

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Chapter 631 Otto's Greatest Pride Was Being Cyrus' Child

Joseph lowered his gaze and noticed Chloe's reddened eyes. She resembled a small rabbit, her eyes glistened with tears, a few shimmering droplets clinging to her curly lashes. It was a sight that would soften any man's heart and ignite a strong desire to comfort her.

"Why are you crying?" He hurriedly wiped away her tears, a deep distress evident in his expression. He could not fathom what could have caused her to shed tears. He had not mistreated her. What could be the reason behind her sorrow?

"Don't touch me." Chloe slapped his hand away. She hastily wiped her tears and adamantly refused to acknowledge him.

Joseph sighed. His hand hung in the air for a moment before gently patting her back,

attempting to offer solace. Slowly, Chloe regained control of her emotions and the tears

ceased. She turned her gaze toward the window, feeling a wave of drowsiness wash over her. With heavy eyelids, she succumbed to sleep. Joseph remained by her side, eventually dozing off himself.

Before long, Vince called to report that Vanya refused to cooperate. Joseph got up and went outside to answer the call. "Gather a few men and bring Vanya to the docks. I'll join you shortly."

Vince hesitated. "Sir, are you really going to feed her to the fish? She's so skinny that there's hardly any flesh on her bones. Fish don't eat bones, you know?"

"You talk too much."

Vince replied, "Okay, sir. See you soon."

Joseph hung up and retrieved Otto's contact details. He composed a brief message and hit the send button. Then, he got into his car and headed to the docks.

As soon as Otto received the message, he immediately verified its authenticity with Cyrus. He remained stunned for a long while, finding it difficult to believe the words Cyrus had conveyed. On the way to the docks, he video-called Xavia and unleashed his frustration. "Why didn't you do anything to save Vanya?!"

Xavia appeared aggrieved and sulky, "I had no idea where they were keeping her, so how could I possibly save her? It's not easy when Joe is always watching our every move."

"You're useless shit! Why do I even expect anything from you?!" After trying to seduce Joseph for so long, the little progress she made ended up with her getting pregnant with someone else.

"If you're so capable, why don't you save her?"

"Vanya has been assisting you with various operations so that your identity is kept hidden.

You're the most suitable person to rescue her!" Otto exclaimed, his frustration mounting. "If we wait until I meet up with Joseph, he'll have the upper hand. How the fuck are we supposed to save her then?!"

Xavia frowned. "I did have a plan, but I didn't anticipate Joe to act so quickly. Find a way to stall him, and I'll quickly figure out where Vanya is being held."

"It's already too late."

"What do you mean by 'too late?'"

"Joseph 300 million in exchange for Vanya. My father would never agree to that kind of money!" Otto's anger and grief surged within him. "I'm only going there to collect Vanya's body!"

Although he claimed it was to collect her body, his true intention was to confirm with his own eyes that Vanya was genuinely dead and incapable of revealing Duskfall's secrets to Joseph.

Xavia stood there in stunned silence. “Are you just going to let Vanya die, Mr. Otto?”

“It’s not a matter of letting her die. She holds no further value and there’s no need to save her. “Three hundred million... That’s a sum that even Briarlake can’t earn in a year.”

A chill ran through Xavia as she processed Otto’s words. “Are you saying that if any of us loses our value, we could meet the same fate as Vanya?”

“Don’t compare me to you. Our positions are different.”

For over twenty years, Otto’s greatest pride was being Cyrus’ child. He firmly believed that his father would never treat him the same way he treated Vanya. No, that would never happen.

Otto and Joseph arrived almost simultaneously at Port Nazure.

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Score 9.5

Chapter 632 A Useless Person Holds Little Value in Duskfall

When Otto saw Vanya, he noticed her broken leg, pale complexion, and the multitude of injuries that marred her body. Her already slender frame appeared even more emaciated than usual, resembling a bag of bones.

Vanya’s eyes landed on Otto. A faint change flickered across her face, revealing a glimmer of hope. He unconsciously looked away, avoiding eye contact with her.

Vince fetched a chair and positioned it beside his employer. Joseph, donning a black overcoat, wore a cold and stern countenance. As always, he emanated an air of superiority.

Silence prevailed between the two parties.

Clad in a padded jacket, Vince resembled a formidable Tibetan Mastiff. His gaze fixed fiercely on Otto as he demanded, “Where’s the money?”

“My father says to consider Vanya a gift,” Otto retorted, “A worthless person holds little value in Duskfall.”

As the words fell, Vanya's head snapped up and her pupils dilated. In a voice hoarse from thirst, she shouted, "That's impossible! Cyrus would never treat me this way!"

Ignoring her outburst, Otto turned his gaze to Joseph and said, "Do it."

"I wonder if Cyrus will say these same words to you in the future." Joseph smirked, unsurprised by this outcome.

Otto reiterated, "No, he wouldn't. I'm his child, unlike Vanya."

"Ha! Who the hell are you to be called his son?"

"Are you going to play pretend or should I do it for you?"

Otto's annoyance grew, fueled by his guilt toward Vanya and his inability to comprehend Cyrus' heartless decision. He was well aware of his father's ruthlessness, but Vanya had spent ten long years in the Duskfall. Even with a dog, one would surely develop feelings after a whole

decade.

Leaning lazily back into his chair, Joseph raised an eyebrow and said arrogantly, "Vince."

"Aye!" Vince seized Vanya by the collar and hoisted her off the ground. Beneath them lay a vast expanse of frigid water. Even if she were not tied up, with a broken leg and this freezing weather, her chances of survival were slim to none.

Vanya fixed her gaze on Otto, still unable to fathom that Cyrus had forsaken her. She remained motionless, her expression stunned and vacant. It was as if her voice had been slashed, leaving her unable to utter a single word.

Joseph rose to his feet, nonchalantly smoothing out the creases on his attire. He turned to

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Otto and remarked, "Let's send her off, shall we?"

Otto turned his head, saying, "There's no need to waste time. I don't-"

But before he could finish his sentence, Joseph's icy command cut him off. "Release, Vince."

Vince nodded in acknowledgment. Without hesitation, he loosened his grip and Vanya plummeted downward with alarming speed. A resounding splash followed as she hit the water, causing a massive spray to shoot into the air.

Otto trembled involuntarily, and his limbs felt as heavy as elephants. He lacked the courage to even approach the edge of the pier. He had known Vanya for over ten years, training and growing together since childhood. He had envisioned a life of triumph and shared old age with her.

"G-Go..." Otto pointed at one of his subordinates, stuttering as if deprived of oxygen. After a few pauses, he managed to continue, "Go and take a look."

The subordinate swiftly walked to the edge of the pier and surveyed the surroundings. He returned to deliver his report. "I didn't see anyone on the sea surface. Looks like she sank."

A fierce spasm coursed through Otto's facial muscles, leaving his entire body numb. "Let's go."

Vince's gaze followed Otto's departing car, then he turned around and waved toward the sea. Immediately, a man emerged from the water, dragging an unconscious Vanya toward the

shore.

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Chapter 633 A Shocking Thought Courshed Through Her Mind

"Sir, will this woman really appreciate us for doing this?"

Joseph's gaze swept dismissively over Vanya, her disheveled appearance resembling a drowned rat. "We don't need her gratitude. We only have to ignite the hatred in her heart."

As an insider of Duskfall, Vanya possessed valuable knowledge that Joseph was determined to extract. He would not allow her to die without revealing the secrets she held, for her demise would be in vain otherwise.

Chloe had slept for an extended period of time. When she opened her eyes, it was already dark outside. She reached out and felt the empty space beside her. It was devoid of warmth, signaling that Joseph had departed long ago. She went downstairs to have her meal, but halfway through it, Patrick arrived.

“Heat up this lentil soup.”

“Fetch me the woolen sweater Mr. Harold left in the basement.

Patrick swiftly assigned tasks to the helpers, gesturing for them to hasten their efforts. They obediently set about their assigned duties without delay.

Chloe went into the kitchen and grabbed another set of bowls and cutlery. She turned to Patrick and expressed her gratitude, saying, “Thank you for the lentil soup. Sit down and have a meal with me.”

“I’m not here to eat. I came to discuss an important matter with you today.”

“Isn’t the purpose of your visit to deliver soup?” Chloe’s spoon trembled slightly, almost causing the soup to spill.

Patrick quickly scanned the surroundings to ensure the helpers were occupied before focusing his attention back on her. “A car will come to pick you up at noon tomorrow. Get in and I’ll take you to meet someone.”

Confusion clouded Chloe’s eyes. “Who am I meeting?”

“You’ll find out when you meet them,” Patrick replied with a hint of amusement in his tone. “It’s someone you’ve been longing to see.”

“Someone I’ve been longing to see...” Chloe muttered softly. “But the people I long to see are no longer in this world.” Her mother, Harold... The only two people who treated her kindly had left.

Patrick smiled again. He said reassuringly, “Once you get there, everything will become clear. I can’t divulge too much right now.”

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“But will Joseph allow me to go?”

“With me providing you cover, there’s no need to fear him.”

Chloe was stunned. Patrick did not have such authority unless someone was backing him up... A shocking thought coursed through her mind. It felt as if she had been struck by a jolt of electricity. She considered the possibility she had long dismissed. Could it be true? Was that person she longed to see still alive?

After a moment of contemplation, Chloe nodded excitedly. Her face lit up with a compliant smile, saying, "Okay, I'll be there tomorrow."

Inside a secluded villa, Xavia received the news of Vanya's death. A chilling sensation ran through her body. She let out a long sigh that was a mix of relief and apprehension. With Vanya gone, there was one less person who knew about the switching of the amniotic fluid. It would be best if everyone who knew died, ensuring Xavia's safety for the rest of her life.

However, Vanya's death had both advantages and disadvantages. The disadvantage was that Xavia would have to clean up messes on her own in the future. Being pregnant limited her ability to handle certain tasks, and she could not rely on Megan as the latter was dim-witted and slow. The key was that Megan was unaware of her secret.

Seated in front of her elegant dressing table, Xavia gently ran her hand over her smooth complexion. Despite her growing belly, her facial features remained largely unchanged. If anything, pregnancy seemed to have enhanced her natural beauty, giving her a radiant and rosy glow.

Finally, she retrieved a list of numbers from a blacklist and dialed a particular number." Eustace, can we meet? I miss you, and our unborn baby longs to be with you too."

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Chapter 634 These Small Favors Would Not Move Her Anymore

Eustace remained silent for what felt like an eternity, suspending Xavia in a state of unease. She cautiously called out to him once more, her voice filled with uncertainty, "Eustace, are you there?"

"What do you want?"

“I want to talk to you. Can we meet? Do you have time to meet up?” Xavia felt a glimmer of hope upon hearing his reply.

“Are you coming to kill me again?”

“No, you’ve misunderstood me... I just want a chance to explain everything properly. I was coerced into it...” Xavia pretended to choke up, inserting a hint of desperation and sorrow into

her voice.

“Are you being forced to climb into Joseph’s bed too?”

“Umm...” Xavia’s sobbing intensified as she struggled to find the right words. “Please. Let’s not discuss this over the phone. I’m begging you to hear me out in person. I’ll explain

—

everything the whole story and its cause and effect.”

“I’ll consider it.”

Xavia grew impatient. It used to be him who longed for her attention. He was her devoted follower. But now, the tables had turned, and he seemed like an unattainable figure. This exemplified the saying “Fortune is a fickle mistress, ever-changing with the tides of time.”

Yet, Xavia’s rationality reminded her that the future still stretched out before her. Impatience had the potential to unravel even the grandest of plans. At present, Eustace posed the greatest threat. If she were to back down now, all the efforts she had invested throughout her life

would be rendered futile.

“Okay, take

your time to think it over, but do call me back tonight...”

The Winter Solstice had come and gone, and a chill hung in the air. Snow had fallen throughout the night, covering the world outside with a pristine white blanket.

One early morning, Joseph accompanied Chloe to the mall to purchase a plethora of winter maternity clothes. The mall was a short distance from the outdoor parking lot, and by the sidewalk stood an ice cream truck. Chloe stopped before the stall, and Joseph instantly understood her thoughts.

“What flavor would you like? Chocolate or strawberry?”

“Chocolate.”

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“Give me two chocolates please.”

Chloe raised her gaze to meet his. “I can only eat one.”

“Put it in the freezer and have it in the afternoon.”

After living together for such a long time, Joseph had come to understand Chloe’s preferences, especially when it came to food. She had a tendency to stick to the same choices until she grew weary of them and ventured into new territory.

Chloe simply replied with an “oh” and fell silent. These small favors would not move her anymore. They were nothing significant compared to what he had done.

Joseph handed a large banknote to the vendor, instructing him, “Keep the change.”

The vendor recognized Joseph’s higher status as he received the money excitedly, showering him with well-wishes. “Thank you, sir. I wish you good fortune and the madam a healthy baby. May your family be happy and blissful.”

Chloe’s eyelid twitched and she instinctively looked to Joseph to observe his reaction. The man’s profile exuded gracefulness, and he remained unfazed. She breathed a sigh of relief, peeled off the wrapper sticking to the ice cream, and took a bite from the top. The sweetness filled her mouth, and the ice cream’s rich flavor tantalized her taste buds, causing her mouth

to water.

Joseph stopped walking and observed her intently. The petite woman was clad in a long, tangerine, down coat and a thick scarf that obscured half her face. Only her delicate, upright little nose and striking black-and-white eyes were visible. Perhaps due to the coldness of the ice cream, her small face wrinkled into a comical expression.

Joseph's eyes softened with affection as he chuckled. "If it's too cold for you, you don't have

to eat it."

Chloe paused, locked eyes with him, then took another bite of the ice cream. She swallowed it without any visible reaction as if it had no impact on her.

Joseph's smile became mischievous. "Since you're fine with it, finish it off before we get in the car. We wouldn't want it to drip all over the car."

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Chapter 635 Harold Eavesdropped Intently on Their Conversation

Chloe remained silent. She was unsure if Joseph had deliberately planned this and lacked any evidence to support her doubts. After finishing the whole ice cream, her teeth ached from the cold. Noticing her discomfort, Joseph thoughtfully handed her a thermos cup filled with warm water. She eagerly drank more than half of it, finding relief from the discomfort in her mouth.

After returning to the villa, Joseph lingered for a short while before hurrying off to the office.

Chloe did not go upstairs to take a nap. She sat on the sofa in the living room and waited anxiously. Patrick arrived just as the clock on the wall struck one. Her eyebrows went up as a visible expression of joy dawned on her face. "Patrick!"

He smiled warmly and waved in response. Chloe wasted no time and followed him out of the villa. As they entered the yard, the bodyguards made no attempt to intervene, allowing Chloe to calmly get into the car Patrick had arranged.

Patrick stood by the car and held the door open for her. "I won't be joining you. It's a crowded

place with too many prying eyes. When you arrive, head straight to Private Room No. 2."

Chloe nodded. "I understand."

The passing scenery outside flashed by as the car began to move. Chloe clenched her hands tightly, a mixture of happiness and nervousness coursing through her. She was mostly likely right-Harold was still alive.

Serenity and privacy permeated the air of The Whispering Willow, a secluded restaurant known for its exclusivity. Each private room had a small garden attached to it, making them independent oases. Although separated from their neighbors by mere walls, they were completely unaffected by one another.

Following last night's snowfall, the restaurant had arranged coffee tables accompanied by moka pots and stoves in the gardens. Customers could savor their coffee while taking in the beauty of the snow, basking in a delightful atmosphere.

Xavia stood on the snowy ground, attempting to grasp the arm of the man beside her. However, Eustace skillfully avoided her and sidestepped away.

"Don't touch me," he said icily, keeping his distance.

Xavia clenched her teeth. "I was forced into this. I don't have any feelings for Joe. Otherwise, I wouldn't try to please him while carrying your child. I just want you to be a part of this

relationship."

"Maybe it's Joseph that doesn't have any feelings for you." Eustace sneered, his anger tinged with resentment.

"How could he not like me? I was the only girlfriend he actively pursued. During the five years I was away, he did not have contact with any other women. If it weren't for the Whitmans pressuring him, Chloe would have never had a place in his life."

Xavia presented her case with reason and supporting evidence. As her emotions intensified, tears welled up in her eyes, adding to the persuasiveness of her argument.

Eustace skeptically furrowed his brows. "Is that true?"

"Of course, it's true! I love you. When you suddenly disappeared, I fell into depression. I thought of you every day. When you appeared by Noah's side, I was surprised. I was also afraid that you'd be put in harm's way when those around me discovered you weren't dead. That's why I urgently asked you to meet with me. You have to leave Noah and go abroad. Once everything settles down and it's safe again, you can come back for me. How does that sound?"

As Xavia spoke, she leaned into Eustace, and this time, he did not push her away. Unsure whether it was done intentionally, her shawl slipped off and revealed her bare shoulder. underneath her thin, black blouse. The snow-white roundness was partially covered, exuding allure.

Xavia hooked her arms around Eustace's neck, her eyes seductive. "What about you? Did you miss me?"

Eustace's Adam's apple bobbed as he shifted his gaze away. "Don't be like this. You're pregnant right now."

"It's okay. We'll be careful."

Of course, Eustace held back in the end. He picked up the fallen shawl and gently draped it over Xavia's shoulders. "I came to see you for the sake of our child. It doesn't mean I forgive you. I have other matters to attend to. Let's end this here for today."

With those words, he turned and walked away. Eustace was unaware that the door to the neighboring room was partially open, revealing an old man standing in the private garden of

Room No.2.

Just a single wall away, Harold eavesdropped intently on their conversation. His aged face contorted with anger the more he listened.

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Chapter 636 She Felt Oddly Familiar

After Eustace left, Xavia stood in the courtyard and shivered from the cold. Refusing to let him have his way, she tightened her collar and followed after him.

Harold was standing inside the room next door when Xavia passed by. She caught a glimpse of him and felt a sense of familiarity. Curiosity got the better of her and she halted her steps. She gently pushed the door open to take a closer look, but before she could see clearly, Harold raised his cane and swung it toward her.

Xavia narrowly dodged the hit, but her movements were restricted due to her pregnancy and she got hit on the arm. She let out a sharp scream of pain and was left stunned when she fixed her gaze on Harold.

'What?! How was this decrepit thing still alive?!

"That child in your womb isn't Joseph's! How dare you deceive all of us, you vile witch!"

He had sensed that something was amiss long ago but had not managed to find any evidence. However, everything was now crystal clear. Xavia had actively sowed discord between Joseph and Chloe, inserting herself between them and wreaking havoc in their lives. But she had not stopped there. She deceitfully claimed to be carrying Joseph's child, inflicting even more injustice upon Chloe.

In the end, it was all just a scam.

"That's not true, Grandpa. I am carrying Joe's child. You must have heard it all wrong since you're old," Xavia said, attempting to deceive her way out. She glued her eyes on Harold, while also subtly surveying her surroundings for any surveillance devices. "Didn't you pass away a while ago?"

"What does that have to do with you?" Harold's face turned stern, his voice seething with anger. "And don't call me Grandpa. You're not my

granddaughter. You have no ties to the Whitmans. You've committed an immoral act, and you should prepare to face the consequences."

Refusing to say another word to her, Harold turned to head back to his room to call Joseph and reveal the truth. Behind him, a malicious intent crossed Xavia's mind. She looked toward a nearby flower vase before lowering her head to study her gloved hand, her gaze growing increasingly dark.

A loud noise echoed throughout the room as the vase shattered, its shards now splattered with blood.

Harold trembled and his phone slipped from his hand, dropping to the ground as blood began to trickle down his forehead. He stiffly turned around, locking eyes with Xavia.

"If you want to blame someone, blame yourself for meddling in my affairs and crossing paths with me here today."

Harold felt dizzy, his lips parted in disbelief as he pointed at her, unable to fathom her heartlessness and deranged behavior. But before he could utter a word, he collapsed to the floor.

Xavia showed no signs of panic. Knowing that the probability of Harold's survival was minimal, she quickly fled the scene. Given his age, a fall like that could easily be fatal, and considering his already frail health, being struck on the back of his head would likely be the end of him.

Having committed the act without any fear, Xavia felt exhilarated and excited. She had

discovered Harold's big secret of faking his death and was eager to report it to Cyrus so that they could transform his staged demise into an actual one.

As Chloe arrived at her destination, she stood before Private Room No.2 and raised her hand to knock on the door.

There was no response from inside.

She knocked again, "Is anyone there?"

Still no answer.

Was she here too early?

Chloe hesitated for a few seconds before gently pushing open the door. The strong smell of blood instantly assaulted her, and she was met with a pool of crimson on the floor. Her gaze followed the trail upward, where she found Harold lying unconscious on the floor. Her mind went blank, and she reached out with trembling hands to check his breath. Though weak, she was relieved to find that he was still breathing.

She had fallen asleep on her way here, and being her first time in this area of concealed, winding paths, she was worried that she would not be able to accurately convey her location to emergency services and potentially hinder the rescue efforts. Immediately, she got up and decided to seek assistance from the staff to confirm the exact position.

As Chloe rushed out of the room, she collided with a woman coming her way. She felt like she had caught a lifeline and quickly took out her phone to dial emergency services. Meanwhile, she asked, "Excuse me, is this the commercial district in the northern region?"

Upon seeing Chloe, the woman smiled. Chloe stared at the woman and her brows slowly knitted together. Even though she had never met this woman before, for some reason, she found the woman's face oddly familiar as if she had seen it a thousand times.

"Yes, this is the commercial district in the northern region. What's the matter?" the woman asked.

Chloe's mind was preoccupied with worry for Harold, so she momentarily set aside her

puzzlement about the woman and urgently dialed emergency services. "Hello, my grandfather is injured and I need an ambulance."

The woman froze for a moment. She took a few steps forward, and upon seeing the scene inside the private room, she screamed in fright.

"What happened, baby?"

When Nathan heard Amelia's cry, he rushed out from the adjacent private room to check on her. Amelia pointed anxiously at Private Room No.2, then shifted her gaze toward Chloe. Nathan was surprised to encounter Chloe here but first went to check on Room No. 2. The scene that greeted him left him horrified.

"What's going on, Chloe? How is Mr. Harold..."

After calling emergency services, Chloe replied, "He was already like this when I came in."

Nathan's brows furrowed deeply, and he did not say anything more. Instead, he immediately contacted Joseph. When the ambulance arrived, he went with them as they rushed Harold to the emergency room, where Joseph arrived at the same time.

Chapter 637 She Resembles the Late Serenity

Chloe anxiously recounted the events to Joseph. "I asked the staff, and they said there are no surveillance cameras inside to protect their customer's privacy. Hurry up and call the police. I'll stay with Grandpa."

Joseph's expression was grim as he said, "I already called the police. They went to the restaurant to secure the crime scene and gather evidence. Did suspiciously?"

"No..." Chloe replied.

you notice

anyone acting

"Why didn't you tell me that you were meeting him?" Joseph asked.

"I was worried that you wouldn't agree. Besides, you didn't tell me that he's still alive."

Joseph glanced at Amelia and pulled Chloe aside. Staring at her, he said in a serious tone, "I just don't want you to get into a dangerous situation. That's why I didn't tell you about it."

He did not want her to get entangled in the same situation as he was, where dangers lurked around every corner.

Chloe smirked. "You just don't trust me, do you?"

Joseph was stumped. He now understood why people always said that trust was like a piece of paper—once crumpled, it could never be restored to its original state.

The police arrived quickly, and everyone present gave their statements. Soon, it was Amelia's

turn.

"What did you see at the scene? Was the door to the private room closed or open?" the officer asked.

Amelia hesitated for a moment, "The door was half-closed, and I saw..."

"What did

you see?"

"I'm too scared to say..."

"It's okay, just tell us what you saw. We'll protect you.

With trembling lips, Amelia nervously said, "I saw Chloe inside the private room, wiping down the shards of the broken vase..."

The officers exchanged glances with their colleagues nearby before asking again, "Are you sure you aren't mistaking someone else for her?"

To most people, preserving the crime scene and keeping any potential evidence was crucial as it could help identify the culprit. Wiping the vase to destroy evidence was indeed suspicious.

"I'm certain. Also, Chloe stayed inside the room for about five minutes before coming out to seek help."

"How do you know she was there for that long?"

“I went to use the restroom, and she was already in there when I passed by the room. The door was half-closed, and I heard sounds of arguing coming from inside. When I came back from the restroom, she was just coming out. That puts it around approximately five minutes in total.

”

“All right, thank you for your cooperation.”

Since the vase was clearly the weapon, the results came back in less than an hour. However, the report indicated that besides bloodstains, there were no fingerprints found on the vase. As

of

now, the police considered Chloe a suspect and informed Joseph of this development, but he found their finding nonsense.

“Chloe has a good relationship with my grandfather. She would never do such a thing. Have you sealed off the crime scene and investigated other customers?” Joseph furrowed his eyebrows, dissatisfied with this outcome.

The officers sighed. “Mr. Joseph, many A-list celebrities visit The Whispering Willow for dining and recreation. They take great measures to conceal their identities, making it nearly impossible to distinguish one from another. On top of that, the restaurant doesn’t have a surveillance system. It’s quite challenging to get everyone to cooperate with the investigation, so there’s no way we will be able to conclude the investigation today.”

“So what do you suggest then?”

“We need Ms. Chloe to come with us to the station for questioning.”

“Not going to happen. She’s pregnant and physically vulnerable. She can’t handle such stress,

Joseph coldly refused, leaving no room for negotiation.

The officers could only nod in resignation and said nothing further.

The clock on the wall struck four. It had been two hours since Harold was rushed into the emergency room. When Joseph returned, Chloe asked, “How’s the investigation going? What did the police say?”

Joseph patted her shoulder, but his sharp gaze was fixed on Amelia with a curious glint. Amelia had a typical oval face adorned with delicate features, exuding the charm of traditional beauty. Though not considered a stunning beauty, her appearance had a certain allure that made people naturally want to protect her.

He sighed as he noticed the striking resemblance between Amelia and the late Serenity. Aside from the different sparkles in their eyes, the two bore a striking resemblance in their

appearance.

“Who’s this?” Joseph asked.

Nathan’s usual carefree expression vanished as he introduced in all seriousness, “Guys, this is my girlfriend, Amelia Madison. I plan to marry her.”

Amelia smiled gently, “Hello, Mr. Joseph. Nathan often talks about you.”

“Nice to meet you,” Joseph replied before bringing the conversation back on track. His eyes, beneath his neat short hair, appeared deep and inscrutable as he continued, “The police mentioned that you witnessed an argument between Chloe and my grandfather inside the private room.”

Chloe frowned as soon as she heard this statement. She took a few steps forward and

confronted Amelia, “When did you see me arguing with Grandpa? When I got there, he was already unconscious.”

Frightened, Amelia retreated to Nathan’s side and hesitantly said, “Yes... I saw it. I saw you wiping the vase shards on the floor.”

Chloe was stunned. She found it hard to believe that a stranger would falsely accuse her.

Nathan could not believe it either and asked, “Are you sure you didn’t mistake her for someone else...?”

Chapter 638 Why Don’t You Just Die, Chloe?

Nathan could not believe it either and asked, “Are you sure you didn’t mistake her for someone else...?”

After all, Chloe was not that kind of person. But on the flip side, Amelia had no reason to lie.

Amelia looked at Nathan in disbelief and said, "You don't trust me?"

"It's not that. How could I not trust you? I just thought you might've been working too hard lately and your eyes might have played tricks on you."

"Providing false testimony is against the law," Joseph stated, his gaze cool and his voice firm.

Knowing that Nathan supported her, Amelia refused to back down and responded with equal determination, "Mr. Joseph, your grandfather is your family while Ms. Chloe is your ex-wife. I understand that it isn't easy for you to handle such a situation emotionally, but I spoke up because of the years of friendship between you and Nathan. I revealed everything I knew to help. Please don't take offense. I'll swear on my life that everything I said is true.

As Chloe listened, her anger turned into amusement. She often encountered people who liked to spread rumors and had always restrained herself from giving them a good slap. After all, she could not be bothered with barking dogs. However, one thing puzzled her-were she and Amelia truly meeting for the first time? Was it normal for someone to make such wild accusations about a complete stranger?

Nathan was taken aback by Amelia's claims. He pulled her closer and whispered, "All right, you've said enough."

"But I'm doing this for Mr. Joseph's sake," she replied, looking aggrieved.

"There's no need for that. I can make my own judgments," Joseph replied calmly, his enigmatic face showing no signs of anger or impatience. However, everyone could sense that he was defending Chloe.

As her heart trembled slightly, Chloe instinctively looked toward him.

Amelia clenched her fists, and a flash of jealousy crossed her face.

Sensing that the situation might get even more complicated if they stayed, Nathan turned to Joseph and said, "I'm going to take Amelia home. Call me anytime if you need anything."

Joseph nodded before shifting his gaze toward the emergency room and waiting anxiously. He had guessed that Harold had invited Chloe to meet to act as a mediator between them. Choosing to meet in the northern part of the city had been a calculated move as the private restaurant there provided strong secrecy.

But as the saying went, “Man proposes, God disposes.” Life was full of uncertainties, and that secrecy had now become a double-edged sword that served to cut them.

At seven in the evening, the doctor finally emerged from the emergency room. Chloe rushed forward, anxiously inquiring about Harold’s condition. Even though Joseph maintained his composure, he had a serious expression on his face as he stood up from the long bench, his gaze fixed on the doctor.

“I’m sorry, but we did our best. Mr. Harold’s injuries are severe. There is a possibility he might wake up after tonight, but there’s also a high risk of him entering a comatose state,” the

doctor reported.

Chloe’s heart sank and her breath hitched. “If he doesn’t wake up tonight, you mean he won’t wake up at all? Or…”

“If he doesn’t wake up, you should prepare for the worst.”

Chloe’s shoulders trembled as she covered her face and cried in agony. If she had arrived a few minutes earlier, she might have been able to prevent the tragedy from happening. Yet, she was

too late.

Joseph’s eyes turned bloodshot as a sense of powerlessness engulfed him. He had meticulously planned for Harold to fake his death, hoping it would grant him a life free of the Sinclairs’ threats. But now faced with grim reality, he questioned the purpose of all his efforts.

Deceiving the Sinclairs had been a triumph, but it had not altered the course of fate. The unfortunate outcome was that Harold ended up in a vegetative state, something he had always detested. The old man refused to become bedridden and entirely dependent on others. For him, such an existence was

not living, but merely an existence without dignity. He felt that his old comrades would surely mock him.

“This is all your fault! You’re a curse! You turned our once peaceful family into this mess! Why don’t you just die already?!” Jonathan and Octavia arrived after receiving the news and jointly berated Chloe.

In their eyes, ever since Chloe married Joseph, misfortune had followed them like a dark cloud. They saw her as the cause of all their troubles and unleashed their anger and frustration upon

her.

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5

Chapter 639 She Could Not Depend on Anyone

Chloe had no energy to deal with Jonathan and Octavia. She wiped away the tears from her face and quietly entered the hospital ward, sitting quietly by Harold’s side.

Octavia became even angrier when Chloe ignored her. She grabbed Chloe by the collar and shook her forcefully. “Why are you pretending not to hear me when I’m talking to you?!”

“Don’t think you can avoid responsibility by ignoring us. We’ve heard what the police said. You attempted to kill Dad, and we’re here today to make you turn yourself in,” Jonathan chimed in, his tone full of disgust and hatred.

Both of them were convinced that Chloe was the culprit behind what happened to Harold. After all, even the police considered her the prime suspect. They simply could not fathom why Joseph continued to protect her. It was as if he was blinded by something, making him unable to see who his real family was.

“That’s enough!” Joseph roared, his gaze sharp as a knife. “If you want to argue, do it outside. Don’t cause trouble here.”

“But Joe, we’re not causing any trouble. We just want Chloe to face the consequences of her actions,” Jonathan said.

“I know what I’m doing. You should stay out of this.”

“If you know what you’re doing, then why don’t you hand her over to the police?”

“The police don’t have enough evidence. They can only detain her for 24 hours at most. I’d rather keep her here and conduct my own investigation,” Joseph said, looking at his cousin with a cold gaze.

As Chloe glanced at Joseph, a sense of confusion overwhelmed her. He had shown trust in her in front of Nathan, but he was now saying such words in front of Jonathan. She could not tell which side represented the truth and which side was the lie. Yet, considering their situation, the truth did not matter anymore.

Jonathan was taken aback,

Want to conduct a private investigation? Are you s

“Are you questioning me?” Joseph asked, his tone grim.

Jonathan felt a chill down his spine. He shook his head frantically and gulped. “No, no. I believe in you, Joe.”

“We’re just worried about Dad’s safety and don’t want the culprit to escape. Why are you scaring Jon like this... We have yet to ask you about why you concealed from us that Dad is still alive...” Octavia grumbled indignantly.

“Do you think I can’t see through your schemes?”

“We’re just worried about Grandpa!”

“Hah, you’re just worried that if Grandpa dies, you won’t be able to plead with him to get Preston out of prison, right?”

Octavia had not expected Joseph to see through her intention. She retorted, “You can’t blame me. Every family needs a man to lead them, after all.”

“Even if he’s a cheater?”

“Why you...!” Octavia was so enraged that she choked. In an instant, tears mixed with snot streamed down her face as she lost all sense of composure. “What am I supposed to do? Ever since I got married, I stopped going to work.

No company out there wants to hire a middle- aged woman like me. Besides, you guys share the same family name while I'm just an outsider at best. Without Preston, all of you would just ignore me!"

"Mom, please stop crying. We can't make a scene in the hospital." Jonathan looked at her with disdain in his eyes.

Octavia's mouth hung open, unable to let out the wailing sorrow that got lodged in her throat.

"Preston was the one who had an affair. He's the one who made a mistake. As long as you behave yourself, you won't have to worry about your livelihood," Joseph continued.

Octavia wiped away her tears and whispered, "I just want to start my own business..."

As a member of the Whitman family, Octavia had once relished afternoon teas and beauty treatments with other wives from prestigious families. But ever since Preston was removed from the Whitman Group's board of directors, her former friends had turned their backs on her, sneering and ridiculing her in secret.

As for her son, he seemed to think that his father had made a small mistake that any man in the world would make. It was not worth blowing the matter out of proportion and causing Harold to lose all hope in Preston.

Octavia realized that she could not rely on anyone. She had to depend on herself. Her husband, her son, and even Xavia... None of them could be counted on.

Jojo and Coco's Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5

Chapter 640 Harold Falls Into a Coma

Joseph stood up to pour a glass of water while keeping his back to Octavia. "If you want to start a business, go ahead and do it," he said calmly.

Harold had instructed him to help Octavia wherever possible if it did not affect his own interests. Regardless of her personality, it was a fact that Preston had cheated on her.

“Why are you” Octavia started to ask.

“When you’ve achieved something in your business, I will consider helping you if you encounter any difficulties,” he replied.

Octavia fell silent, and her tears stopped flowing. As she gazed at the impassive Joseph, memories of his childhood resurfaced. She remembered how unkind she had been to him when he was younger. He had always been stoic, cold, and unfriendly to everyone, making him quite unlikeable. In the past, she had tried to undermine Joseph multiple times to ensure that Harold would focus on nurturing Jonathan. Even now, she held the belief that Harold favored Joseph more than her son.

But despite her initial denial, she could not ignore the fact that Joseph’s achievements had far outshined her son’s throughout the years. This realization made her question if she had been on the wrong side all along.

Octavia’s behavior changed, and she transformed into a different person. After deeply reflecting on the past twenty years of her life, she finally came to a profound realization. Meanwhile, Jonathan could not get Chloe to be sent to the station and left dejectedly. As he walked away, he blamed his mother for everything.

Silence fell over the ward.

Joseph took Chloe’s hand and said softly, “The Sinclairs have had their eyes on Jon for a long time. The things I said earlier weren’t true. I believe that you’d never do such a thing to Grandpa.”

Joseph had learned his mistake from what happened with Preston.

Chloe lowered her gaze, her voice soft as she replied, “It’s okay.” After all, she did not care

anymore.

“How about I get the driver to take you home while I stay here with Grandpa?” Joseph suggested.

“No thanks, I don’t want to go home,” Chloe replied. She knew that if she went home, she would not be able to fall asleep as Harold’s life hung in the balance.

As Joseph looked at her pure, makeup-free face, the peach fuzz on her skin visible, his eyes softened with tenderness. “I’ll ask the nurses to prepare the neighboring room for you. If you

feel tired, you can rest there.”

“Okay.”

Time passed minute after minute. Late into the night, the doctor came to check on Harold multiple times, but there were no signs of him waking up. Joseph and Chloe became increasingly worried.

At 6 in the early hours of the winter morning, the long nights and short days added to the somber atmosphere. The darkness outside cast an oppressive gloom over everything. Chloe could not stop pacing back and forth outside the ward, trying to release her pent-up anxiety and restlessness.

The doctor remained vigilant, keeping an eye on the monitoring data. He came after attending a morning meeting. Deciphering the readings on the medical equipment, the doctor’s previously furrowed brow eased slightly, “Mr. Harold is stable for the time being.”

Chloe’s eyes brightened and welled up with tears of gratitude, “Really? Thank you so much, doctor”

“But there isn’t much hope of him regaining consciousness in the short term,” the doctor said.

Joseph’s brow furrowed, “Are you saying he has fallen into a coma?”

“Yes.”

“What are the chances of him recovering?”

“It’s hard to say. Given his age, his organs and physical condition can’t be compared to that of a young person. The fact that he has survived this far is already a miracle.”

“Doctor, is there anything we can do to help his condition?” Chloe asked proactively, refusing to give up.

“You can hire a few caregivers to assist with the daily tasks that need taking care of. And talk to him as much as you can. Although he’s in a coma, he might still be able to hear sounds from the outside world.”

Jojo and Coco’s Unexpected Love By Aurora Summers

Score 9.5

