

Snatched a Billionaire to be My Husband (Cora Lane)

Season 1 Episode 11

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His Comfort

Sally teased, "From Mr. Pope? He wants to see you, right?"

'Not entirely right, but more or less,' Cora thought.

"Go! With that hot body of yours, it's impossible for a man not to be crazy about you. I'll go have

some fun myself," Sally

said before swiftly departing without looking back.

Cora was about to call Sally back when she saw that man walking towards her. He wore a simple

black shirt and trousers,

yet his presence demanded attention. In the dim light of the street, Cora couldn't discern his

expression clearly, but she

could see him handing her a car key.

"You haven't left yet?" Cora asked, sensing a faint smell of alcohol as he approached. It was not

heavy, and kind of

smelled good.

"I can't leave if you don't drive for me," the man answered.

'Why do I have to drive for you?' Cora complained in her heart, 'You could call a taxi, use a driver

from home, or just hire

someone.'

But eventually, Cora reluctantly took the car key and found herself once again gripping the steering

wheel of the

Koenigsegg Agera.

As an improvement from last night, she refrained from mistaking the accelerator for the brake and avoided causing any traffic incidents.

Yet her cautious driving speed resembled that of a snail.

“If you keep driving at this pace, it’d be dawn by the time we arrive.” Byron frowned, a meaningful glint shone in his eyes.

Enter title...

Cora smiled awkwardly, but she didn’t dare to increase her speed, fearing that she might end up damaging a car worth more than her life.

Suddenly, Byron commanded, “Stop the car.”

Relieved, Cora stepped on the brake, but noticed that they had arrived near her apartment.

She couldn’t help but feel tricked, yet Byron didn’t even spare her a glance.

He opened the door and left. Cora had no choice but to lock the car and follow him.

“Mr. Hansen, your car key...” She tried to remind him, but Byron continued walking without acknowledging her. Soon, they arrived at her apartment door.

Just as before, Cora couldn’t withstand Byron’s stare and opened the door to let him in. As soon as they entered, Byron lifted her up in his arms.

Cora panicked momentarily but quickly wrapped her arms around Byron’s neck, adopting a playful smile. “Mr. Hansen, you sent me off with a long-term wine contract last night. What benefits are you going to offer me tonight?”

Cora’s words were laced with mockery, aimed at both herself and Byron for trampling on her self-esteem. Byron gazed down at the woman in his arms, observing her fake smile, which caused him to frown.

“What do you want? Just tell me.”

Cora hadn't anticipated such a serious response, leaving her momentarily at a loss for words. Also to her surprise, Byron didn't make any intimate advances after gently placing her on the bed.

Instead, he knelt down
in front of her and rolled up her trouser leg.

With a can of ointment in his hand, Byron started to apply it to her swollen ankle.

“Don't move!”

Byron's serious expression as he tended to her ankle broke through Cora's defenses once again.

Tears welled up
uncontrollably, breaking through the layers of barriers and streaming down her face.

“Does it hurt?” Byron asked.

Cora couldn't be certain, but she thought she detected a hint of tenderness and pity in these three words.

“No,” she replied. In fact, she had almost forgotten the pain after the incident with the waiters.

Yet, for some reason, as Byron applied the ointment, emotions overwhelmed her. Perhaps it had been a long time since Cora had experienced the feeling of being loved and cared for.

‘Ever since misfortunes befell my family one after another, everyone has avoided me. Even when I got hurt, no one cared,’

Cora thought. ‘But now, Byron cares about me.’

“It's alright. The ointment is effective. You'll be fine soon,” Byron assured her. Sensing her distress, he gently patted her

back and spoke in a soothing tone.

However, his comforting words only caused Cora to cry even more.

Byron embraced Cora tenderly.

“Everything will be alright,” he murmured before lowering his head to kiss her.

