph ignored him as he fiercely glued his gaze to Chloe. He appeared composed, but his back was drenched. His fingertips trembled slightly.

The tanned, slim man had a strange expression. "Kid, are you courting death? Do you know what it means to be a hostage?"

Noah touched the dagger he had on him. "I'm afraid of death but can't let others die. Exotic Star failed in its security measures in today's jewelry show, so you guys had the chance to do this. Don't hurt the innocent."

After glancing at Noah, the tanned, slim man whispered to his boss, "He's right. He is the heir of Exotic Star. Why don't we make a switch..."

The jewelry they had stolen that day was enough for them to lead a worry-free life. If they

could take Noah...

But the leader slapped the tanned, thin man. "There must be something strange when things go wrong. Businessmen are crafty. Don't listen to him!"

At last, the hostage remained the same. When they wanted to drive the car away, Joseph spoke up. "I can give you the money, but I want you to swear that you will not harm Chloe. Otherwise, I'll find you and hack you to pieces no matter how far you run."

He sounded calm but his words carried a conspicuous fierceness. Even the leader shuddered in fear, feeling goosebumps pop up on his skin. "Of course, but you have to give me 75 million in total."

They then put a sack over Chloe's head so she could not see anything outside. She could hear Joseph's voice though, and she sniffed as a sense of security engulfed her. Joseph always meant what he said. It was not hard for him to cough up 75 million. What was hard was to get 75 million in cash.

The robbers drove off. The others at the scene hugged each other and cried piteously after surviving the disaster.

Noah walked straight to Xavia, who was in a corner. He interrogated her condescendingly, " There were three people in the makeup room. The makeup artist is dead, and Chloe was kidnapped. You're the only one who's safe and sound. Why is that?"

Xavia's face stiffened slightly. "I couldn't control who the robbers wanted to take."

"What did you do?" Coldness crept up his amber-like eyes, his tone overbearing.

No one had ever seen this side of Noah. Joseph focused on the rescue plan with Tyson, so he did not notice what was happening backstage.

Desmond's eyelids twitched before ordering the driver to take Noah away, but the latter pushed the driver away and walked to Joseph. No one could discern any emotion on his pretty

face.

"How much more do you need? I have the money."

Joseph flared up in a rage and ignored him.

Tyson wanted to tread cautiously, so he felt that they had to prepare the money. Besides, 75 million in cash was not a small sum. If Noah was willing to pay, they should accept his

assistance. But at last, he did not mention this.

Xavia did not step forward. She smirked with joy in the face of the mess. 'It's best if the kidnappers kill her. If she's dead, I'm the only one Joseph will have left.'

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The van drove for an unknown period before Chloe was taken to a village.

"Stay here!"

The tanned, thin man took off the sack on Chloe's head, and she could see again. She glanced at the strange environment. It was clear that this place had been abandoned for a long time.

There were five robbers in total. They gathered to take account of the jewelry they had gotten.

“We’re going to be rich. We can’t spend all of this in addition to the 75 million.”

“I didn’t expect this woman to be so valuable. We should’ve just kidnapped her and demanded a ransom instead of robbing a jewelry show.”

“We can sell the robbed jewelry to foreign rich businessmen. As for blackmailing, it’s a bit meddlesome to deal with the hostage.”

“What’s so meddlesome? When we get the money, we let the woman go.”

“No one’s going to hand over the woman to them,” the leader suddenly said after gulping down a large mouthful of beer.

The others looked at each other in dismay before they lowered their heads in tacit understanding. After a few seconds of silence, a murderous intent suddenly appeared in the leader’s eyes.

“We can’t hand her over. Just kill the bitch!”

It was better to avoid trouble. They should just get the money and flee.

Chapter 462 I’ll Take Her Down With Me

A chill ran down Chloe’s spine as she felt her blood run cold.

The leader threw a knife at the tanned, thin man. “We’re out of bullets. Use this to get rid of her.”

The latter picked up the knife and walked toward Chloe.

Blood drained out of Chloe’s face. The door was locked, so she had no place to run to. She screamed loudly to gain attention.

“Help! Is there anyone out there?! Please save me!”

“Stop screaming. This village has long been abandoned. There’s no one else except us.’

”

Chloe felt like she had fallen into an abyss. The last bit of hope in her was ruined and replaced with despair.

When the man saw her charming face, he felt some compassion for her. "Be good. Don't struggle. I'll do it quickly, so you won't feel any pain."

When Chloe saw the brick at the corner, she decided to risk it. Although the chances of winning were next to none, she had to do something in the face of impending danger. Under his gaze, her eyes turned watery. She pointed at the beer on the floor. "Sir, can I have a sip? After I'm drunk, I won't be scared anymore."

The man was stunned for a moment before he chuckled and looked at the leader. "She fancies

a swing of your beer."

The leader threw over a can of beer. "Girl, don't blame us for being cruel. You're just unlucky. Finish this can of beer and off you go."

After Chloe got the beer, she retreated to a corner. She seemed to be drinking beer, but she secretly stepped on the brick. She was wearing a very long windbreaker, so it hid her legs. Naturally, they could not see her actions. After gulping down half a can of beer, she pretended to be drunk as she slowly squatted. When the man saw that it was almost time, he walked over

to her.

Chloe met his gaze. After extreme fear hit her, she was filled with a deep desire to survive. She

could not die. Her child had yet to see the world, and they could not die this way.

The man narrowed his eyes and aimed at the throbbing artery around her neck. He raised his knife high and was about to slash her. The clean knife would have turned bloody, but

someone's phone rang at that inappropriate time.

Holding the knife, the man stopped what he was doing and turned to look at the leader.

The leader asked the man to stop before he picked up his phone.

“The cash is ready. Where should I go for the deal?”

Joseph’s voice came from the other end of the phone, biting cold and restrained.

The leader was flabbergasted, not expecting Joseph to have acted so quickly. It was clear that the Whitmans were as rich as a country. He gave Joseph an address and the deal would be carried out two hours from then.

“Record a video of Chloe every fifteen minutes during this period and send it to me. I want to know that she’s safe.”

The leader thought for a while before answering, “Okay. Don’t try to pull any tricks.

Otherwise, I’ll take this bitch down with me.” He then hung up the phone. “Don’t kill her. Keep her alive first.”

Hearing this, Chloe relaxed. Crystal-clear sweat could be seen on her forehead and she quietly put down the brick behind her.

During the two hours, they contacted a ship to help them cross to a foreign country illegally. They wanted to run away under the cover of darkness. One of them was in charge of keeping an eye on Chloe.

Although she was wearing a loose windbreaker, she was still wearing the gown she wore for the show. She was merely two months along, so her bump was indiscernible. When the night breeze blew at her, it sent her hair flying. She looked so thin and feeble as if she was a flower in the breeze, appearing pitiful and adorable.

The man could barely resist it. “Sir, we’ll be leaving after this. How about we enjoy ourselves a little first?”

A cold male voice suddenly came to them before the leader could speak.

“You’re courting death.”

“Who’s there?!” The leader immediately became vigilant as he looked around.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 463 My Pregnancy Will Be Exposed

Suddenly, tear gas was thrown in from the outside and fell at the leader's feet. In the next second, it emitted a dazzling white light, causing temporary vision loss.

Chloe immediately shut her eyes. She reacted quickly and took off her windbreaker to put it over her head for fear that she might inhale the gas, waiting to be rescued.

Bang!

The iron door was knocked open with a loud noise. A cold hand grasped hers. "Keep your eyes closed and cover your mouth and nose. Follow me."

They had been lying in wait there an hour ago. However, they did not dare to act rashly for fear that she might be forcefully taken again. Hence, they could only lie in wait and wait for the right time.

Surprise overwhelmed Chloe. It was Joseph. She inevitably sobbed. "Okay."

"Motherfucker! You can't leave!" The leader grabbed Chloe's other arm as if he wanted to break her into two halves. If she was gone, they would be doomed.

Fierceness engulfed Joseph's eyes before he kicked the man's chest and sent the latter flying. Because of the tear gas, the robbers' fighting capacities dropped drastically. Their faces filled with tears as they coughed ceaselessly.

A large group of armed officers rushed into the room with gas masks on. Soon, they subdued the few robbers.

Joseph was worried that Chloe might inhale too much of the gas if she stayed there for long.

Hence, he simply carried her and rushed to the car outside.

"How are you feeling? Are you feeling sick?"

During those short four hours, she had suffered a life-and-death disaster. While looking at him, she finally failed to suppress her tears. It was not soft sobbing but uncontrollable wailing and crying. She was filled with a deep fear that she might never see him again.

When she had been greatly nervous, and was forced to calm herself. For an entire afternoon, she did not know what to do.

Large droplets of hot tears fell on the back of Joseph's hand. It filled him with vehement fear and anxiety. For a moment, he wondered if she had accidentally inhaled the gas.

"Hold on. We'll be at the hospital soon."

When she heard the words "hospital," she stopped crying. With tears on her face, she shook her head. "No, I don't want to go to the hospital."

If she went to the hospital, her pregnancy would be exposed.

"You have to go and get a full body check-up. Tear gas is harmful."

"I didn't inhale it. I was holding my breath, and I even closed my eyes."

"Regardless, you have to get a check-up. It'll be quick."

When Chloe noticed him playing hardball, she knew that it was impossible to turn him down. Hence, she kept quiet. If she continued to argue with him, he might find something amiss. She had yet to come up with a reason to refuse to go to the hospital.

They rode in a police car, so it was a smooth ride. They arrived at the hospital in half an hour. Joseph held Chloe's hand as they got out of the car.

"Wait." Tyson stopped them from behind. "Come to the station to give your testimony later."

Chloe averted her gaze. "I can go there and give my testimony now."

Tyson let out an "Oh," having yet to sort out his thoughts.

"Joseph insists on me going to the hospital for a check-up, but I'm fine. There's no need to waste time. Even if I want to get a check-up, I should wait

for the specialists to come to work in the morning before coming on, right? It won't be too late then. What do you think?"

Tyson fell silent for a moment. After some hesitation, he said, "Yes, you should get a proper check-up. Come back tomorrow." He looked at Joseph. "This is a serious case. We should get her testimony as soon as possible."

Joseph scrutinized Chloe. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"Yes."

"Okay, we'll come back tomorrow then."

Chloe secretly heaved a sigh before she threw Tyson a grateful look. The latter touched his nose with inexplicable guilt. He felt that he had sided with an outsider.

The sun rose from the east, and the sky gradually brightened. Chloe was filled with exhaustion when she exited the station. Seeing this, Joseph felt sorry for her.

"Go home and have a hot bath before going to bed."

"Hmm, you should get some sleep too. Don't go to the office today. Take the day off."

"All right."

When Xavia learned that Chloe was rescued, her anger got the better of her and she smashed her glass on the floor.

Vanya raised a sarcastic remark. "It seems like everyone cares for her."

"Forget her. I don't know how Noah learned about Eustace. What should we do now?"

"What else can we do? He's dead. So what if Noah has his phone? It's fine as long as you don't

admit to it."

"What if he isn't dead?"

Vanya's eyelids twitched. "That's impossible. I shot him several times."

"But what if?"

If Eustace was alive, their plan would fail, and she would be pushed into an endless abyss.

"Why don't we go the whole hog and kill Noah..." Xavia glided her finger across her neck.

Vanya glared at the former. "Do you think he's Eustace? Is he an ordinary man who's easily ignored?"

If it was that easy to resolve, she would do that on her own.

Awkwardness crept up Xavia's face. After a pause, she stated, "Go and feel him out. See how

much he knows about Eustace."

Vanya sneered. "I'm not under your command. Contact S. If he allows it, I'll do it."

Xavia said, "Forget it, it's too troublesome."

Joseph woke Chloe up by gently pushing her shoulders. His voice was magnetic and deep. "Mr. Desmond and Grandpa are here."

Chapter 464 To Conceal Those Vulgar Thoughts

Chloe sat up in a daze and checked the time. It was two o'clock in the afternoon.

Joseph got out of bed and picked up his clothes to put them on, buttoning his shirt languidly. "Go wash up. Don't bother with makeup. They've been waiting downstairs for a while now."

"Got it."

Chloe washed her face with water to eliminate her sleepiness and wake herself up. She then checked her appearance in the mirror and found that her eyes were slightly bloodshot. It was most probably a result of her piteous cries the day before.

In the tea room in the yard, Noah was wearing a simple white T-shirt and loose jeans. The bangs he combed up yesterday were now lying softly over his forehead. With his head lowered, he looked like an obedient child who had done something wrong.

Joseph, who came downstairs, saw this scene and secretly scoffed. 'What a pretentious man!'

"Chloe, are you okay?" Harold asked Chloe in concern as he took the lead.

The police had suppressed the news, and everything had happened out of the blue. If Desmond had not gone to Harold, the latter would still be ignorant of the accident.

"Jojo and the police got there in time, so I wasn't hurt." After that, she greeted Desmond, "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

Desmond waved his hand and appeared solemn. "Exotic Star failed in our security measures yesterday and put a lot of people in peril. I came with Noah today to apologize to you."

He did not feel embarrassed since it was a life-and-death issue. Dignity and pride were vague and could never be compared to life-and-death matters.

Noah timely looked up with deep guilt in his innocent eyes. He bowed to them deeply, his tone and expression were depictions of vehement sincerity. "Mr. Joseph, Coco, I'm sorry."

Chloe wanted to help him up, but Joseph stopped her. It was unknown if he did it intentionally or not. He smiled faintly. "It's fine. After all, accidents are unavoidable. I'm just curious why you asked them to take you as the hostage instead yesterday?"

Harold's eyes flickered with a curious light. 'Did something like that happen?'

"He's young, so he isn't very mature in handling things. I scolded him about it," Desmond explained.

"I see." Joseph nodded. The side of his face was handsome. He then said casually, "I thought it was because you cared so much about her."

Chloe knitted her brows and discreetly yanked his sleeve to indicate that the two elders were around, so he could not speak nonsense.

Unexpectedly, Noah nodded. “Mr. Joseph, you’re right. I cared very much about this affair.” Joseph raised his brows and looked at Noah.

“To be honest, the Whitmans are the head of the four families in Docwood and take great care of Exotic Star. My grandpa is old now, and I’m inexperienced. I’ll certainly need your help in the future,” Noah slowly elaborated. His face was full of shame, but his bright eyes were gentle and sincere. “At that time, I thought of the fact that Coco is a very important person to you, Mr. Joseph. If anything happens to her, a conflict will ensue between the Whitmans and Exotic Star. Feeling anxious, my mind went blank and I wanted to take Coco’s position.”

“Yes, Noah told me the reason when we got home yesterday. Ms. Chloe, we’re very sorry,” Desmond echoed Noah’s words in an unnatural tone.

Before coming here, he tried to figure out how to explain the hostage exchange. After dwelling over it, there was no other way but to tell the truth, but he could not claim that Noah was worried about Chloe’s safety. It would be openly trying to claim that there was something fishy between Chloe and Noah.

It was despicable and vulgar if Noah tried to save Chloe out of his own interest. After all, they had only met Chloe merely a few times.

However, Joseph was greatly infuriated. In the end, they did not care about Chloe but about the relationship between the Whitmans and Exotic Star. They said such colorful words to hide that bit of vulgar thought in them.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 465 The Victim Is Guilty

Noah met Joseph’s gaze, looking very embarrassed. He then apologized to Chloe again.

Chloe was fine with this explanation. She found his actions reasonable. She had no powerful background, and she was just an ordinary person who thought it normal for him to save her because of the Whitmans.

Harold picked up his teacup and took a sip. "Okay, we can't blame Noah for this. They suffer a great loss in this show. What's more, Exotic Star's reputation was pulled down."

Although Noah claimed that the Whitmans had taken care of Exotic Star, it was not the case at all. The Whitmans had suffered losses for several consecutive years. Of course, they could not help others. It was merely because the Sullivans thought highly of the former. 1

Secondly, the Sullivans were humble and sincere. Hence, the Whitmans should let bygones be bygones. Harold asked Noah and Desmond to stay for dinner.

Two old men went upstairs to play chess, and the young people stayed in the living room to chat. However, something got into Joseph. He behaved like he was injured as he asked Chloe to feed him grapes and water from time to time. He was not the least bit shy in front of Noah.

On the surface, Noah wore no expression. He was as gentle and docile as a sheep.

Before long, Octavia came with a group of noble ladies. She had heard the news from Tyson, so she came under the guise of visiting Chloe. The others came with the same goal in mind as they brought along gifts.

It became quite noisy because there were a lot of people, the atmosphere becoming lively and noisy.

Noah smiled broadly and suggested to Joseph, "Why don't we go upstairs to play chess too?"

Joseph's eyes became profound. "Sure."

When Octavia saw Joseph enter the chess room, the amiable smile on her face was gone in an instant. She said to Chloe, "You've been in the limelight recently. I think you should keep a low profile. Why did you join the jewelry show?"

“Yeah, you should stay home to serve your man and be a good housewife. A woman’s greatest responsibility is to take care of her man.”

“Ms. Chloe, don’t be angry at us for criticizing you. Since Mr. Harold approves of you, you should stay home obediently. Don’t show yourself in public. It serves you right to be targeted by the robbers.”

“Are you saying that I deserved to be kidnapped?”

“Of course. You wore such a short gown yesterday. Of course, the robbers saw you at a glance.”

“Are you saying that women who are taken advantage of are because of that reason?”

“Yeah. Otherwise, how could you explain why that happened to them instead of others?”

Chloe was rendered speechless. They were all women. How could they claim that the victims were guilty?

“We want the best for you. It isn’t a good thing to be too showy.”

Octavia raised her chin arrogantly, wanting to vent all her anger on Chloe after suffering so much because of Joseph.

Chloe chuckled. Her clean face became bright and charming. “I kept a low profile previously, but you were all up on my case that time too.”

Although they rarely met each other, there would be people just as bad as Octavia whenever she was around. They would cooperate with her to put Chloe down¹.

Octavia was stunned. She immediately scolded Chloe, “If elders scold you, it’s because they want to help you. You’re so insensible!”

“You don’t have to go through so much trouble. I’m no longer Joseph’s wife now. At most, he’s just my boyfriend.”

“At least you’re aware that you’re not his wife. Xavia is pregnant now. When the child is born, you won’t hold a candle to her.”

“Go on and teach her. After all, you’re experienced in this.”

After Chloe made this statement, everyone fell silent. Getting pregnant out of wedlock was not a glorious thing in any era.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 466 Older Men Are Greasy

Octavia erupted in anger. "I was simply chastising you, yet you're humiliating me like this?"

"I didn't humiliate you. I just responded in kind. Why are you so agitated?" Chloe's eyes turned cold.

Octavia's face darkened. "You're climbing over me even before getting remarried. If you and Joseph remarry, will you disrespect Harold too?"

"Disrespect him? Of course not," Chloe quickly retorted, "I'll honor and respect him with all my heart."

Octavia's face stiffened, unable to find a comeback. She decided not to push the issue further and instead directed her focus and energy toward Xavia. The person standing before her was unworthy of her attention.

After a sumptuous dinner, Chloe was overcome by an overwhelming drowsiness. Sympathetic to her condition, Harold allowed her to head to bed early.

As she teetered on the brink of sleep, she faintly heard the door being pushed open. Recognizing Joseph's presence, she chose to ignore him and continued to drift off to sleep. However, he proved to be less than honest, quietly removing his shoes and joining her in bed, enveloping her in his embrace.

A pleasant cold fragrance enveloped Chloe as she affectionately nuzzled against him, finding solace in the warmth of his chest. Joseph tenderly kissed her cheek a few times and then fell

silent.

Though Chloe continued to feign indifference, her drowsiness waned. No matter how hard she attempted to coax herself back to sleep, it eluded her

grasp. She finally opened her eyes, only to be met with Joseph's penetrating gaze, his icy stare alternating with restrained desire.

Chloe was momentarily taken aback, her cheeks flushing with heat. "Why are you staring at me like that?"

To her surprise, Joseph's large hand slowly slid from her waist to her chest and firmly grasped

"You're exposed," he said.

Chloe lowered her head. The low neckline of her nightgown, combined with her sideways position, had resulted in a rather provocative scene. Feeling the heat rising, she attempted to push his hand away. "Stop it. Let go."

Joseph remained unmoved, his gaze fixed on her nightgown, his fingertips tingling with the desire to rip it apart. He yearned to see her body fully exposed before him, devoid of any

clothing. His longing had grown overwhelming, heightened by the prolonged absence of physical intimacy.

Chloe's entire being was ablaze, and she averted her gaze in discomfort. "You promised you wouldn't force me."

"I haven't done anything." Joseph grasped her hand and guided it downward. He urged her in a hoarse voice tinged with roughness as if it had been scraped against sandpaper, "Come on.... Give me a hand?"

Chloe felt his bulge, and her earlobes flushed crimson. "You shameless bastard!"

'How many times has this happened already?'

The drawn curtains blocked out the moonlight and the bedroom's only source of light was a bedside lamp that cast a subdued glow. Joseph's handsomeness was undeniable. Even with her nightgown lifted and his hand firmly grasping her clean skin, urging her immodestly, his countenance still radiated an indescribable nobility.

Chloe's cheeks flushed crimson, and her wrists began to ache.

“Hey, brat. Mr. Desmond is about to leave. Aren’t you going to come down and bid him farewell?” Harold’s voice suddenly echoed from outside the door, causing Chloe to panic. In her nervousness, she unintentionally exerted more pressure.

Joseph let out a pained groan, and in a vengeful response, he tightened his grip even further as a form of retaliatory punishment. Chloe’s emotions swirled between embarrassment and anger. She attempted to sit up, but he firmly held her down in place. Then, he pressed himself against her, capturing her lips in a kiss.

Harold called out once more. Then, assuming Joseph had already fallen asleep, he went downstairs to see Mr. Desmond off.

After the ordeal, Chloe felt utterly drained and too fatigued to even raise her hand. Her nightgown had also been stained in the process. She glared at him, her anger evident. “This is all your fault. My clothes are now stained. I can’t wear them anymore.”

Joseph chuckled softly, wearing an indifferent expression as he put on his pants. “Your hands are dirty too. Can’t give them up, can you?”

“...Get lost!” exclaimed Chloe.

The next day, Chloe finally caught up on some sleep. She looked radiant and had a glowing complexion. Having missed two consecutive work days, she felt a sense of worry and planned to go there after finishing breakfast.

Joseph, dressed in a suit and standing tall, cast a brief indifferent glance at her. “Hospital check-up today.”

Chloe was left speechless. ‘It’s already been two days, but he still remembers!’

Luckily, she had a backup plan. “I know. I’ve already made an appointment with the doctor. I’ll go on my own.”

“Don’t you want me to accompany you?”

“It’s not necessary.”

Joseph’s penetrating gaze fixed on her. “Then, who’s going with you?”

“Em. She has a minor health issue, so we decided to go together.” As she spoke, she turned on her phone and showed him her chat conversation with Emily. Joseph glanced through it briefly, his thin lips pressing together as if he had something to say.

Just then, Lucas’ call came in.

“Sir, the hospital has confirmed the time for the amniocentesis. When will you be coming by?”

Joseph hesitated for a few seconds. “Right now.”

After the call ended, Chloe realized Joseph had something to attend to, and the suspense in her heart dissipated. She deduced that he probably would not follow her to the hospital.

Sure enough, he drove her to the hospital, where she and Emily had appointments. As he watched them enter the building, he turned the steering wheel, executed a U-turn, and drove

away.

Parking the car in the parking lot, Joseph proceeded toward the elevator. Just then, two nurses in uniform engaged in casual conversation passed him.

“The new intern looks really young. He must be at least four or five years younger than us.”

“Three years at least. I do hope we get more interns like him. I love young and baby-faced

men!”

“What? You have no interest in older men?”

“Please. Who likes older men these days? They’re so greasy and full of themselves!”

“Don’t be ageist, okay?”

“Oh, I see. So you’re into older men?”

“I don’t like them. I love baby-faced guys, too, haha!”

“That’s right. Cougar romances are all the rage right now!”

Joseph’s face turned grim, and he interrupted their conversation. “At what age is a man considered an older man?”

Chapter 467 Regardless of Parentage, the Child Should Be Born

The nurses glanced up and blushed at the sight of such a handsome man approaching them.

One of them replied shyly, “I don’t know... Probably over 30...”

Joseph’s expression soured further. He just turned 31 this year.

“Sir, can we exchange numbers?” the nervous nurse asked.

He let out a cold snort, “I’m already 31.”

The nurse exclaimed, “Oh? Please don’t go!”

‘What’s wrong with being 31? Being handsome is more than enough!’

Inside the hospital, Xavia sat on a bench in the corridor, donning a delicate beige dress accentuated by a gracefully draped shawl over her shoulders. Her choice of loafers revealed her slender ankles, adding a touch of vulnerability to her overall demeanor. Seated beside her was Megan Martinez.

Joseph observed Xavia from a distance but refrained from approaching her. Instead, he entered the doctor’s office where Lucas was already present.

“Mr. Joseph, we’ve conducted a comprehensive examination on Ms. Xavia. Based on the results, the earliest suitable time for amniocentesis would be two months from now.”

Joseph pondered, his gaze intense and contemplative. The child growing in Xavia’s womb would be over five months old in two months.

Lucas also pondered the matter, his brows furrowing with concern. “Is it possible to terminate the pregnancy at five months?”

“Well... If there are any abnormalities or developmental issues with the child, it’s possible to consider termination. However, for someone like Ms. Xavia, who’s already in a fragile physical state, undergoing an abortion would pose significant challenges.”

Lucas’ frown deepened. In essence, it meant that regardless of parentage, the child should be carried to term.

Joseph maintained his composure and nodded calmly. “Please pencil it in.”

“Of course, Mr. Joseph.”

Xavia noticed him emerging from the office and rose from her seat, flashing a coy smile. “The doctor informed me that we still have two months before the amniocentesis.”

Joseph stood, his hands tucked in his pockets, his sharp features distant. “At five months

pregnant, abortion is no longer an option. Have you made your decision?”

“I made up my mind the day I found out I was pregnant.” Xavia’s eyes brimmed with a bitter sentiment.

“Joseph, it’s incredibly insensitive of you to bring up amniocentesis right away.” Megan came to Xavia’s defense.

“Let it go, Megan.

“Why can’t I say what’s on my mind? You were also held hostage at the jewelry exhibition. Even though you managed to escape, it was nothing short of a miracle. But Joseph, there was not a single phone call or word of concern from you.”

Xavia observed Joseph’s expression through the corner of her eye as she said in a considerate tone, “Chloe’s condition was even more critical. Joseph did the right thing by prioritizing her.”

Megan let out a sigh. “You always put others before yourself. You were admitted to the hospital after yesterday’s scare, but no one showed any concern. And now, they wake you up early for an examination. It’s truly disheartening.”

“That’s enough. Let’s leave the past behind.” Xavia shook her head at Megan, then turned to Joseph and asked, “Is Ms. Chloe alright? Did those robbers harm her?”

“She’s fine.”

“That’s good. You should head back and take care of her. I can manage on my own,” Xavia said, trying to hide her disappointment.

Megan, on the other hand, looked at Xavia with frustration as if she found her too understanding.

“Okay.” Joseph remained indifferent, his response lacking any warmth.

Such an attitude was beyond Xavia’s control. Her face stiffened, clearly sensing his lack of

care. In theory, he should have shown some concern for her well-being, but his coldness was hard to ignore.

Megan had been going along with Xavia’s charade until now, but she could no longer keep up the act. She was incredulous and could not hold back her words. “Mr. Joseph, she’s carrying your child. How could you be so cold to her?”

“She’s just the carrier of my child, not the woman I love.”

Those words had a devastating impact.

Xavia’s lips trembled and her back straightened. “What have I done to deserve this?”

Joseph shot back, his voice laced with bitterness, “Don’t you know?”

“What am I supposed to know...?”

“Since you deliberately pushed Chloe toward the robbers, why are you acting innocent now?”

Xavia’s pupils dilated as she vehemently denied the accusation. “I didn’t direct them toward Chloe! The robbers rejected me because I was pregnant and targeted her instead.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes!” Tears welled up in Xavia’s eyes, glimmering as they clung to her eyelashes. Every movement seemed carefully orchestrated, blending a sense of vulnerability with unwavering determination. “You only suspect that I’ve wronged Chloe, but do you know that she manipulated the robbers? She tried to manipulate my position to appear more important to you than it seemed. If it weren’t for the baby I’m carrying, I could’ve become their hostage.

too!

“Yesterday, when I was held captive, my mind was consumed with thoughts of you. I was worried that you wouldn’t have a chance to see our baby, worried that I’d be killed right then and there. I never expressed these grievances to you...

“And I don’t know where you heard all this nonsense. How can you come up and accuse me without evidence? Joe, I’m no saint. I can feel sadness and pain too!”

“Noah was the one who relayed this so-called nonsense to me, word for word.” Joseph suddenly realized something, a chilling sensation enveloping him. “No, he didn’t tell me. He showed me the surveillance footage from that day.”

Even though the camera had been out in the corridor, the dressing room door was left slightly ajar and the people inside were standing near the entrance, granting them a clear view of everything transpiring inside.

Chapter 468 A Wise Surrender Is Better Relentless Persistence

Xavia’s tightly wound string of composure instantly snapped.

“You saw the surveillance footage, so you should know the truth! The robbers rejected me because of my pregnancy and shifted their sights to Chloe! What’s wrong with that?!” she exclaimed.

“Did the robber discover your pregnancy or did you voluntarily disclose it?”

Given their slender frames, Xavia and Chloe could easily conceal their pregnancies, even at three months, especially when wearing loose clothing.

She staggered, almost losing her balance. “So what? In the face of life and death, I want to live. Is there anything wrong with wanting to keep the baby in my belly alive? Besides, Chloe isn’t that noble either.”

Megan chimed in, “Exactly. Their relationship was already strained. You expect her to sacrifice herself for Chloe’s sake?”

Joseph remained calm. “It’s true that Chloe isn’t particularly noble, but she didn’t push someone into the way just to save herself.”

“I have a child in my womb, which means two lives at stake!” Xavia uttered these words through gritted teeth, her pale face showing a hint of redness from her intense emotions.

“That’s not an excuse,” Joseph stated firmly. He locked eyes with Xavia and continued, “Whose life isn’t a life?”

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Xavia’s face turned ashen, and she sneered bitterly. “Joseph, you’ve truly hurt me. This is your child—your own flesh and blood. And yet, because of Chloe, you do not care for us in the slightest?”

”

“Don’t bother with the moral manipulation. My moral compass has always been weak,” Joseph responded, his eyes reflecting an unwavering resolve. In their depths, a calmness resided, giving off an unsettling chill.

Megan fell silent for a moment, hesitant to confront Joseph directly. She murmured, “Regardless of the circumstances, the child is what’s most important. It’s the only Whitman child at the moment.”

Her statement was not unfounded. The child was undeniably important. However, the crucial aspect was that its paternity had not been confirmed, and moreover, Joseph felt no

attachment to Xavia.

He cast a cold gaze in her direction and responded curtly, “Are you trying to force me to utter even harsher words?”

Megan choked on her words, her frustration evident. She muttered in frustration, "You have

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no idea how to cherish a good woman. Xavia has been by your side for five long years. Even a heart of stone would've softened by now."

Joseph's smile widened, his expression laced with mockery. "It has been five years, and yet, I failed to see her true colors."

If it had not been for Gabriel, Joseph would still be in the dark. Gabriel made the difficult decision to unveil the truth after a period of internal conflict. He was afraid that Joseph would not believe him, which could potentially strain their brotherly bond.

Xavia dug into her plan with her fingertips as she averted her gaze. "Fine. If that's how you want it, let's not see each other for the next two months."

Megan was taken aback and quickly tried to reason with her. "Don't be rash. Your health isn't in the best condition, and this is a crucial time for you and the baby. You need someone to take care of you, especially now."

Xavia looked at Joseph with a desperate expression in her eyes. "Take care of me? In the past five years, or even these three months, when has he ever taken care of me? Let's just forget about everything."

After uttering those words, she straightened her collar and turned to walk away. Her figure, delicate and fragile, appeared as though a gust of wind could easily sweep her away. With one hand cradling her waist and the other clutching her bag, she appeared somewhat forlorn.

Joseph's expression remained unreadable, his gaze distant and indifferent.

Megan hurriedly caught up with Xavia, finding it difficult to comprehend. "Are you giving up so easily? Are you truly not going to see Joseph for two whole months?"

A trace of malice appeared in Xavia's eyes. "A wise surrender is better than relentless persistence."

"But we can't just let them have their way."

That despicable Chloe had snatched away the endorsement opportunity that Megan had been longing for. To be frank, if Xavia had not exacted revenge on Chloe, she too would refuse to let Chloe have an easy life.

Xavia glanced at Megan and asked, "Do you have any good ideas?"

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5

Chapter 469 Xavia Is a Pile of Dog Shit

Megan shook her head and replied, "No, I don't."

Xavia took a deep breath and said, "Let's think it over. I have something to take care of, so I have to go."

"Wait," Megan called out, "What if we hire some online trolls to smear Chloe online?"

Xavia rubbed her temples, "Child's play." If Chloe had such a weak mental fortitude, she would not have been able to hold her ground until now.

"Exotic Star's reputation has already taken a hit. If Chloe, the global ambassador, continues to display inappropriate behavior, there's a possibility that Exotic Star might cut ties with her to protect their interests," Megan suggested.

Xavia's eyes brightened a little. "It's worth a shot."

However, relying solely on internet trolls would not be enough. There was a high likelihood that Noah would come to Chloe's defense.

"This could be an opportunity to release those photos..."

Regarding Noah, Xavia could not quite ascertain his intentions, and neither did she know how much information he had in his hands.

Chloe emerged from the ultrasound room. Emily, who had been waiting outside, immediately approached and inquired, "How did it go? Is everything all right?"

Chloe shook her head and replied, "I'm fine. I didn't inhale any tear gas."

“Thank goodness you acted quickly and covered your mouth and nose. According to Google, tear gas can have more harmful effects than one would imagine. It can cause tearing and sneezing in milder cases and prove fatal in severe cases!” Emily patted her chest, unable to conceal her relief.

“Don’t worry. It’s been two days and I haven’t experienced any reactions.” Actually, she had not planned to visit the hospital today, but upon reflection, she chose to get checked for the sake of safety. After all, the life within her womb was delicate.

Emily nodded, expressing her helplessness. “Are you sure you want to continue keeping this a secret?”

With each passing day, Chloe’s belly was growing larger, making it increasingly challenging to

conceal.

“Now that autumn has arrived and we’re wearing thicker clothing compared to summer, hiding it for another one or two months shouldn’t be a problem.” Chloe pretended to smile

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nonchalantly. “Let’s take it one step at a time.”

Emily sympathized with Chloe but understood her stubbornness, so she refrained from saying

too much.

Chloe decided to visit Abigail at the hospital since she was also receiving treatment there. She bought a bouquet of flowers and a fruit basket as a gesture of care. Fortunately, Abigail’s injury was not life-threatening, but recovering from a gunshot wound took time.

During their journey back, Emily asked, “Did Joseph introduce you to Abigail?”

“Yeah. Why do you ask?”

“It’s nothing. I just feel like the two of you can’t let go of each other, but there’s an obstacle that’s preventing you from being together, like a sudden pile of

dog shit on the road. You both want to move forward, but the unpleasantness of the obstacle makes it difficult, Emily explained.

Chloe was taken aback for a moment before bursting into laughter. "Are you implying that Xavia's a pile of dog shit?"

Emily grinned mischievously. "I didn't say that. You interpreted it that way."

"Ah yes, you didn't say it. I conjured it up in my mind."

"Hehe, you have quite the imagination."

Chloe pretended to glare at Emily and then, at a turn, a middle-aged man appeared. She paused for a moment and quickly stepped forward to intercept him.

"Sir?" Chloe stared at the man, furrowing her brows.

The man, feeling guilty upon seeing her, said, "You must've mistaken me for someone else. I don't know you."

"How can you not know me? I pawned my jewelry at your shop with an agreement to buy it back later. Why did you close the store?" 1

Every time Chloe passed by the jewelry store, she would stop by. But last week, she discovered the store had changed hands the week before.

The man scratched his head awkwardly before responding, "Look. We only had a verbal agreement, and someone came along offering a higher price for it. I'd be a fool not to sell."

"To whom did you sell it?"

"It doesn't matter who bought it. Even if I told you, there's no way you could afford to buy it

back."

Chloe grew angry, a displeased look flashing through her eyes. "Tell me."

The man looked at her, his expression filled with helplessness. "It was Exotic Star who

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purchased it. And now that I've told you, there's still nothing you can do. They probably

already had the pieces refurbished and altered."

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5

Chapter 470 Leaked Photos

Chloe's heart ached sharply at the mention of her mother's precious jewelry being refurbished and altered. Those pieces held sentimental value and were part of the dowry her mother had left for her...

Emily stepped forward, trying to offer some reassurance. "Why don't you ask Noah about it? Your mother's jewelry is of exceptional quality and craftsmanship. There's a chance that they haven't been subjected to any refurbishment or alteration."

"I can only hope so."

Emily had taken a day off today, and her birthday was just around the corner. She had her eye on a particular handbag, and there happened to be one in the same style among the bags Joseph had given Chloe.

Since Chloe had the idea of gifting it to Emily for her birthday, the two of them headed to the Johnson Group's warehouse to retrieve the bag. As Emily surveyed the warehouse filled with a plethora of branded bags, a vein visibly throbbing on her forehead. "What a waste!" she exclaimed, her frustration evident.

Chloe helplessly replied, "I sold some of them on a second-hand platform. Otherwise, there would be even more."

"...Oh my God, do you hear the words coming out of your mouth? Flaunting wealth will only bring you trouble!"

"You can choose whichever bag you like. Take as many as you can carry. It's no problem."

Emily's expression did a complete 180-degree turn, and she cheerfully grabbed Chloe's arm." I take back what I said earlier, Coco. You're my best friend forever!"

Chloe's mouth twitched as she was momentarily left speechless.

The Johnson Group was a small company with a relatively small workforce. With business slowing down during the autumn season, there was a backlog of work that had piled up for over two days.

Surprisingly, Chloe managed to complete it all within just two hours. Once she was done, she glanced at Emily, who was still engrossed in choosing a bag. The indecisiveness of a Virgo was truly something to behold.

Chloe ordered two cups of coffee and began browsing on her phone. Suddenly, a post grabbed

her attention.

[What is Chloe Johnson's true background?]

Intrigued, she clicked on the post and was greeted with three key points.

First, she allegedly stole Xavia's five-year love.

Second, Harold went as far as holding a press conference to defend her.

Third, Noah publicly suggested a hostage exchange.

Past events, long forgotten, resurfaced with exaggerated and nonsensical commentary.

After reading through the irrational content, it became apparent to Chloe that the article lacked clarity and coherence. It appeared to be a clickbait piece solely aimed at grabbing attention. Perhaps it was prompted by the morning announcement of the armed robbery at the Exotic Star jewelry exhibition, enticing individuals to capitalize on the publicity. Curiously, the post was gaining popularity, yet all the comments below were generated by bot accounts. This suggested that someone had hired a bunch of internet trolls for this post.

However, Chloe remained indifferent to all of this and had no desire to be entangled in the online drama. She understood that the internet was a fickle

place where trends and controversies came and went within a matter of days. Octavia's words rang true-being too prominent could attract unwanted attention.

Suddenly, her phone rang, signaling an incoming video call from Icarus, who was currently far away in another country. "Chloe, do you have a moment? I need to talk to you about something."

Chloe glanced at his serious expression displayed on the screen, and a hint of unease crept into her heart. "I have time. Go ahead."

"I stumbled upon these photos on some foreign websites..." As he spoke, her attention was diverted by a notification on her computer. Chloe set down her phone and reached for her mouse, clicking to open the new email that had just arrived.

In the photos, she found herself seated on Icarus' lap, both of them scantily clad in their underwear. The backdrop revealed a private room within a restaurant, evoking an indescribable sense of lasciviousness in their gestures and actions.

Her thoughts spun in a chaotic whirlwind, leaving her rooted to the spot, frozen in disbelief.

"Chloe, these photos were leaked to certain foreign websites. Although they haven't circulated widely within the domestic social scene yet, you need to be mentally prepared. There's a possibility that people around you might come across these photos at any given moment..."

After what felt like an eternity, Chloe managed to find her voice, albeit trembling. "Send me the link."

Icarus fell silent for a moment before responding, "Do you want to report this to the police?" She countered, "Have you already reported it to the overseas authorities?"

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Score 9.5