

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 473

Chapter 473 Way to Go, Brother

Joseph firmly grasped her shoulders as he raised his eyebrows. "What nonsense are you talking about? Why would I doubt you when it was just a baseless claim?"

Chloe was stunned, thrown off by his reaction.

Joseph continued, "I've already instructed for those articles to be taken down."

"Oh, that's what you're talking about..."

"Of course," he replied, his face growing stern. "Wait... Is there something else. you haven't told me?"

Chloe shook her head. "No, no!"

Joseph narrowed his eyes. He sensed that she was hiding something, yet she kept her lips sealed. It seemed like he had pampered her too much lately, and she had started lying again. He was infuriated, but he refrained from pressing further for the time being. He knew there would be time to address this later, perhaps after dinner.

They had agreed that while spending time together, they would visit the family home and have meals with Harold. As they passed by a mall, Chloe remembered Harold mentioning a newly released traditional pastry from a certain store, and he seemed to like it a lot.

Parking the car by the roadside, they entered the mall to make the purchase. The pastry was quite popular, and there was a queue. Joseph looked toward the nearby supermarket and said, "Stay in the line. I'm going to grab something."

"Okay," Chloe replied.

After she had procured the pastries, he still had not returned. Curious, she went to the supermarket in search of him. There, she saw him choose

something from the shelves and then approached the counter to pay for a box of L-sized condoms. The cashier looked

up, wearing a look that seemed to say “Way to go, brother.”

Chloe felt a mix of embarrassment, wanting to find a hole to hide in. ‘How could he purchase such a thing without any hint of embarrassment?! And we don’t even need it right now!’

After the cashier completed the transaction, he handed the condoms to Joseph and teasingly remarked, “Your wife is one lucky gal.”

Chloe expected Joseph to ignore the cashier’s comment, but much to her surprise, he responded, “She is.”

She could not stand it anymore and dragged him toward the exit. “Why did you buy this?”

“To use it.”

“You said you wouldn’t touch me!”

Looking down at her, Joseph’s jaw tensed as he retorted, “We’ve taken our wedding photos, and we’re about to remarry. Why can’t I touch you?”

“But you made a promise!” Chloe replied, her frustration evident.

“I’ve changed my mind.”

“No! You can’t just change your mind like that!”

“Then tell me what you’re hiding from me,” Joseph said, his eyes narrowing with a hint of

threat. “Otherwise, I won’t hesitate to use every single condom in this box tonight.”

Feeling a mix of anger and embarrassment, Chloe shot back, “You’ll regret it.”

“Oh? I’ll regret it?”

It looked like the matter was serious.

Joseph firmly gripped her waist and gave it a slight squeeze. “Chloe, my patience has its limits.

She winced from the pinch, feeling both pained and ticklish. Unable to bear it, she swatted his hands away, “Let’s go to the house and have dinner. We shouldn’t keep Grandpa waiting.”

“Fine, but after dinner, you better tell me the truth, or you’ll regret it,” he warned.

Her cheeks blushed, and she feigned nonchalance as she said, “Are you just teasing me?”

Joseph smirked playfully. “Teasing? You could say that. But if you don’t tell me the truth later, you might find it difficult to get out of bed the next day.”

Chloe’s face turned red. ‘I might have trouble getting out of bed for a few days, but your kid might need to say goodbye to this world before they’re even born.’

The day before, they were physically and mentally exhausted when they got to the family home, so they spent most of their time sleeping except for mealtime. As a result, Harold did not get a chance to chat with Chloe. Upon seeing her today, he greeted her with a big smile.” Oh my, who do we have here? Whose granddaughter-in-law is this? You’re so stunning!”

Chloe’s mood instantly eased, and she sat down beside him, playfully mirroring his tone. ” Yours, of course.”

Harold’s smile did not fade as he sighed in relief. “I’m happy that you two have finally reconciled. Just let bygones be bygones.”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 474 Seeing the Photos

Chloe froze for a moment and then hastily changed the subject. “Grandpa, I bought you your favorite pastry.”

“You’re the best, my sweet. That brat has never bothered to get me anything,” Harold said.

“Yeah, I’ve never gotten you pastries. I merely took care of the mess in the Whitman Group that was worth over 100 thousand dollars,” Joseph remarked casually as he descended the stairs.

He had changed into his home outfit.

“Taking care of me and doing business are two completely different things. Don’t get them mixed up,” Harold retorted.

“All right then, from now on, I’ll stop taking care of the Whitman Group’s affairs and will focus solely on buying pastries for you,” Joseph replied. He was dressed in a navy blue silk pajama that softened his edges, making him more approachable.

“Shut it. Don’t go saying things that’ll upset me.”

Chloe patted Harold’s shoulder and said, “Everyone has their expertise. Jojo’s intelligent and a natural leader in the business world. Asking him to buy pastries is a waste of his talents. As for me, I enjoy shopping and buying things, so leave this task to me.”

“Listen to how well Chloe speaks. Yet you. You’re always jabbing at people like a wasp. No one will like you if you don’t change your attitude,” he praised Chloe, while simultaneously admonishing Joseph.

Ignoring him, Joseph served a bowl of soup to Chloe and said, “Eat up. It’s good for your health.”

“Okay.” She took small sips of the soup, but halfway through, her face scrunched up and she tightly closed her mouth, trying to suppress the urge to throw up.

“Grandpa, go ahead and eat. I need to go to the restroom,” she said.

Harold watched her leave and sternly admonished Joseph, “Make sure to handle things properly. If you need to compromise, then do it. A real man knows when to yield and when to stand firm. Don’t seek temporary satisfaction and regret it for a lifetime.”

“I know,” Joseph responded calmly, taking the words to heart.

“When you two remarry, I’ll give you your father’s note,” Harold added.

Joseph looked up, his gaze deep and unreadable. "You can give it to me now. Chloe and I will remarry sooner or later."

"Absolutely not. I won't give it to you until you two are remarried," Harold asserted firmly,

refusing to yield.

Joseph shrugged nonchalantly. Time was on his side, and all he needed was to know the

contents of the letter.

Observing the scene from the sidelines, Patrick could not help but sigh emotionally. Chloe was truly a lucky star. In the past, Joseph visited Harold fewer times a year as compared to just this one month. Patrick hoped that such peaceful and uneventful days would stretch on

indefinitely.

Suddenly, a pleasant piece of instrumental music began to play, causing Joseph to stop his action. He turned his head and looked at Chloe's phone on the table.

Craning his neck, Harold asked curiously, "Huh? Why's Tyson calling Chloe?"

Joseph frowned. "I have no idea."

"Then answer it."

Joseph looked briefly toward the restroom, then used a slender finger to swipe the screen of Chloe's phone to answer the call.

"We're lucky that you told me about it early. We intercepted some photos that were posted online from within the country. We traced the IP address, and we're on our way to apprehend that

person now."

Tyson's voice came through, and there was noise in the background, faintly accompanied by the sounds of traffic.

Joseph did not put it on speaker, and Harold looked at him eagerly, “What’s Tyson saying?”

Upon hearing the unexpected voice, Tyson fell silent for a few seconds before cautiously asking, “Are you at the family home?”

“She’s in the restroom.”

Tyson’s voice trembled slightly. “Joe?”

Cutting to the chase, Joseph asked, “What photos are you talking about?”

Despite being the detective here, Tyson felt like he was being interrogated at that moment.

“Chloe didn’t tell you, so I can’t tell you either. It’s related to another individual’s privacy. You know the law. Don’t put me in a difficult position.”

Joseph’s gaze turned cold, and his tone hardened. “I’m her husband. I have the right to know.”

“Please don’t make things difficult for me...’

“Okay, then. I guess I’ll just have to drop by the station for a chat.” Feeling a headache coming on, Tyson sighed, “Fine, fine. I’ll tell you.”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 475 He Didn’t Want Others to See the Photos

After enduring a bout of nausea in the restroom, Chloe felt a bit better and decided to step out. But as she pushed open the door, Joseph was standing right outside, his eyes dark and swarming with a myriad of emotions.

“I saw the photos,” he said.

Chloe stood there in a daze, and then she saw Joseph holding her phone tightly in his hand.

“I can explain. It’s not what you think. Icarus and I are not-”

“You’ve disappointed me greatly,” Joseph interrupted her, “I asked you many times today, giving you plenty of opportunities to tell me, yet you didn’t say a word.”

‘Am I truly that undeserving of her trust? Does she really prefer to carry this burden alone or seek Tyson’s help rather than turning to me?’

”

As she heard his words, her heart tightened in her throat. Believing he was angry, she said, Please believe me. Nothing happened between Icarus and me that day. They forced me to take off my clothes. If you don’t believe me, I can call Icarus right now to prove it.”

“Enough!” Joseph gritted his teeth, cutting her off.

Like

any other man, he too felt furious upon seeing such photos. The irony was that the overwhelming rush of anxiety and fear overshadowed his anger. He dreaded the thought of those indecent photos falling into someone else’s hands. It would cause irreparable harm to her and leave a lasting shadow on her life. Yet, she persisted in explaining herself, afraid he would not trust her.

Seeing her like this left a bitter feeling in Joseph’s heart.

“Joseph...” Chloe softly called his name, unsure of what to say.

“Go to the room,” Joseph commanded, taking a deep breath to calm himself.

She took a step back and said, “Can’t we talk about this here?”

The veins on his forehead pulsated. He firmly grasped her hand, leading her upstairs despite her resistance.

“Stay here. Don’t go anywhere, and wait for me. I’ll come back and settle this with you later,” he instructed before storming off, slamming the door shut behind him.

Chloe tried to open the door, only to find it locked. She looked around the empty room, her heart filled with sadness and a sense of grievance spreading within her. Why would he not believe her? Why did he not give her a chance

to explain? She could have called Icarus and everything would be as clear as day.

That night, she slept dreadfully, drifting between dreams and wakefulness.

In the morning, Patrick brought breakfast to her room. She tried to leave, but he stopped her.” Miss, Mr. Joseph instructed that we are to wait for him to return before letting you out.”

“Where did he go?” she asked.

“I’m not sure, but rest assured, miss. Whatever the issue may be, Mr. Joseph will take care of it, “Patrick comforted in a kind tone.

“Patrick, you don’t understand,” Chloe said, a bitter smile dawning on her face.

Joseph had zero tolerance when it came to such matters, and for him to trust her was a luxury in itself. It was true that Patrick did not fully comprehend the situation, but he could see that Joseph treated Chloe well. After what they had gone through, he hoped that they would not argue again this time.

As Patrick prohibited her from leaving, Chloe could only stay in the room. Her phone was taken away as well. Worried that she would get bored, Patrick thoughtfully brought some books for her to pass the time.

As the hours flew by and evening descended, there was still no sign of Joseph’s return. Growing impatient, Chloe pounded on the door, yearning to be free.

“Miss, please be patient. Mr. Joseph is on his way back.”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 476 Time to Help Dumbo Get Her Revenge

Chloe’s hand froze in mid-air, and after a brief pause, she slowly lowered it.

“How long do I have to wait?”

“About an hour.”

“Okay.”

She let out a long sigh and walked to the window, opening it to take in the view of the backyard. Toto had been brought home, and at that moment, Toto was joyfully playing with Oreo.

Suddenly, a thought struck Chloe. Since the time Xavia sent Oreo here, she had never bothered to visit or show any concern for the dog. The few times she came here were just to cause her trouble. This behavior led Chloe to suspect that even sending Oreo was part of Xavia’s calculated scheme.

On the highway from Cloude to Aesper.

Sitting in a van, Vanya spoke respectfully as she reported to the person on the other end. Ten minutes later, she ended the call. The driver peered at the license plate of the car in front of them and asked, “Hey Van, up ahead. Doesn’t this car belong to the guy who ruined Xavia’s plan?”

Vanya leaned forward, trying to see inside the car, but Gabriel’s tinted windows prevented her from doing so. She scrutinized the license plate a few times and said in a peculiar tone, “You’re right. That’s Gabriel’s car.”

If it were not for him, Xavia might have taken Joseph down already, and they would not need to put in so much effort now.

“Should we teach him a lesson?”

“Can our vehicle handle it?”

“It’s been modified to be crash-resistant.”

“Let’s do it after we get off the highway.”

“Sure thing.”

Gabriel noticed that there was a van following them. He felt a bit suspicious, so he deliberately slowed down his speed, and the van did the same. A sense of unease crept over him, and he decided to turn off at a smaller road on the right. As expected, the van followed suit.

He turned to Joseph and said, “Someone’s following us. What should we do?”

Joseph opened his eyes and looked behind. His gaze fell on Vanya-the fox mask she wore proving to be particularly eye-catching. "I'll take the wheel. Switch seats," he commanded.

Gabriel surveyed the surroundings, confirming the absence of surveillance cameras. He then complied with Joseph's order and moved to the passenger seat.

"Who are they? Do you know them?" Gabriel asked.

"They're from the Duskfall," Joseph replied.

Hearing this, Gabriel broke out into a cold sweat. "Damn, they work fast!"

"It's unrelated to today's incident."

From the moment the photos were leaked and reported to the cyber police to the

apprehension of the culprit, only half a day had passed. Duskfall probably was not aware of it

yet.

"So it's just a coincidence?"

"Most likely."

"What do we do now? It seems like they want to attack us.

"Hold on to your seat," Joseph said.

"Huh?"

"In my opinion, those who strike first win."

II

It was high time to teach these people a lesson for trying to harm his dumbo.

Joseph narrowed his eyes, sharply turning the steering wheel as he stepped on the accelerator, turning the car around. The two vehicles faced each other head-on, and he floored the

accelerator, charging straight at the van.

Crash!

The front of the van crumpled upon impact, and the entire vehicle was forced back several meters, teetering on the brink of complete wreckage. The occupants inside the van suffered no

less.

Caught in the overwhelming inertia, Vanya's body lurched forward, her forehead slamming hard against the front seat. Her mask amplified the damage, and a trickle of red liquid streamed down her hairline. Fuming with anger, she tore off the mask and hurled it toward the driver, shouting, "You useless fuck! Is this what you call crash-resistant?!"

This was supposed to be able to withstand collisions with others? Ridiculous!

The driver was too preoccupied to apologize. Wearing an astonished expression, he pointed toward the people in the other car with a trembling finger and said, "Van... It's not just

Gabriel. Joseph's in the car too.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 477 Have You Realized Your Mistake?

Vanya was instantly petrified, unable to believe her eyes.

'Gabriel is with Joseph? This isn't good.'

Despite the chance to deal with Gabriel, Vanya knew she could not afford to confront Joseph at this moment. S had warned her that Joseph had initiated an investigation into their activities, making it a difficult time for any direct confrontation.

Gritting her teeth, she ordered, "Retreat!"

Without delay, the subordinate stepped on it, the vehicle barely holding together after the collision. Inside, Vanya felt the lingering effects of the impact. Her head throbbed, and she was overcome by dizziness and nausea.

Unable to contain her frustration, she growled, "Stop these damn modifications!"

Their van had already been professionally modified for comfort and space, even though its outward appearance looked ordinary and aged. Yet, this fool had gone and modified it further, wasting all the good setups.

Gabriel watched the departing van and commented, "They just left like that? I hate to admit it, but their van is surprisingly fast."

"We merely encountered each other by chance," Joseph said, his voice deep and his face stern. "Besides, it wouldn't be wise to get out of the car."

That masked woman was no easy opponent. If she was carrying a dagger or knife on her, acting impulsively would prove perilous. Moreover, they had already demonstrated their strength, making it clear that underestimating them was unwise, and for the time being, it should suffice.

Joseph decided to bide his time, accumulating enough power before finally settling the score with them.

Gabriel understood the underlying meaning of Joseph's words. "You're absolutely right. I got a glimpse of that masked woman's face. Tsk, her looks truly match her merciless nature. She's a real femme fatale."

Last month, Gabriel had lost a lucrative deal to Briarlake from Cloude and vented his frustrations to Joseph. Sensing something amiss, Joseph dug deeper and discovered that Briarlake was being manipulated by Duskfall.

Gabriel had planned to confront the CEO of Briarlake today, but fortunately, Joseph had stopped him before that. Otherwise, who knows what insane things those people might have done?

After Joseph returned to the Whitman family home, he instructed Patrick to prepare a guest room for Gabriel before striding into his own room.

Chloe was seated in a bean bag by the window. Upon hearing the door open, she turned her head to meet his gaze. They looked at each other, but neither of them spoke.

With furrowed brows and a deep voice, Joseph broke the silence, "Have you realized your mistake?"

Chloe tilted her head slightly and replied, "I wanted to explain to you, but instead of listening, you locked me in this room all day. I haven't done anything wrong.

Just as Joseph was about to explode in anger, she continued, "I didn't want to hide it from you, but it's distressing to be caught in such compromising photos."

Though her tone sounded somewhat sharp, beneath it lay an undertone of grievance, accompanied by a barely noticeable catch in her voice.

Joseph's heart instantly softened. He approached and stood before her, but she avoided his gaze, keeping her eyes downcast. Her lowered eyelids and curled lashes veiled the emotions in her eyes from his sight, but the pout of her rosy lips betrayed her anger.

Even though she was throwing a tantrum, she exuded a captivating and endearing aura that quelled Joseph's anger and stirred a desire within him to embrace her.

Reaching out, Joseph gently pinched her soft cheek, relishing in the delightful touch. "You seem to have gained some weight recently," he remarked.

Confused about his intentions, Chloe remained silent.

"Look at me," Joseph commanded, leaning down and firmly grasping her chin to force her

face toward him.

Without resistance, Chloe obediently turned her head to meet Joseph's gaze. It would be better to have a calm and rational conversation, but before she could utter a word, Joseph grasped the back of her neck with his large hand and placed his lips on hers.

The kiss carried a mixture of dominance and punishment as if he was conquering every inch of her being.

Chloe could not resist the intensity and responded with defiance.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 478 You're Quite Daring

Their intimate connection lasted for a long moment with them moving from the bean bag to the bed. Only when the atmosphere around them was fully charged with their desire did Chloe weakly push Joseph away.

"Where have you been all day?"

"I went to Cloude with Tyson. We found the guy who leaked your photos. All of them have been destroyed," Joseph replied.

Chloe was stunned. "Who was it?"

"He's with that masked woman, but he's just a low-ranking lackey who doesn't know much."

Pressing her lips together tightly, Chloe fixed her gaze on him and asked, "Why did you help me if you were mad at me?"

"Are those two things contradictory?" Joseph shot back.

"Then why did you lock me in?" she asked, her frown deepening.

"I locked you up so that you could reflect on your mistakes. When faced with a problem, why didn't you tell me immediately? As your husband, it's my responsibility to help you overcome any difficulties and protect you," Joseph said with a displeased squint. "You not only deceived me but also colluded with Tyson. You're quite daring, Chloe Johnson."

Chloe was slightly taken aback. "That's what you're angry about? Not because of the photos with Icarus?"

"What do you think?" Joseph threw the question back at her.

There were few men in the world who would not be angered by the sight of their wives embracing another man in their underwear. At least, he was not one of them. If possible, he wanted to skin that masked woman alive.

The bedroom fell into a hushed silence. Chloe looked at the man before her, feeling a warmth spread through her heart. She was not ungrateful. Now that she understood the cause of his anger and the misunderstanding was cleared, she embraced him.

“I promise I’ll tell you right away if something happens next time,” she said.

“There won’t be a next time,” Joseph said through gritted teeth. One Icarus was enough to irritate him.

“I’ll do my best, but I can’t guarantee the masked woman won’t come after me again,” she replied. She could not help but wonder who exactly the masked woman was. Why was that woman always coming after her?

Joseph furrowed his brows slightly upon hearing her words. “I’ll get you a new bodyguard,”

he said.

“I think Abigail does a great job. Let’s wait until she’s discharged from the hospital,” Chloe replied.

“Fine. Until then, I’ll personally pick you up from work and drop you off,” he said.

“Okay. Do you have any impression of the woman? She can’t be targeting us without any reason,” she asked.

Joseph did not give a direct response and replied in a deep voice, “I’m not sure at the moment.

Chloe thought it might be related to business matters and did not press on the matter.

The following day marked the grand opening of Fairlight and Exotic Star’s jointly opened resort. Joseph felt that much had transpired lately and decided it was the perfect time to take Chloe on a vacation. They settled on the

schedule and planned to head to the resort that evening, intending to stay for two days and one night.

However, at six in the evening, an issue arose with Fairlight's new project, demanding Joseph's immediate attention. He instructed Lucas to accompany Chloe to the resort first. She agreed and returned home to pack for their trip.

In the middle of her packing, Chloe received a series of urgent messages from Emily.

[My mom's forcing me to go on a blind date!]

[I don't want to go!]

[How do I refuse her?!]

[I heard the man is a teacher, and I've been afraid of teachers since I was a kid. I don't want to relive my fear again!]

[I've tried everything, but my mom just won't compromise. Help me!]

Chloe replied: [The best way to overcome fear is to face it head-on.]

Emily: (You're the worst!)

Chloe: [Bring him to the resort. I'll accompany you on the blind date.]

She was about to spend two days and one night with Joseph, essentially having at least twenty-four hours together. Chloe was anxious that he might discover her pregnancy. To create a cover, she invited Emily to join them.

At eight in the evening, the resort bustled with activity. Its opening day was a booming

success.

Lucas guided Chloe and Emily to a private room in the restaurant. The man Emily was going to meet was named Rob Jude, a man in his thirties. Upon noticing Emily accompanied by Chloe, he politely handed them the menu and said, "Order whatever you like. It's my treat."

Emily had not eaten yet, so she ordered some food for herself.

“Given that we’re here on a blind date, let’s be straightforward with each other,” Rob began.

“Sure.”

“I’m the only child of my family. If we get married, you have to give me a son. Once the child is born, you can quit your job and stay at home to take care of the children and elders. I’ll support you financially.”

Chloe chuckled. “How much is your monthly salary?”

“Three grand. I’m a public school teacher, and there are many hidden perks that come with the job,” Rob replied, his words laced with a sense of superiority.

Outside the door, Lucas’ mouth twitched.

“Three grand per month? Even a nanny earns more than that! And he expects to find someone who will bear him children, cook, take care of his parents, and, on top of it all, be his companion in bed? Emily must be out of her mind to agree to a blind date with this man. He’s even worse than me,’ Lucas chided inwardly.

Chapter 479 Lucas Did It on Purpose

Emily held back the urge to roll her eyes and said, “I have no intentions of becoming a stay-at-home mom, even in the future, so let’s not waste each other’s time.”

Rob smirked and consoled her, “Don’t worry. I won’t mind if you become an old hag. It’s the inevitable path for women. All of you turn ugly as you age.”

Offering Rob a fake smile, Chloe said, “Do you really think you’re being considerate?”

“Am I not?” Rob widened his mouth in surprise. “Which man wouldn’t like a young and pretty woman? But I can control myself. It’s a matter of loyalty to the family.”

“No need for that. I make over six and a half grand a month, with additional bonuses at every month-end. My annual income amounts to 78 thousand

dollars. I won't give up my job, and I don't need anyone to support me. Rob, let's end our date here."

Emily could not bear it any longer and had no desire to continue chatting with him. If it were not for her mother and Rob's parents knowing each other, she would have taught him how to behave properly.

The food arrived just then, but Rob did not look too pleased. "Sit down and eat. It's fine if you don't want to give up your job, but you'll have to use your salary to hire a nanny. My parents are getting old and can't look after the child."

"And what about you? Where's your money going?" Emily asked.

"I'm going to use it to support my parents," Rob replied.

'Your parents?' Emily thought inwardly as she sneered, "So my salary will be used to raise our child?"

'He expects me to bear him children with such an attitude? Dream on!'

Rob raised his chin arrogantly. "I'm a government employee, and after retirement, I'll receive a considerable pension. The entire family will rely on me."

"You can't afford to raise a child with three grand, let alone talk about the future. Moreover, you'll probably only live a few more years after retirement. At that rate, my friend will have to support you for over forty years," Chloe coolly chimed in, not bothering to hide her sarcasm.

"Emily and I are the ones on this blind date. You have no right to butt in." Rob scowled at her.

Chloe innocently turned to Emily. "I'll keep quiet then."

Rob felt his pride had been insulted and his face turned pale. "I've made concessions again and again, but you keep pushing it. It seems you're not the kind of woman who genuinely wants to settle down. There's no need for us to continue this discussion."

"Works perfectly fine for me. Waiter, please bring the bill," Emily said. She did not want to

owe him anything.

“It’s just a meal. I’ll treat you ladies,” Rob insisted.

“Sir, the total is 1,500 dollars. How would you like to pay?” the waiter asked.

Rob’s face went pale. “These few dishes cost over 1,500? What is this daylight robbery?!”

That was half of his monthly salary!

The waiter smiled apologetically, “Sir, our prices are clearly displayed on the menu.”

Rob felt that he had been deceived. “Get your manager here. I want a word!”

“There’s no need to pay. The meal is on the house.” Lucas walked in and gestured toward the restaurant entrance. “Our establishment is quite spacious, and you might have trouble finding your way out. Let me have a server escort you.”

“I knew something wasn’t right with your prices. I’ll let it slide this time.” Rob did not realize the belittling tone in Lucas’ words as he patted him on the shoulder. “Your service is decent. Keep up the good work.”

Lucas smiled, pushing away Rob’s hand, “It’s not the pricing that’s the problem. It’s you.”

“What’s wrong with me?”

“You try to act rich when you don’t have the means. But in the end, you can’t pull it off because

your wallet can’t keep up,” Lucas said.

Rob was exposed, and after a moment of shock, a surge of immense anger overwhelmed him. As he was about to erupt, Lucas called security, who promptly dragged him out.

Emily rolled her eyes and commented, “What kind of weirdo did my mom introduce me to?”

“Yeah. Not only is he broke, but he also looks like a toad,” Lucas muttered under his breath.

Chloe looked at them thoughtfully. Then she said, her tone firm, “Lucas, you deliberately allowed the waiter to bring the bill to embarrass Rob, didn’t you?”

Though the resort was not exclusively owned by Joseph, he was at least a major shareholder. On top of that, Lucas was always considerate. Whenever he was around, she never had to foot the bill.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 480 Creating an Opportunity for Xavia and Joseph

Lucas touched his nose. “Yes, I did. You’re always calling Mr. Joseph a jerk, Emily. I wanted to prove that he isn’t.”

Chloe could not quite understand. Lucas’ help did not seem to affect Emily at all. Instead, he seemed to have helped her vent her anger.

Joseph had not arrived. She sent him a message, but he said he needed another hour or two.

Since they had to wait for him, Chloe and Emily decided to stroll around the other project sites. However, they crossed paths with Noah not long after they started off.

Chloe’s eyes lit up. “This is perfect. I have something to discuss with you.”

Noah had a clean and handsome face. He gave off the vibe of a gentle spring breeze, and he often carried a faint smile that made people feel warm and comfortable.

“Sure, go ahead.”

Chloe explained the situation in detail, her tone earnest. “That jewelry was left to me by my mother, and they’re very important to me. I hope you’ll help me find them.”

Noah fell silent for a while then said in a voice that was clear and pleasant to the

ears, “We receive a large number of regular jewelry items every month, and they’re all kept together. Besides the store’s name, do you have any pictures of these specific pieces?”

“I don’t, but I can draw sketches for you. I remember what they look like.”

“All right, draw them for me and I’ll have my people look into it.”

“Thank you, Noah!” Chloe said earnestly, her voice rising with excitement and her eyes filling with hope and joy.

Noah met her gaze but slowly averted his eyes. Unfortunately, the jewelry was destined not to be found, not for the moment at least. That could only be considered once she returned to the Sullivans.

“I’ll be staying here for a few days, and there’s a pen and paper in my room. If you have the time, you can come and draw the sketches for me now, and I’ll see if they ring a bell.”

Chloe hesitated. It was not appropriate for a man and woman to be alone together.

As if he could read her mind, Noah said, “My bodyguard will be there too.”

“All right then,” Chloe said before turning to Lucas, “Can you send Em home?”

Lucas glanced at Noah through squinted eyes.

Seeing Lucas’ reluctance, Chloe said, “I’ll tell Joseph about it. It’s not like we’re going to do

something bad.”

“All right then,” Lucas said and took Emily away.

Suddenly, Noah asked, “Why did you sell the jewelry?”

“I needed money,” she replied truthfully.

“Society doesn’t value integrity as it did in the past. Once something is sold, it’s difficult to buy it back again.”

Chloe felt regretful. "I don't understand the nature of this business very much." If she had known it would be so tricky, she would have rather shamelessly kept the 30 million from Joseph than sold the jewelry.

"Be more cautious next time. If you really need money, you can ask for a longer contract with Exotic Star," Noah said with a hint of a smile, making it hard to tell whether he was serious or joking.

Curious, Chloe asked, "You're so young but are already managing such a big enterprise like Exotic Star. Isn't the pressure overwhelming?"

"It's temporary, and Exotic Star isn't solely my responsibility."

"But as Mr. Desmond grows older, the burden will eventually fall on you alone."

Having run her own company, she deeply understood that being a boss was no easy task. To others, it seemed glamorous, but only they understood the suffering. She was confident that things would be even harder when it came to managing a conglomerate-level enterprise like Exotic Star.

Noah stopped in his tracks and looked at Chloe, "Apart from me, Exotic Star has another heir. We shoulder the responsibilities together."

Suddenly, Chloe felt a strange emotion welling up inside her. She had a feeling that he was talking about her.

'No, no, no. This is impossible. Such a dream is too good to be true!' Chloe shook her head, secretly mocking herself for overthinking things.

The hotel of the resort had a total of ten floors and only two presidential suites. Lucas had booked one of them for Chloe, leaving the other for Noah. However, Octavia insisted on staying in the presidential suite and made a scene at the front desk.

"I am a Whitman, this resort belongs to the Whitmans, but you expect me to stay in a standard room?"

"It's okay. We can just stay in regular rooms," Xavia intervened politely, trying to persuade Octavia.

“No, I have some friends coming in the afternoon. I can’t let them witness such a joke!”

Octavia insisted.

Xavia had been with Octavia for the past few days, and upon hearing about the resort’s

opening, she naturally wanted to join the fun. Octavia did not refuse her request, as she knew that as a shareholder, Joseph would surely come today and she could create an opportunity for them to be together.

Comparing Chloe and Xavia, Octavia felt that the latter was gentle, virtuous, and, most

importantly, respectful toward her. Instead of waiting for Chloe to marry Joseph and annoy her, she would rather support someone she liked.

“Ma’am, it’s not that we’re unwilling to accommodate you, but there really are no more presidential suites available at the moment. Even the standard rooms are fully booked. Our managers had to vacate their own sleeping quarters to make space,” the front desk staff explained with a helpless expression and a humble tone. “Alternatively, you could rest in the lounge for a while, and if any of the rooms become available, I’ll make sure to reserve one for you.”

The resort had only one hotel, and all overnight guests would stay there. They could not possibly ask the other guests to leave. The front desk staff lamented her bad luck for encountering such a situation on her first day.

“Didn’t you hear me clearly? I want to stay in the presidential suite!” Octavia insisted, enunciating each word.

“But Mr. Joseph has reserved the presidential suite-”

“It isn’t the only one,” Octavia interrupted, confidently holding onto her Hermès bag. “This is my family’s property. Do you think I’m unaware of how many presidential suites there are?”

“I’m staying in the other suite. Are you trying to kick me out?” Noah’s smile vanished, and his fair face lost its placid expression as he spoke with a hint of aggression.