

Snatched 181

Chapter 181 Come and Hug Me

Tyler looked up in astonishment and saw Byron standing in front of them.

"Byron?"

Maybe due to Byron's towering height, Tyler felt a sense of intimidation when looking at him, as if he could sense the overwhelming power exuding from Byron.

After a while, he seemed to regain his voice and said, "How did you know which floor Cora lives on?"

Although Tyler had speculated before that there might be some kind of connection between the two of them during their time at the hot spring resort, he hadn't thought much about it.

It was because Tyler felt that Cora was Eason's former fiancée, and no matter how absurd Byron was, he couldn't be involved with her.

But now, in the middle of the night, Byron appeared outside Cora's apartment building, his face dark as he scrutinized them. This forced Tyler to confront his previous speculation.

"You should ask her that question, not me."

Byron's voice was colder than a blizzard.

What surprised Tyler even more was that Byron actually pulled Cora into his arms.

Although Byron knew his action would reignite a certain suspicion in Tyler's heart, he still tried to bring

Cora back into his own embrace.

"Byron, Cora is drunk. I'll take her upstairs. You don't have to bother."

As Byron pulled her toward himself, Cora suddenly looked up at him and said, "Why are you standing

there like a statue? Come here and hug me!"

The commanding tone of her voice left both Byron and Tyler astonished.

But Tyler quickly regained his senses and hurriedly tried to stop Cora from doing something absurd.

"Cora, you're drunk. That's Byron, don't say nonsense..."

Byron was a man who commanded others as if he were a god in the entire New York. It was always

him giving orders, and Tyler couldn't imagine someone else directing him to do something.

In Tyler's subconscious, Byron clearly stood above everyone else. Even if there was something

between him and Cora, he would never allow anyone to challenge his authority.

However, to Tyler's surprise, before he could stop Cora, Byron actually stepped forward and lifted her

into his arms.

"I thought you wanted him to come up and sit for a while."

Byron whispered in Cora's ear before glancing meaningfully at Tyler.

Tyler felt his body freeze.

He wished Cora would deny Byron at that moment or at least say that she had mistaken him for someone else.

But no, Cora just nestled in Byron's embrace and even took the initiative to wrap her arms around his neck, resting her face against his chest, murmuring, "I feel dizzy. I won't cause any more trouble."

That almost coquettish tone was practically an indirect admission of her close relationship with Byron.

At that moment, Tyler suddenly understood why Byron had been so hostile towards him at Gideon's birthday banquet, as well as why Byron's attitude had become so unpredictable during the trial operation of the hot spring resort.

"Byron..."

Seeing that Byron was about to leave with Cora in his arms, Tyler couldn't help but make a sound.

Byron paused his steps, turned around, and took a glance at Tyler.

"Are you serious about Cora? Or do you just see her as a plaything for your amusement?"

Tyler's voice was hoarse, filled with both reluctances. It was clear that he struggled to alter the outcome.

"Whether I'm serious or treating her as a plaything, what it has to do with you? On what grounds do you have the right to question me?"

Byron looked at Tyler coldly. He was shrouded in a chilling aura.

Chapter 182 Refuse to Accommodate Him

"I may not have the right to interfere, but Byron, Cora is a person, not a mere plaything. Since you know there's no future for you and her, why do you hurt her?"

Byron didn't respond instantly this time. Instead, he cast a glance at the woman in his arms.

She appeared to be asleep, her eyes tightly closed.

Gazing at her sleeping face for a moment, Byron finally spoke lightly, "She initiated things with me, and

she doesn't care about the future. Then why are you getting involved?"

With those words, he carried Cora and strode toward the elevator.

Tyler stood there, looking shocked, as if struck by lightning.

He had assumed that Cora was coerced into this dangerous relationship with Byron or that she had no choice but to be with him out of desperation. But he had never imagined that Cora had deliberately provoked him.

Did Byron hold a different place in Cora's heart?

What about him?

What did he mean to Cora?

Tyler couldn't find the answer and decided to drown his sorrows alone in a bar.

Both men believed that only they knew about their conversation.

However, as Byron carried Cora away, her eyelashes trembled slightly...

The aftermath of a hangover was terrible. As Cora woke up, she felt her stomach burning, and everything seemed unpleasant.

Even when Byron accidentally brushed against her arm, she reacted like an irritable cat.

"Don't touch me!"

"Your bed is so small. It's inevitable to touch you."

Byron was also in a bad mood in the early morning.

"Don't you have a fiancée? According to the news, you're planning to get married and selecting jewelry for the wedding. Pack up your things and go sleep with your fiancée on her huge bed."

Thinking about the news she had seen yesterday, then Cora grabbed a pillow and threw it at him.

Enough of her temper, Byron immediately rolled over to press her under him, intending to torment her.

However, Cora refused to yield.

She struggled when Byron tried to kiss her and even bit him.

It was not a light nibble but a fierce bite that tore a piece from his mouth, leaving both of them tasting blood.

Despite that, it only seemed to spur Byron on further...

When it was all over, Cora felt discomfort throughout her body.

She turned over, facing away from him.

But Byron embraced her from behind, gently nuzzling her ear. "Still angry?"

"No. You got what you wanted, so go pack your things. I won't accommodate someone else's fiancé,"

Cora said in a tired tone, refusing to look at him.

Byron did get up and made rustling sounds as if he was packing his clothes.

Cora assumed he was genuinely planning to cut ties with her and return to his fiancée.

Although it was her idea to break up, and he was only doing what she wanted, her heart felt torn apart somehow.

She didn't even have the courage to turn around and confirm if he was really packing because tears welled up in her eyes.

But after a while of rustling, the bed behind her dipped down again.

Cora tried not to move, not wanting to show her vulnerability.

At this moment, a cold object appeared around her neck.

Lowering her head in astonishment, Cora discovered it was a ruby necklace...

Chapter 183 For Her

"A breakup gift?" Clutching the necklace on her neck, Cora held back her tears and half-jokingly asked.

"Humph."

Byron ignored her almost-provoking words and took out matching earrings and a bracelet from another velvet box, proceeding to dress her with meticulous care.

Cora couldn't quite figure out what the man was up to with all the jewelry, so she could only watch silently.

While examining the bracelet on her wrist, she couldn't help but ask, "Are the bracelet and that anklet made from the same ruby?"

"Yes, and they are designed by the same designer."

Finishing adorning her with the jewelry, Byron adjusted her long hair and appraised her. "Tsk, you look stunning with these."

Unsure if he was just flirting, Cora felt her cheeks involuntarily flush.

She wanted to remove the earrings, saying, "Give these to your fiancée. I don't want them."

However, Byron caught her hand. "Rubies don't fit her. These won't look good on her."

Just as Cora was about to refute, he said, "This jewelry set is unique, created by Mrs. Sheldon.

Yesterday, I went to the West Coast International Jewelry Show just to complete this set for you."

Cora froze for a moment.

He seemed to be indirectly explaining that the media's report was inaccurate. He hadn't attended the jewelry show with Jane to select wedding jewelry but to get her a gift.

After some internal struggle, Cora said, "Thank you."

"Rather than your appreciation, I hope you wear them."

The red gemstones perfectly accentuated her beauty.

Moreover, he wanted to leave his exclusive mark on her through these items.

"I work at the hospital. It's inconvenient to wear these."

Women loved jewelry, but she often had to wear gloves and other protective gear at the hospital, which the accessories could easily damage.

But Byron said, "What about the anklet? It won't affect your work."

Thus, from this day onwards, the anklet was always around Cora's ankle.

Near Christmas, most people started their holidays.

As a result, the emergency room was unusually crowded these days.

Some people suffered from acute gastroenteritis due to holiday indulgence, while others got involved in fights after drinking or car accidents during outings...

In short, Cora and other medical staff in the emergency room were incredibly busy.

Just as Cora finished examining a patient, a nurse rushed over to her. "Dr. Lane, there's a patient in Room 808 in the Neurology Department requesting your attention."

"Neurology? Alright, I'll go over in a moment."

Many patients were transferred from the emergency room to other departments.

Some patients still sought advice from Cora regarding their follow-up treatment after being transferred.

So Cora didn't think much about it and quickly made her way to Room 808 in the Neurology Department.

But she didn't expect to find Lydia in the ward.

Moreover, Lydia was put on a drip in a hospital gown.

She looked noticeably older without all the extravagant clothing and accessories, with more wrinkles around her eyes.

"Is it Mrs. Lydia Hansen? What can I do for you?"

Cora promptly put on a professional facade and stood by Lydia's bed. As a habit, she flipped through Lydia's medical records nearby.

Upon seeing the records, Lydia was slightly taken aback. Lydia had suffered from a cerebral

hemorrhage, arriving in a coma.

Fortunately, prompt treatment had saved her life, and she had regained some motor function.

But currently, she still required further treatment with medication to consolidate her recovery.

Despite her dangerous condition, Lydia hadn't changed her attitude. With her aged face and acerbic

tone, she sarcastically retorted, "Why do you ask knowingly, you bitch?"

Chapter 184 Waiting to See Your Expression

"You took so much money from me, yet you're still entangled with Byron. What exactly do you want?"

Under the fierce glare from Lydia, Cora remained indifferent.

"I advise you not to keep accusing me with derogatory words, or else you might find yourself at life risk."

"Are you cursing me now?" Lydia was furious. "If it wasn't for you, would I be lying here?"

In fact, after sending the gold bars to Cora, Lydia had been waiting for her and Byron to break up.

But to her surprise, the private detective stated that the two were still together, with Byron spending every night at Cora's apartment until dawn.

As for the seven thousand ounces of gold bars she gave to Cora, they had become cash and went

straight into Byron's personal account.

Feeling tricked and full of anger, Lydia had a stroke and was rushed to the hospital.

She tried to blame Cora for everything, while Cora remained composed, nonchalantly saying, "As you age, your internal organs will still age, no matter how well you maintain your appearance. Therefore, it's essential to have a healthy diet and exercise. Don't blame others for your health problems and push the responsibility onto irrelevant people."

Cora thought Lydia's stroke had nothing to do with her, which was caused by her own negligence toward a healthy lifestyle.

"Besides, you've got me wrong. I already talked to Mr. Hansen about breaking up, but he refused. As a powerless woman, what else could I do?"

Cora deflected all the blame on Byron, even suggesting, "If you feel dissatisfied, why don't you give me more gold bars? I can mention it to Mr. Hansen again, and maybe he will agree this time."

Lydia wanted to tear her apart, but her hand was still attached to the IV drip.

"You think too highly of yourself!" She shouted.

Having fallen for Cora's trick last time, losing money, and ending up infuriated with a stroke, how could she allow herself to fall into her trap again?

Facing Lydia's wrath, Cora shrugged indifferently. "What a pity."

She didn't even make a slight profit from all the gold bars she had received, which was all in Byron's hand.

"Do you really believe you can marry into the Hansen family by playing tricks? Let me tell you, the Hansens are ruthless and won't hesitate to take down anyone who poses a threat to their interests! Do you think no one in the family knows about your affair with Byron? They just choose to ignore you because they don't see you as a significant concern. But once you start interfering with their interests, do you think you can survive unscathed?"

"Just wait and see. They'll come to you soon. I want to see if you'll be as arrogant then!"

Cora's heart skipped a beat at her provocation. However, she managed to hide her feelings and replied calmly, "Mrs. Lydia Hansen, control your emotions, and may you live a long life. If I can overcome all difficulties and successfully marry into the Hansen family one day, I'd like to see your expression then.

And your son should call me aunt at that time."

After giving Lydia medical advice, Cora turned and left without looking back, ignoring the curses and objects being thrown behind her.

But just as she left the ward, she bumped into Eason, whose eyes were burning with anger. He stared at Cora and asked, "Are you really together with Uncle Byron?"

Chapter 185 She Is Not Loved

"Yeah," Cora frowned but still responded.

"Cora, it shouldn't be like this. I still love you, and I know I was wrong. You shouldn't punish yourself or me in such an extreme way," Eason murmured with a hoarse voice, his agony visible. Even his chin bore a layer of stubble, making him look suddenly much older.

As Cora watched his dejected appearance, a touch of sadness crossed her eyes.

Initially, she harbored a desire for revenge against Eason, but now...

She had developed feelings for Byron, even though she knew it was bound to be futile.

So she felt confused about her own motives. What was she trying to achieve?

However, she knew one thing for sure she didn't want any further involvement with Eason.

When Eason tried to reach for her hand, Cora withdrew her hand first, leaving him grasping at thin air,

creating an awkward pause.

Eason looked at his empty hand as if realizing that he had missed something important.

Cora didn't spare him a second glance, just coldly advising, "You'd better visit your mother. It would be troublesome if she suffers another stroke."

Afterward, she returned to the emergency room to continue her busy work. However, her mind couldn't help but replay Lydia's words.

Did the people from the Hansen family already know about her affair with Byron?

What if they came for her?

Time was relentless. Regardless of one's worries or serenity, it flowed on unceasingly.

Soon it was the day before Christmas.

Cora packed up her work and headed to the woodcarving competition for submission.

As she stepped out of the exhibition hall, she bumped into Jane and Sara.

They were both dressed in luxury custom clothing, looking like sisters, making others envious.

Cora admired their relationship, as it was precisely the kind of mother-daughter bond she longed for.

However, thinking back to how Flora ignored her due to the bad things she had said about Jane when she delivered snacks to Flora's ward this morning, Cora knew she could never have a relationship with her mother like theirs.

Jane and Sara seemed to notice her intense gaze and approached her.

"Dr. Lane, are you here to submit your work?"

As Jane greeted her, Cora nodded with a smile. "Yes, Dr. Yoris and Mrs. Sara Yoris are here to submit the work as well, right?"

"Exactly. We plan to go shopping now," Jane said.

"It's truly enviable. I wish I could have such a good relationship with my mother too." In reality, Cora hoped to seek advice from Jane on how to build a better relationship with her mother.

After all, Jane seemed to get along pretty well with both Sara and Flora.

Unexpectedly, Sara responded arrogantly, "If you were a bit more sensible and didn't have such unrealistic expectations, maybe your mother wouldn't hate you so much."

Sara had heard from Jane about the strained relationship between Cora and Flora recently.

During their conversation about Sara's encounter with Cora, Sara also mentioned the past relationship

between Flora and William. Then, Jane mentioned the affairs between Cora and Byron but found that

Sara already knew about it.

So far, Sara and Jane considered Cora and Flora equally despicable.

However, Jane wouldn't say such harsh words in front of others, as she knew formidable women were

the ones with firm hearts, not the ones more bark than bite.

Sara was different. She didn't hide her dislike for someone, so she stared fiercely at Cora.

Cora didn't expect that her mother's attitude to her would become someone else's reason to attack her.

She felt hurt and helpless.

Yet she didn't want to give Sara and Jane the satisfaction of seeing her suffer. With a smile, she

retorted, "Maybe that's true. It seems God compensated for my lack of motherly affection with

something else."

Chapter 186 Steal You Away

"Do you consider a man's desire for your body as love? What a joke! A man's heart and body are

always separate. The more he cherishes you, the less he will want you to endure those things. Instead,

he'll indulge in cheap thrills with those easily available."

As Cora implied Byron's affection toward her, Sara felt she was humiliating Jane, so she retaliated instantly.

However, to her surprise, Cora smiled and asked her, "So Mr. William Yoris must cherish you very much, right?"

On several occasions, Cora noticed that there was no real affection between Sara and William.

She didn't want to attack others with their emotional wounds, but Sara had struck a nerve on her most sensitive topic, her relationship with Flora. So, she had to retaliate in kind.

"You..."

Failing to own her husband's love was the biggest regret in Sara's life.

Cora was stepping on her sore spot!

Sara was almost out of control, ready to slap Cora.

However, Jane stopped her this time. "Mom, calm down. People are watching!"

Given their identity as the prominent Yoris family as well as the fact that Arnold was the vice chairman of the Woodcarving Association in New York, Jane's and Sara's presence would undoubtedly attract

attention.

Reminded by Jane, Sara noticed the onlookers and reluctantly stopped.

However, her eyes remained fixed on Cora, filled with fury. "You wretched bitch, your actions will bring retribution upon you!"

"Mrs. Sara Yoris, let's see who will face the retribution first," Cora replied with a smile, nodding at Jane before turning to leave.

"I have never seen such a shameless woman!"

Watching Cora, dressed in a dark green wool coat, strolling away gracefully in the cold wind, Sara felt deeply indignant on behalf of Jane.

"Jane, this woman is so difficult to deal with. How can I help you?"

She couldn't bear to see her daughter so distressed, and she gently stroked Jane's hair.

"Mom, actually, I do need your help."

This was the reason why Jane had called Sara to accompany her in delivering her artwork.

"Just tell me. I'll do everything I can to help you," Sara replied earnestly.

Then, Jane leaned in to whisper something to Sara.

After sending off the woodcarving work, Cora went to the supermarket to buy some frozen food and snacks.

Tomorrow was Christmas, and everywhere was brightly lit, especially in the supermarket, where families were shopping together.

Looking at the smiling faces around her, Cora felt a sense of emptiness inside.

As she prepared to pay, a hand placed a credit card before her faster than she could react.

Cora raised her eyes. It was Byron.

He was wearing a black woolen coat, tall and handsome, exuding even more charm than usual.

Even in the crowded supermarket, all eyes seemed to be on him.

"Why did you come here?" Cora asked.

"I couldn't find you at home, so I guessed you might be here," Byron replied casually.

After the cashier finished the payment, Byron naturally picked up the groceries and held her hand, with all the admiring glances from others completely unnoticed, as if his world only contained her.

At this moment, Cora couldn't help but think how wonderful it would be if he could stay by her side

forever.

"Are you planning to eat only frozen food during Christmas?" novelbin

Back in the apartment, Byron acted like another master of the house, sorting and placing the groceries

into the fridge.

However, when he found that most of the items were frozen food, he couldn't help but furrow his brows.

"Frozen food may taste better than what I cook," Cora said.

Byron thought for a moment. "I'll have someone bring over some cooked food."

Watching him busy himself in front of the fridge, Cora couldn't resist hugging him from behind.

"Don't be too good to me. Otherwise, I might steal you away on your wedding day."

Chapter 187 No Chance

As soon as the words left her mouth, Cora startled even herself.

Influenced by Flora, she despised being the interloper to destroy someone else's relationship.

Yet now, she was contemplating a reckless act of stealing Byron away from his wedding...

"I was just joking." She quickly covered up her emotions, ready to reach for a beer from the fridge to

calm herself down.

However, before her hand could reach it, Byron firmly pressed her against the fridge door.

He slightly bent down, his handsome face coming close to hers, close enough to see the fine lines on each other's skin and feel each other's unique breath.

Cora was startled, and her originally enchanting and coquettish eyes turned pure like a clear spring at this moment.

"Mr. Hansen, you..."

She wanted to say something.

But Byron interrupted her, "How do you know if you don't try? Perhaps you won't even need to steal."

He continued staring at her, and something seemed to flash across his perfect face.

Cora couldn't read him, feeling that Byron was even more unpredictable than usual.

She was uncertain whether he spoke sincerely or was merely teasing.

For a moment, she felt thrilled, thinking that maybe Byron liked her in the same way she liked him, encouraging her to go for it.

As she calmed down, Cora felt that she might have overthought it.

A man like Byron could have any woman he wanted, and his kindness toward her might just be a momentary interest. novelbin

To seek affirmation, she asked Byron, "Are you telling me that even if I try to steal you, I won't have a chance?"

If he indeed loved her, she was ready to throw caution to the wind and plunge into an intense love affair.

"You can think that way if you want," Byron replied nonchalantly.

At that moment, Cora was extremely grateful that she didn't reveal too much of her true feelings.

Otherwise, she would have been in an awkward situation.

But also, his response diminished the intense impulsion she felt earlier.

Pushing Byron away, she grabbed a beer and opened it to take a few sips.

The cold and refreshing taste eased the bitterness in her throat.

"Don't drink too much," Byron reminded her with a frown.

"It's fine. I don't have to work this afternoon, and I've already submitted my wood carving piece for the competition."

It was a rare indulgence for her this afternoon.

"What are your chances of winning the woodcarving competition?" Byron asked, seemingly casually.

"It's hard to say," she replied.

She had dedicated all her energy and time to her artwork and naturally hoped to win an award.

However, it was a national competition held every five years, and there would be many masterpieces submitted. Standing out from such a talented pool would be challenging.

"Are you asking me to treat you to dinner if I win?" Cora felt strange about his frequent inquiries about the woodcarving competition.

"What else could it be?" Byron responded, appearing cocky.

Sighing lightly, Cora said, "Alright, if I really win, I'll cook all the frozen food in the fridge for you."

"I don't want to eat them. I'll eat something else."

"What?"

Without warning, Byron leaned down and kissed her...

Soon, Cora discovered the reason for Byron's recent interest in the woodcarving competition. On the

afternoon of Christmas, she saw Byron at the woodcarving competition awards ceremony.

Chapter 188 A Heart Gesture

At the woodcarving competition awards ceremony on the afternoon of Christmas, as soon as Cora arrived, Arnold took her to introduce her to his old friends.

When Jane arrived, Arnold also called her over.

"This is Jane, my granddaughter," he said.

This introduction surprised many of Arnold's old friends. "Is this your granddaughter? I thought this young girl, Cora, was your granddaughter! Her gaze and enthusiasm are reminiscent of your wife's youthful days."

Hearing this, Arnold was also taken aback.

Upon careful recollection, he realized that he felt a sense of familiarity with Cora due to her gaze and enthusiasm.

However, with Jane, his granddaughter, right beside him, he couldn't agree with their words.

"It's just a coincidence. My granddaughter is Jane. Cora is my talented apprentice, and of course, Jane is also exceptional," he replied after a brief moment of hesitation.

After the idle chatter, the award ceremony was about to begin.

"I never expected that young man from the Hansen family would be willing to be the award presenter tonight."

"Yeah, when we approached them earlier, there was no response. I thought his assistant would come and didn't expect him to show up in person."

"You old folks are out of touch. Jane is competing today, so it's only natural that Byron would come over."

"Oh my. That's true! I forgot that these two are a couple."

Several old men discussed openly in front of Arnold, Jane, and Cora.

Arnold was somewhat proud. After all, finding another young man as outstanding as Byron in New York was not easy.

"Let's invite Byron to our home when we go back later," he said to Jane.

Because the award ceremony was held in the afternoon, it wouldn't take too long.

Arnold planned to bring Byron to their home and cultivate a sense of belonging to the Yoris family.

However, Arnold was unaware that his suggestion created considerable pressure on Jane.

If she didn't know about the relationship between Cora and Byron, she might have assumed that Byron attended the awards ceremony for her sake. But now...

But now...

She stole a glance at Cora and couldn't shake off the feeling that Byron was here for Cora, not for her.

So, she didn't have much confidence that Byron would accept the invitation to the Yoris Mansion.

In contrast, Cora didn't feel much pressure. She was merely surprised to see Byron become the award presenter.

"No wonder he asked so many questions before, and let me treat him if I win," she thought.

Putting these together, Cora was certain that he had become the award presenter because of her, which made her heart flutter with joy.

Just then, Byron and several other influential figures in New York entered the exhibition center.

He seemed to radiate natural charm. Even without deliberately dressing up, he became the center of attention as soon as he appeared.

Cora quickly spotted him and couldn't help but smile radiantly at him.

It was like Byron could read her mind, for he suddenly turned his head and smiled at her, driving countless women crazy.

While Cora's heart fluttered at his smile, Jane also felt her mind go blank as she looked at him, as if the world had frozen and disappeared at that moment, leaving only her and Byron.

Then, she was more certain that no one else in the world could catch her eye. She had to have this man.

"Jane, Byron is greeting you. Why aren't you responding?" Arnold urged as he saw Jane staring at Byron in a daze.

Jane glanced at Cora and realized that Byron's gaze was actually fixed on her. His greeting was meant for Cora.

But she still said, "Byron is busy now. Let's call him to our home after the event ends."

She wanted to remind Cora that the connection between Byron and the Yoris family couldn't be easily cut off. However, as she stole a glance at Cora, Cora was secretly making a heart gesture to Byron.

Chapter 189 He Did Not Believe Her?

In fact, Cora secretly made a finger heart to Byron only to thank him for attending the award ceremony

today. She did not intend to show her affection in front of his fiancée.

But Byron also raised his glass to her secretly...

Seeing his actions, Cora was a little nervous, afraid that Jane would see it.

But anything that could go wrong would go wrong.

When Cora turned around in a panic, she met Jane's resentful eyes.

Cora smiled awkwardly. "Dr. Yoris, Mr. Hansen is modest and polite. He is such a true gentleman from a prestigious family."

What Jane heard was that Cora was showing off her closeness with Byron, which disgusted her.

But she still replied to Cora with an insincere smile, "Byron treats everyone the same. It is just his good manner."

Yes, Jane was implying to Cora that no matter what Cora did, she was no more than a whore to Byron.

But this made Jane feel she had to go through with the plan tonight. Otherwise, she would die from anger and grievance.

Afterward, they all took their seats for the announcement of the awards tonight.

There were ten awards in total, and the most valuable one was the Most Creative Beginner Award.

Basically, everyone who won the Most Creative Beginner Award would become a master in the field after several years of experience.

Therefore, this award became the top priority of competition for countless beginners.

Byron was specially arranged as the presenter of this award because he was the most authoritative man in New York.

Arnold also revealed this. "Cora, both your and Jane's works were selected for the shortlist. But in order to avoid suspicion, I did not participate in the selection. People might talk if I did."

Cora initially didn't care much about winning the award, but after she knew Byron was the award presenter, she changed her mind and hoped to win.

In this way, even if she and Byron were separated in the future, she would have more things to remember him by.

Maybe it was because God heard Cora as she prayed in her heart. The host read out Cora's name.

"Congratulations to Cora for winning the Most Creative Beginner Award in this woodcarving competition."

The host also invited Byron, the award presenter, to the stage. Then Cora's work was shown on the big screen to introduce some details and techniques she used.

With warm applause, Cora walked towards Byron on stage. She felt as if she were dreaming.

Perhaps the excitement went to her head and created an illusion. Cora felt like it was her wedding with Byron. Not only that, Cora actually felt that this scene was extremely familiar as if it had happened years ago...

But the dreamy award presentation was interrupted by an old male voice, "Wait a minute."

Everyone looked at the old man. It was Darren Connor, the chairman of the Woodcarving Association.

"Mr. Connor, is there anything?"

"Yes. And it's urgent!" Darren replied.

The host was busy presenting the awards, so he said, "Can we talk about it after the awards ceremony?"

"No! Because someone plagiarized!" Everyone present was surprised to hear what Darren said.

"Who plagiarized?" The host was stunned.

"It's Cora, the winner of the Most Creative Beginner Award. Her work is eighty percent similar to work

No. 7."

"Work No. 7?" The host was also puzzled, but the people present began to chatter. So the host said,

"Then staff backstage, please show photos of work No. 7."

When the works were put on the big screen for comparison, Cora turned to look at Byron nervously,

only to find he was also looking at her thoughtfully. Cora couldn't figure out what he was thinking.

Cora was stunned and even forgot to breathe.

Did he also doubt her?

Chapter 190 The Final Result

Soon, the pictures of work No. 7 were put on the big screen, and people started talking about it.

"They look exactly the same from certain angles. Look at the flower in the upper right corner!"

"The cottages in the lower left corner are also pretty much the same."

Cora was overwhelmed by the heated discussion and could no longer care whether Byron believed her.

Astonished, she looked at the wood carving that was pretty much the same as hers. How could they be

so similar?

She would also have doubts if she hadn't spent days and nights carefully carving her own work.

But there was only one explanation for this. Someone plagiarized her work!

"Everyone, have you thought that maybe someone plagiarized my work?" Cora quickly calmed down.

Since the Lane family fell, she had learned to stay calm and fight for her own justice.

"You are obscure in the field of wood cutting. Who would plagiarize your work?" Darren retorted.

"It's true that I'm obscure, but I can guarantee with my honor that I didn't plagiarize. And I demand the author of work No. 7 to stand out and prove it for me."

Although facing a doubtful audience, Cora stood dignified on the stage.

Then, Jane stood up. "No. 7 is my work."

Seeing Jane stand up, Cora frowned because she realized this was probably a trap.

"However, I carved this work all by myself, and I didn't copy anyone's idea."

Jane glanced at Cora and continued, "Also, I consulted with Mr. Connor at the beginning of creation and then completed it under the watch of my grandfather Sir Yoris. Both of them are my witnesses!"

Arnold frowned when he heard Jane's words.

Actually, in order to avoid suspicion of unfairness in this competition, Arnold did not see the works of

Cora or Jane and told them to do their best to complete their works.

Darren also had an apprentice participating in the competition, so he did not serve as a judge for this competition.

But now that something like this happened, Arnold and Darren were still involved.

If it was about someone else, Arnold would naturally avoid it to preserve his own reputation.

But it was about Jane...

Arnold couldn't sit and watch. After all, Jane was his only granddaughter.

Besides, Arnold had always considered Jane well-behaved, sensible, and caring. She wouldn't have possibly been so despicable as to plagiarize.

As for Cora, it was not that he didn't trust her. But it was hard to tell what was going on in others' minds.

He liked Cora, but not enough to trust her completely.

So in front of everyone, Arnold was the first to declare, "Jane's work was completed under my watch, and I can guarantee with my honor that she did not plagiarize."

After saying this, Arnold looked at Cora, and Cora was also looking at him with tears rolling in her eyes.

Darren also said, "I saw Jane's beginning stage of creation, and I'm sure she didn't plagiarize anyone."

The testament of two major figures in the woodcarving field somehow confirmed Cora's plagiarism.

At that moment, Cora felt like she had fallen from heaven to hell.

What disappointed Cora most was that Arnold, who she had respected and admired, would go this far to cover up for Jane.

"Why did you say that you accepted me as your apprentice because you found me creative? The fact is you asked me to participate in the woodcarving competition to set me up for plagiarism. This is nothing but a trap to destroy my reputation, right?"

Cora glared at Arnold.

Arnold wanted to say no because he did think she was creative, and he did like her as an apprentice.

If it wasn't for Jane, he would have taught her everything he knew before this woodcarving competition.

But before Arnold could reply, Cora sneered and said, "If I have evidence to prove that my work was not plagiarized, will Dr. Yoris always be remembered for the shame of plagiarism and framing forever?"

With her sparkling eyes, Cora looked at Arnold and then at Jane, playful and aggressive.

It made Jane nervous.

Did Cora really have any evidence to prove her innocence?

If she did, Jane would have shot herself in the foot this time. Instead of ruining Cora's reputation, Jane would have made herself notorious.

Just when Jane was worrying about the undesirable consequences, Arnold suddenly spoke, "Cora, I know you are very sad and nervous to be exposed. But you shouldn't frame others and ruin their reputation. Think about your mother. She is still in the hospital. How would she feel if she found out about this?"