

## Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 491 It's 150 Million Dollars, 15 Dollars

Otto and Cyrus hailed from the Sinclair family, and there was a considerable age gap between them-with Otto being 20 years younger than Cyrus. While it seemed highly plausible that Otto could be Cyrus' son, this scenario appeared impossible according to the timeline.

Chloe fell into a contemplative silence, scanning her surroundings and noticing the names "Fairlight" and "Briarlake" written on the right and left of the front row.

The auction was scheduled to commence in ten minutes.

Clearing a path through the crowd, Otto approached Joseph with a smirk on his face. "Mr. Joseph, I've heard so much about you."

Joseph glanced at the hand extended toward him, his expression filled with disdain. "What do you want?"

Otto froze for a moment, but he soon regained his senses and smoothly retracted his hand. His eyes narrowed mischievously as he asked, "I was just wondering which property you plan on acquiring."

"I haven't made up my mind yet," Joseph replied coldly.

Chloe observed the man beside her, puzzled by his hostility.

Property auctions differed from other bidding events as they involved singular pieces of property, leading to intense competition. Sometimes, only a few plots were available, and bidders had to consider factors like plot ratio and potential real estate value.

It was evident that Joseph had no intention of divulging his plans.

Otto's smile faded slightly as he shifted his gaze to Chloe, his smile deepening, exuding an unsettling and sinister vibe. "Your wife is quite beautiful."

Joseph's face sank. "And?"

“No need to get defensive, Mr. Joseph. I’m simply admiring her beauty,” Otto replied.

“Stay away from my woman, or I might not be able to resist gouging your eyes out and feeding them to the dogs,” Joseph retorted, his tone sharp as a razor’s edge as he shot daggers

at Otto.

Just as Otto was about to say something, the auction began and the emcee took the stage, ready to commence the bidding. He shrugged and changed the topic. “Let’s talk after the auction. I have something to discuss with you.”

Joseph ignored him. He was worried that his emotions might affect Chloe, so he decided to stay silent.

Unknown to Joseph, Chloe was observant and asked, “Do you know Otto?”

“No,” Joseph replied.

“Then why are you treating him like an enemy?” Chloe inquired further.

“He’s just part of a group of rabble,” Joseph replied, his expression turning cold.

The auction proceeded, and Brairlake successfully secured the prime plot of land, but Joseph remained reserved, showing no intention of making a move.

When there were only two plots of land left. The emcee smiled and announced, “The starting price is 80 million dollars. You may begin bidding, everyone.”

Joseph was the first to raise his paddle.

The host followed, “Fairlight, 85 million dollars.”

Otto glanced at his assistant beside him, who immediately joined the bidding.

“Briarlake, 90 million.”

“Fairlight, 95 million.”

“Briarlake, 100 million.”

With a tug on his tie, Joseph parted his thin lips and announced, “150 million dollars.”

The whole room erupted into a commotion. After all, this small piece of land was quite ordinary and was located near the outskirts. Even at 90 million dollars, it had already exceeded its intrinsic value, let alone 150 million.

Whispers circulated among the crowd as they speculated whether Joseph possessed some insider information they were not aware of. The city council had recently allocated two highly sought-after projects to Fairlight. In the real estate world, having access to exclusive

information was the key to success.

In an instant, others were eager to jump in and join the bidding, hoping to seize an opportunity for themselves.

Chloe glanced at the man beside her and asked in a hushed voice, “Is this a trick?”

Joseph’s eyes sparkled as he squeezed her hand, “You’re quite clever.”

“But what if Otto doesn’t fall for it? We’ll then have to pay for the land!” She expressed her

concern.

After all, 150 million dollars was no small amount. It was not 15 dollars. Besides, Otto did not seem like someone who would easily fall for such a trick.

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 492 Joseph’s Mother Is Alive

A wicked grin adorned Joseph’s handsome face as he said, “I’m sure you’ve heard the phrase.”

“What phrase?”

“Being too clever can be your own undoing,” he replied.

Chloe was still unsure about this and asked, "Are you absolutely certain about this?"

Such matters seemed simple on the surface, but in reality, they required a profound understanding of human nature and the ability to discern the other person's mind.

Joseph proudly lifted his chin and said, "Just watch."

Seeing his confidence, Chloe began to wait quietly.

"Any other bids?" the emcee asked the audience, "In that case, 150 million going once! 150 million going twice! 150 million going-

"160 million!" Otto interrupted the host as he looked at Joseph challengingly.

Joseph smiled gracefully. "Very well. It's yours then."

Otto gritted his teeth, his fingers clenching tightly and his joints cracking audibly, showing signs of nervousness. His assistant tried to reassure him, "It's all right, Mr. Otto. We've already secured the land we planned to buy. We can treat this one as practice."

The emcee's gavel came down with a thud, and he announced loudly, "The deal is sealed at 160

million dollars!"

Otto felt a little displeased, but soon, a sinister smile crossed his face. 'Just wait, Joseph. The real show will begin after the auction.'

Finally, Joseph made his move and acquired the last piece of land near a school. His previous move had merely been bait.

As the crowd gradually left the venue, Otto approached Joseph and casually said, "Want to find a place to sit and chat?"

"No," Joseph replied coldly.

Otto's smile turned malicious. "I recently stumbled upon a photo that seems oddly familiar. Care to take a look? Perhaps you might recognize the person in it."

From behind, his assistant retrieved the photo and handed it to Joseph. The moment Joseph's eyes fell upon it, his pupils dilated, and his face turned pale with shock. The woman in the picture was undoubtedly his mother, but she looked completely different from the image etched in his memory. Instead of appearing to be in her thirties, she now seemed to be in her forties.

This could not possibly be a photoshopped image. Did this mean that his mother was still

alive?!

In a fit of desperation, Joseph seized Otto by the collar and shouted, "Where's my mother?!"

Chloe was standing beside Joseph, so she saw the photo. The woman in it had an elegant and regal demeanor, but her appearance looked worn, indicating that she had suffered from prolonged mental distress.

The revelation that Joseph's mother was alive shocked her to the core, and the fact that someone had kept it hidden for over a decade only intensified the intrigue. She firmly believed that no mother in the world would willingly ignore or abandon their child for so many years. There had to be someone holding her captive or restricting her freedom.

With a sinister smile on his face, Otto admired Joseph's hysterical state and shamelessly taunted, "If you get your wife to spend a night with me, I'll tell you."

Joseph's eyes turned bloodshot, and he landed a heavy punch on Otto's face. "Do you wish to die?!"

A red welt appeared on Otto's cheek from the punch. However, he seemed unfazed and said nonchalantly, "Go ahead. Keep hitting me. If you kill me, you'll never see Fleurette Gomez

ever again."

Frustration creased Joseph's forehead as he clenched and unclenched his fists, struggling to control his anger.

Chloe could not help but feel heartbroken, sharing in his distress. She held his hand and confronted Otto, "A single photograph isn't enough to convince us. You have to present other evidence."

Otto shrugged nonchalantly. "It's up to you to believe me or not. I'm not forcing you. But I'll tell you that based on what I know, Fleurette once sent a letter to your family after your father's death. Harold probably never gave you that letter, did he?"

Joseph froze, his eyes betraying a mix of anxiety and pain. "Don't try to sow discord between us."

With a pitiful gaze, Otto looked at him and said, "If you don't believe me, why don't you go and ask Harold yourself? Why didn't he give you the letter? Maybe he's worried that if you find out Fleurette is still alive, you'd go searching for her, and then you wouldn't have enough time and energy to manage the Whitman Group. After all, Jonathan is nothing but a useless piece of trash, and you're the only one he can trust to handle the company."

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## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 493 This Woman or Your Mother's Information, Your Choice

Undaunted by the threat, Otto pointed at Chloe and continued, "This woman might be one of Harold's spies who was deliberately planted to keep you under control."

Chloe's anger reverberated through her voice as she retorted, "I'm not!"

Harold was pushing Joseph for an arranged marriage when they first met, so she was worried that Joseph would believe in Otto's nonsense.

With a sly and cunning grin, Otto added, "Have this woman accompany me for one night and you'll receive information about Fleurette's whereabouts. The choice is yours."

"Fuck you!" Joseph's anger reached its peak, and he kicked Otto in the chest.

A fierce struggle ensued between the two, escalating the situation beyond control.

Chloe's first instinct was not to break up the fight but to help Joseph. She could not stand Otto's despicable behavior either, and he deserved to be taught a lesson. Gathering whatever objects she could find, she hurled them at Otto. This unexpected attack briefly caught him off

guard, providing an opening for Joseph.

Seizing the opportunity, Joseph pinned Otto to the ground and delivered one sharp slap after

another across Otto's face.

Apart from some beatings from Cyrus in the past, Otto had never experienced such humiliation. He fought back, but it was futile.

Eventually, the assistant called the security guards to intervene, and with great difficulty, they managed to separate the brawling duo. The guard looked at the two prominent figures before

him and did not know what to do. He did not want to offend either of them and asked fearfully, "Do you need an ambulance?"

"Fuck off!" Otto's face was swollen and bruised, and he glared menacingly at Joseph, "Seems like this woman is more important to you than your mother. You'll never find out where

Fleurette is in this lifetime!"

After venting his anger, Joseph regained his composure. "You don't know where my mother is. Stop pretending."

Knowing Cyrus' possessive nature, even if Fleurette were still alive, it would be impossible for her to escape his clutches. Otto and Cyrus were on the same team, and Joseph was certain that Otto had ulterior motives for revealing this information to him.

While the revelation had the potential to sow discord, there was a genuine possibility that Joseph's mother had disappeared and Cyrus had been unable to locate her all this time. If Joseph learned that his mother was alive, he

would stop at nothing to find her. Even if she was hiding from Cyrus, she could not hide from Joseph, and Cyrus only had to wait for the opportune moment to strike.

Otto was surprised that Joseph managed to see through his ploy, but he maintained his composure. Wearing an ominous smile, he said, "Exactly. I don't know where she is. She's not my mother anyway. Taking care of her isn't my responsibility."

"And my mother would never give birth to someone like you," Joseph replied with a domineering tone.

"That's right! She would never give birth to something like you!" Chloe chimed in, elegantly supporting Joseph's stance.

Otto's face twitched in anger.

Chloe looked at Joseph and said, "Let's go. Don't waste your breath arguing with him."

"Whatever you say," Joseph replied.

The assistant watched as the two of them faded into the distance, and asked cautiously, "Mr.

Otto, what should we do now?"

"Let's go to Duskfall," Otto replied, touching the injury at the corner of his mouth and wincing in pain.

'He was pretty heavy-handed. Nevertheless, my mission is done.'

At Duskfall, Otto stood before a screen, showing great respect as he said, "Father, I've informed Joseph that his mother is still alive."

"How did he react?"

"He was furious. We ended up fighting at the auction."



“His violent temperament is quite the opposite of his father’s. His father was such a gentleman.”

“And there’s one more thing. Chloe holds a significant place in his heart.”

“That suits me just fine,” Cyrus replied as he leisurely sipped his tea. “You’ve done an

excellent job. Let’s wait patiently for good news.”

“It’s all thanks to your wise guidance.”

Cyrus chuckled, “This is of your own making.”

There was a reason why he had set his eyes on Otto among all the children at the orphanage.

In the

garage, Chloe and Joseph had been sitting in their car for an hour now. She looked at Joseph and asked hesitantly, “Have you made up your mind? Are we going back to the family home or our house?”

If they went back to the family home, they would need to confront Harold about the letter.

After all, given how confident Otto was, it was unlikely that he had made up a false story.

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 494 There Was No One by His Side in the Past

Chloe’s heart was filled with anxiety at the thought of a potential argument between Joseph and Harold.

For Joseph, Harold was the only family he had left. Despite his indifference, Chloe knew that he cared deeply for his grandfather. Taking over the Whitman Group and looking after it was a testament to his love and responsibility toward Harold. If it turned out that his grandfather’s affection for him was all a facade, Joseph would be shattered.

“Let’s go back to our place,” Joseph said, his eyes red and exhausted from the emotional turmoil of the past few hours.

Her heart ached for him, and she could not help but embrace him, gently patting his back. “All right. I’ll be with you no matter where you want to go.”

Joseph hugged her back tightly, his voice hoarse as he asked, “Can you stay with me forever?”

“Yes, I’ll be with you, always,” Chloe replied, unable to hold back her emotions. She did not want to think about Xavia right now. She just wanted to be with him, just like he was there for her during her most difficult times.

Oreo and Toto had been taken to the family home, so it was unusually quiet at their house.

Joseph seemed disheartened, and as soon as he reached home, he immersed himself in his laptop from dawn till dusk. Chloe knew he was investigating something possibly related to

Duskfall or Fleurette

She got a glass of warm water and placed it before him on the coffee table. Then, she went to the kitchen and checked the refrigerator, finding enough ingredients to last them several days. She decided to cook a meal for him tonight, even though she had not cooked in a while, wondering if she still had the touch

Reflecting on how she had taken cooking classes in the past just to impress Joseph and secure her position as his “wife,” she found it amusing. Her relationship with Jake had lasted three years without any mention of marriage, yet with Joseph, they met once and got married the

next moment.

Fate truly worked in mysterious ways.

At night, Joseph tossed and turned in bed as sleep would not come to him. He got up, went outside, and stood on the balcony, letting the cool breeze soothe his restless mind. He lit a cigarette and took a deep drag.

During his childhood, he rarely spoke to anyone else apart from his father. Harold harbored some resentment toward Joseph's mother, believing she had played an indirect role in his son's death. As a result, their relationship was not as affectionate as in other families where grandfathers dote on their grandchildren. This created a constant atmosphere of oppression

within the Whitman household.

After Joseph's father passed, Preston began vying for control of the Whitman Group, subjecting Joseph to various forms of open and covert suppression. There was even a time when he attempted to seize the shares Joseph's father had left to his son. However, Harold intervened and secured Joseph's position as the leader of the company.

At that time, Joseph was merely in his early teens, standing alone without anyone to rely on. Harold's decision faced strong opposition, with many expressing their dissent. Yet, through his unwavering determination and support, Joseph eventually took control of the Whitman

Group.

Octavia's refusal to accept defeat led her to instigate Jonathan into pouring ice-cold water on Joseph. The incident occurred during the harsh winter, and Joseph, dressed in frozen pajamas, was left outside for five hours. As a result, he fell ill, bringing him perilously close to death's door.

Fortunately, Harold discovered Joseph in time and rushed him to the hospital. For several days, Joseph remained unconscious, and each time he woke up, Harold was there, his appearance marked by weariness and the weight of age, as though he had aged several years in just those few days.

In those vulnerable moments, the young Joseph came to believe that he held a significant place in his grandfather's heart. And this belief found support in his grandfather's actions, such as ordering the house help to keep a constant watch over him after his father's passing, fearing he might lose hope and follow in his father's footsteps. Furthermore, during every family gathering, Harold always made sure that the seat beside him was reserved for Joseph. During that period, Joseph's mindset underwent a profound transformation.

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**Score 9.5**

## Chapter 495 Changing Harold's Prescription

After his discharge from the hospital, Joseph threw himself into relentless studying and handling the affairs of the Whitman Group despite facing ridicule and scorn from others. Eventually, he came to realize that simply running the Whitman Group well was not enough if he wanted to truly become powerful.

To Preston and his family's joy, Joseph resolutely chose to venture abroad for

entrepreneurship. He aspired to become an independent man, not merely one attached to the Whitmans.

His endeavors bore fruit as he achieved recognition in the business world. Harold, both delighted and anxious, busied himself with arranging matters about Joseph's marriage. Joseph felt somewhat helpless, not wanting his life to be controlled by others, but he was willing to make concessions for Harold.

It was precisely at this moment that Chloe appeared. She was like a sun, bringing warmth to his otherwise dull and mundane life. Despite doing things that often upset him, he found himself enamored with her, feeling genuine joy whenever they were together.

As memories surged like turbulent tides, Joseph's eyes deepened in contemplation. He crushed the burnt-out cigarette in the ashtray, his mind reaching a decision.

As night fell, a sudden downpour of rain began, accompanied by the roaring sound of thunder. Flashes of lightning pierced through the dark sky, casting an eerie glow that revealed the world shrouded in darkness.

Spencer was preparing to return to his dormitory with his colleagues after his shift. Walking along the pitch-black road, he suddenly heard footsteps behind him. Assuming it was his colleague, he turned back to greet them, only to find himself facing a chilling, ice-cold dagger against his throat.

"Don't make a sound. Your wife and child are in my hands. If you resist, you'll never see them. again."

"No! Please don't harm my family! I'll give you whatever money you want!"

Spencer thought the person wanted to rob him.

“I don’t want money.”

“Then what do you  
you want?”

“You’re Harold’s attending doctor, right? From now on, you’ll prescribe his medication according to my instructions.”

“I can’t do that! You can’t dispense medication without proper medical qualifications.”

“Say again?” The intruder grew impatient, and with a slight force, the blade cut into Spencer’s skin, drawing fresh, red blood.

Spencer winced in pain, his face turning pale. “The hospital has regulations, and I don’t have the authority to do that.”

“Regulations are made by people, and I believe you can find a way. Otherwise, your wife and  
child will suffer.”

With those ominous words, the assailant brought a phone close to Spencer’s eyes. On the screen was a video showing a five or six-year-old girl crying out for her father while the woman beside her was covered in bruises, unconscious and motionless.

Spencer could not bear it any longer and cried out, “All right, I’ll do it! I’ll do whatever you say. Please, just don’t hurt my family anymore.”

Chloe woke up at nine the next morning to find the space beside her empty. She had no idea when Joseph had left. She picked up her phone and glanced at it. There was a message from Joseph.

[I’m in Fairlight. Don’t go to the family home for now. I have my own plans.]

Chloe trusted that he could handle things, so she did not inquire further. She had her own career to focus on, after all.

A few days ago, Hugo had called her back and expressed his satisfaction with her planning proposals. He then extended her an olive branch. Despite having the smallest share of the project’s profits, when considering her investment, it

felt like winning the lottery—a windfall that propelled the Johnson Group to new heights.

As Chloe arrived at the company, she spotted Noah. He seemed hesitant and had something to tell her. She was puzzled, “What’s the matter?”

“There’s something I don’t know if I should tell you,” Noah said with a troubled expression.

“It’s all right. You can tell me.”

Noah looked at her worriedly and said, “When I went to the hospital with my grandfather this morning, I saw Mr. Joseph with Xavia. Do you know about it?”

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## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 496 I Swear Cliche Situation Like This Won’t Happen

Chloe was stunned but smiled and said, “Are you sure you didn’t mistake him for someone else?”

“No, I don’t think so. Although we didn’t greet each other since we were far apart, I saw his car in the parking lot.” Noah’s eyes flickered with an unusual glint. “Didn’t Mr. Joseph say anything to you?”

Chloe looked embarrassed. “No, he didn’t say anything.”

Noah’s lips curled into an almost imperceptible smile. “Don’t be too upset, Coco. Maybe Mr. Joseph has his reasons for not telling you. Find an opportunity to talk to him. Everything will be fine.

“Sigh, I’d never let such a cliched situation happen if I had a girlfriend. I’d treat her well and never let her suffer from jealousy. However, I can understand that accidents are beyond our control. Still, love should only involve two people. Having a third person involved is hard to

stomach.”

The last sentence felt like tiny grains of sand, causing Chloe’s whole being to ache. Doubt, grievance, and disappointment were emotions that clogged her throat, rendering her speechless.

'Joseph told me he was going to Fairlight an hour ago, so how did he suddenly end up at the hospital with Xavia? Is he there to accompany her for a prenatal check-up? Did he not tell me about it because he was worried I'd be upset?'

She unconsciously touched her stomach and felt a bitter pang filling her.

"Do you want to go to the hospital? I'm heading to the library nearby, so I can take you there." Noah offered in a friendly manner.

Chloe clenched her teeth and replied, "Sure."

'Instead of speculating mindlessly, it's best to face it head-on and ask them for an explanation.'

Noah drove his white Maybach onward, maintaining a steady and unhurried pace.

Chloe looked out of the window at the scenery. The more she thought about it, the more she felt Joseph had no reason to lie. He had only found out yesterday that his mother was still alive, so she was confident he would not have had the time to entertain Xavia.

'Even if it was an unexpected situation, he should have at least informed me, right? Could he not even spare a moment to text me?'

While appearing focused on driving, Noah discreetly observed Chloe's emotions from the corner of his eyes. Her delicate eyebrows furrowed and relaxed alternatively while her face

tensed as if she was lost in profound contemplation.

"You're almost three months pregnant now, right? Don't you plan to tell Mr. Joseph?" Noah asked.

Chloe lowered her head. "I want to wait for the results of Xavia's amniocentesis."

He tilted his head, gazing at her profile. "What about after the results?"

"If it's Joseph's child, I'll break up with him."

“If Joseph finds out you’re pregnant, he won’t let you go so easily,” Noah said resolutely.

“I won’t let him know that I’m pregnant.”

“You know you can’t keep him in the dark forever.”

“My office is collaborating with Mr. Hugo on a new project, and they need someone to oversee it in Estre. I can apply to go there.”

As for the Johnson Group, she would do something about it. A few short months would not be a problem for remote management, especially considering the office had recently taken on very few external projects.

“A new project with Mr. Hugo?” Noah asked in surprise, “Are you talking about Arcane Grove Ventures?”

“Yes. You know about it too?”

“Yes, Joseph has joined that project too. Even if you go abroad, it might be difficult to avoid interaction,” Noah remarked.

Chloe’s eyes widened slightly, her thoughts becoming jumbled. “Joseph is a part of it, too?”

“You didn’t know?” Understanding dawned upon Noah as he continued hesitantly, “Nathan and Joseph are friends. Did Joseph inform his father, and that’s how you got involved?”

“Of course, I don’t doubt your abilities, but your office’s line of business doesn’t align with real estate development, so it’s not on par with the Reese Group’s MO.”

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 497 Don’t Blame Joe

Chloe felt like her heart was in her throat, making her unable to articulate her emotions. She had worked hard and earned recognition from her teacher for achieving excellent results, only to discover that Joseph had already spoken to the teacher and secured her a high score.



She understood Joseph's good intentions but could not shake off her unease. She felt that all her efforts had been in vain. She had put so much heart into that proposal, yet Joseph seemed to doubt her capabilities.

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Noah watched her expression closely and retrieved a brochure. He passed it to her, saying, I've set up an office in Estre, which compliments your business quite well. We can collaborate if you're interested. As for your family's company, we can explore a merger if you think it's viable."

Chloe was astounded. "You're opening an office in Estre?"

"I like Estre, and my grandfather also wants me to gain some experience there."

"But why me?"

Noah scratched his head and smiled gently. Two dimples appeared on his cheek as he smiled." Your proficiency in Estrenian and intelligence makes me believe you can handle this and help me overcome any difficulties. Besides, you're an outstanding individual. And let's not forget you're Exotic Star's ambassador. I see no reason why I shouldn't choose you."

Chloe's eyes welled up slightly, touched by his words. "Thank you for your kind words."

At that moment, she felt even more distraught. 'Even Noah has faith in my abilities and offered encouragement, yet...'

Soon after, they arrived at the hospital. Before leaving the car, Noah handed her a bag of candies, his bright eyes free of ulterior motives. "I hope these treats will brighten your mood."

Chloe smiled and replied, "Thank you."

She found her way to the nurse's station and asked about Xavia.

"Ms. Xavia? Someone brought her here this morning. She's in Ward 5 on the right side of the third floor. You can go straight in."

"All right, thank you."

“I know that patient. The man who accompanied her was so handsome.”

“Yeah, he’s like a celebrity-no, more charismatic than a celebrity.”

The nurses’ whispers reached Chloe’s ears, causing her to clench her fists and her steps to become heavy.

1/2

tensed as if she was lost in profound contemplation.

“You’re almost three months pregnant now, right? Don’t you plan to tell Mr. Joseph?” Noah asked.

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## Score 9.5

Chapter 498 I Hope Chloe Gets Run Over by Car

Chloe suddenly calmed down. After all, she could not help but overthink things because she loved him.

"Let's go outside and talk," Joseph said, taking her hand as they left the ward.

Xavia watched him leave without even a backward glance. She fiercely punched the pillow, her face contorting in anger. If she did not need the baby in Chloe's belly, she would have wished for the woman to get run over by a car.

"I didn't charge my phone last night. I received the caregiver's call when I arrived at the office and rushed to the hospital. I wanted to call you, but that's when I realized my phone had died,

Joseph explained.

Chloe looked at the phone Joseph had stuffed into her hands. Indeed, it was dead. She returned it to him, asking, "Then why didn't you ask Lucas to come?"

"Lucas is on vacation," he replied somewhat helplessly, "I can't squeeze work out of him during his time off, can I?"

Chloe paused and said seriously, "No, you can't." She knew Lucas was facing enough pressure. Now that he finally had a few days off, they could not be so selfish and deny him his hard-earned vacation.

A faint smile played on Joseph's lips as he found an empty corner and wrapped his arms around her slender waist. "Are you jealous?"

His direct question caught Chloe off guard, and her face flushed slightly. "No, but there's something else I want to ask you."

"What is it?" Joseph asked.

"Did you join Mr. Hugo's project?"

"Yes."

Chloe furrowed her brows and asked, "Why didn't you tell me about it?"

Joseph tilted his chin and replied honestly, "When the Reeses started the project, we hadn't reconciled yet. I just wanted to stay in touch with you."

Chloe's cheeks blushed even more. It turned out she had misunderstood him. The more one

loved someone, the more one cared about everything concerning one's partner. Still, that was

how love worked-it allowed no room for doubts.

"So that's the reason you joined the project? Just like that?"

"Yes. I can't bear to be without you," Joseph said as he embraced her. His voice was pleasant to her ears, saying, "By the way, how did you know I was at the hospital?"

1/3

"Noah told me," Chloe replied.

Joseph's face immediately darkened. "Why would he tell you these things?"

"He said he was accompanying his grandfather to the hospital in the morning and saw you here," Chloe said, "What's wrong? Are you afraid of being supervised? Did you do something bad behind my back?"

"I don't like him."

“But Noah has done nothing to harm us. Hating someone requires reason,” Chloe said.

Joseph grew even more irritated. ‘A reason? What reason would I need? I can’t say the little brat is trying to undermine our relationship, can I?’

Noah had maintained such a good image that Chloe would not believe it even if Joseph spilled the truth now. He regretted not recording their conversation with a voice recorder back then. “You’ll find out the truth later,” he said curtly.

In the ward, Xavia waited for a long time, but there was still no sign of Joseph returning.

The caregiver brought breakfast and kindly fed her. “Ms. Xavia, please have some.”

“Have you seen Mr. Joseph?”

“Mr. Joseph has already left.”

“What?”

She was admitted to the hospital, yet Joseph left with that bitch without saying anything?

The caregiver did not understand the situation and offered her the soup. “Ms. Xavia, please have it while it’s still hot.”

“Get out!” Xavia lashed out, flipping the hot porridge, instantly burning the caregiver’s arm.

Terrified, the caregiver hurriedly retreated from the ward.

At this moment, Cyrus called Xavia to inquire about her progress.

“Mr. S, please give me more time,” Xavia said nervously.

“I see. You have made no progress, correct?” Cyrus said, his voice cold and piercing.

Xavia shuddered. “No, it’s not like that. I just haven’t found the right opportunity yet...”

“The highest level of lies contains elements of truth. Since Chloe is pregnant, why don’t you just tell Joseph about it?” Cyrus suggested.

A glint of hope flashed through Xavia’s eyes as she quickly grasped the idea. “I understand.

Thank you.”

“Besides that, have you encountered any other difficulties?” Cyrus asked further.

“Yes... Noah from Exotic Star seems to know that Eustace is the father of the child in

Could you arrange for someone to deal with him?” Xavia requested.

my

womb

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 499 Taking Sole Control of the Whitman Group

Cyrus’ voice remained indifferent as he said, “Don’t resort to killing to solve your problems. It’s too bloody.” a

Xavia swallowed her next words, thinking that he had done far bloodier things in the past, so why hesitate now?

“The Sullivan Group is a partner company of the Whitman Group and Fairlight, so don’t touch. them. When I take over, I don’t want these two companies to become useless messes.”

Not only did he not want to be the one to clean up the messes, but he also knew that Fleurette would feel heartache over such a situation.

“Okay... But what if Noah tries to blackmail me with it?”

“Having more allies is better than having more enemies. Do you know what I’d like to see?” Cyrus asked, his voice dripping with venom.

“I know... You want to see the Whitmans isolated and defeated on all fronts,” Xavia replied.

From the other end of the phone came a low chuckle. That was right. Cyrus despised the Whitmans more than anything else in his life.

About a week later, Harold sensed something was amiss and called Chloe to ask why they had not come by the family home recently.

Joseph was making coffee at that moment, and Chloe silently mouthed to him, “What should I say?”

Joseph wiped his fingers clean with a handkerchief and replied, “Tell him we’ll go this

afternoon.”

“Grandpa, we’ll be stopping by this afternoon.”

“Okay, okay. What would you like to eat? I’ll have the chef prepare it for you.”

“Anything will do. I’m not picky.”

After hanging up the phone, Chloe asked cautiously, “Have you figured out how to handle it?”

“Yes.” Joseph nodded. “But I’ll go back alone. You stay here.”

“You’re not taking me with you?” Chloe was surprised and frowned, feeling a sense of unease rising in her heart.

“That’s right. I have a plan, and it’s for your own good.” He walked to her side, tucking the

stray hair falling on her forehead behind her ear. “I’ll take care of everything. Don’t worry, my

dear.”

He did not want to involve her in the mess because he did not want to put her in a dangerous situation.

“But I want to go with you.”

“I know, but it’ll be easier for me to handle this alone. There are some things that I need to talk to Grandpa about,” Joseph explained.

Chloe chewed her lip. She was still worried and said, “Are you going to confront him? He’s so old, and his heart isn’t well. Please don’t stress him too much.”

Joseph sighed helplessly, “It’s not a small matter, and it’ll undoubtedly upset him. Don’t worry. There’s a family doctor at the family home who can provide emergency medical care.”

“You truly are considerate. I should thank you on behalf of Grandpa,” Chloe said.

“That’s not necessary. Besides, he’s a tough old man.”

After finishing his coffee, Joseph put on his coat and left.

When it got late into the night, he still had yet to return. Chloe wanted to send him a message to inquire about his situation, but she was afraid of disturbing him.

By the next afternoon, there was still no word from Joseph. Just as she was about to call him, a pop-up notification appeared on her phone from a live broadcast.

[Joseph defies his grandfather and plans to take sole control over the Whitman Group...]

When Chloe saw the explosive and sensational headline, her eyelids twitched as she immediately clicked on the link to watch the live broadcast.

“Please, we need your help. Despite already granting Joseph the position of power, he’s insatiable and now demands that we relinquish all our shares and leave the Whitman Group. This is an act of great defiance and disrespect!” Preston’s voice seethed with indignation as he

faced the camera.

While sobbing, Octavia echoed, “And not too long ago, he viciously attacked my son and nearly broke his nose. The person you all believe him to be is far from the truth. We must expose his true nature!”



The reporters were fuming, their anger palpable, “Will Mr. Harold stand idle and let such despicable behavior go unpunished?”

At the mention of Harold, Preston’s face instantly became awash with tears as he hissed, “Even my father’s shares have been forcibly taken away. He’s nothing but an unworthy

scoundrel!”

11

The reporters were shocked, exclaiming, “This is outrageous! We’ll expose his ugly face to the public!”

Next, they intercepted Joseph as he stepped out of his car. “Mr. Joseph, please give us an explanation. Is it true what they’re saying?”

Joseph stood tall and straight in his suit, emitting a compelling aura.

“I won’t support a bunch of useless people,” he declared.

“What do you mean?”

Joseph presented internal company data before them. “These are the projects undertaken by Preston in the past five years. Out of the total projects, only around ten percent or so had been a success, while the rest had met with miserable failure.”

“But even so, you shouldn’t be so ruthless. After all, he’s your uncle.”

Joseph’s expression turned cold. “That’s why I left him with a 0.5 percent share. He’ll receive regular dividends every year, and his life will remain comfortable. Or can your company not stand him living in such a state and wish to take care of him?”

The reporters were left speechless and unable to respond. Shaking with anger and realizing that he was losing the upper hand, Preston quickly brought up Harold. “My father has treated you well, but why didn’t you leave any shares for him?”

“They were meant to be mine eventually. What’s the problem if he transferred his shares to me a little earlier?”

“It wasn’t a transfer! It was outright snatching! You’ve driven Grandpa into the hospital with anger!”

“Then you should be at the hospital by his bedside right now instead of attempting to use public opinion to suppress me,” Joseph retorted coldly before turning around and striding into the Fairlight, paying no further attention to those people throughout the whole

encounter.

## Chapter 500 They’ve Fallen Out

Preston’s face became as dark as the bottom of a burnt kettle, and Octavia looked distressed. Was Joseph destined to kick them out?

“Tell Jon to get back here. How could he still be in the mood to go galavanting when we’re about to lose everything we have?!”

Octavia called Jonathan, but he told her some fantastic news.

“Mom, our chip research was a success. I’ll be receiving 300 million dollars as a bonus.”

Overwhelmed with excitement, Octavia could hardly speak coherently, “This is great! You truly are wonderful, my son!”

Preston snatched the phone and said, “Hurry up and come back. You’re now our only hope of taking Joe down.”

Octavia hesitated for a moment and said, “But dear, 300 million dollars is nothing to Joe.”

“You fool,” Preston berated her exasperatingly, “With that much money, we can do a lot. We don’t have to confront him head-on.”

After watching the live broadcast, Chloe called Joseph. However, he seemed too busy to answer her call.

Worried about Harold’s condition, Chloe went to the hospital and saw Patrick.

“Patrick, where’s Grandpa?”

A hint of relief flashed across Patrick's eyes as he said, "He's resting inside the ward right now."

"Can I go in and see him?"

"Well... Mr. Harold said he doesn't want to see you or Mr. Joseph for now."

Chloe's heart skipped a beat. 'Oh my... It seems like they really have fallen out."

"Actually, no matter how harsh Joseph's words were, he still cares about Grandpa. I'll give him

a few days to calm down then bring him to see Grandpa."

Patrick hesitated for a moment before saying, "I don't think you should come."

Chloe's eyes widened in disbelief, "Is it that serious?"

Patrick did not answer her question directly and said, "Mr. Harold wants you to take good care of yourself. If you feel that Mr. Joseph is treating you badly, don't hold it in. If you need to vent, then vent. I have to go now. I need to take care of Mr. Harold."

Chloe's eyes were filled with a tinge of bitterness as she watched Patrick walk away. She could not help but call out, "When Xavia's amniocentesis results come out next month, can I see Grandpa then?"

Patrick pondered for a while before nodding. He wondered how far Joseph's plan would have progressed by next month. Regardless, Harold would still show himself and witness the scene where Xavia would stay with or leave the Whitmans.

Feeling lost and dejected, Chloe left the hospital. This scene was observed by Vanya hiding in the shadows, who then reported to Otto with satisfaction, "Joseph and Harold had a big fight. Harold even refused to see Chloe."

"Don't get too excited. Keep an eye on the situation."

"I know. Joseph's reputation has dropped significantly and everyone is criticizing him."

"Hah, this is just the beginning."

After leaving the hospital, Chloe stood by the roadside as she gazed at the flowing traffic dazedly.

Just a few days ago, they had been sitting together, laughing and chatting over a meal. How could things have changed so quickly?

Did Harold not adore her? Why would he refuse to see her?

Though she did not know what Joseph had said to Harold to cause such a drastic change in their relationship, she was certain that most of what Otto had said that day was true-Joseph's

mother was still alive.

Unconsciously, Chloe found herself standing in front of Fairlight. Reporters crowded the

entrance, swarming her as soon as they spotted her, clamoring to get a piece of the story.

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

**Score 9.5**