

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 591 Grandpa, I'm Sorry I'm Late

A wave of dizziness overcame Chloe. She asked as her voice trembled, "When..."

Emily could not bear to see her best friend in such a state. "Last night. To be more specific, I was this early morning."

She had applied for an off day yesterday, which had been Monday. However, her bastard manager called her endlessly, forcing her to work overtime even though she was outside. After she was done with her work, it was already past one o'clock midnight.

Emily decided to watch some videos before going to bed. That was when she saw the news that Harold had died due to organ failure after the emergency treatment failed.

Coldness prickled Chloe's limbs as she turned to Abigail. "Is this true?"

The latter nodded silently.

"I want to go to the family home to see Harold one last time," Chloe said firmly as she put on her shoes and walked toward the door, her body trembling slightly.

"Ms. Chloe, Mr. Joseph says you can't leave." Abigail went to stop Chloe as she tried to persuade the latter.

Truth be told, Abigail too felt that Joseph had gone too far. He should not have imprisoned Chloe regardless of what had happened. If something went wrong in their relationship, they should just break up with each other.

Making up her mind, Emily took out a 100-dollar bill from her bag and stuffed it into Chloe's hands. After that, she abruptly hugged Abigail. "Run! I'll stop her!"

Abigail could easily overpower Emily, but she found this hard to do so since Chloe and Emily were women too. Besides, she pitied Chloe, so she did not push Emily away and allowed Chloe to get away.

Chloe stuffed a paper strip into Emily's hands before she left. Once downstairs, she flagged down a cab to the Whitman family home. After stepping out of the car, she walked into the house where a funeral was being held.

Harold's photo was placed before a coffin as the surrounding people mourned in sadness. Ginny, who was the youngest, felt the gloom that hung in the air. She hugged Eloise and cried ceaselessly.

Tears welled up in Chloe's eyes. The repeated blows almost drove her mad. Although Harold was not biologically related to her, he was like family to her. She had not expected him to meet his end seeing as he was still healthy the previous month.

She kneeled in front of the photograph and mourned. 'Grandpa, I'm sorry I'm late. I didn't to see you one last time.

"What are you doing here?" Joseph had on a black suit. He swiftly made his way to her, grabbed her wrist, and pulled her out of the house.

That useless Abigail had failed to keep an eye on Chloe.

Currently, only Harold, Patrick, and Joseph were aware of Harold faking his death. Joseph had planned to tell Chloe about it after the press conference yesterday, but unfortunately, she had lost this privilege.

"Let me go! Why didn't you tell me that Grandpa passed away?! I couldn't even see him one last time!" Chloe roared desperately at Joseph as her anger erupted. Her reddened eyes revealed her true feelings, touching others' hearts.

Joseph remained expressionless. "He wasn't your grandfather."

"He was!" she screamed stubbornly as her tears fell uncontrollably.

Harold adored her. He had afforded her the kind of concern she had long yearned for. Of course, he was her grandfather.

"Get her out of here," Joseph ordered cruelly. He was not moved by her emotions.

“Joe, don’t get rid of Coco. Don’t be so fierce toward her...” Ginny rushed out and hugged Joseph’s legs firmly.

Eloise could no longer take it. “Don’t involve Father in your couple fight. Let Chloe stay for the funeral.”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 592 Xavia, You Bitch

Joseph looked at Chloe condescendingly. He ultimately decided to agree with Ginny’s request, so he kept quiet and left.

Chloe kneeled before the coffin until almost everyone in the hall had left. She then got up and massaged her aching knees a little before continuing to kneel.

Harold observed Chloe through a window on the second floor. He felt incredibly sorry for her. “Ask her to go home and rest. She’s been on her knees for a long time. She must be suffering.”

Patrick immediately carried out the order. “Ms. Chloe, it’s getting late and cold. Please go home.” He walked over and tried to get her to stand.

With her head hung low in a downcast manner, she stated stubbornly, “I want to stay with Grandpa a little longer.”

“No, you don’t have to as you’ll still have a lot of... No, what I’m trying to say is that he’s already gone. You can visit him at the cemetery once a year. I’m sure he’ll be quite satisfied.”

“Patrick, please leave. I want to be here alone.”

A tinge of gratification flickered in his eyes when he saw Chloe’s resolution. ‘She truly is a grateful person.’

“Grandpa!”

They suddenly heard a prolonged and melancholic lament from afar.

Patrick looked over and his gaze changed. “Who let you in?”

Xavia was in a long black dress with a white scarf around her neck. Her aura was elegant and cold. She had gone to the hospital for treatment, so her face was no longer as swollen as

before but one could still discern the scratches and redness on her face.

“Joe let me come.”

Knitting his brows, Patrick did not hide his disgust.

“Bring Oreo here.” Joseph, who came afterward, ordered coldly. After a pause, he said to Xavia, “Ask Lucas to give you a ride home after you’ve seen Oreo.”

“But I want to stay for the funeral.”

Joseph side-eyed Chloe who kept her head low and remained silent. He then softened his voice. “No, it’s fine. Take care so that you don’t tire yourself out. You’re pregnant.”

Xavia agreed obediently, “Okay, I’ll take good care of our baby.”

An excruciating jolt of pain hit Chloe when she heard their conversation. However, she

pretended to be aloof and unconcerned. When Joseph saw her calmness, he kicked over the dustbin in the yard and furiously stormed upstairs.

Patrick went to the garden to look for Oreo. For a moment, Chloe and Xavia were the only ones left in the yard. After looking around, Xavia casually walked to Chloe’s side and whispered, Tsk, you can’t bear to part with the old bastard, right? How about going down to hell to be with him?”

Chloe clenched her fists. “I don’t mind slapping you again.”

“Come on. Hit right here.” Xavia pointed at her belly before she cracked a malicious sneer. “Do you dare to hit me? I’m pregnant with the Whitman family’s only child. Joe won’t let you off the hook if anything happens to me.”

Chloe gnashed her teeth. “Bitch.”

“Women who scold me are just jealous of me.” Xavia shamelessly walked toward the coffin and wanted to open it to take a look.

Chloe noticed Xavia's intention and got up to stop the latter. "Don't open it!"

"Fuck off, will you?"

"The old bastard is dead at last. Of course, I have to enjoy this moment.'

Chloe pushed Xavia aside. "Are you stupid? Didn't you hear me?"

She had not exerted great strength, but Xavia's footing was unsteady and she fell over. Just then, Patrick came back with Oreo. Xavia acted like she had suffered a great grievance, burying her face in her arms as she cried.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 593 Letting Xavia Stay

Patrick looked at Xavia suspiciously before glancing at Chloe. "What happened?"

Xavia beat Chloe to it. "I wanted to see Grandpa one last time but Ms. Chloe prohibited me

from doing so. She pushed me to the ground... Patrick, I don't blame her. She's probably upset because of her fight with Joe. I can understand her feelings."

Chloe was too exhausted and weak to argue with Xavia so she stayed quiet. She was not expecting Patrick to speak up for her. After all, many people thought that her child was not Joseph's.

"You're right," Patrick said slowly, "But there's one thing you didn't do well."1

Xavia became baffled. "What's that?"

"You know that Ms. Chloe's fighting with Mr. Joseph, so why did you come here and

disturb them? Are you trying to take advantage of the situation?"

“I just—” Xavia blushed and hurriedly tried to explain, but Patrick was not interested in hearing what she had to say.

“Stop talking and stop dreaming. What you want is impossible. Mr. Harold drew up a will before he passed. One of the conditions is never to let you be a part of the Whitman family. You’d better behave yourself.” He handed Oreo’s leash to her. “Only this dog here is related to you. Leave after you’re finished with your visit.”

Anger rose in Xavia’s heart. ‘He’s that old bastard’s man through and through. He’s just as annoying.’ She touched her belly, deciding to drive him away after marrying Joseph.

Chloe was touched and gazed at Patrick. Unexpectedly, someone was still willing to take her side.

Xavia saying she had come here to visit Oreo was just a ruse. After being admonished, she became upset. She no longer wanted to stay and got up to leave.

Joseph, who had been watching from the second floor, called out to her, “Stay for a meal.”

He had been standing behind a one-way glass window, so he could see the situation outside while others could not see through the window. Its soundproofing was excellent too.

From the side, Harold hit Joseph with his walking stick. “You’re making me mad. I don’t like her. Get her out!”

“You have to stay in the room for now, so you won’t see her. I’ll have Patrick deliver your food to your room.”

“You ungrateful grandson!”

Joseph shrugged indifferently. “Are you going to continue scolding me? Otherwise, I’m leaving.”

“I believe that Chloe isn’t that kind of person. There must be some misunderstanding between you two. Stay calm and talk it out with her. Or, you can ask her to do an amniocentesis like Xavia. It’s simple.”

Harold was aware of what transpired with Icarus yesterday. He would never believe Icarus' words regardless of what he said and even if the truth was right before him.

Although Joseph was a bastard, his intelligence, wealth, and charms were one of the best in the country. Icarus could never compare to him, and Chloe was not a fool. Why would she want to cheat on Joseph with Icarus?

Joseph snickered sarcastically. "If she dared to have an amniocentesis, would she have waited until now?"

After a brief silence, Harold smacked the table hard. "I don't care. In short, I don't believe that she's such a person."

Downstairs, Xavia was over the moon. She purposely said while in front of Chloe, "Okay, I'll stay for a meal."

Chloe narrowed her eyes and smiled bitterly. He did not have to behave brazenly even if he wanted to give her up. Besides, why was he not disgusted by the thought of being with Xavia? Or, could he make do with any woman as long as she was pregnant with his child? Patrick gritted his teeth angrily. He helped Chloe up. "Please stay for a meal too."

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Score 9.5

Chapter 594 A Slut Who Cheated On Him

Annoyed with Xavia, Chloe did not wish to see her any longer. "It's fine, Patrick. I'm not hungry."

"Let's eat together. You need to stay with Grandpa for the second half of the night," Joseph

said in an aloof tone.

"Joe, I want to stay too and show my respect for Grandpa." Xavia sounded gentle as she looked at him eagerly, wishing that he would agree to it.

"I told you to take care of the baby. You don't have to tire yourself over anything else. We can just let Chloe deal with these sorts of things."

Joy flashed across Xavia's face as she said shyly. "Okay, I'll listen to whatever you say."

Joseph glanced indifferently at Chloe and ordered, "Patrick, take her upstairs."

"I don't want to eat. I've lost my appetite after seeing you and her disgusting faces." Chloe sharply looked up and clenched her fists tightly. Disgust and hatred filled her eyes as she looked at Joseph.

Disgusting faces?

Joseph scoffed before he bent down and pinched her chin strenuously. "What right do you have to claim that I'm disgusting? You're the most disgusting one here. You're the fickle bitch

who cheated on me."

Chloe was stunned as she stared at the handsome man before her. Suddenly, she found that she did not know him at all. He always condemned her indiscriminately. She thought that he would change and trust her, but she was wrong. It was only a facade he had put up.

Maybe it was because of the child that he had been gentle to her recently, tolerating her. Otherwise, he would never have asked her to stay after letting her go.

Being stared at, Joseph felt ill at ease. He turned to the side and snorted. "Don't look at me like that. I'm only telling the truth."

"Sure. The truth." Chloe felt the urge to laugh as she grew more upset. Her pale face was filled with deep disappointment,

'Is he blind? I barely met Icarus in private, let alone contacted him. I came in contact with him the most when I was still working at Baxon, but that was so long ago.'

Hearing this, Patrick frowned. He wanted to say something to Joseph, but he could only comfort Chloe since Xavia was around. "Ms. Chloe, go upstairs and eat something. Your baby needs nourishment."

Chloe took these words to heart. Yes, she could not give up. She needed to take care of her

body and baby.

The chef brought the dishes to the table. Xavia got some food for Joseph, but he simply frowned and did not touch it. Chloe, on the other hand, enjoyed a rather good meal across from him. She ate the food eagerly and was already on her second serving.

Joseph felt his anger rise. 'Our love is ruined, but this fucking dumbbo still has such a good appetite. She doesn't care about me at all!'

He put his fork down and ordered Chloe icily, "Go and do the dishes."

Chloe did not get up. "I'm not a servant."

"You're not a guest either."

Simply put, she was just an outsider.

Chloe took a deep breath. She knew that he was doing this on purpose, but she did not want to argue with him. She wiped her mouth and obediently cleared away dishes. She then rolled up her sleeves and started washing them in the kitchen. When she was done and back in the living room, she saw Joseph and Xavia resting on the sofa. Xavia even had her head on Joseph's shoulder.

What a harmonious scene.

Chloe found the scene unbearable and refused to look at them. She returned to the hall to stay by Harold's coffin.

Joseph watched her out of the corner of his eye. When he noticed that she was unperturbed by his intimate action with Xavia, a sense of helplessness hit him. He pushed Xavia away in

frustration.

Xavia was dissatisfied with his sudden action, so she pouted and asked coquettishly, "What's

the matter?”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 595 Chloe, You're So Shameless

“You should go. Lucas is waiting for you at the door.”

“But I want to stay with you.”

“There's no need for that.”

Xavia gritted her teeth and placed Joseph's hand on her bulging belly.

Subconsciously repulsed, he quickly pulled back his hand and shooed her away

expressionlessly. “Don't make me repeat myself. Lucas isn't your personal driver. He doesn't have any extra time to wait on you.”

Xavia's face turned pale. She suppressed her reluctance. “I just want you to stay with the child a little longer. Don't be angry. I'll go now.”

After she left, Joseph did not know what to do and simply returned to his bedroom to sleep. In bed, he tossed and turned. Though the curtains were closed, the light from downstairs still entered the room.

He put on slippers and went to the French window to look down at the woman on the first floor. She was tired from kneeling, so she was now sitting on a chair. It was rather cold as autumn was around the corner. She seemed to be talking to the coffin, and her usually rosy and tender lips had become parched and purplish. It looked like her clothes afforded her little

warmth.

Heartache quickly dawned on Joseph's hard features. It was so quick that even he did not notice it. He pursed his lips and said cruelly, “Serves you right.”

Harold was probably watching Chloe too as a few minutes later, Patrick came with a blanket and a small portable heater. Chloe felt much warmer and the long night became easier to bear.

Early the next morning, Joseph took Chloe back to the hospital and prohibited her from leaving. Maybe because Abigail purposely let Chloe go yesterday, so now it was a stranger who was tasked with keeping an eye on her.

“Joseph, you’re forcing me to get an abortion, yet you still want to keep me with you?”

Chloe raised the query when Joseph was about to step out of the ward. He paused in his tracks and turned around, cracking a mocking smile at her.

“You’re so shameless.”

“Then why are you forcing me to get an abortion?”

“I just don’t want this bastard to come into the world. Is there a problem with that?”

Chloe glued her clear eyes on him. “Can I go after I abort the child?”
body and baby.

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Chapter 596 Baby, Let's Give Up on Your Father

"No, that's not what I'm-

Halfway through her sentence, Joseph left without so much as a backward glance.

Bitterness engulfed her. Feeling aggrieved, she felt like crying again. She was nearly harassed by some thugs yesterday and nearly lost her child. She was the injured victim and needed someone to take care of her during this particular period, but all Joseph did was hurt her.

Chloe caressed her belly gently. "Baby, let's give up on your father, okay..."

Emily went to Exotic Star to find Noah according to the instructions on the paper strip Chloe had given her.

"So you're saying that Coco doesn't want to abort the child?"

"Yes." Emily was worried that he would not help, so she pretended to be pitiful. She was full of snot and tears now, looking very miserable. "That

fucking bastard is keeping Coco locked up in the hospital and prohibited her from seeing anyone. He treats her so awfully.”

“I understand.” Noah sipped his coffee calmly.

Emily frowned. ‘You understand? Are you going to help Coco or not?’

“Tell Coco that I can help her flee Asvand. Joseph has great influence and power within the country, so I’m not very confident here.”

Emily nodded excitedly. “Yes, she can go abroad or even to the moon as long as she can get away from that scumbag.”

For three days, Joseph did not visit Chloe at the hospital.

In a bar, Nathan and Samuel looked at each other. They seemed rather surprised.

“This is the first time I’m seeing him drunk.”

“Me too.”

“Even his face is flushed.”

“Yeah, and he’s been staring at the wedding photos for a few hours.”

“The photos came right on time.”

When they arrived at the bar earlier this afternoon, the photography studio owner had come by to deliver the photo album to Joseph, who promptly threw them into a corner without even

1/2

– Chapter 546 Baby Let : Give Up

looking at it. After he got drunk, he quietly picked up the album and put it on the table.

“Alas, why was Chloe so dumb? Icarus is inferior to Joe.”

“I don’t think so. What we see may not be the truth.” Samuel took his phone out to check the time. “Okay, it’s already three in the morning. We should go home and get some sleep.”

With one man on either side, they helped Joseph to his feet and gave him a ride back to his villa. After that, they left. Xavia, who had long gotten there, came out of the washroom. She watched the car drive away before heading to the master bedroom.

Unexpectedly, Joseph was not asleep. He got up unsteadily and wanted to go downstairs.

Xavia went forward to support him. “Joe, it’s late. Let’s sleep.

“Go away.” Dizziness engulfed him. His blurry vision made him unable to see the person before him, but he found the voice annoying.

Xavia followed him and refused to give up. “Come back to bed, Joe. I’ll accompany you to bed, all right? You need to wake up early for work tomorrow.”

Joseph ignored her and went to the garage. He wanted to drive.

Seeing this, Xavia immediately tried to coax him. “You’re drunk. You shouldn’t drive.”

Joseph threw the car keys at her and got into the passenger seat. “You take the wheel. I want to go to the hospital.”

Hearing this, a hideous look overcame Xavia’s pretty face. “Why do you want to go to the hospital?”

“To see my wife,” Joseph replied impatiently as he closed his eyes.

“Joe, I’m your wife. I’m right here. You don’t have to go looking at the hospital.”

Joseph’s eyelids fluttered before he opened his eyes and stared at Xavia for a few seconds with his blurry eyes.

“Nonsense. You’re not Chloe.”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 597 Xavia Will Drive Her Mad

It was beyond Xavia's expectation that Chloe was firmly engraved in Joseph's heart. He even missed Chloe when he was drunk.

The deep envy sparked into a wicked thought in Xavia's mind. She floored the gas pedal and drove toward the hospital. Upon arriving there and about to get out of the car, she spotted the photo album in the backseat out of the corner of her eye.

She turned and glanced at the man who was half asleep beside her. She then lightly picked up the album and quietly got out of the car, throwing it into a trash can nearby.

Chloe was asleep. The person who was keeping an eye on her had set up a simple bed at the door and stuck to his position.

Xavia got out of the car and helped Joseph into the hospital.

The subordinate at the door instantly spotted Joseph. He got up and went forward, saying in confusion, "Sir?"

"Joe's drunk. Tell the nurse to get us a vacant room."

"Oh, okay."

Xavia averted her gaze and pointed at a room casually. "Get the room next door. It'll make it easier for me if I need your help."

"Sure."

The subordinate immediately opened the door of the neighboring ward and let them in.

Joseph was drunk, but at that moment, he smelled the disinfectant. He thought that he had reached Chloe and an unprecedented sense of attachment engulfed him. Feeling a sense of

relief, he fell sound asleep.

Chloe heard Xavia's voice from inside the ward. She reflexively opened her eyes and sat up to listen closely. Yes, it was Xavia's voice. But what was she doing here in the middle of the night?

Chloe quickly got up to take a look. When she opened the door, the subordinate came back." Ms. Chloe, where are you going?"

Chloe remained composed. "I need to use the washroom."

"Okay, I'll go with you."

When she passed by the neighboring ward, the door was ajar. At a glance, Chloe saw Xavia and Joseph on the bed, hugging each other tightly. From her angle, she caught Xavia's happy expression.

12

Chloe felt like she had received a fatal blow. They felt it insufficient to simply humiliate her in the Whitman family home. Now, they were sleeping together in the ward next to hers. Upon spotting Xavia's bare shoulders, she realized that they might have done vulgar things.

Suddenly, a wave of nausea hit her. She bent over and vomited. She felt like she had emptied her guts before she was able to stop.

Xavia heard the noise outside. She got up and wrapped her clothes tightly around her before firmly closing the door. She then walked to Chloe and asked in concern, "Ms. Chloe, are you okay?"

If Chloe was not pregnant and unsure if the people around her would help, she would have slapped Xavia. She suppressed her urge to hit Xavia and quietly turned around to leave.

At that moment, all her love for Joseph was gone. She should leave. If she stayed there any longer, Xavia would drive her mad even if she could escape from the abortion.

Xavia narrowed her eyes. She had not expected Chloe to be so calm, but it was fine. After all, she had managed to get Chloe to believe that Joseph had slept with her.

Chloe returned to her ward after going to the washroom. During that one minute, her past with Joseph replayed in her mind. They had gotten to know each other and fell in love. For more than a year, they had easily gotten into fights. No wonder she was exhausted.

She had taken the wrong path from the day she mistook him for someone else. After being woken up, she could no longer sleep and simply closed her eyes.

In the morning, two nurses came to check on her. One of the nurses looked at Chloe, who was lying on the hospital bed. She then heaved a long sigh and whispered to her colleague, “She’s so pitiful. I heard from a colleague on the night shift that her wedding album was dumped in

the trash can.”

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Score 9.5

Chapter 598 What Love Potion Did That Dumbo Give Him

“Serves her right. It’s her fault for not appreciating such a good husband. She can’t blame anyone else for this.’

”

“That’s true, but their wedding photos looked so beautiful. They were a picture-perfect couple. What a pity.”

“We shouldn’t pity someone who lacks moral integrity.”

“Let’s not dwell on it. After all, Mr. Joseph is never short of women. He brought another one last night...”

The nurses’ voices slowly faded into the background, and Chloe felt her heart grow numb. Tears uncontrollably cascaded down her face, drenching the pillow in a large damp stain.

The sky was dimly lit as Joseph awoke with a terrible headache, the result of drinking too much the previous night.

Xavia approached him, holding a glass of tomato juice. "Drink. It'll help alleviate your hangover," she said in a gentle tone.

Joseph refused the drink and furrowed his brow. "Why are you here?"

"I went to see you last night and found you drunk, clutching that wedding album and stumbling around with the intention of driving to the hospital to find Chloe," Xavia explained, her expression filled with helplessness. "I couldn't allow you to drunk-drive in the middle of the night, so I had to bring you here. Little did I know that you'd fall asleep once we got here."

Joseph slapped his forehead in frustration. 'Damn it,' he thought, 'What kind of love potion did that dumbo give me? I couldn't forget her even when I blacked out.'

"You stayed here with me all night?"

"Yes," Xavia replied, pointing to the chair beside her. "I sat there the entire time. I didn't get

on the bed."

Joseph pinched his brows. "You should head back and get some rest."

"Okay... Joe, do you remember bringing your wedding photos? The ones you took with Chloe?" Xavia asked, trying to gather more information.

"Wedding photos?" He shook his head. In his memory, he recalled throwing the album away at the bar, but the events that followed were hazy.

Xavia pursed her lips, feeling somewhat helpless. "Last night, you threw away the album... You threw it in the bin at the hospital parking lot. I tried to stop you multiple times but there was

no stopping you. It's my fault. You can blame me for that..."

Joseph froze, his mind racing with conflicting emotions as he pondered, 'I threw the album?' He recalled the moment of frustration at the bar when he impulsively tossed the album aside, but deep down, a part of him knew that he did not want to discard it.

Xavia noticed the shift in Joseph's expression and decided to provoke him further. "I'll check the bin at the parking lot for you. It was your first marriage after all, and I'm sure those photos hold significant meaning."

"There's no need," he coldly rejected, his pride surging. He considered the idea of retrieving the photos beneath him, having been in a marriage with such a promiscuous woman.

Suddenly, the person responsible for guarding Chloe knocked on the door to report. "Sir, Ms. Chloe's friend has come to visit her."

As Joseph stepped out, he spotted Emily leaning against the small window in the ward, making funny faces to amuse Chloe.

"This isn't a circus. Please mind yourself."

Upon hearing Joseph's icy tone, Emily's anger flared up as she laid eyes on him. She shouted in a loud voice, "You scumbag! I've already reported you for unlawful imprisonment. The police will be here soon. You better release Coco immediately!"

She had been waiting for Noah to make a move, but as she saw Chloe's face grow thinner day by day, Emily refused to passively wait for a dismal outcome.

"Do as you please. Let's see if the police will come to arrest me or you," Joseph responded with his hands casually tucked in his pockets, exuding an air of arrogance.

Chloe was well aware of Joseph's influential connections. Filled with fear, she anxiously gestured at Emily to leave at once from behind the glass.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 599 Complete Breakdown

"How dare you! I haven't done anything!" Emily was scared, but the thought of her good friend suffering made her instantly bristle up and retort with determination.

Joseph nonchalantly dropped a charge on her. "Disturbing public order."

“I’ve done no such thing! There are witnesses on the scene. I won’t allow you to make baseless accusations.”

He arrogantly curled his lips and sneered. “Let’s wait and see.”

Ten minutes later, several men in police uniforms appeared at the hospital. At first glance, Chloe recognized the person leading the way was Tyson. “Em, you have to leave! Those policemen that just came are connected to him!” she called out.

Emily felt a momentary panic, but she could not bear to run away. ‘Coco is suffering, and it’ll only get worse if I do nothing,’ she thought.

Tyson assessed the situation and quickly grasped what was happening.

Emily wasted no time in lodging a complaint, addressing Tyson, “Officer, Joseph is illegally holding my dear friend hostage.”

Tyson, now fully aware of the situation, felt overwhelmed. He lightly tapped his colleague next to him. “Since you’re new to the job, I’ll let you take the lead.” Pausing momentarily, he whispered into his colleague’s ear, “Be gentle with the young girl. Just ask her to leave.”

With that, Tyson turned and approached Joseph to talk. Unknown to him, his new young colleague misunderstood their relationship, wrongly perceiving Tyson’s words as sarcastic. He mistakenly believed that Tyson’s subtle instruction to “be gentle” actually meant to confront her firmly.

Tyson pulled Joseph aside to keep Xavia from overhearing, “We received a call from our superiors today. Otto has been released from prison.”

Previously, they had planned an ambush, and Otto had kicked him, prompting the other officers to swiftly rush in and take action. Following the attack, Otto was dealt with according to the law and locked up in prison.

Joseph was not surprised. “Teaching him this lesson will do.” He knew it was unrealistic to believe that they could defeat the Sinclairs with a single move.

“Also, don’t ask me to handle personal matters in the future. We’re relatives, and it’s best to avoid any suspicion in public places,” Tyson aired his complaint.

Dealing with family affairs made him feel uncomfortable. Mishandling them could have negative consequences for his reputation.

“I didn’t call for you.”

This time, it was purely a coincidence.

“Fine, say what you need to say.” Tyson glanced at the pregnant woman behind Joseph. “So are you planning to reconcile with Xavia?”

Given their frequent contact, it seemed like a possibility.

“Don’t talk nonsense,” Joseph replied coldly, “Please take Emily away. She’s getting on my

nerves.”

“That’s not going to happen. She hasn’t done anything wrong. You, on the other hand...”

Joseph shot Tyson a cold stare, causing the latter to press his lips together and opt for silence.

“Aaaaah!”

The tranquility of the early morning was shattered by a piercing scream. Joseph and Tyson turned their heads simultaneously. They witnessed the young officer forcefully pinning Emily to the floor. The impact of the fall caused her front teeth to collide with the steps, resulting in a profuse flow of blood that filled her mouth. The young officer wore a smug expression as he sought recognition from Tyson for his actions.

Inside the ward, Chloe witnessed the scene unfolding and was consumed by a torrent of rage. In a fit of anger, she seized the glass from the table and hurled it, shattering the window. Her arm reached through the broken glass, stretching out just enough to reach the young officer’s head. In a frenzied state, she unleashed a relentless barrage of strikes upon him.

Joseph quickly approached and pulled Chloe back, restraining her from taking further action.” There are shards of glass everywhere! Are you trying to lose your arm?!”

“Make him release Em now!” Chloe shouted, her voice filled with desperation, teetering on the brink of a complete breakdown.

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5

Chapter 600 You Shouldn’t Treat Chloe This Way

Without waiting for Joseph to speak, Tyson was the first to raise his voice sternly. “What the hell do you think you’re doing? Release her immediately!”

The young officer was taken aback by Tyson’s yell, causing him to loosen his grip and allow Emily to escape. She covered her mouth as she spat out a tooth stained with blood.

Chloe felt overwhelmed with guilt at the sight before her. Fortunately, they were in the hospital. Her almond eyes lacked their usual warmth and her voice was devoid of emotion as she said to Joseph, “Open the door. I’m taking Em to see a doctor.”

Joseph was unaccustomed to the way she looked at him-indifferent and icy-as if she were looking at a stranger. “I’ll get Lucas to take her. You stay here.”

Chloe’s heart sank, and her pupils dilated in disbelief. Joseph’s response stabbed at her like a dagger. It was incomprehensible to her. “My friend is injured, and I want to accompany her to see a doctor. And all of this is because of you, yet you want to deprive me of the right to go with her?”

“You’re not a doctor. What’s the use of you going?”

Chloe was rendered speechless. She knew Joseph had a questionable moral compass, but how could he display such indifference when Emily had just lost her teeth right in front of him? Was he truly so heartless?

She watched helplessly as Lucas took Emily away. She felt utterly powerless as if all her energy had been drained, leaving her in a state of despair. The person guarding Chloe noticed her distress and advised her to get some rest.

Joseph opened the door to the ward and said in a cold tone, “If you hadn’t let your friend come, none of this would’ve happened. And even if she comes, she can’t get you out.”

Chloe raised her head calmly, her expression devoid of emotion except for deep-seated hatred. "By keeping me locked up here, you're only fueling my hatred for you."

She was determined not to terminate the pregnancy. She would give birth to the child and raise it with love and care. And she vowed that her child would never know they had such a

heartless father.

Joseph felt a sharp pang in his heart as her words pierced his conscience. 'Shouldn't I be the one filled with hatred toward her?' he thought, his emotions swirling like a turbulent

whirlwind.

Ignoring him, Chloe entered the ward and quietly settled by the window, her gaze fixed on the outside world as her mind wandered in deep contemplation.

After reprimanding the young officer, Tyson patted Joseph's shoulder with a serious

12

expression before leaving. "In all fairness, you shouldn't treat Chloe this way.

Joseph's long, dark lashes quivered with a mix of emotions. "Why?"

"You got Xavia pregnant, and now Chloe is carrying someone else's child. Now, it's evened out. You can't expect to have everything your way while denying others the same."

Tyson's words struck Joseph's heart like a relentless hammer, each impact resounding deeply within him. He stood motionless, his mind momentarily empty. Realization washed over him. that, despite his previous superiority, he now found himself standing in the same shoes as

Chloe.

In that fleeting moment, he grasped a glimpse of the pain she had endured. Accepting that the child of the person you love belonged to someone else was a heart-wrenching realization to

endure.

Yet, within a heartbeat, Joseph swiftly regained his composure. “We’re different,” he asserted, “Chloe and Icarus were aware and willing participants, while I wasn’t.”

Tyson saw through everything. “Perhaps Chloe doesn’t like Icarus either. It could’ve been an accident too. Otherwise, why would she choose to stay with you?”

Joseph was rendered speechless. His face remained composed, but his internal composure wavered slightly. “That’s enough. Icarus has already confessed.”

Tyson sneered, shrugged, and departed with his young colleague. Meanwhile, Joseph made his way to the fourth floor to inquire about Emily’s condition at the dental department.

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5