

# Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

## Chapter 481

Chapter 481 Noah Feels Sorry for Chloe

Chloe stood to the side, eager for a good show.

Joseph claimed that the resort was the joint property of both Fairlight and Exotic Star, but

Exotic Star had a bigger stake in it. So, Octavia's statement would simply raise criticisms from Joseph.

Octavia became tongue-tied upon seeing Noah, she did not want to be embarrassed in public either. She braced herself and blurted out, "How are two suites enough? Why didn't you build more?"

"That's my business. If you want in, consider investing."

Octavia undoubtedly did not have the money to do this. Her face turned livid. "I was just giving a suggestion. Young people these days don't even take advice from their elders."

"Who are you to do so? I don't even know you. Why should I listen to anything you have to say?" Noah shot back, but he did not look mad. It looked like he did not know her at all.

A lot of people came and went. Xavia felt awkward and was a little terrified of Noah, so she leaned in and whispered to Octavia, "Let's just wait at the cafe as the receptionist suggested. Let's not cause trouble for Joe. We don't want people talking behind our backs."

Octavia's heart skipped a beat, and she shot Chloe a nasty look before heading to the cafe with

Xvi

When Chloe saw the mean look, she felt very aggrieved. She had remained silent the whole time. Was she not allowed to simply enjoy the show?

Noah and Chloe got into the elevator. Suddenly, she noticed a strand of white hair on his head. and felt like touching it.

Noah blinked. "What's up?"

"You have a strand of white hair."

"Pull it out for me." While talking, he moved closer and lowered his head.

Joseph was swamped with work, so he did not check his phone. When he got into the car to go to the resort, his driver said to him, "Sir, your phone rang a few times. I think someone texted you."

Joseph simply grunted in response, his eyes closed. After a few moments, he took his phone out of his pocket. He had two texts: one from Lucas and the other from Chloe. Both were saying the same thing-Chloe had gone to Noah's room to sketch designs.

Joseph's face darkened. 'Noah's taking advantage of my absence to get close to her. Lucas

eals Borry for Chios

knows Noah is not a nice man, but he let the dumbo go anyway.'

"Step on It. Get to the resort in half an hour."

The driver was torn. "Sir, the journey usually takes an hour and a half."

"You can either drive faster or get out and let me drive. Pick one."

The driver replied, "I'll make it happen." Of course, he did not want to lose his job.

They arrived at the resort at nine, and Joseph stormed toward the presidential suite with only one goal in his mind.

Bam, bam, bam!

He banged on the door, not bothering to be polite.

Noah slowly opened the door. He had expected to see Joseph, so he smiled faintly. "Do you have to be in such a rush?"

"I could say the same about you."

Noah had been using every chance he got while Joseph was away to get close to Chloe.

“You’re wrong. Coco was the one who came to me this time.”

This infuriated Joseph. He pushed Noah aside and walked into the room. At that moment, Chloe had just finished her drawing. When she looked up, she was surprised to see Joseph there, causing her eyes to go wide. “What are you doing here?”

Joseph raised his brows gloomily. “Am I disturbing you? Didn’t want me to come or something?”

Chloe was taken aback for a moment. “What nonsense are you talking about? I was just asking.

“Let’s go.” Joseph was not going to take no for an answer, and he was not going to be nice

about it either.

Chloe frowned, recalling that he had some prejudice against Noah, so she tried to understand his behavior. She suppressed her emotions and said, “Wait. Let me give the drawing to Noah.”

“Just leave it here. He can look at it himself.”

But that was not the way to ask for a favor.

When she insisted on it, Joseph could not tell if it was anger or jealousy, or both, that made his face even gloomier. He reached out and grabbed her wrist, trying to drag her out of the room.

His grip hurt Chloe.

Seeing her in pain, Noah felt sorry for her. “Mr. Joseph, you should be gentler with women.

“Feeling sorry for her?” Joseph’s face was impassive, but he radiated cold anger.

That question brought a drastic change to Chloe’s face. She gritted her teeth and said in a low voice, “Joseph, shut up!”

‘Don’t embarrass me in front of someone.’

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## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 482 Pompous Words

Joseph ignored Chloe’s words, glaring daggers at Noah, the vibes coming off him ominous.

Noah, with his fair skin and calm demeanor, said, “Shouldn’t we respect and take care of women? They’re often at a disadvantage in our society.”

Joseph simply gave him a frosty look. He did not believe in such pompous words.

Caught between a rock and a hard place, Chloe did not know how to diffuse the situation. It was getting so tense that neither she nor Noah could handle it. She bit her lip and said in a soft tone, “I’m hungry. Let’s go grab something to eat.”

Joseph shot her a sideways glance, but his expression was cold. Luckily, he did not refuse her.

While watching them leave, Noah’s gentle and calm facade started to crack. ‘Coco seems to be having a rough time. Looks like I need to move up my plans.’

Chloe and Joseph walked into the restaurant without saying a word. She had not eaten anything while accompanying Emily on the blind date, so when the food arrived, she was so hungry that she started wolfing down the food.

Joseph was so angry that he sneered while watching Chloe. ‘The dumbo still has her appetite at

this time.”

There was a delicious plate of salad on the table, and Chloe had already polished off most of it. When she reached for some more, Joseph purposely moved the dish closer to him. She simply picked another dish since she could not reach the salad.

Joseph pressed his lips into a line. "Where was the bodyguard?"

Chloe was stunned. For a moment, she was stunned.

"Wasn't there supposed to be a bodyguard in the room?"

"Yes, but she had to step out on some business."

Joseph laughed coldly. 'What a coincidence! The bodyguard was conveniently not around when I got there.'

Chloe narrowed her eyes and put down her fork and knife. "Do you think I'm lying?"

After a brief pause, Joseph calmed down a little. He stated, "Put yourself in my shoes. I know you don't like Xavia, but what if I was alone with her in a room by choice? What would you think?"

"We weren't alone. There was a bodyguard."

"But when I got there, I didn't see this so-called bodyguard."

Joseph was sure that Noah had deliberately sent away the bodyguard to stir the pot. And the dumbo and Lucas fell for it. Of course, he was pissed. If the roles were reversed, Chloe too

would be displeased if Joseph was alone in a room with Xavia.

But Noah and Xavia were different. Chloe and Noah were just friends, while Joseph and Xavia were once in love.

"What were you drawing?" Joseph asked.

"The jewelry my mother left me."

"Hmm?"

She laid it all out for him, even sounding a bit indignant. "If I wasn't in a hurry to repay you, I wouldn't have sold my jewelry."

Joseph felt a headache. "I never asked you to pay me back."

But Chloe just snorted disdainfully. "I'd rather pay you back than have you belittle me from time to time."

Joseph fell silent but he did not refute her. "I wasn't very attentive in the past." He never had to worry about money his whole life. Naturally, he was proud and arrogant.

"That's the past. Just don't embarrass me like you did today ever again." Chloe stared at him. seriously. "I'm no angel, and I can't make everyone like me. Noah doesn't have feelings for me. I can tell."

She was not slow in the love affairs between people. Noah had been careful around her since they met. Even when she was kidnapped, he only did what he did because of the relationship between the Sullivans and the Whitmans.

Joseph calmed down while tapping his fingers rhythmically on the table. Chloe had given him a wake-up call. He could not let Noah keep playing the good guy. He had to find a chance to show her Noah's true colors.

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## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 483 \$ Is Looking for a Woman

Joseph calmed down and pushed the bowl of salad back to her.

Chloe said, "I'm full."

He raised his brows. "Do you want to go to bed or take a walk?"

"It's past ten. By the time we wash up, it'll be almost midnight. Let's just go to bed. That way, we can wake up early and do something fun tomorrow."

"Hmm."

The cobblestones on the path gleamed in the moonlight. Under the streetlamp, their shadows stretched out.

"By the way, Aunt Tavia came with Xavia. Did you know?" Chloe suddenly remembered and filled him in.

Annoyed, Joseph knitted his brows. "I'll make them leave now."

But Chloe was not up for a confrontation. "Isn't it too late now? Let's deal with it tomorrow."

"Fine, tomorrow it is." He did not want to spoil his mood either.

They walked a bit more and entered the hotel.

Xavia emerged from a corner of the cobblestone path behind them. Her charming face twisted with spite as she clenched her fists. She had thought Chloe was kind, but turned out she was a hypocrite, complaining about her and trying to influence Joseph.

After standing there lost in thought for a while, Xavia felt she might be driven away the next day. She could not stop such an incident, and at the moment, Octavia had no power to resist Joseph. As her gaze darted around, an idea suddenly sparked in her mind. Octavia once mentioned that Harold usually went out and met his friends every Friday.

She called Vanya and told the latter her plan. She had ways to approach Joseph, and she was going to make the Whitmans respect her with this plan. She assumed Vanya would ask permission from S, but surprisingly, she agreed to it right away.

Xavia was confused. "Don't you have to ask for permission?"

Vanya replied, "No, Harold's been keeping you out of the Whitman family. We might as well get rid of him. He just causes problems."

Xavia asked fiercely, "You think so too?"

"Mm-hm, but we need to plan this well. It won't be simple."

"I'm free the day after tomorrow. Let's meet up and discuss the details."

"No, that day won't do. I've got a lead on something. I need to track down that person. How about three days from now?"

"Are you still looking for that woman?"

Vanya replied yes, then added, "We both have a long-term mission."

Xavia furrowed her brows. "Who is that woman? Why is S so persistent?"

Vanya was one of S's most capable subordinates. She was helping Xavia become part of the Whitmans, and she was all set to give Xavia whatever support she needed. It was clear that S was dead set on gaining control over the Whitmans, but no one knew what kind of grudge S bore them.

The only thing they knew was that S was after a woman, and this woman had some ties to the Whitmans.

Vanya simply said, "Don't go asking questions that you shouldn't."

The next morning, Lucas asked Octavia to leave on Joseph's orders. As a result, Octavia flew into a rage and insisted on talking to Harold about it.

When Joseph heard this, he said, "Let her do it."

Harold was not someone to be trifled with. If Octavia wanted to bring trouble upon herself,

Joseph was not going to stand in her way.

At noon, they were enjoying lunch outdoors. It was a gorgeous day, and the cool breeze was refreshing.

Emily took the shell off a large prawn and stuffed it into her mouth, slowly savoring its juiciness and freshness. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Chloe shelling a prawn too. She raised her brows and started scolding Joseph. "Sir, you're out with your girlfriend. Can't you do something nice for her? Every guy I know shells prawns for their girlfriends."

Hearing that, trepidation engulfed Lucas. He shot her a look and asked her not to speak nonsense. While putting on a pair of disposable gloves, he said, "I'll do it."

Chloe looked at Joseph, who was sitting there with his arms crossed, his strong features and sharp eyebrows accentuating his masculine charm. He was still wearing the same white shirt from yesterday, and at that moment, the sun was hitting him just right, giving off a glimpse of his toned body.

Meanwhile, a group of women at the next table were blushing and whispering, debating whether to ask for his number.



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### Score 9.5

#### Chapter 484 Harold Got Into an Accident

Chloe shook her head. "Forget it. I can do it on my own."

Joseph's smoldering looks were certainly distracting. It just went to show, if one has great charms, these small issues could be ignored.

After a brief pause, Joseph rolled up his sleeves and sat beside Lucas. "I'll do it."

Lucas and Chloe were floored. They watched the usually refined man tackle a mundane task, yet, it felt oddly normal. This was Joseph's first time shelling prawns for someone else, but he was quick and nimble. The first prawn he shelled was a bit of a mess, but the second one looked much better. By the third, the prawn was peeled perfectly-practically a work of art.

Emily was impressed that he took her advice to heart, so her opinion of him shot up. 'He clearly cares about Coco.'

Meanwhile, Chloe stared at the prawns on her plate before she playfully took out some cash. "Here's a tip for you."

Joseph raised his brows in mock surprise as he accepted it. "Thank you, my lady, but that's kind of low. I charge 150 per prawn."

Chloe's expression changed. "Why not just rob a bank while you're at it?"

"All the money in the bank is mine."

Chloe was speechless. Life sure was sweet for the filthy rich.

"Um, hello? I'd like to hire you to shell prawns for me too. What's your rate?" A woman from the next table walked over and gave Joseph a shy glance, clearly having misunderstood them.

Lucas jumped in. "Sorry, we don't offer such services."

The woman blushed even more. "I was hoping for other types of services."

Joseph was dumbfounded. Did he look like the kind of man who provided...those kinds of services?

Chloe could not hold back her laughter. "I'm sorry, but he's taken."

The woman's expression changed before she looked Chloe up and down. Chloe was pretty and young. The woman could not tell the brand of Chloe's clothes, but she had an undeniable presence. She must be filthy rich if she had this seductive man all to herself.

Defeated, the woman left.

Emily was laughing so hard she was crying.

Lucas, affected by her laughter, wanted to laugh as well, but he was not bold enough to do so.

Trying to suppress his laughter, he turned red in the face and neck.

Chloe casually fed Joseph a prawn before whispering, "Did you notice that Lucas and Emily seem to be getting along pretty well?"

They must have been seeing each other behind Joseph and Chloe's backs.

Joseph watched them. His eyes flickered slightly, then nodded quietly. He never meddled in his employees' personal lives.

The group chatted and laughed, completely absorbed in the lively and happy atmosphere.

From a distance, Noah looked on. He looked gentle and friendly, but his smile did not reach his eyes.

His driver asked, "Sir, aren't you going to join them?"

"No, they don't want me there. Coco won't be able to enjoy her meal if I'm around."

The driver was taken aback. Looking at Noah's slim, solitary figure, he felt an inexplicable pang of loneliness.

"Come. Let's go."

Noah turned around and left, walking alone through the lively area. Everyone else was on a date or hanging out with friends, which made his solitude even more apparent.

When they were nearly done with their meal, Lucas started packing their things. They were getting ready for a soak in the hot springs. Back in their room to change, Joseph got a call from Patrick, informing him that a metal bucket had fallen on top of Harold from up high.

Joseph's face turned serious. "I'm on my way."

Chloe overheard the call, and her heart skipped a beat. Harold was no spring chicken, so even a minor injury could be serious. Although she had only known Harold for a year, she had long regarded him as family.

She panicked and prayed that he was okay.

Aesper. A hospital in the heart of the city.

"Grandpa, Patrick said a bucket..."

When Chloe saw Harold safe and sound in front of her, she sounded hesitant.

Harold looked solemn. He frowned and explained, "That bucket would have hit me, but Xavia stepped in and took the hit instead."

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## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 485 A Staged Accident

Chloe felt a little tense. She glanced sideways at Joseph.

Joseph frowned deeply. "Where is she?"

"She's getting an X-ray. The bucket hit her arm."

"Was the bucket dropped on purpose or merely an accident?"

Patrick came over to explain. "We first thought it was an accident since no one was around."

But after checking the nearby security footage and questioning a few witnesses, we found a suspicious worker. It could've been staged.”

Something heavy weighed on Chloe. She wished it was just an accident.

“Did you locate the worker?”

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“We have people out looking for them.”

Following that, Xavia was wheeled out by a doctor, a large bruise on her arm.

“She got lucky. The force was spread out, so no broken bones. She just needs an ice pack.”

Xavia looked rather pitiful in her long white dress. With her pale and gentle face, she was the picture of vulnerable beauty.

Chloe’s eyes turned dull, and she looked down to hide her emotions.

Joseph went straight to the point. “Why were you on Peace Street?”

Xavia appeared composed, but there was a note of defensiveness in her voice. “After Lucas informed Mrs. Octavia and me to leave, we went our separate ways. I went to Peace Street because of the music concert there.” She took out a concert ticket from her bag, throwing Joseph a look filled with blame and resentment. It was as if they were a couple having an argument, with the woman blaming the man.

Chloe felt like a third wheel. Xavia did not say much, but the atmosphere was making her brood.

Joseph gave the ticket a cursory glance before he said in a business-like manner, “Rest well. My family will cover your medical bills.”

Xavia was struck dumb. “But I-”

“Lucas.” Joseph cut her off.

“Yes, Mr. Joseph?”

“Help Patrick track down that worker.”

“On it.”

Xavia’s eyelids twitched. “I was there, and I didn’t see anyone nearby. It was just an accident. And Grandpa’s fine. There’s no need to go through all this trouble.”

Somberness appeared in Joseph’s eyes. “I don’t believe in coincidences, especially when they involve metal buckets falling on Grandpa.”

Harold clapped and echoed Joseph’s words solemnly. “Yes, I’ll live long and prosper.

Someone must’ve been trying to hurt me.”

Chloe blinked, knowing that she could not stay silent. She said to Xavia kindly, “You saved Grandpa. My family will keep that in mind. You’re injured, so I’ll hire you a caregiver.”

Xavia took a moment before she thanked Chloe.

“You’re welcome.”

“My thoughtful granddaughter-in-law is right. Let’s get you a caregiver.” Harold was not as strict toward Xavia as before, but his tone was not much better either.

Xavia gritted her teeth. “It’s been a long time since I last saw Oreo. Can I visit Oreo today?”

Chloe cracked a mocking sneer. ‘So this is what she’s been waiting for.’

Xavia just risked her life and did the Whitmans such a great favor. After what she did, it would be pretty harsh to deny her this. Plus, Oreo was her dog.

Sure enough, Harold did not reject her but looked at Joseph.

After brief silent contemplation, he said, “Your arm is hurt. Let’s take a rain check.”

“I’m fine. The doctor said it isn’t serious. Besides, I can always use my other arm to play with Oreo.”

Chloe suppressed her feelings. “If you want to visit, just come.”

At the Whitman family home.

This was Xavia's second visit. She stood tall, walking next to Joseph, and subtly edged Chloe out until Chloe was forced to fall behind them. And so, Xavia and Joseph stepped into the living room at the same time.

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## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 486 Even Without the Whitmans, Joseph Is Still Joseph

Joseph paused, a nagging feeling making him turn around. He gestured for Chloe to join him, saying, "Come."

Chloe's eyes shimmered like starlight as she eagerly took a few quick steps, reaching out for Joseph's hand. With him stopping and waiting for her, Xavia found herself walking in alone. Unfamiliar with the place, she was unsure which door led to the garden.

She tried to hide her embarrassment, casually asking, "Where's Oreo? Can you show me the way, Joe?"

Before anyone could respond, Lucas stepped forward and offered, "I'll take you there."

Xavia mustered a smile and maintained her friendly demeanor. "All right. Sorry for troubling you."

Lucas noticed the strange look in her eyes. He understood Xavia's friendliness was only for show, mostly because Joseph was there. It would likely fade when the latter was not around.

Just as Xavia left, Patrick returned with news.

"I've found the worker, and he's in the next room right now," he reported, pausing briefly before adding, "I noticed Madam Octavia's car arriving too."

Annoyed, Joseph responded, "Wait until she's gone before bringing the worker in."

"Dad, you have to stand up for me!" Octavia's voice resonated through the room even before she entered. She stretched her words out, feigning a crying

tone. Anyone who did not know any better would have thought something terrible had happened.

Harold rubbed his ear, mirroring his grandson's annoyance. "I'm still alive. No need to mourn yet."

As Octavia rushed into the room and spotted Joseph, her body tensed and her cries grew even louder. "The resort just opened for business and I went to show my support, but they didn't reserve the suite for me and even kicked me out. Is this how we treat family?"

She added, "Dad, don't take your frustrations out on me because of Jon. And stop picking on him. Didn't we already buy back the house? Joe didn't lose anything. Show some mercy!"

Joseph's smile turned frosty, his words sharp and to the point. "You say you were there to show your support, but firstly, you didn't pay a dime. Secondly, you caused trouble at the front desk, creating a negative impact on the resort. And lastly, I have only one wife, and that's Chloe. Why did you bring Xavia along?"

Harold finally understood. "So, you went there to take advantage of the situation."

Octavia did not like his words. "Dad, how could you say that? Do I need to spend money to

enjoy what's ours?"

"The resort is a joint asset between Fairlight and Exotic Star, not a Whitman property." Joseph's expression turned cold and stern as he clarified the situation. "The Whitmans stand separate from Fairlight as independent entities. Even without the Whitmans, I can still manage."

The Whitmans held no sway over him. In recent years, Fairlight had been experiencing tremendous growth and success. If there was any hindrance, it was a result of the Whitman Group's debts. Without the Whitman Group, Joseph could have achieved even greater heights.

Harold nodded in agreement, his expression earnest. "The brat is right. He has never relied on the Whitmans, but in the future, the Whitmans will have to depend on him. Also, he used his own money to repurchase that house. To

put it bluntly, if the three of you could cause fewer problems, everything will be fine.”

Chloe marveled at Harold’s sharpness.

Octavia’s face lost all color as shame and embarrassment took over. She left quietly, burdened by her own disgrace.

‘May the heavens bless Jon and guide him to become the future beacon of light,’ she thought, ” One day, my son will rise to become the star of the Whitmans, and Joe will have no choice but to look up at him!’

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 487 The Difference Between Compassion and Playing the Saint

Octavia’s voice carried far, and Xavia caught fragments of their conversation from the back garden just before Octavia left. Seizing the opportunity, Xavia stepped out.

Joseph cast a brief glance at her. “Patrick, bring the worker here.”

Confused, Xavia asked, “What worker?”

“It appears that someone intentionally threw the metal bucket,” Chloe responded, her eyes. locked on Xavia.

Xavia’s pupils contracted abruptly, and her feet seemed to freeze, causing her entire body to stiffen momentarily. But it only lasted a second and she quickly regained her composure.

‘Whether Vanya acted independently or instructed someone else, she shouldn’t have revealed my involvement in this incident. Besides Vanya, no one else knows about it. I was just a bystander-a victim! Even if they bring the worker here, they can’t pin anything on me.’

With her face returning to normal, she put on a gentle smile. “Since it’s a worker, there’s no need for compensation. Just find out the truth and let him go. I’m a kind person and can’t stand seeing others suffer.”



Chloe withdrew her gaze, a smirk playing on her lips. “This self-proclaimed saint, acting all compassionate and kind. Well, why is she competing with me for my husband then?”

“Compensation isn’t the issue here. The important thing is to find out if the bucket was dropped on purpose or if it was just an accident. Should we let him go just because he’s pitiful? There are plenty of pitiful people in this world. Why not start a charity?” Joseph settled into a large round chair, paying no mind to Xavia. “There’s a difference between being compassionate and playing the saint.”

Xavia seethed with anger as her reputation was ruined in front of all the housekeepers. How was she supposed to establish herself as the madam of the Whitmans in the future? This was her own foolish mistake. Joseph had always despised meek and weak women, and she should not have made such a comment.

Chloe propped her cheek on her hand and gave Joseph an encouraging glance. ‘Well done. Keep it up.’

As for Harold, he felt a sense of satisfaction and made a mental note to treat Gabriel to a meal

oon.

The worker followed Patrick into the room.

Xavia clenched her fist, overwhelmed with guilt.

“Tell us everything you know,” Harold and Patrick instructed.

The worker avoided eye contact. Looking timid, he mumbled, “I didn’t throw the bucket. I was just passing by. I don’t know anything else. I don’t know anything...”

A gleam sparked in Harold’s eyes as he perked up. “What are you afraid of? Did someone threaten you?”

Trembling, the worker replied, “N-No one threatened me.”

It’s too obvious. Something’s fishy about this.”

Chloe was getting a little uneasy and decided to try a gentler approach. “Don’t worry, if you tell us what you know, we’ll protect you and even give you some money.”

The worker’s eyes met Chloe’s, a glimmer of hope flickering in them. “You’ll really protect me?”

“Yes, we will,” Chloe reassured him, “Go ahead and speak freely.”

Navia’s restlessness compelled her to interject, “Maybe it was all an accident. Let’s not pressure him.”

“Ah, yes. I say one thing, and suddenly, I’m the one pressuring him.” Chloe smirked, her voice laced with sarcasm. “You’re so kind, Ms. Xavia.”

Taking a deep breath, Xavia replied, “I was just saying, that’s all.”

“Talk. Here’s thirty grand,” Joseph urged, clearly losing patience as he put a bank card in front of the worker.

The worker’s eyes lit up. Thirty thousand was a huge amount, far beyond his usual pay. How many bricks would he have to lay to make that much?

“You promise to give me the money and protect me?” the worker reiterated, seeking

reassurance.

“Yes, that’s what I promised.”

Without further hesitation, the worker blurted out the truth, “I saw a woman wearing a mask drop the bucket. When she spotted me, she warned me not to say anything about it or she’d kill me.”

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**Score 9.5**

Chapter 488 Otto Sinclair

Chloe and Joseph exchanged concerned glances, their brows furrowing.

Harold was stumped, wondering who the masked woman could be. He gave Chloe and Joseph a puzzled look, his aging face filled with confusion. "What's going on? Why are you two looking at each other like that? If you have something to say, just say it."

"It's nothing," Joseph replied, turning his attention to Patrick. "Please help Grandpa back into the house and make sure he gets some rest."

Patrick swiftly complied and Harold refrained from pressing further. He figured the young couple had their little secrets to discuss.

Chloe and Joseph retreated to their room as well, leaving Xavia by herself.

Relief washed over Xavia, and she let out a long sigh, trying to calm her racing heart. "Vanya, really needs to be more careful. She should've taken care of the witness when she had the

chance."

"There's a property auction tomorrow, and Otto Sinclair of Briarlake will be there. I'm thinking of going to meet him."

Chloe quickly caught on. "Otto is connected to Duskfall?"

Joseph fixed his gaze on her.

Confused and feeling a bit self-conscious, she touched her face. "What? Do I have something on my face?"

"No. I just realized the nickname 'dumbo' no longer suits you," Joseph's cold eyes softened a little. "You're clearly a smart little one."

He had not explicitly mentioned the connection between Duskfall and Briarlake, yet Chloe had quickly connected the dots on her own. She was indeed his woman.

Chloe snorted in amusement. "Stop it. I've always been smart. I'll go with you tomorrow."

"Hmm? Aren't you

scared?"

These people have caused me trouble time and time again. If I don't have the guts to meet them, wouldn't that make me weak?"

"I don't mind if you are." Joseph gently pinched her cheek. "I'll protect you."

Joe responded earnestly, "I can handle things on my own, but you can help me sometimes."

"...ly wife is amazing." Joseph smiled, his handsome face full of affection.

When they were at the hospital earlier and Xavia mentioned wanting to go to the family home to see Oreo, Chloe had assented, but Joseph could tell she felt wronged.

Chloe rarely saw him like this, and it sent a tingling sensation through her. However, she maintained her composure and replied, "Who's your wife? We haven't remarried yet."

"We can remarry anytime," Joseph said as he checked the time on his wrist. "City Hall is still open."

Chloe stared at him for a while, hesitating, before finally asking, "Are you serious?"

Joseph, looking as good as ever, raised an eyebrow and spoke gently, "I've always been serious about you."

Chloe was taken aback, her face blushing at his words. She could not help but be moved by them. It was often said that a man's words could be deceptive, but few could resist when they were taken seriously. In any situation, genuine favoritism and sincerity were lethal weapons, rare in this fast-paced era.

But Chloe kept her wits about her and shook her head, turning down Joseph's offer. "No."

With one and a half months remaining, she wanted to wait it out. She could not give herself

fully just yet.

Joseph's expression shifted slightly. "You don't want to remarry?"

Chloe turned her face away. “No... I’m just feeling a bit tired today. I don’t feel like going out.”

Joseph did not appreciate being fooled. He held her shoulder firmly and whispered, “If you have something on your mind, you can tell me. Don’t keep it all to yourself.”

Chloe pouted and playfully shook his arm, trying to change the subject. “It’s nothing. I just have a habit of taking a nap at this time,” she said, trying to sound innocent. “Can we just rest for a while?”

sepi found it hard to resist her mischievous charm that was like a dainty little vixen. He gave in and pulled her into his embrace, whispering, “Sure, we can sleep together.”

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 489 Cyrus Sinclair

Chloe belatedly realized what he meant, her pretty face going a little pink. What was with this man? His mind was always in the gutter.

Of course, Joseph was just messing with her. He was not so desperate as to get frisky in broad daylight.

With the weather getting cooler, Chloe picked out long sleepwear, the soft cotton fabric loosely draping her delicate figure. The loose fit hid her pregnancy well, and she rarely experienced morning sickness. During her showers, her baby bump was noticeable, but once she got dressed, it was completely hidden. She looked just like any regular person. Even now, lying in the same bed as Joseph, there was no way anyone could tell her secret.

Joseph was not accustomed to taking afternoon naps, but the woman cuddled up next to him smelled so good and felt so soft-like a natural sleep aid. Before he knew it, he drifted to dreamland.

Out in the yard, Patrick was giving orders to the house helpers. “Mr. Harold’s meds are running low. Go find Dr. Spencer at the hospital on Monday and get a refill.”

“Yes, sir,” the helper affirmed, sneaking a peek at Xavia who was still standing around.

Patrick noticed her and said in an annoyed tone, “What is this? Didn’t anyone call a cab for Ms. Xavia?” Without giving Xavia a chance to say anything, he went on, “I apologize for the delay. It isn’t easy to catch a cab out here. I forgot because I was busy with other matters. The helpers probably didn’t notice either. I’ll get someone to drive

you.”

Xavia had not even considered leaving, but since Patrick brought it up, she could not possibly stay. Reluctantly, she nodded and replied, “Thank you.”

Patrick called on the driver and watched as Xavia left through the main gate, his hands behind his back and a look of disdain on his face. “This woman has got some nerve. If I hadn’t said anything, she would’ve lingered around forever!”

In the car, Xavia watched Patrick through the rearview mirror, a cunning glint in her eyes.

Monday, meds, refill...’

She had glimpsed a chance to mess with the old man and his medication.

epii was jolted awake by his phone ringing in the afternoon. He rubbed his forehead, glanced at the woman sleeping beside him, and quietly got out of bed, taking his phone with

him as he left the room.

“Sir, we found an important lead.”

“Go on.”

“The mastermind behind Duskfall is as you suspected. It’s Cyrus Sinclair.”

Joseph’s body trembled violently as a surge of memories, long suppressed deep within him, came rushing back. The image of his father’s death flashed in his mind.

“Sir, are you listening? We also discovered that Briarlake’s CEO always has the last name Sinclair.’ Could they be related?”

The word “Sinclair” echoed in Joseph’s ears, mixing with his darkest nightmares. His eyes turned a deep, ominous red, and in a fit of rage, he hurled his phone.

Crash!

The phone shattered into fragments upon impact.

Chloe rubbed her eyes and came out of the room, perplexed by the sight of the shattered phone on the floor. “What happened?”

Joseph quickly turned away, not wanting to scare her. “I dropped it. I’ll get someone to clean it

up.”

Chloe watched as he walked away, her face filled with bewilderment, unaware of what had just

occurred.

Joseph reached the first floor and bumped right into Harold. The older man wore a grave expression. “Did you send someone to investigate the Sinclairs again?”

Joseph neither confirmed nor denied it.

“Leave them be. The past is the past. He just can’t stand to see us doing well.

“He had Chloe kidnapped, and now he’s after you. How could I let that slide?” Joseph said in a low growl as he seethed with

anger.

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

**Score 9.5**

Chapter 490 Their Tranquil Days Were About to Be Shattered

Harold spoke up, and his voice was heavy with old memories. "You know your mother had her reasons. Have you forgotten the phone call your father made before he passed? He wanted you to live a good life, to let go of the past, and to not let one incident ruin two generations."

Joseph's parents had fallen in love during their university years, their bond so strong and quick that they soon conceived Joseph. But their happiness was short-lived. A man who claimed to be the fiancé of Joseph's mother showed up and forcibly took her away from Joseph's father.

The aftermath of their separation was devastating. Consequently, she spiraled into depression and tragically took her own life. Shortly after, Joseph's father did the same.

Harold believed that Joseph's mother, who was engaged to another man, should have severed ties with Joseph's father. The aftermath was a massive tragedy a fate that was bound to happen.

"Was it wrong for my mother to pursue true love? Was she supposed to just stay because of an arranged marriage?" a

Joseph was enraged. 'They loved each other that they had ended their own marriages. Why couldn't they be together?'

"You promised your father that this matter would end here."

Cyrus' influence was intricate and complex. He was not just a simple businessman and was always dabbling in the gray areas. If they decided to go after him, Harold assumed that Joseph had more than just Fairlight up his sleeve. But hurting the enemy could potentially backfire, and that was not worth it. Over the past few years, Cyrus had stirred up a few minor issues, but they deemed them unworthy of their attention.

Joseph closed his eyes, trying to get a handle on his emotions. "Don't worry about it."

"Cherish what you have now and prioritize Chloe's well-being. A peaceful and stable life is the

best thing you can have."



Joseph's eyes flickered, and he rubbed his temples. "I'll give him one last chance. If he keeps messing with us, I'll settle all scores, old and new, once and for all."

Harold shook his head, sighing with regret. He had two sons. The eldest was intelligent, kind, and a quick thinker-his chosen successor. But he had messed up his marriage and never got back on track.

That was why he had placed his hopes on Joseph, and thankfully, Joseph was diligent and hardworking, often surpassing his expectations. But at some point, Joseph had become cold and distant, like an emotionless machine that had no interest in anything.

As Harold grew older, the youngsters around him settled down and started families. But not his grandson. Out of fear that Joseph would end up alone, he began introducing him to

potential marriage partners. However, one after another, they were all rejected, until Chloe came along.

Harold knew that Joseph, the once rebellious boy, had made the right choice. But now, their tranquil days were about to be shattered.

The following afternoon, Joseph took Chloe to the auction. Their stunning looks and matching coats made them the center of attention as soon as they walked in.

Chloe glanced around, her gaze landing on a man sitting in the front row. The man happened to be looking at her too, their eyes briefly meeting.

The man had tanned skin, fox-like eyes, and a wicked and exotic vibe about him. When he looked at someone, he felt like a venomous snake, sending shivers down one's spine.

Chloe furrowed her brows, her intuition telling her this person was anything but ordinary.

"That's Otto," Joseph's voice whispered in her ear, prompting her to look at him.

Chloe asked, "How do you know?"

His face remained expressionless, but his eyes betrayed intense hatred. "There are names assigned to each lot on every table," he replied, his voice filled with suppressed anger.

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

**Score 9.5**