

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 531 Let's Make a Little Switch

"Oh my gosh! I'm so sorry!" Chloe quickly apologized as she covered her forehead and winced in pain.

"What are you so engrossed in?" a familiar voice of a young man asked.

Looking up, Chloe saw Noah, clad in a checkered shirt and carrying a black backpack, smiling brightly with charming dimples on his cheeks.

Feeling downcast, Chloe hung her head and forced a laugh that seemed sadder than tears. "It's nothing."

Noah was slightly taller than Chloe. He gently lowered his head to meet her gaze as they talked. "You're clearly bothered by something," he said, his face filled with concern.

Feeling the need to share her frustrations, Chloe could not hold back and confided, "Joseph will soon discover that I'm pregnant."

Noah's expression changed imperceptibly, and he straightened his back. "What happened?"

Chloe explained the whole situation, her voice filled with helplessness. She was truly at a loss and did not know what to do next. On one hand, Joseph might be happy to know he was going to be a father, but on the other, he might be angry that she had kept it from him for so long. Everything she had planned was slipping out of her control, and she felt increasingly anxious.

Noah stared at Chloe for a while, then said, "Those herbs that you got from the hospital, what did they look like?"

"It was in transparent packaging with each dose individually wrapped."

"And what does the herbalist that Mr. Joseph hired look like?"

"Kind of thin, not very tall, he sports a beard, and is around forty years old."

"Is it Dr. Frederick Hartman?"

“I think so?”

“I know who it is,” Noah said, nodding firmly. Glancing at the time, he reassured Chloe, “That old herbalist is quite famous. My grandfather has visited him before. I’ll go check it out. Maybe they haven’t started analyzing the herb packets yet.”

Chloe remained stunned for a moment. “If they haven’t analyzed them, then what are we going to do?”

Noah tilted his head. It was unclear whether he was joking or serious about his next words. “We’re going to make a little switch.”

Knowing that Chloe’s pregnancy would only strengthen Joseph’s determination to keep her by

his side, even if it meant he had to employ forceful means, Noah realized that a direct confrontation was not an option for them. That would also go against his grandfather’s wishes. Continuing to deceive was the most effortless method for now.

“What?” Chloe finally caught on. “You’re joking, right?”

“If it doesn’t work out, we’ll consider it a joke.” As Noah got into a cab to head to the clinic, he rolled down the window and waved at Chloe, who looked shocked. “You’ll hear back from me

soon.”

“Hey, don’t go!” Chloe realized he was serious and tried to stop him.

“This is too blatant! He’s going to get busted!”

As the heir of Exotic Star, how would others view him if they witnessed him stealing?

Chloe tried to call and message Noah several times, but he did not answer or reply. She could not believe he acted so impulsively.

Upon learning about the situation, Emily excitedly slapped her thigh. “There’s no doubt about it. Noah likes you.”

“Stop talking nonsense and help me think of a solution.”

Otherwise, people who did not know the truth might think she had instigated Noah to do it.

“Trust me. He likes you. There’s no way he’d be so kind to someone for no reason. Unless he’s a klepto, of course.”

In movies, wealthy kids from privileged families often had various “special interests.” Chloe was taken aback. “Are you serious? He doesn’t seem like that kind of person.”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 532 Noah Is Quite Different From What Chloe Imagined

“Appearances can be deceiving. One should never judge a book by its cover. There’s one young girl in my office who perfectly exemplifies this. At first glance, she appears petite and adorable. She can’t even open a jar. But behind that facade lies a dark and disturbing side. She’s secretly a cat abuser. Can you believe it?”

Emily could not stop gossiping once she started, going on and on without end. However, Chloe had too much on her mind and could not focus. Coincidentally, someone from the office came to see her, so she had to hang up.

In the herbal store of Central Hospital, Frederick was surprised to see Noah arriving alone. ” Mr. Noah? What brings you here today?”

“Dr. Frederick, I’ve been having trouble sleeping recently. Would you mind doing a check-up on me please?” Noah politely asked while glancing around the room.

The waiting area was crowded with other patients.

“Sure, but you’ll have to wait. I have other patients to attend to first,” Frederick replied.

“Of course, I have no intention of cutting in line,” Noah replied with a gentle smile. He curiously observed the herbs cabinet in front of him and asked, “May I take a look around?”

“Feel free, Mr. Noah. My place is small, and I hope you don’t mind it. Go ahead and take a stroll,” Frederick said.

Noah walked up to the herb cabinet, observing the names written on each drawer while keeping an eye on his surroundings from the corner of his eye. Seizing the opportunity when no one was paying attention, he discreetly headed to the backyard where the herbal blends were being prepared.

In the backyard, there was only one assistant busy with the herb preparation.

“I’ve already spoken with Dr. Frederick. I’m just taking a walk out of boredom. Carry on with your work,” Noah said to the assistant.

“Mmm, sure,” the assistant replied.

Noah wandered around the yard, and eventually, his gaze settled on bags of herbs placed on a table. “These are the finished herbal blends?” he inquired.

The assistant answered, “No, those are the ones brought in from outside for analysis.”

A flicker of contemplation crossed Noah’s eyes as he nodded thoughtfully. At that moment, Frederick called on the assistant, leaving only Noah in the backyard.

He watched the assistant walk away. Without wasting a moment, he quickly took out a pre-

prepared packet of herbs and deftly switched it with the maternity herbal blend on the table.

After the earlier patients left, it was finally Noah’s turn. Frederick asked, “Besides Insomnia, do you have any other discomforts?”

“Nothing else. Just prepare me some calming and sleep-inducing herbs,” Noah said.

“Aren’t you going to let me do a check-up on you?” Frederick asked.

“It’s getting late. I’ll come back next time,” Noah replied.

The doctor nodded and went to the herb cabinet to fetch the requested herbs. As his gaze fell upon Noah's hair, he furrowed his brows and asked, "When did you start getting white hair?"

Noah was taken aback. "I forgot exactly when, but I think it was this year."

"You should find some time to go to the hospital for a full-body check-up, including X-rays of all your body parts."

Noah casually touched his hair and smiled nonchalantly. "I think the stress from my studies and the frequent late nights might be the cause."

Frederick looked at him deeply and advised, "It's better to get it checked."

It was eleven in the morning when Noah arrived at Chloe's office. After enduring several agonizing hours, she bolted up from her chair when she saw him and scrutinized him from

head to toe.

"You really went?"

"Yeap," Noah replied.

"... And you weren't caught?"

Noah handed her the maternity herbal blend from his backpack and said in a relaxed tone, "It was a piece of cake."

Chloe's eyes sparkled, and a look of admiration appeared on her face as she raised her thumb in praise. "You're amazing!"

'He actually pulled it off! It seems like I've underestimated him.'

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Score 9.5

Chapter 533 Harold Is in a Critical Condition

Noah's eyes glinted with amusement and his grin widened, showcasing a row of neatly aligned teeth. As Chloe released a long sigh of relief, his spirits inexplicably lifted as well.

“But... Why did you help me?” Chloe recalled Emily’s words and her mind went blank. She blurted out straightforwardly, “Joseph says you have feelings for me, which I find hard to believe. But I just can’t comprehend why you’d go to such lengths to help me in such a situation.”

Caught off guard by this question, Noah froze momentarily, leaving an awkward silence in the air. Chloe tightened her grip on the bag of herbs, her disbelief evident as she gazed at Noah.

‘Could it be true? Was Joseph right about Noah’s feelings for me? But that doesn’t make sense! We rarely see each other!’

“I actually didn’t want to say this, but...” Noah appeared embarrassed as he struggled to find the right words, seemingly confirming that he did have feelings for her. However, his tone suddenly shifted.

“I have a bad habit. I enjoy the thrill of stealing,” he confessed..

“My life is a meticulously crafted timetable. From what I’ll eat to the path I’ll take, every aspect has been planned out for the next ten years. One day, I witnessed someone slipping a loaf of bread into their pocket at a convenience store. It triggered an adrenaline rush, and I couldn’t resist the temptation to imitate it. It felt like an intangible sword hanging over me, ready to strike at any moment-the thrill, the nervousness, the excitement-it stimulates every fiber of my being. I slowly found myself stealing more often and even got caught a few times, so I’ve learned to be more cautious. Now, when I decide to steal, I always retrieve the items before pretending to forget to pay, only to return later and settle the bill.

“I don’t have any romantic feelings for you. I’m simply addicted to the thrill of stealing.”

After his confession, Noah’s face flushed with embarrassment. “I’m sorry for embarrassing you.”

Chloe’s mouth twitched. ‘Looks like Joseph was wrong and Em was right.’

“It’s okay. You did help me, and I should thank you. Besides, who am I to judge you?” she said, even though she found his method of helping her unacceptable.

Noah continued, his eyes filled with gratitude as he looked at Chloe. “When my newly established office has its grand opening next month, I really hope you’ll be there. And, of course, I still hold onto the hope that you’ll join us.”

Duskfall’s activities in Estre were intentionally kept limited to make them inconspicuous. Noah took a moment to reflect, acknowledging the wisdom behind the masked woman’s suggestion. In some respects, conducting business overseas might be more convenient than

1/2

dealing domestically.

“In Estre?”

“Yes.”

“It’s pretty far away, but I’ll try my best,” she replied. She refrained from making any definite promises in light of the considerable distance to Estre.

“I’m glad to hear it. I suggest you spend some time in Estre. At the four-month mark, Mr. Joseph will surely notice your growing belly,” Noah said, leaving Chloe speechless.

“You’re right. I’ll give it some serious thought.”

In the afternoon, without warning, Patrick came to pick Chloe up and take her to the hospital. On their way there, tears welled up in his eyes as he said to her, “Mr. Harold fell down the stairs today and is currently in critical condition. If he doesn’t make it through the emergency procedures... I hope you can accompany him during the final moments of his journey. Mr. Joseph is also rushing to the hospital. We’ll probably arrive around the same time.

“Mr. Harold had his reasons for not keeping in touch with you. In his heart, you’ve always been the Whitmans’ granddaughter-in-law. The past, present, nor future will change that fact.

Chloe felt as if she had fallen into an icy abyss. She covered her mouth, holding back the tears that were threatening to burst out. She could not cry. Otherwise, her eyes would become swollen, and she was certain that Harold did not want to see her in such a state.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 534 Someone Pushed Mel

When Chloe arrived at the hospital, Joseph arrived as well.

When her eyes met his, they saw the heavy concern in each other's gaze. After a long wait, the doctor emerged from the emergency room.

"Mr. Harold is stable for now, but falling from the second floor to the first floor caused a concussion and a fractured lower leg. During the emergency treatment, I also noticed signs of organ failure, mainly due to the fracture. He's very weak now and might only wake up in the evening."

"Organ failure?" Joseph's heart skipped a beat, and his brows furrowed deeply.

"Yes, we have yet to identify any abnormalities in the test reports that could've caused the failure. It's likely related to his advanced age. I recommend that you talk to Dr. Spencer, Mr. Harold's attending physician. He's been closely monitoring Mr. Harold's condition."

Chloe timely interjected, "Is Dr. Spencer currently here at the hospital?"

"I'm not sure. He was on the night shift yesterday, so he should have left at eight in the morning. But I saw him before I entered the operating room. You can try to find him."

"Stay with Grandpa in the ward. I'll go find Dr. Spencer," Joseph said to Chloe.

"Okay," she obediently replied.

Harold underwent a comprehensive body examination every six months. Although his health had not been great before, the simultaneous failure of multiple organs was rather unusual.

Upon hearing the news that Harold was temporarily out of danger, Chloe's nerves relaxed. However, she knew what organ failure meant for a person. If it was mild, it might be manageable, but if it was severe... Considering Harold's age, it would be challenging to reverse

the condition.

Joseph inquired with the nurses on duty, and the head nurse said, “Dr. Spencer? I just saw him. heading to the basement. See if you can catch him there.”

“All right, thank you.”

In long hurried strides, Joseph stepped into the elevator. Sure enough, he spotted Spencer when he reached the basement level, making a phone call in a secluded corner with his head lowered.

Joseph stepped forward and patted Spencer on the shoulder.

The doctor looked up, and his face instantly filled with alarm. He was so startled that he took a step back, almost letting out a scream. “M-Mr. Joseph!”

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Suspicious, Joseph raised an eyebrow. “What’s the matter?”

“Oh, nothing.” Spencer hurriedly shook his head as he hid his phone behind him. “Your steps were so light, and I didn’t hear you coming. You startled me.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes, it was just my instinctive reaction...”

Joseph carefully observed Spencer’s actions and the shifts in his expression, then asked, “Do you know that my grandfather had a fall?”

Spencer shook his head profusely. “I was on the night shift yesterday and just got off work this morning. I had no idea. Is his condition serious? Is it critical?”

“Yes. He’s unconscious right now.”

“Old people are prone to falls. I’ll make sure the caregivers pay more attention in the future.”

Looking at Spencer condescendingly, Joseph said, “I want to discuss my grandfather’s condition. The doctors in the emergency room mentioned he is

experiencing multiple organ failure. Why have you never brought this up with me?”

“I-I wanted to, but you seemed really busy lately and haven’t been to the hospital in some time. I-I didn’t want to disturb you...” Spencer stuttered as he avoided Joseph’s gaze, “B-But I did tell Patrick, and he said he would inform you. Anyway, I have to go now. My kid will be out of school soon, and I need to pick her up.”

With that, Spencer hurriedly left, leaving Joseph gazing after his retreating figure with narrowed, cold eyes.

Harold was expected to remain unconscious until the evening. However, he regained

consciousness merely an hour after leaving the emergency room. His first words, which were uttered in anger, left Chloe fuming.

“I didn’t fall down. Someone pushed me!!!”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 535 What a Filial Grandson You Are

“Who pushed you?” asked Joseph, as he pushed open the door and entered.

Standing against the light, his short hair looked like obsidian, emitting a faint glow. His well- defined features were inscrutable, making it hard to discern his thoughts at that moment.

Simultaneously, Chloe focused her gaze on the elderly man lying on the hospital bed, eagerly awaiting an answer. She too wanted to know who would be so heartless to do such a cruel thing to an old man.

“I don’t know. I was just exercising by climbing up and down the stairs according to Dr. Spencer’s instructions. When I was halfway up, I heard someone behind me but didn’t pay much attention. Suddenly, that person pushed me from behind, and the next thing I knew, I’m here.”

“So you

didn't see who it was."

"No, I didn't, but I can investigate," Harold replied, slamming the table in frustration, wincing as he inadvertently hit his injuries. "I want to retrieve the hospital's surveillance footage. I want to see who has the audacity to do such a thing!"

"That's not necessary," Joseph said coldly.

"Why?" Chloe asked, and then she paused for a moment and asked, "Are there no cameras in

the corridor?"

"Exactly, I've already checked. There are no surveillance cameras in that particular corridor."

"You checked the cameras? But why?"

Harold just woke up, so probably no one else knew he had been pushed.

Joseph's gaze darkened. "Dr. Spencer's behavior was suspicious. I went to the spot where Grandpa fell and realized those stairs wouldn't make him lose balance and fall, so I suspected

someone was behind it."

Chloe's mind raced, and a thin layer of cold sweat formed on her back. "Did Dr. Spencer deliberately advise Grandpa to climb the stairs...?"

There were many ways to exercise, but why did it have to involve climbing stairs? Harold was in his eighties and had a heart condition. Climbing stairs did not seem suitable for him.

Joseph shot a quick glance at Patrick, who immediately understood and stood guard outside the door to prevent eavesdropping,

Harold straightened his posture. "Do you think it was Dr. Spencer who pushed me?" he asked.

"What do

you

think?” Joseph asked back.

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“If I knew, I wouldn’t be asking you,” Harold grumbled, his fiery temper undiminished even with a fractured leg.

Unperturbed, Joseph pointed to the cuff of his sleeve. “Look at this smudge.”

Chloe followed his finger and asked, “Is that...dust from a wall?”

“Yes, and Dr. Spencer had some on him too.”

Apart from his suspicious demeanor, Joseph noticed that Spencer had traces of the same whitish dust on his back, which was a crucial detail. Moreover, during the time when Harold fell unconscious, Spencer seemed to have disappeared. He was supposed to finish his night shift and go home in the morning, so why was he lingering around the hospital?

Considering all these factors, Spencer became the prime suspect.

Harold’s face turned livid with anger as he seethed, “Bring him to me! I want to confront him face to face.”

Though Harold was harsh with his own grandson, he never lacked courtesy when dealing with outsiders. He could not comprehend what he had done to Spencer to provoke such harm from

him.

“He doesn’t have the courage,” Joseph said calmly.

Harold was taken aback and asked, “Are you saying that...”

“Yes.”

Checking his wristwatch, Joseph continued, “I don’t think you should stay in the hospital any longer. Let Patrick take you home tonight. Stop taking the prescribed medicine for now. We don’t want to alert the suspect.”

At that moment, Preston rushed into the room. Seeing Harold’s leg in a cast, he turned to Joseph with anger in his eyes. “You want Dad to go home while

in such a state? You've earned so much money, but you aren't willing to cover the medical expenses? How can you be so heartless?"

With a sly smile, Joseph raised an eyebrow and taunted, "If I won't pay, will you?"

"Of course, I will!" Preston responded without hesitation. He then glanced at Chloe and continued, "You've gotten married and have forgotten about your family. What a filial grandson you are."

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Chapter 536 The Last Chance for the Whitmans

Chloe found herself speechless, unsure why Preston had to involve her in this mess.

"I'm nothing like you. You have a wife and a mistress, living a life of pleasure that I can only dream of for the rest of my days." Joseph sneered, a cold smile playing on the corner of his lips. Each word cut deeper than the preceding one.

Preston could sense the disappointment in Harold's eyes, and his face turned red with embarrassment. However, Joseph paid no attention to Preston's complaints and left Patrick with some instructions before leaving with Chloe.

As soon as Joseph left, Preston put on a false smile and said, "Dad, just stay here and focus on recovering. Don't worry about the medical expenses. I'll take care of them."

"I own half this hospital. Do you think I need your help?" Harold retorted.

"Dad, let me fulfill my duty as your son, all right? Your health hasn't been great recently, so let's not argue over trivial matters. I know having a mistress is wrong, and I've already paid for my mistake."

Harold's anger abated a little as he asked, "Have you divorced Tavia?"

"Of course not. After twenty years of marriage, how could I simply say 'Let's get divorced?'" Preston replied. On the outside, he appeared unwilling to part

with Octavia due to their relationship, but deep down, he simply was not ready to part with his assets and give them to

her.

“Did you break it off with the other woman?” Harold asked.

“Yes, I did,” Preston replied.

“Well, at least you’re not a complete fool. Apologize to Tavia properly and live the straight and narrow from now on.”

At Preston’s age, divorce would only bring mutual harm, and there would be no benefits for either party.

“Yes, you’re right,” Preston agreed. Feeling that the moment was right, he continued, “Dad, how about transferring your funds, properties, and assets to me? I’ll take care of them for you, and you can focus on recovering.”

Harold’s heart skipped a beat and he nearly choked on his saliva. “So this was your purpose for coming today?”

Avoiding his father’s gaze, Preston said, “Dad, your condition is worsening by the day. Instead of waiting until the end, why not give them to me now so I can maximize their profits and value?”

“Get out! Cough, cough, cough!” Harold shouted angrily, enduring severe coughing fits that caused pain throughout his body.

He was not even dead yet, and his son was already shamelessly lusting after his wealth. He wondered what sins he had committed in his lifetime to end up with such a worthless son.

“Dad, please don’t be upset. Let me be straightforward with you. Considering your age and the vast fortune you possess, there’s no point in keeping it all to yourself. Since I’m your sole heir, it’s only a matter of time before it becomes mine,” Preston remarked nonchalantly, “Rest assured, Dad. If you entrust me with the inheritance now, I’ll take care of you.

“Enough talk about inheritances. Mr. Harold is alive and well. Don’t utter such ominous words!

Patrick interjected, not able to hold back any longer

“Patrick, this is none of your concern. Stay out of our family affairs,” Preston retorted, scornfully, dismissing his words. “As my father’s rightful heir, I have every right to say what I did.”

The reason he found himself in this situation, losing all his influence within the Whitman Group, was because of his father’s excessive favoritism toward Joseph.

Harold grabbed the glass by his bedside and hurled its contents at Preston. The tea and tea leaves splattered onto Preston’s head, dripping down his face and leaving him looking ferocious and utterly disheveled.

“You’re no son of mine! Get out of here before I beat you to death!” Harold shouted.

“Dad, I hope you won’t regret your decision

This was the last chance he was giving the Whitmans

“Get out of my sight!”

Preston glanced at Harold with a disappointed look before storming away

Late into the night, a figure stealthily entered the Whitman Group through the fire escape.

With thirty floors to climb on foot, Preston was half dead from exhaustion by the time he reached the CEO’s office where the confidential documents were kept.

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Chapter 537 Renovation for the Matrimonial Home

The CEO’s office had seen various occupants over time. First Harold, then Joseph’s father, and now Joseph himself held the position.

Preston had never been given the opportunity to sit in that coveted seat.

Although Joseph had taken over Fairlight, he seldom came to the office. Despite this, Harold still trusted him enough not to pass on the CEO title to Preston.

Being told that he lacked the necessary abilities was tolerable for Preston. He had never been overly ambitious. Remaining within the Whitman Group and having a voice on the board of directors had been enough for him.

Yet, Joseph did not appreciate it. Preston gave an inch, yet Joseph wanted a mile. After expelling Jonathan, Joseph proceeded to strip him of his board position..

It was clear that Joseph intended to bring ruin to the family, and Preston knew he had to take

action.

He knew that the CEO's office had a double-layered password, but he was not sure if Joseph had changed it or not. With a try-and-see attitude, he entered the password.

With a click, the door opened.

Preston peered into the office. It was pitch black inside, impossible to see what lay ahead. It felt like sinister ghosts lurked within, and once he stepped in, there would be no escape.

In spite of his apprehension, he pressed on, believing in the principle of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." He blamed Joseph for the troubles he faced, and he was not going to let Joseph enjoy an easy life while causing him misery.

Preston knew the password to the safe. Harold had told him after Joseph's father passed, asking him to temporarily take over the Whitman Group. He smoothly obtained the

documents from the safe. They contained various confidential data such as the chip project. that would be announced at the end of the year.

He felt triumphant, never expecting Joseph to be so careless. He quickly copied the data onto a USB drive. While he could not take the chip with him or print it out, he took away the development team's data.

When he finally left, he sent a text to Otto.

“I got it.”

Early the next morning, the chief secretary of the Whitman Group discovered signs of

computer usage in the CEO’s office and felt a sense of unease. He promptly informed Joseph about it.

Joseph’s face sank as he responded calmly, “Go to the security room and check the surveillance footage. Find out who did it, report it to the police, and have them arrested.”

The chief secretary hesitated and asked, “Mr. Joseph, won’t you come over personally?”

After all, the situation was critical. The new project was about to be launched, and if the chip’s information was leaked prematurely, the consequences would be unimaginable.

With a composed demeanor, Joseph replied, “I’ll leave the matter in your hands.”

Joseph’s attitude remained aloof. He did not ask any further questions and ended the call decisively.

The chief secretary muttered to himself while looking at the phone, “It’s over. Mr. Joseph is giving up on the Whitman Group...”

It seemed to him that Joseph was giving up on the Whitman Group. In other words, he would lose his job soon.

When Chloe woke up, she sat up, rubbed her eyes, and gazed at Joseph. He was dressed in navy blue pajamas, his hair was wet as he had just come out of the bathroom.

He bent down and planted a kiss on her forehead. The refreshing scent of mint wafted over, making Chloe feel revitalized.

“Did you sleep well?” he asked.

“Yeah, who were you talking to on the phone?” she asked, vaguely catching words like “police ” and “arrest.”

“An employee of the Whitman Group,” he replied casually, “Go wash up. I bought a villa near your office. Let’s go take a look later.”

Chloe blinked. “You’ve already bought it?”

In the past, she would have felt embarrassed about him spending money on her, but things had changed. If she did not spend his money, the Whitmans would probably suck him dry like

a bunch of leeches.

“Yes, and we’re starting the renovation on our matrimonial home this month. It should be completed by month’s end. We’ll leave it empty for two months for the smell to dissipate,” Joseph said as he gently twirled her hair with his fingers, “If you have any preferences or ideas. for the style of the house, just let me know.”

“A matrimonial home?!”

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Chapter 538 I Was Just Joking, I Don’t Like D-Cup

Joseph chuckled as he looked at Chloe. “Why are you so surprised? Did you think we’d continue living here after our wedding?”

“Why not?” Chloe’s gaze fell to her feet. Her voice was soft and hesitant as she said hesitantly, “Living here is quite comfortable.”

“This place is pretty good, but there are no schools nearby. It’d be inconvenient for our future. children when they have to go to school,” Joseph explained.

Chloe’s mouth parted slightly as understanding dawned upon her. She raised her head and stared directly at Joseph, “Are you preparing for Xavia’s child?”

“She hasn’t done the amniocentesis yet. Until we have the results, I can’t call it my child,” Joseph declared firmly, his determination shining through.

“In that case, let’s wait and see. What if it turns out to be your child? It’s too early to start the renovations. After all, we don’t know how many children’s rooms we’ll need,” Chloe retorted with a hint of sarcasm.

She did not want to get caught up in the beautiful future he was weaving. She needed to stay acutely aware of the crisis between them and not forget Xavia’s existence just because she had not appeared for a few days.

Joseph did not realize the underlying message in her words and simply replied, “Okay, I’ll follow your lead. When the time comes, you can plan how many children’s rooms you want.”

Chloe replied with a hint of exasperation, “Thank you for your consideration.”

“No problem, as long as you’re happy,” Joseph earnestly responded. It was clear that his perceptive instincts were a bit dulled when it came to comforting women.

He did not have an opinion about the matrimonial home. Any sized room was just a place to sleep. As long as it was quiet and comfortable, that was enough for him. But he understood that he had to give his woman the best, so he would allow Chloe to plan the house according to her wishes and would not interfere with her decision.

Chloe put on a fake smile, trying to pull her hand back, but Joseph held it firmly.

‘I don’t understand. Did this guy really not catch my sarcasm?’

Suddenly, Joseph’s tall figure pressed down on her, and his gaze roamed freely over her body. Chloe’s heart tightened, and she discreetly covered her lower abdomen with the blanket. She was wearing a conservative nightgown, a warm and soft pale yellow set that exuded a sense of innocent charm.

“You’ve gained some weight.” Joseph’s large hand wrapped around her. “This part has gotten bigger too.”

Chloe was speechless. She blushed slightly and swatted his hand away. “You’re shameless!”

Joseph's gaze deepened as he leaned closer to Chloe. "I could hold them perfectly with my hands in the past, but now, it's a bit hard to contain them. Are they still growing?"

"No!" Chloe retorted with embarrassment, her cheeks flushed. She hurriedly got out of bed and searched for her slippers.

'Grow my ass. I'm just pregnant. That's why my breasts have become larger.'

"Then why have your breasts gotten bigger?"

"I've been eating papayas and doing exercises. I might even get a breast augmentation. Are you satisfied now?" Chloe replied with annoyance.

Joseph firmly grasped her ankle, his voice serious and solemn as he said, "I was just teasing you before. I don't care about cup size. Don't mess around with your body."

"But what size do you like?" Chloe inquired playfully.

"As long as it's you, an A-cup is more than enough," Joseph said with a hint of dominance and pride.

He liked her, and even if her appearance and figure were not outstanding, he still loved her. For those he did not like, even if they were famous models, they would not have a chance with him.

He chose to start his own business abroad and take over Fairlight, striving to make significant achievements. What he wanted was not to rely on the Whitmans and to be the master of his own life.

Chloe found this a bit amusing. She had never encountered someone so inept at sweet-talking. "Get out of here. Don't jinx me."

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Chapter 539 150 Million Dollars for the Confidential Information

Joseph raised an eyebrow and placed her slippers by her feet. "Go wash up and come downstairs for breakfast. I'll drive you to work later. I have to go to

Cloude for a bit tomorrow. Abigail has been discharged from the hospital, and she'll report to you in two days."

"Okay," Chloe replied. After a while, she thought of something and asked, "I might also have to go on a business trip to Estre in a few days. There's a project I need to oversee."

"For how long?" Joseph asked.

"About two weeks," she replied. She intentionally downplayed the duration while carefully observing the expressions of the man beside her from the corner of her eye.

Joseph paused for a moment. "That long?"

"Yeah... It's kind of long, but when it comes to project investments, a thorough examination is necessary. Besides, I also want to learn and experience things in Estre. Given the circumstances, it might take some time."

This statement was a mixture of truth and deception. The part about examining the project and learning was true, but the real reason was that with her growing belly, it would be

suspicious if they met each other every day. Noah was right. Perhaps it was better to take advantage of this opportunity and stay away for a while. She could return once the dust with Xavia had settled.

Besides, taking some time apart could also provide both of them a cooling-off period. When things became uncontrollable, cutting ties might not be as painful as she thought it would be.

"You can have Abigail go with you. Once I've dealt with things here, I'll come to Estre to find you," Joseph suggested.

He did not voice his objection. In fact, he supported Chloe's decision. After all, the Johnson Group had been established for many years, and at the current pace of market development, it would soon be left behind if it did not make any progress. Learning and gaining experience was essential for its growth.

"You don't have to come. I know you have your own matters to attend to. Besides, Xavia will be undergoing amniocentesis soon. Stay here and keep an eye on things. Let me know the results as soon as possible," Chloe said.

Moreover, with Joseph around, Xavia might refrain from causing any more trouble.

Joseph frowned. "Then take Abigail with you. She'll protect you."

"Does she speak Estrenian?" Chloe asked.

"Nope. Do you want me to find you an Estrenian-speaking bodyguard?" Joseph offered.

"Forget it, let's just leave it as it is," Chloe decided. She would simply find a way to separate from Abigail when meeting with Noah.

"Have you bought the tickets?"

"Not yet. If you're leaving on your business trip tomorrow, I might leave the day after or the day after that."

Joseph pondered for a moment and said, "Let Grandpa know before you go. Otherwise, he'll make a fuss when he doesn't see you for so long."

"Sure. Let's go to the family home tonight."

When the chief secretary of the Whitman Group saw Preston appear on the surveillance footage, he was dumbfounded. It took him some time before he came around to his senses and called Joseph nervously.

However, it was Lucas who answered the call and he instructed calmly, "Regardless of who it is, you just need to follow Mr. Joseph's orders. Report to the police and have the person arrested."

"Umm... Will reporting to the police have a negative impact on the Whitman Group's reputation?"

"Oh, you've reminded me of something. Mr. Joseph did mention one more thing."

"What is it? Please tell me."

"After reporting to the police, contact the press and spread this news. Let them broadcast the arrest scene live."

An eye for an eye had always been Joseph's principle. In the past, he tolerated Preston's family solely out of consideration for Harold's feelings. But now, everything was different. If Preston intended to destroy the Whitman Group, Harold would be the first to beat the hell out of him.

In a teahouse in Aesper, Preston cautiously handed a USB drive to Otto and said, "Give me 150 million dollars as the initial capital for my office. Give me the money, and I'll give you the USB

drive."

Otto leaned back, resting his arms on the back of the chair. With a sinister smile, he said, "Finn, give him the check."

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5

Chapter 540 Preston Has Been Deceived

Finn Harris handed a signed check to Preston and asked, "Just a USB drive? Do you have other data or results?"

Preston had planned to not give them everything from the get-go. He said, "I'll go to the bank to withdraw the funds first. I'll then give you the rest of the confidential files."

Finn frowned, and he looked at Otto. The latter shrugged nonchalantly.

A mischievous grin adorned Otto's face as he said, "Take your time. Go ahead and verify it. After all, he did not really care about it.

"All right, that's settled then," Preston expressed his satisfaction with the response. It was a far

cry from the usual disrespect he received from Joseph.

Otto took the USB drive, got into his car, and drove away.

Just as Preston was about to leave, a large group of journalists suddenly swarmed him, their cameras flashing like countless stars and nearly blinding him. Before he could utter a curse, his wrist was clamped by something icy cold. He looked down, and his eyes widened in disbelief.

“Who put handcuffs on me!”

“We’re from the Docwood City Police Department,” said an officer sternly, holding the other end of the handcuffs as he pushed his way through the crowd of reporters. “You’re suspected of being involved in a theft case, and we’re placing you under official arrest.”

“I’m not a thief! I didn’t do anything! I’ll sue you for defamation!”

“Mr. Joseph has already submitted the surveillance footage of you infiltrating the Whitmant Group.”

Preston was petrified, unable to comprehend how he had been discovered when he had not alerted anyone. Trying to maintain his composure, he retorted, “That is my company. What’s wrong with me entering my own company?”

The police officer continued firmly, “You’ve been expelled from the Whitman Group for a week now, and even if you weren’t, it’d still be considered theft.”

Preston was at a loss for words.

Shortly after, several other officers arrived, dispersing the journalists and escorting Preston into a police car.

Preston clutched the check in his hand and made a quick decision. In the middle of the chaos, he discreetly placed the check under the table.

Shortly after, Jonathan was notified by the police to report to the station.

In a hushed tone, Preston informed Jonathan of the location where the check was hidden. He instructed, “Take everything out and deposit it into the Sues Bank. Then, find your grandpa and ask him to pull some strings to get me out.”

Jonathan’s eyes gleamed with admiration. “You’re amazing, Dad! You managed to get 150 million dollars just like that.”

“Learn something from me,” Preston advised, “Keep the money in your hands. What’s the point of earning it if you can’t access it when needed?”

“Yeah, the company’s CFO told me I’ll be able to withdraw my profits by the next quarter,” Jonathan said.

The company was preparing for a stock launch and needed a significant amount of capital, so dividends were put on hold temporarily.

“Go and find your grandpa. Don’t let any information slip. Just insist that I have nothing and that I was merely visiting the office,” Preston emphasized.

“I understand, Dad.” Jonathan nodded firmly.

Many journalists were broadcasting the news, and within a short while, news of Preston’s theft of Whitman Group’s confidential files spread like wildfire in Docwood.

On his way to the bank, Jonathan received pop-up notifications about the trending topic on his phone. He disdainfully glanced at them and turned off his phone. He was about to get his hands on 150 million dollars, and he could not care less about these public opinions.

“I want to cash this check”

“Sure, please wait a moment.” The bank teller took the check, examined it, and furrowed his brows slightly.

“Sir, I’m sorry, but this check is invalid. It can’t be cashed.”

“What? Take a good look again!”

“I’m sure of it. It’s an empty check.”

Jonathan stared at the check before him, and it was not long before he realized that Preston

had been deceived. His breathing grew labored, and he collapsed on the spot.

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