

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

### Chapter 571 Joseph, You Heartless Bastard

At the Johnson villa, Chloe carefully retrieved the freshly washed clothes from the washing machine and hung them methodically on the balcony. The gentle glow of the sun bathed her in warmth, casting her as a virtuous wife attending to her household duties while eagerly awaiting her husband's return. It was a warm and picturesque scene.

Catching sight of her, Joseph's heart skipped a beat. It had been a while since he had witnessed such a scene. He turned off the engine, stepped out of the car, and made his way into the yard.

Chloe, who had just finished washing an apple and was about to take a bite, noticed the sudden and unexpected arrival. Her heart raced, and she hastily put down the apple and darted upstairs to change. The nightgown she had on at the moment revealed too much of her figure.

"Stay right where you are!" Joseph's deep voice resonated, demanding her attention.

Despite his command, Chloe panicked and hurriedly made her way upstairs. But with his long strides, Joseph quickly caught up and grabbed her by the wrist. His large hand reached forward to touch her belly. His eyes grew dark, a whirlpool of emotions stirring within them. His confident tone carried a hint of surprise that was hard to miss. "You really are pregnant.

Chloe was bewildered as to how her secret had come to light. Her heart raced with panic, yet she remained resolute, putting on a facade of denial, saying, "No, I just had a lot to eat tonight.

"When did this happen? How far along are you? And why did you keep this from me?" Joseph interrogated her, completely disregarding her stubborn denial.

Chloe remained silent and kept her head down, fixing her gaze on her toes.

"Tell me," Joseph demanded, lifting Chloe's chin to force her to meet his gaze. The pressure applied was just enough to restrict her movements without causing any pain.

“We’ve already broken up, so why should I tell you?” Chloe huffed, her frustration evident in her words. “Besides, it may not be yours.”

Joseph furrowed his brows, saying slowly and deliberately, “Can we please have a reasonable conversation about this, Chloe?” No man would tolerate such insulting jokes, especially when they came from the mouth of the person they loved.

“It’s you who’s being unreasonable. It’s you who chose Xavia’s child!” Chloe pushed him away, her eyes welling up with a mix of resentment and frustration. “You said it yourself that you didn’t want a second child at this time, and now you’re questioning me? I don’t want my child to have the same father as someone else. I don’t want their childhood to be like mine- neglected and underestimated, growing up in a loveless family.

“I didn’t do anything wrong. Clearly, the one who’s in the wrong here is you, you heartless bastard!”

Chloe’s anger intensified as she spoke. Her emotions were volatile during pregnancy, and the weight of the negative feelings became overwhelming. Once it erupted, she could not control herself. She cried as if she were a victim of mistreatment, feeling deeply wounded.

“I want the baby. As long as it’s our child, I want it.” Joseph embraced her tightly, his heart filled with tenderness. He gently reassured her, “I promise you that those things that you’re concerned about will never happen.”

When it came to Chloe, he felt powerless. If anyone else dared to deceive him, they would undoubtedly face the consequences they deserved. But when it came to Chloe, the only option he had was to surrender to her tears

‘Am I completely at her mercy from now on?’

Upon hearing Joseph’s words, Chloe’s tears abruptly ceased. “You don’t want Xavia’s child anymore?”

A look of dilemma crossed Joseph’s face. “She’s already six months pregnant. We can’t just abandon the child.”

“There can only be one of us in the Whitman family!”

“We can let Grandpa take care of her child.”

Chloe paused, her eyes filled with curiosity. "What do you mean?"

"Grandpa suggested that for the sake of our relationship, he could raise that child so that they wouldn't affect us."

"So the child will still carry your family name?"

"Yes."

Even if the child was raised by Harold, it still did not feel right. Having a sibling who was also your biological child? What kind of situation was that?

"What difference would that make?" Chloe sighed helplessly. "When Grandpa leaves us, won't the child still come back to our family? By doing that, we'd only make the child resent us."

Having a biological father nearby but being ignored by him was a truly heart-wrenching thought. It was a hundred times worse than being completely abandoned.

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## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 572 Do You Have the Heart to Abandon Me?

"Let's not discuss this right now." Joseph naturally did not want it to be like this either. Recognizing that the current situation could not be easily resolved, he chose not to dwell and decided to set it aside for the moment. He held Chloe's hand and led her to the sofa, asking, "Were you serious earlier?"

"What?"

"Asking me to choose between Xavia's child and you."

Chloe stared into his deep eyes and remained resolute in her answer. "Yes."

"Why?"

"I have no space in my heart for unrelated parties."

She had tried but ultimately failed. If this child had been conceived before Joseph was with her, she would not feel such disgust. Unfortunately, the child

was conceived during their marriage. Although it was a mistake that occurred unintentionally, why should she take responsibility for a child conceived in such an unexpected manner? She could not comprehend his actions, nor did she agree with them. Even a saint would not be capable of enduring such a thing.

Joseph had not anticipated her unwavering stance. His heart constricted briefly, and a trace of anger flared up. "Do you really have the heart to abandon me?"

"I have no choice. You can't be so selfish. You need to consider my position as well." He could not have everything his way.

Joseph closed his eyes and changed the topic. "I'll take you to the hospital for a prenatal check-up tomorrow."

"There's no need."

"It's necessary. I haven't seen the child yet."

Chloe could not resist his influence either. "I'm going to sleep now. You can leave."

"I'm the baby's father. I'm not leaving."

"Joseph, do you not have any shred of dignity left?"

"I may lack dignity, but what good is it when I'm on the verge of losing my wife and child?" Joseph's expression remained unabashed, his dignified face taking on a brazen air at that

moment.

Chloe's mouth twitched angrily. "You promised to let me go, and just a few days later, you're changing your mind?"

"I did say I'd let you go, but I didn't say I wouldn't look for you."

"Fine, do as you please. I'm going to bed. Don't follow me. My bed is only big enough for one person."

She went to her old bedroom in the villa, where there was a single bed. It would be a tight squeeze for two people to sleep on. Surprisingly, Joseph did

not follow her upstairs. Not a peep. came from downstairs throughout the night, and Chloe wondered if Joseph had left.

In the morning, Chloe freshened up and made her way downstairs. At first glance, she spotted the man bustling around in the kitchen. He was dressed in a designer suit and a white shirt, holding a ladle in his hand, his gaze fixed on the simmering porridge in the pot. He appeared completely different from his usual cold and stern self.

Joseph was fully dedicated to the task at hand, his sharpness hidden away. It did not give off the air of the dominating force of the business world. Instead, he revealed a side that the world had never witnessed before, one that could easily make women's hearts flutter.

Chloe looked at him with a slight daze. "When did you get up?" She had risen early that morning, around six o'clock. By the time she finished showering, it was already seven. This man did not look like he had just woken up.

Joseph turned to look at her. "A little after five. Grab some bowls and spoons. It'll be ready

soon."

"Oh..."

"Oatmeal, toast, and fruit salad. I prepared these since your fridge is limited. Enjoy," Joseph said, presenting the breakfast spread.

Chloe eagerly picked up her spoon and took a mouthful of the fragrant oatmeal. "This is so good!" she thought.

Joseph observed her contented expression, a subtle smile playing on his lips. "Take your time and be careful not to burn yourself."

Chloe had two bowls of porridge, two slices of toast, and a whole plate of fruit salad. If not because she had to hold her urine for the prenatal check-up, she could have easily put away

another bowl.

"I'll drive today," Chloe declared, retrieving the car keys from the drawer. She wanted to practice her driving skills before her belly grew too big.

Joseph nodded in agreement. "Sure."

"Just a moment. I need to grab my ID."

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Joseph went to the car to wait for her there. As he passed through the living room, eyes landed on a beautifully packaged box sitting on the table. He opened it and found some exquisitely wrapped candies. His intuition told him that Chloe would not have bought these

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herself, and she was with Noah yesterday...

'Hmm...'

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## **Score 9.5**

### Chapter 573 Rotten Scumbag

After dealing with Natalie in the afternoon, Noah went to the swimming pool too. That little

brat sure knew how to keep busy.

Chloe grabbed the car keys and stepped outside, only to find Joseph glaring at her coldly. Feeling puzzled, she asked, "What's the matter?"

"Those candies on the table. Who gave them to you?"

"Noah."

"Don't accept anything from him. He has ulterior motives."

"Fine, then don't keep Xavia's child." With the matter laid out, Chloe's indifference was

evident in her words. She would say whatever pleased her, regardless of the consequences.

“Come on,” Joseph said, abruptly ending the conversation out of guilt.

Chloe muttered under her breath, expressing her discontent, “Rotten scumbag.”

Joseph had no retort and reluctantly fell into silence.

Chloe remained fully focused and composed as she drove. When someone overtook her, she handled the situation calmly. Joseph felt relieved. His dumba was not the typical female driver.

Suddenly, the car in front came to an abrupt stop.

“Brake!” Joseph yelled.

Chloe remained calm and responded, “Oh.”

In the next moment, Joseph felt his upper body lurch forward. If it were not for the seatbelt, his head would have collided with the windshield. Meanwhile, Chloe firmly gripped the steering wheel with both hands and playfully winked at him.

“How was that? My driving has improved quite a bit, huh?”

“I suppose...”

Joseph could not bring himself to dampen her spirits, and Chloe wore a triumphant expression that said “I knew it.”

It took them an hour to reach the hospital from the Johnson villa. Upon arrival, Joseph fought down the churning sensation in his stomach and accompanied Chloe inside. If he had to sit in her car for another ten minutes, he would definitely vomit his guts out. He quickly texted Lucas to come and drive the car later. He was determined to never let Chloe get behind the wheel again.

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After getting an X-ray and consulting with the doctor, Chloe was given a clean bill of health just like her previous visit. The doctor assured her and Joseph that everything was fine. As long as there were no complications, Chloe could relax and focus on having a good pregnancy.

“Does she need to take any medication to stabilize the pregnancy?” Joseph asked in a gentle and polite manner, visibly happy. The doctor recognized Joseph and understood his temperament very well. Surprised by this treatment, the doctor stumbled over his words, “Th- That’s not necessary. Just make sure to come regularly for check-ups.”

“Thank you.” Joseph expressed his gratitude and supported Chloe as they walked out.

Chloe was somewhat speechless. “My belly isn’t that big right now. I can walk on my own.”

“No, the floor’s slippery. What if you fall? Remember to inform me about your next check-up. I’ll come with you.”

“Joe...”

Xavia, who had silently followed the couple and eavesdropped on their conversation, could not help but interject. Being six months pregnant herself, Joseph had never accompanied her for a single check-up, yet he was now willingly accompanying Chloe the moment he found out she was pregnant.

The contrast between being loved and being disregarded was so striking.

Joseph turned to look at her, instinctively furrowing his brows, “What are you doing here?”

“The doctor had already left when you dropped me off at the hospital yesterday, so I had to come back today...”

Xavia’s deliberate mention of Joseph taking her to the hospital caught Chloe’s attention. She glanced at the man beside her, thinking, ‘So, he accompanies different women for their check- ups day in and day out. No wonder the doctor recognized him.’

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**Score 9.5**

Chapter 574 Ahh, the Charm of an Ex, How Precious

Joseph felt troubled. “She had something to tell me about you, so I agreed to give her a ride.”



“About me?”

“About your pregnancy.”

Chloe’s expression darkened as she turned to look at Xavia. “How did you find out about my pregnancy?”

“I saw your belly showing signs of protrusion when we were underwater at the pool yesterday.” Xavia shrugged.

“Is that so?” Chloe sneered. “Normally, if someone can’t swim, they wouldn’t be able to open their eyes underwater.”

Xavia shrugged and stated, “I don’t know how to swim, and Joe knows that. What good is there for me to deceive you?”

“Xavia really can’t swim.” Joseph nodded, addressing the matter at hand.

In the past, Xavia had never participated in any water-related activities. There was even an incident where she fell off a boat and almost drowned.

Chloe snorted sarcastically. “Yeah, right, You just seem to know everything, don’t you?”

‘He offered no defense and instead chose to side with Xavia. Ahh, the charm of an ex. How precious,’ she thought.

Joseph felt helpless, acutely sensing Chloe’s volatile temper that was akin to a cat on the verge of exploding. She was easily provoked.

Ignored by Chloe, he could only watch as she turned her back and walked away. He caught up with her and offered a word of caution, “Slow down. Be careful with that child in your belly.”

“It’s fine. With a father like you, the child will be strong and tough from an early age.”

“Huh?”

“Four months ago, you neglected your responsibilities as a father. And now four months later, I don’t need you.” Chloe’s voice trembled, her eyes turning red and her hands clenched tightly

by her side.

As Joseph looked at her, a strong urge to reach out and hug her welling up inside him. But he hesitated, unsure if it was the right thing to do. The dumbo had seemed more susceptible to tears lately, a side of her he had rarely seen. He questioned himself, 'Did I really make a mistake? If I transferred all my assets to our child, would it be enough to make amends?'

With a heavy sigh, Joseph made up his mind. "I'll find a solution regarding Xavia's child." The

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constant conflict between them was not a sustainable path. Compared to Xavia, he naturally cared more about his wife. He could not bear to see her suffer every day because of this matter.

Chloe looked at him, her delicate face filled with puzzlement and doubt. Sensing her confusion, he did not provide any further explanation and simply said, "Let's get you home."

In the parking lot, Lucas was already waiting in the car. After the two got into the car, Joseph made a phone call to Tyson, arranging to meet him in the afternoon.

After finishing her examination and arriving back home, Xavia entered the residential area only to find a white Maybach blocking the road ahead. Cautiously, she took a step back, her eyes fixed on the young man who emerged from the car.

"Why are you here?" she questioned, her tone wary.

"No particular reason," Noah replied nonchalantly. As he inched closer toward her, a dangerous glimmer flickered through his brown eyes.

"Don't come any closer! I'll scream!" Xavia resisted fiercely. She could not decipher Noah's intentions, and he was too cunning for her to trust. He was like a smiling tiger-deceptive and dangerous. His gentle facade masked his true nature as a backstabber. Such people terrified her.

"I explicitly told you that you could manipulate Joseph and Chloe's relationship but not harm

her.”

“I didn’t harm her,” Xavia stubbornly denied.

“I saw you pulling her underwater.”

Xavia’s anger surged up. Perhaps watching Joseph treat Chloe so differently at the hospital had triggered something in her. She shouted defiantly, “Yes, I wanted her to die! So what?!”

‘Chloe took everything that rightfully belongs to me. Shouldn’t she pay the price? Even if she doesn’t die, her child in her belly should become intellectually challenged, just like mine!’ she thought.

Noah’s expression remained calm, devoid of any signs of anger. He tilted his head and fixed his eyes on her. A smile slowly spread across his face, revealing two charming dimples. “Come here.”

Xavia vehemently shook her head and swiftly turned around, determined to head toward a crowded area where she would be safer. However, Noah effortlessly caught up with her. He firmly gripped her hair and dragged her into a nearby alley.

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## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 575 Chloe’s Not an Aristocrat or Some Noble

Xavia could not contain her cry of pain as a sharp tearing sensation shot through her scalp. Fear gripped her as she said in desperation, “If you dare lay a finger on me, I’ll get Duskfall to kill you!”

The next moment, a resounding sound reverberated through the air as a powerful slap struck Xavia’s face. The strength behind a man’s strike was vastly different from that of a woman’s. While the slap from Chloe the previous day had been painful, it was within her tolerance levels. However, the force of Noah’s slap left her reeling, her face throbbing as if her skin had been torn apart.

Xavia’s chest heaved uncontrollably. The intense pain twisted her features and she trembled. with a mixture of anger and agony.

“You hit me... How dare you!” She seethed with fury, her anger overpowering her as she lunged toward Noah, ready to strike back.

Noah remained calm and composed, not bothered to evade her oncoming attack. Seizing the moment, he firmly grasped her hair once more and delivered another forceful slap.

This time, Xavia was rendered completely defenseless. Her cheek rapidly swelled to the size of a pig’s. Noah released his grip on her, his once gentle demeanor giving way to icy coldness. In a chilling tone, he uttered, “Don’t even think about bullying Chloe. She’s not the kind of person that a piece of trash like you can lay a finger on.”

Xavia could not fathom why Chloe, an orphan devoid of prominent family background or significant company, was considered untouchable. She was not an aristocrat or some noble, so what gave her the right to be untouchable?

However, the pain in her face was so intense that it made it difficult for her to even open her mouth.

At three in the afternoon, Joseph arrived at the Reyes residence. Tyson, who was taking a break, stepped out to welcome him. “You actually made time to visit? Do you need to borrow some documents again?”

“I’m not here to ask for something but rather to give you something.”

Tyson’s eyes widened with curiosity as he asked, “What is it?”

Joseph hesitated, his gaze shifting toward the house. “Is your wife around?”

“She’s in the bedroom. What’s going on? Is something important happening?”

“Yes, it’s something significant.”

Upon hearing this, Tyson sat up straight and quickly responded, “I’ll go get her.”

“Okay.”

Eloise Whitman had just managed to put Ginny to sleep. She followed Tyson downstairs.

Joseph cleared his throat and began, "Grandpa mentioned that you guys desire a second child."

The couple exchanged glances, and Eloise responded in a worried tone, "Yes, but you're aware of my health issues from a few years ago, right? It's nearly impossible for us to conceive again."

"You're also aware of Xavia's pregnancy, correct?"

"We are." Tyson's eyes sparkled with a sudden realization. "Are you suggesting we adopt her child?"

"Yes. Would you be willing? There's no obligation here."

"We're more than willing. Though we belong to an extended branch of the Whitman family, and despite my personal feelings toward Xavia, the child she's carrying is yours and carries the Whitman blood." Eloise smiled faintly and pushed a cup of tea toward Joseph. "Ty and I had been contemplating adoption, but instead of adopting someone else's child, it'd be better to raise one from our own family."

Of course, Eloise had an ulterior motive. She desired Tyson to leave his job as a police officer and get away from the daily challenges, hardships, and dangers he faced. With her family's significant assets, she believed it would be better for him to resign and venture into business. And recognizing Joseph's influential position in the business world, she saw him as a powerful figure who could offer support and assistance in difficult times.

Joseph's thin lips pursed slightly, his handsome face concealed behind an inscrutable veil of darkness. He lapsed into silence for a few seconds before finally saying, "Then the matter is settled."

By doing so, even if he could not raise the child, he ensured that they would have a good home.

Tyson detected an air of peculiarity in Joseph's demeanor and inquired, "Why the sudden change of heart regarding the child?"

"Chloe's pregnant, and she doesn't want Xavia's child to be a part of our family."

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### Score 9.5

#### Chapter 576 Otto Comes Looking For Chloe

Tyson stood there in shock, his face filled with astonishment. He blurted out, "Pregnant? So soon?"

Chloe just had an abortion a little while ago. Only a month or two months had passed since then, so how was she pregnant again? How was that possible?"

Joseph could be forgiven as he had no clue, but how could Chloe not know how to cherish herself as a woman? After all, her health should come first no matter what.

Frowning, Joseph asked, "What do you mean by 'so soon?'"

"You don't know?" Tyson spewed, "How many months has it been?"

"Four," Joseph replied.

Drawing upon his years of investigative experience, things started to make sense in Tyson's mind. It seemed that Chloe did go through with the abortion and instead told Joseph that the child in her womb was his.

'My goodness... Young people nowadays are bold. They're full of lies.'

"Do you know something?" Joseph's gaze fixed upon Tyson, his eyes sharp and penetrating. Though his expression remained devoid of emotion, his stare held the intensity of a

commanding officer scrutinizing his subordinates.

Eloise, impatient and agitated, urged, "If you have something to say, say it. Stop beating around the bush."

Tyson took a deep breath and looked at Joseph with sympathy in his eyes. "It's highly likely that the child in Chloe's womb isn't yours."

His words hit Joseph like a bolt of lightning, causing his heart to tremble.

Eloise's face turned pale with shock, and she cursed at Tyson, "What nonsense are you spouting? If the child isn't Joseph's, then whose is it?"

"Let him continue," Joseph said.

Tyson recounted the series of events in which Chloe had asked him for help in concealing her pregnancy.

"Did she clearly tell you that the child isn't mine?" Joseph inquired.

"No, she didn't," Tyson replied.

"The child is mine then. I believe in Chloe," Joseph said, his tone firm.

He was willing to trust her. He would not question her as he had in the past. He would make an

effort to learn how to love someone. Besides, they had engaged in sexual relations four months ago.

Tyson intended to say more, but Eloise stopped him with a shake of her head. After Joseph left, she glared at him. "You should just zip your lips. Nobody will think any less of you. Who do you think Joseph is? His mind is as clear as a mirror. He doesn't need your advice."

"I was just trying to help... They were already divorced at the time. How could they have conceived a child together?" Tyson weakly countered.

"Shut up. Just because they were divorced doesn't mean they didn't have contact. Maybe they had a simple argument and acted passionately in the heat of the moment. Don't meddle in matters that don't concern you," Eloise admonished him.

At the Johnson Group, the receptionist called Chloe. "Ma'am, someone is here to discuss a potential collaboration."

"I don't recall having any appointments today," Chloe replied.

"That's what I told them too..."

Chloe sensed a hint of unease in the receptionist's tone and assumed that she was facing a dilemma. She sighed. "Never mind. What's the person's

name and what kind of collaboration. are they proposing? If they meet the criteria, you can let them in.”

“H-He said his name is Otto Sinclair.”

Chloe’s eyebrows sharply went up. “Tell all the guards to stop him. I’m coming down right now.”

As Chloe descended, she caught sight of Otto harassing the young receptionist. She snapped, Get your grubby paws off her!”

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**Score 9.5**

