

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

### Chapter 601 She Was Truly Blind, Having Misjudged His Character

Emily lost one of her front teeth, and the dental department chief suggested, "The front teeth. are an important part of a person's appearance and should be carefully restored. I recommend getting a dental implant. I suggest going to the hospital on Southgate Street. They have a dedicated department for dental care, and their facilities are superior to ours."

"Thank you, doctor..." Emily's speech was affected by her missing tooth, resulting in a lisp that was both amusing and pitiful.

A barely perceptible furrow appeared on Joseph's brow. "Lucas, take her there. I'll cover the expenses."

Lucas nodded sympathetically, feeling sorry for Emily's predicament. Losing a tooth must be painful.

"I don't want your money! Stop pretending!" Emily retorted, displaying no interest in his

offer.

She chided herself for her naivety. When she first discovered Joseph the scumbag and Xavia had a one-night stand, she should have distanced Chloe from him. If she had not forgiven him, Chloe would not have had to endure this injustice. She was truly blind-having misjudged Joseph's character. She had inadvertently caused harm to her dear friend.

Joseph's voice remained indifferent as he responded, "Don't even think about taking Chloe away. It's futile. Save your energy."

Fueled by anger, Emily shouted back, "If you want to treat her like this, why don't you just let her go?!"

He paused for a moment, deep in thought. Why... He could not quite pinpoint the exact reason. It was not solely for the sake of revenge against Chloe... Definitely not. He had never been one to waste time on useless individuals. He thought that since he could not let go, perhaps they could continue to torment each other. It was better than having no connection at all.

Chloe slept for a whole day, or rather, she just languished in bed. Through Lucas, she received word that Emily was doing well, which provided some relief to her anxious heart.

In a dazed state, she found herself on the eve of the scheduled abortion surgery. But due to signs of a potential miscarriage, she had to undergo preoperative examinations. With the assistance of a nurse, she completed the necessary tests and returned to her ward to rest.

The doctor handed the examination results to Joseph. “Sir, your wife is showing symptoms of anemia, and based on the examination report, her condition is deteriorating. It’d be risky to proceed with the surgery in her current state. If she wants to proceed, she should improve her health first.”

Joseph was caught off guard. “Anemia is a common condition, isn’t it? Does it really have such a significant impact?”

“Yes, but the severity of your wife’s symptoms is concerning.”

“What can we do to improve her health?”

“I’ll prescribe her some medication, but in addition to that, you could also explore herbal remedies for anemia. ”

Joseph recalled the herbalist, Doctor Frederick, whom he had called on before. Without hesitation, he returned to the ward and took Chloe along with him to find the herbalist. Like a wooden doll, Chloe followed him with a vacant expression, devoid of any vitality.

Joseph gently cupped her cheeks and compelled her to meet his gaze. “Aren’t you curious about where we’re going?”

“Our destination won’t change whether I ask or not, so what’s the point of asking?”

Joseph released his grip on her and let out a cold snort. “At least you’re sensible.”

At the clinic, Frederick measured Chloe’s blood pressure. Before he could say anything, Joseph instructed Lucas to take Chloe back to the car. Chloe, too weak to speculate on his intentions, silently followed Lucas.

As he watched Chloe leave, Frederick remarked, “Her anemia is quite severe.”

“Please prescribe the medication,” Joseph paused, “She’s pregnant by the way.”

“I know. I’ve already taken note of that. I’ll make sure not to use any ingredients that

pregnant women should avoid.” Frederick looked puzzled for a moment and asked,

According to the timeline, when you requested medication for menstrual pain through your assistant, she was already pregnant. Did you not realize it at that time?”

“I believe she should’ve noticed.”

“Ah, then why didn’t she inform me?”

“I don’t know.”

There was no change in Joseph’s expression as if they were discussing what to have for dinner.

Frederick’s mouth fell open, sensing the sudden chill in the air. He felt a growing unease and avoided eye contact with Joseph. After a moment of silence, he let out a dry laugh. “Perhaps she wanted to surprise you.”

Joseph did not continue the conversation as he waited to collect the medication.

Inside the car, with no one else around, Chloe glanced around, pondered for a few seconds, and said to Lucas, “Could you do me a favor?”

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## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 602 Lose Her Life on the Operating Table

Lucas did not hesitate and guessed what she wanted to say in a second. “Are you asking me to let you go, Ms. Chloe?”

Chloe was taken aback for a moment. “Not exactly, but it’s related to that.” She was alone and could not just sit here and wait for Noah to save her. Tomorrow was the day of the abortion, and she was filled with fear.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t help you,” Lucas firmly declined. He was loyal to Mr. Joseph, having worked with him since graduation. Though he was kept busy and had been exhausted every day for all these years, the knowledge and opportunities he had gained were thanks to Mr. Joseph’s support. He could not bring himself to bite the hand that feeds him.

Chloe’s eyes dimmed. This outcome was within her expectations. “Then can you tell me where Icarus is now and how he’s doing?”

‘If what Joseph said was true, there might be no evidence to prove her innocence.’

Lucas hesitated before responding, “I was waiting outside that day and didn’t witness what happened inside, but... I heard the sounds of a struggle. After Mr. Joseph came out, Icarus didn’t appear...”

Chloe’s heart sank. ‘He didn’t appear... If Joseph was telling the truth, then it’s highly likely

that Icarus...’

She shuddered, realizing that now there was no evidence to prove her innocence. However, the important thing at the moment was not proving herself innocent, but escaping the impending

surgery.

Chloe took a deep breath, an icy coldness crossing her bright and delicate face. When a person was pushed to a dead end, extreme thoughts inevitably emerged...

Frederick carefully prepared the medicine, ensuring each package was adequately labeled with clear instructions. “This is a three-course treatment. Finish them within a month. If she experiences abdominal pain or any other symptoms, seek immediate medical attention.”

“Thank you.” Joseph handed his card to the apprentice.

Suddenly, Frederick asked, "Which hospital are you visiting and which doctor is attending to you?"

Joseph answered honestly, holding nothing back.

Frederick's expression subtly changed. Just as Joseph was about to take the medicine and leave, Frederick halted him. "I know that doctor. He specializes in performing abortion procedures. You're not taking your wife there for prenatal care, are you?"

Joseph's handsome face remained impassive. His long eyelashes drooped slightly, casting a small shadow under his eye sockets, making it impossible to guess his thoughts.

Frederick felt a twinge of unease and regretted speaking so bluntly.

"What are you trying to say?" Joseph asked.

"That doctor must have already informed you that your wife is in no condition to undergo an abortion right now. She has to get better first. My guess is that there are some issues with the child in her womb, which is why you wish to terminate the pregnancy. But if you start the medication for conditioning now, you'll have to wait at least a month. And after a month, your wife will be more than five months pregnant, approaching six months. It may be difficult to have an abortion at that stage.

"I have a friend who's a specialist that offers unique targeted treatment for congenital infant diseases. I don't believe it's any major illness. You should consider continuing with the pregnancy. Medical technology is highly advanced these days."

Frederick retrieved a business card and offered it to Joseph. Joseph glanced at the card in his hand and let out a chuckle. "What if I wait for her to finish the three-course treatment and then proceed with the abortion?"

That would be after a month, by which time she would be more than five months pregnant, nearing the six-month mark.

"Well, it's not entirely impossible," Frederick answered, "But undergoing an abortion at six months would pose significant risks to your wife, especially considering her current condition. If any complications were to arise during the procedure, she could lose her life on the operating table."

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### Score 9.5

#### Chapter 603 Blatantly Expressing Harold's Amazing and Timely Death

After Chloe returned to the hospital with Joseph, she anxiously awaited the passage of time. At 10 the following morning, a nurse entered the room and said, "Please step outside for a

moment."

Chloe trembled, tightly holding on to the fruit knife hidden behind her back as she nervously asked, "Are you going to perform the surgery on me?"

"No, it's just for a check-up. You're being discharged."

Chloe was taken aback. It was not until she walked out of the hospital with Lucas and the sunlight bathed her, providing a warm and comforting embrace, did she come around. She felt a glimmer of vitality as if she had been reborn.

"Ms. Chloe, please get in," Lucas said to her.

"What about Joseph?"

"Mr. Joseph is busy. I'm taking you to the villa so that you can rest."

Chloe was taken aback by the response. "So I don't have to do the surgery?"

"Mr. Joseph didn't tell me the specifics, but it seems that you don't need the surgery now."

According to the original plan, the surgery was scheduled for 10 this morning, and it was already 11. It was evident that the procedure would not be taking place today. Chloe blinked, feeling a wave of confusion washing over her.

"Ms. Chloe, please get in. Mr. Joseph will join us once he's finished with work," Lucas said as he opened the car door for her.

Chloe hesitated, her eyes scanning her surroundings.

"Ms. Chloe, there's no point in thinking about running away. You won't even get past the main gate," Lucas said with a hint of helplessness, gesturing

toward a black car behind them.” The men in that car are Mr. Joseph’s men. If you attempt to escape, they’ll take action.”

Chloe furrowed her brows, unable to comprehend Joseph’s intentions. Her intuition told her that something the doctor said had caused him to temporarily abandon the idea. Or maybe it

was Noah’s influence....

Regardless, Chloe had no other option but to comply and return to the villa. It was much

better here compared to the hospital. There were two helpers and four bodyguards at the villa, creating a suffocating atmosphere. Chloe felt constantly monitored, feeling it difficult for her to even take a breath.

Suddenly, she spotted the landline phone in the first-floor living room. She wondered if the helpers would allow her to use it.

After dropping Chloe off, Lucas headed to Fairlight. Joseph was finished with his meeting and was rubbing his temples to alleviate his fatigue.

“Sir, I’ve sent Ms. Chloe to the villa.”

“You can go and attend to your duties now.”

“We received an email in the company’s cooperation inbox...”

“Handle it as you see fit. There’s no need to bother me with trivial matters.”

“It’s not work-related. It’s from Briarlake...”

Joseph raised an eyebrow. “Show me.”

Lucas complied, turned around, and brought the laptop over. On the screen, a vivid shade of red caught his eye. As he scrolled down, an image featuring Harold’s picture in a somber setting appeared, adorned with gold accents and vibrant designs. It conveyed a subtle metaphor, symbolizing hints of good fortune. The bottom right corner was signed by Otto Sinclair. The message blatantly expressed Harold’s amazing and timely death.

Joseph remained composed and closed the laptop.

Lucas thought he was holding back and cursed, “Sir, the Sinclairs are incredibly disrespectful. It’s like they do not fear the consequences of their immoral actions!”

Even after Harold had been laid to rest, they continued to stir up trouble. They were destined to be plagued by their foul mouths sooner or later.

Joseph’s tone remained indifferent as he said, “There’s no need to pay any attention to the words of such animals.”

“But the way they insulted Mr. Harold.

Joseph sneered. ‘Insulted? Well, let’s see who will have the last laugh.’

“Sir, in addition to the email, Otto sent you an invitation. It says, ‘See you at Crimson Oasis

tonight at 8.’”

Joseph adjusted his tie, his eyebrows raised with a hint of wickedness. “We’ll leave at half past

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Chapter 604 Trading Chloe for a Lead on Fleurette

Crimson Oasis of Aesper was a renowned nightclub bustling with people from all walks of life, each with their own unique character. Led by a waiter, Joseph made his way to the entrance of a private VIP room.

“The gentleman has arrived,” announced the two guards stationed at the entrance, one of them holding onto a black bowler hat reminiscent of those worn during funerals.

“Mr. Joseph, this is a gift from Mr. Otto-” the man began, but his words were cut short as the man behind Joseph delivered a forceful slap across his face. “Fuck! Who do you think you are? I’ll send you to your grave!”

The guard was instantly hurled against the wall, and the hat in his hand conveniently landed on the head of his companion. Lucas raised his thumbs

at Vince Fiersen in admiration. “Bro, you truly live up to your name. You’re fearsome and formidable.”

Mr. Joseph always brought this man to such occasions. With his towering height of 1.9 meters and weight of 190 kilograms, Vince truly commanded attention.

Joseph cast a glance at the other man guarding the door, who trembled nervously and swiftly opened it. “Please step inside...” he stammered, his voice filled with trepidation.

In the private room, colorful lights flickered, dimly illuminating everyone present. A beautiful woman was perched on Otto’s thigh, whispering to him affectionately. But the moment her eyes fell upon Joseph’s figure-his slim waist, broad shoulders, and dignified demeanor-she was instantly captivated. Although Otto was handsome in his own right, he had a different style compared to Joseph. She much preferred someone like Joseph.

Otto smiled and said, “If you like him, go ahead and give him your best service.”

The beautiful woman beamed in response. “Thank you, sir.”

She swayed her hips as she approached Joseph, casting a flirtatious glance. “This is our first time meeting, Mr. Joseph. I’ve heard so much about you,” she purred.

Without Joseph uttering a word, Lucas stepped forward and sternly said, “Get lost.” Though he could not overpower the bodyguards, he could still ward off these unwanted advances.

The beautiful woman grew irritated and glared at Lucas in anger, but she dared not say anything and reluctantly stepped aside.

“Your subordinate is at fault here. Beautiful women are meant to be cherished, not scolded. With two pregnant women at home, haven’t you been suffocating these past few months?” Otto joked as if they were old acquaintances. He paused for a moment, then feigned realization. “Look at me, I forgot. Now there’s only one left. Chloe can no longer be considered part of the Whitmans. What a pity.”

Joseph casually sat down. “If you think it’s a pity, you can do a good deed and adopt a few fatherless children. Maybe from the lady beside you?”

The beautiful woman became agitated and stomped her foot in anger. “I’m not pregnant!”

“Don’t worry. Stay here a little longer and you eventually will be. Mr. Otto can then become a

father.”

Otto’s face stiffened, sensing the mockery in Joseph’s words. “That’s enough. I didn’t come here to exchange banter.”

“Get to the point.” Joseph remained calm, his voice steady.

“To be honest, I quite like Chloe. Since she’s now considered to be defective goods, why not let me have some fun with her? And in return, I’ll provide you with information about your mother’s whereabouts.”

Joseph’s hand holding the wine glass paused for a moment, and his sharp eyes remained fixed on Otto. “You’re giving me a lead? Aren’t you afraid of Cyrus coming after you?”

Otto leaned back, a wicked smirk on his face. “What’s the use of having a lead? I haven’t found her either. Many hands make light work.” Deep down, he knew that even if the Whitmans found Fleurette first, they could just snatch her back.

“There’s no need,” Joseph refused without hesitation.

“Why? Chloe has already cuckolded you, but yet you’re still so reluctant to let her go? Do you even care about finding your mother?”

Though it sounded like a jest, Joseph knew deep down that the Sinclairs would destroy anything he held dear. Once his mother escaped, Cyrus would undoubtedly seek revenge and crush the entire Whitman family. Harold was merely the first victim.

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**Score 9.5**

## Chapter 605 Joseph Despises Promiscuous, Fickle Women Like You

“Maybe I’ve been aware of your so-called lead for quite some time now.”

Otto replied with confidence, sneering, “That’s impossible.”

While Fairlight may hold some influence in the business world, it lacked Duskfall’s extensive reach and connections. The only organization that could rival Duskfall was Imperium. Joseph may have sought the assistance of someone affiliated with Imperium for tracking and investigation.

The nature of Imperium was akin to Duskfall. Though Imperium was a relatively new organization established just two years ago, it had grown rapidly.

“Tsk.” Joseph settled into the plush leather sofa, casually swirling the wine in his glass. He unbuttoned his suit jacket, revealing a sleek black silk shirt that accentuated his handsome yet dangerous demeanor. “Whatever Duskfall uncovers, I’m capable of discovering as well.”

“Do you think I’d believe you?”

“Whether you believe me or not is entirely up to you,” Joseph replied, motioning for Otto to come closer. “But I have something to share with you today as well.”

A hint of curiosity flickered across Otto’s face as he leaned forward, unable to resist his intrigue.

“If there ever comes a day when you can no longer sustain yourself in Duskfall, remember that you can come to me.”

“Huh?” Otto was, after all, the CEO of Briarlake. Could he really be looked down upon so easily? And resort to Fairlight for handouts?

Joseph met Otto’s puzzled gaze and spoke in a hushed tone audible to only the two of them. “Do you truly believe that you’re an orphan?”

Otto’s eyes widened. “What do you mean?”

With a faint smile, Joseph chose to end the conversation at that pivotal moment. Otto refrained from further questioning, but his shrewd eyes fixated intently on Joseph, attempting to unravel the truth of his words.

“If you desire the answers, you know where to find me.” With those parting words, Joseph exited the room with Vince and Lucas in tow.

For a long while, Otto sat on the sofa in silence. Gradually, his senses returned, and a trace of disdain crept into his eyes. He contemplated, ‘Even if I’m not an orphan, what difference does it make? Even if my parents are alive, what significance does it hold? We’d be nothing more than strangers bound by blood.’

Chloe fell asleep early, but she had been restless lately and even the slightest noise would

wake her. In the darkness, she heard footsteps outside that stopped near her door. Thinking it was a helper, she patiently waited for them to leave.

However, the person did not leave. Doubt started to creep into Chloe’s mind. Barefoot and swift, she tiptoed to the door and flung it open.

Xavia, who stood outside, jumped in surprise at the sudden movement. She patted her chest, scolding, “Are you a spirit? You make no noise while you walk!”

“And aren’t you skulking around like a mouse in the dead of night?” Chloe’s face remained

devoid of emotion.

“Why you...!” Xavia’s annoyance and embarrassment welled up. Her gaze shifted and landed on Chloe’s belly, causing her voice to escalate, “Why haven’t you had an abortion yet?!”

Chloe’s smile turned cold. “Disappointed, aren’t you? Even in this situation, Joseph still forgave me. Your hopes of marrying into the Whitmans are in vain.”

In truth, she had no idea why the operation was canceled, nor did she know if it would be rescheduled for another day. Saying those words was merely a means to provoke Xavia, whom

she could not stand.

“Don’t delude yourself. Joe despises promiscuous, fickle women like you,” Xavia retorted, quickly regaining her composure and refusing to let herself be affected. After being together for five years, she knew Joseph’s temperament and boundaries. Even if Joseph had feelings for Chloe, he still had his pride.

A glimmer of happiness graced Chloe’s delicate face as she gently caressed her growing belly.” Is that so? Then explain to me why it’s me who sleeps in the villa, not you.”

“While you’re confined to the villa, I have the freedom to come and go. Just stop struggling. Everything will soon be mine,” Xavia responded.

Due to her dedication to her violin practice, Xavia still possessed slender, fair arms with graceful contours despite being six months pregnant. Along with her rosy complexion, she appeared far healthier than Chloe, exuding an aura of effortless elegance that surpassed Chloe’s, making her seem more like the true lady of the house.

Chloe’s lips tightened into a line, and she was momentarily taken aback. The topic of being confined left her unable to feign happiness.

Xavia took a step forward, intending to enter and casually inspect the surroundings. However, the nanny downstairs interrupted, “Welcome home, Mr. Joseph.”

Hearing this, Xavia swiftly turned around and descended the stairs. Her tone was affectionate and filled with admiration as she asked, “Joe, are you hungry? I brought you some chicken

noodle soup.”

Joseph’s brows furrowed when he spotted her, forming small creases at the center of his forehead. “Why are you here again?”

“I heard Chloe was discharged and was worried about how she’d be feeling after the surgery, so I dropped by for a chat.” Xavia paused, her expression curious. “But turns out she hasn’t had the operation yet... Did something cause a delay?”

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**Score 9.5**

## Chapter 606 She's Cold Toward Him

Joseph furrowed slightly and replied in a nonchalant tone, "There was a little accident."

Xavia frowned and thought, 'A little accident? Was it an external factor or something personal?'

External factors should not affect the development of the situation, but things would be different if it were personal. Although she planned to switch her baby with Chloe's, she would rather that Chloe have a fallout with Joseph.

"There's nothing for you here. Leave. Stop coming here," Joseph said with an air of dismissal.

Xavia's face turned pale. She gripped her clothes and forced a smile on her face. "I was just worried about Ms. Chloe, but I'm happy to hear from her that you two have gotten back together."

Joseph paused in his tracks. Turning his head around, he gazed deeply at Xavia and asked, "Did Chloe really say that?"

"No... She said that..." Xavia stammered, then stopped. "Never mind, how it came about doesn't matter. Let's focus on the outcome."

"Speak," Joseph's voice was icy, laced with command.

"It's nothing really. Ms. Chloe simply said that you love her and that you'd still love her even if she were carrying someone else's child. She claims your feelings for each other are so deep that they wouldn't be affected by trivial matters...."

"Trivial matters? Hmph." Joseph's face sank as he squeezed out his words through clenched

teeth.

'Does she truly believe I'll forgive her? How dare she assume something like that of me!'

Xavia pointed upstairs. "Look, Joe. Ms. Chloe is coming down."

Joseph raised his head and spotted Chloe standing near the railing, her skirt swaying in the evening breeze. Her delicate form appeared as fragile as a piece of paper, and her eyes lacked their usual sparkle. She looked at him coldly and indifferently as if she were looking at a stranger.

The anger that had just flared up inside Joseph instantly dissipated, leaving behind an unexpected heaviness in his heart. It was as if he were the one who had made a mistake.

Xavia smiled as she looked at Chloe. "You're so lucky that Joe loves you so much, Ms. Chloe. I'm so envious of you."

Chloe ignored her. She averted her gaze, entered the room, and closed the door with a slam.

Xavia was taken aback. "Joe, she..."

"She's being unreasonable. Just ignore her," Joseph said in a frustrated tone, his mood sour.

He had already done her a great favor by respecting her decision and not pressuring her into getting an abortion, but it appeared that she did not value his act of kindness. Instead of being grateful, she showed her discontent toward him. Did she really think that he would dote on her like he used to do in the past?

"I should spend more time chatting with Ms. Chloe. As fellow pregnant women, we have many common topics. I offer her support. Otherwise, it's easy to develop depression during this difficult time," Xavia said, her voice thick with concern.

Joseph wanted to refuse but suddenly recalled what Otto had said earlier tonight. He fell silent for a moment, then said, "There's no need to come here. I need a companion for a conference tomorrow. I want you to come with me."

Xavia was stunned for a moment, then nodded in surprise and agreement. "Okay... But aren't you afraid that Ms. Chloe will be jealous?"

"There are no connections between us anymore-legally nor sentimentally," he replied.

Xavia was overwhelmed by a whirlwind of emotions after hearing those words. She felt a mix of dizziness, excitement, joy, and exhilaration. All her hardships and struggles had finally paid

off.

Was Joseph implying that he was giving up on that wretched woman?

Leaning softly against his shoulder, Xavia shyly asked, "Then, about us..."

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## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 607 What's This? Some Sort of Abortion Concoction?

A flicker of disgust crossed Joseph's handsome face in response to Xavia's actions, but he resisted the urge to push her away.

"We'll discuss this later," he said.

He believed that impatience would not lead to a good outcome, especially in critical moments when one must endure humiliation and carry burdens.

After Xavia left, Joseph sat in his chair in contemplation. When Xavia accompanied him to the event tomorrow, it would undoubtedly expose her to the public eye and divert the Sinclairs' attention toward her. Considering Cyrus's deranged personality, she would be put in an extremely dangerous position. He might even harm the child in her womb.

Joseph could not understand what had driven him to make such a decision just now. Subconsciously, he wanted to protect Chloe, just like when he learned about the risks of the abortion procedure yesterday. The thought of her losing her life on the operating table made his heart bleed. However, he could not bear to let her birth Icarus' child either. He just could

not do it.

He smirked, releasing a short, scornful laugh.

Since meeting Chloe, he had been slowly compromising his principles, making one concession after another. Now, he felt as though he was standing at the edge of a precipice with no retreat in sight. Propping his legs atop the

table, he leaned back in his chair as his mind became an entangled web of complex thoughts that night.

The next morning, a house helper brought Joseph breakfast as he prepared to head to the office. In a troubled tone, she said, "Sir, Ms. Chloe is eating very little and refusing to drink

her herbal medicine."

He frowned. "Bring the medicine to me."

"Yes, sir."

When Joseph entered the room, Chloe was reading a book. As if oblivious to her presence, she did not even raise her head. Being ignored made him feel greatly displeased. He snatched the book from her hands and threw it onto the ground.

"What's wrong with you?!" Chloe snapped.

"Drink," Joseph commanded, shoving the bowl of herbal medicine at Chloe's mouth. His actions lacked gentleness, causing it to hit her teeth.

"Am I going to get the same treatment as Em?" Chloe asked as she looked at him defiantly.

"Drink," Joseph repeated, not wanting to explain that that incident was unintentional. Not even Tyson had anticipated that Emily would be shoved to the ground in that manner.

Chloe's eyes fell upon the porcelain bowl and asked, "What's this? Some sort of abortion concoction?"

Joseph was stumped. "No."

"Then what is it?" Chloe clearly did not believe him, and her eyes filled with mockery and caution.

"Last chance. Will you drink it or not?" Joseph leaned in closer, bridging the gap between them. A commanding presence radiated from him, causing the air around them to grow cold and stagnant.

Chloe felt a shiver run down her spine as fear flickered through her eyes. Cowering in the corner, she protected her stomach with both hands. She was filled with panic over the unknown origin of the concoction.

Her health may not be great but the child in her womb was healthy. And at this moment, Joseph saw the baby inside her as dirty and repulsive. Under such circumstances, he must be intending to harm her child. Therefore, she would do whatever it took to refuse the medicine, even if it meant risking her life.

Seeing Chloe's resistance, his gaze grew cold as he stared at her.

Chloe felt a chilling sensation run down her spine. "What are you doing... Mmph! Stop!"

In the following moments, Joseph took a mouthful of the medicine and pressed his lips against Chloe's, forcefully administering the concoction into her mouth. The bitter liquid spread quickly, filling every inch of her mouth. She was engulfed by a fit of intense coughing and struggled to catch her breath. As she attempted to cough, he bit her lips hard, leaving a metallic taste in her mouth.

Joseph watched as she grimaced in pain and was satisfied with the outcome. He released her and calmly wiped the corners of his mouth with a tissue.

Chloe trembled in fear. As she cried, she coughed over and over, desperately trying to expel the medicine. Seeing her struggle, Joseph took her hands and held them firmly. There was a mix of anger and frustration in his voice as he shouted, "It isn't an abortion concoction! Don't throw it back up!"

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## **Score 9.5**

Chapter 608 You Think This Is a Blessing?

"I don't believe you! You want to kill my baby..." Chloe sobbed, tears streaming down her face. Her eyes were red and filled with helplessness as she continued to struggle.

Joseph had no other choice but to get the house helper to use some rope to restrain her to the

bed.

“Release her after three hours,” Joseph instructed the helper before he left. Three hours. should be enough time for the medicine to be absorbed.

“Yes, sir,” the helper replied obediently. 1

Chloe lost track of how long she had been crying. Her disheveled hair clung to her damp cheeks as she remained bound to the bed, the coarse ropes leaving red marks on her delicate skin. She stared blankly at the ceiling as her heart filled with despair. As time ticked by, the pain she expected did not come.

After three hours, the helper finally came to untie her. “Why do you have to make such trouble? Mr. Joseph is doing this for your own good. Every day, he asks if you have been eating properly. He cares about you. It’s a blessing,” she said earnestly.

Staring at the helper with her bloodshot eyes, Chloe replied, “He doesn’t trust me. He keeps me locked up, hurts me, bullies my friends, and ties me to the bed like I’m an animal. He has taken away all my rights as a human being, and you think this is a blessing?”

“Ahaha... Y-You’re really funny, Ms, Chloe,” the housekeeper stammered in response. She was a little afraid of Chloe, so she quickly untied the ropes and left.

Rubbing her wrists, Chloe descended the stairs, making her way to the landline phone on the first floor. The helper immediately tried to stop her. “Ms. Chloe, you aren’t allowed to use that.

“And what if I insist?” Chloe tilted her head, her gaze icy cold.

“Mr. Joseph will surely scold me.”

“Then I guess you’re going to get a scolding.”

The helper noticed Chloe reaching for the telephone and instinctively moved forward to snatch it away. However, Chloe summoned a sudden burst of strength and forcefully shoved the helper away. “Get out!” she screamed.

The helper was startled by Chloe's sudden outburst. But upon seeing the bodyguards standing outside, she thought that even if Chloe called for help, it would not make a difference since no one could enter. Reluctantly, she left and reported the situation to Joseph.

After being confined the first time following her attempt to break up with Joseph, Chloe became cautious and memorized Emily and Harold's numbers. She decided to call Emily first.

"Coco?! Are you okay?" Emily sounded relieved upon receiving her call, thinking she had regained her freedom.

Chloe replied bitterly, "No, he brought me back to the house."

"What? How? I spoke to Noah, and he said he'd help you."

Chloe's heart trembled, and Noah's handsome face appeared in her mind. "Noah agreed?"

"Yes, he did. Didn't he show up yesterday?"

"No... But the operation didn't happen yesterday..."

"That must be because of Noah's help. You were kept in the ward, so you didn't see what was happening," Emily said.

Chloe contemplated the possibility. Joseph's sudden change of heart must have been triggered by some external factor. However, escaping one danger only to encounter another was not a relief at all. She could not continue taking that mysterious concoction. Just because nothing happened today did not mean there would not be any issues in the future. It could be a long-term medication with slow-acting effects.

After ending the call with Emily, Chloe dialed Harold's number. Although Harold was no longer alive, Patrick was still around. He held a certain influence within the Whitmans, and she had no choice but to seek his help.

"Ms. Chloe? Why are you calling Mr. Harold's number?" Patrick answered, suspecting that Chloe might have learned something-

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

**Score 9.5**

