

## **Snatched 191**

### Chapter 191 The So-Called Truth

Upon seeing Cora's confident expression, Arnold already had a suspicion in his heart about what might be going on.

However, Jane was the person he had protected and cared for since childhood, and he wouldn't let anyone ruin her. So, he immediately retaliated against Cora.

At that moment, Cora's eyes turned red with anger. Flora knew that Cora had wronged, and it might lead her to engage in a fierce confrontation with those bullying her. However, Cora wasn't sure if Flora would fight back fiercely, at least for now. One thing was clear to Cora. Arnold was pressuring Cora with her involvement.

If Cora exposed Jane in public as planned, the Yoris family would make things difficult for Flora since she lived in their hospital. Her life would be at their mercy.

Yet, Cora couldn't deny that Flora was indeed her weakness now. She couldn't simply ignore her.

So she had to swallow her frustration. "In the end, you're all just taking advantage of the fact that I have no one to back me up."

She wasn't the kind to wait for pity as a naive and innocent woman. After uttering those words, she quickly left the venue, determined not to let anyone witness her vulnerability and tears.

As for Byron...

For him, whether Cora plagiarized or not didn't make much difference. After all, Jane was his nominal wife, and they were in the same interest group. He would naturally side with Jane, just like Arnold and the others.

So, Cora didn't hold any hope for Byron and didn't want to focus on this matter any longer.

The event host was also at a loss. He never expected the award ceremony would turn into such a chaotic situation. He hesitated. "So, what about this award?"

His thoughts were simple. Why not let the person who allegedly plagiarized come to the stage and receive the award? Though this awardee seemed dubious, it was the quickest and most appropriate way to handle the situation for now.

As per Jane's scheme, once Cora stormed off in frustration, Darren would proceed with a similar proposition, just as she intended.

However, they didn't expect Byron, who had remained silent throughout the award ceremony, to take

the microphone from the host amid the controversy.

"Just based on the words of two old men, you recklessly stamped the label of plagiarism on someone.

The Woodcarving Association's award ceremony is truly arbitrary and capricious. Maybe it's better to cancel such competitions in the future," Byron announced coldly.

Byron's words ignited a fresh round of commotion in the room.

The host couldn't even maintain a smile anymore. He thought he was the one hosting a competition, but how did it turn into a scene straight from hell?

Arnold and Darren were equally stunned, never expecting Byron, who was expected to be delighted to attend the award ceremony for Jane, would disregard his prestige and openly challenge the fairness of the competition.

But the fact was that Byron made his statement and promptly left, leaving the Woodcarving Association members confused, unable to defend their position.

Jane was completely surprised by Byron's unexpected defense of Cora, disregarding even the reputation of their Yoris family. She couldn't conclude whether this turn of events meant victory or

defeat in their calculated game.

The award ceremony finally came to an end amidst sighs and whispers.

Arnold later found Cora on the rooftop of the convention center.

It was Arnold who asked Cora for a meet-up. After all, she was his disciple, and despite everything, he still felt guilty about pressuring her for Jane's sake.

He wanted to apologize to Cora and find out what had happened.

However, when Arnold faced Cora, he found himself at a loss for words. "Cora, today..."

Cora saw Arnold struggle to find the right words, so she decided to be straightforward. "I'm feeling upset today. I didn't plagiarize. I've been trapped and forced to accept the accusations because my mother lives in the Yoris family's hospital."

As she spoke, Cora avoided looking directly at Arnold and instead gazed into the distance where the lights flickered.

The biting wind made Cora's face sting, and her hair blew in all directions.

She wore a striking black evening gown that night, with a deep blue overcoat that made her appear slender and petite.

The wind was so strong that she appeared as if she could be blown away at any instant.

"I'm not trying to threaten you. I just thought we could talk it out without having to do it in front of all these people."

Arnold attempted to salvage the situation, but Cora couldn't help but laugh.

"Do you fear that your granddaughter's reputation might be tarnished? What about my reputation? Am I

destined to bear the label of a plagiarist and live under constant scrutiny?" Cora retorted.

"I..."

Arnold wanted to refute her, but he found himself at a loss for words.

If Arnold could turn back time, he would still stand up for Jane without hesitation.

Seeing Arnold hesitate, Cora smiled wistfully.

"Forget it. Let's not dwell on the past. All I know is that this situation has left me deeply hurt. So, I don't want to continue being your apprentice, Arnold. Please remove me from your list."

It was also the reason Cora was willing to meet Arnold in person. She wanted to put an end to their mentor-disciple relationship.

After finished talking, Cora turned around and walked away. Arnold watched her shadow gradually

receding. He would like to say something to persuade her several times, but he didn't know where to start.

Cora had taken a few steps and suddenly stopped. "Though I know it won't change anything, I still want

to clarify the inspiration for my work. Dream Home was the old mansion of the Lane family. No matter

how creative Dr. Yoris might be, she couldn't possibly carve out the old Lane family mansion like mine."

Arnold's eyes visibly flickered in shock.

Chapter 192 A Dreamlike Illusion

"Jane plagiarized from you?"

The truth hit Arnold like a bolt from the blue.

In his impression, Jane was always a rule-abiding girl. That was why he stamped her work, believing

she didn't copy.

But if what Cora said was true, and Jane's work was merely a replication of the old Lane Mansion, then

the answer became evident.

"Whether I plagiarized or not, just look at the 3D model of the old Lane Mansion when it auctioned. I've

lived there for twenty years, and nobody knows every nook and cranny better than me. Dr. Yoris could

never know all the details of every flower and tree," Cora continued, refusing to turn her back.

Thus, Cora couldn't see the shock on Arnold's face.

This revelation was something Arnold had never expected. At this moment, Arnold was almost sure

that Jane was the one who plagiarized.

Despite Arnold pressuring Cora to safeguard Jane's reputation, it ended up severing the teacher-

student bond between them.

"Enough. I had hoped to experience some warmth here on Christmas Eve, but it seems it was just a

dream," Cora said, departing with a lackluster demeanor.

Watching Cora's lonely and resolute silhouette, Arnold felt a piercing pain in his heart. It was as if

something precious was slipping away from his life.

He wanted to go after Cora, to hold her back, but he couldn't find the right words to say. He was unsure

how to face her now.

Just then, Jane learned from the other members of the Woodcarving Association that Arnold was on

the top floor of the exhibition center. She grabbed her coat and went up to find him.

"Grandpa, it's windy tonight. Why are you standing here alone?"

Jane went upstairs and saw Arnold standing alone. She let out a sigh of relief.

As she approached, Jane intended to put the coat on Arnold, but to her surprise, Arnold turned and slapped her.

"Grandpa?"

Jane was caught off guard by Arnold's sudden action. She looked at him in bewilderment.

Arnold had always doted on Jane since she was a child. She was his only granddaughter among all his descendants.

He provided her with the best in everything. Even in Arnold's will, he allocated to Jane twice as much as his other grandchildren.

Moreover, he had never laid a finger on her.

Whenever Jane faced difficulties, Arnold would ask her cousins to stand up for her.

Jane couldn't fathom that Arnold, who cherished her like a precious gem, would one day raise his hand against her.

But Arnold seemed to have no complicated emotions. Instead, he questioned her angrily, "Why did you do this, you wretch?"

Jane was taken aback and thought Arnold was furious because she had dragged himself into this mess. After all, Cora hadn't presented any evidence to prove Jane's innocence.

"Grandpa, I had no choice. I didn't want my work to be labeled as plagiarism, bringing shame to you and our family," Jane explained.

"You still don't realize where you went wrong?" Arnold looked at Jane, almost heartbroken.

"Did you believe Dr. Lane's words, thinking I plagiarized her? I didn't! Though I didn't show you the finished work, I wanted to surprise you and let you see the result of my hard work. If you believe Dr. Lane's one-sided words and convict me, wouldn't that be unfair?"

Jane thought that since Cora couldn't prove her innocence, Arnold would still suspect Cora as long as she didn't admit to plagiarizing.

With the addition of that slap, Arnold would undoubtedly regret his actions towards Jane today.

Chapter 193 Reasons Behind the Struggle

Jane's careful plans crumbled as Arnold unexpectedly hurled his phone at her.

"Take a good look! Cora carved the old Lane Mansion, every detail so lifelike. You've never been there, so how could you imagine it without copying?"

Arnold's voice boomed, leaving Jane stunned. "The old Lane Mansion?"

Jane quickly picked up the phone Arnold had thrown, and on the screen was the 3D model of the old Lane Mansion that had been auctioned.

The Lane family ancestors were prominent in New York, and their old mansion was exquisitely designed with intricate courtyards and majestic structures. The carvings on the doors were stunningly beautiful.

The old mansion faced a considerable price decline during the auction. But it was eventually sold for an impressive 33 million dollars, proving its value.

To Jane's surprise, Cora had sculpted her work with the theme of Dream Home turned out to be the exact replica of the old Lane Mansion.

In the beginning, Jane utilized Darren's relation to Sara to pressure the organizers into borrowing Cora's work for a whole day. She then enlisted several woodcarving enthusiasts to help create a piece

that bore an eighty percent resemblance.

Time was tight, so she didn't have the luxury to investigate whether Cora's work was a depiction of a real place or not. Unfortunately, this hasty decision led to a huge mistake, which Arnold eventually discovered later.

At that moment, Jane was panicked, fearing that Arnold might dislike her.

Many heiresses had become pawns in their families' commercial alliances due to a lack of favor at home.

She didn't want to fall into such a miserable situation!

"Grandpa, I know I was wrong. But you must understand, I had my reasons," Jane knelt before Arnold, tears streaming down her face, and pleaded.

"Even with your reasons, you shouldn't resort to such deceitful acts! It's a matter of integrity!"

Arnold still refused to look Jane in the eye, his voice stern and unyielding.

Jane crawled to Arnold's side, holding his hand and crying.

"Grandpa, I know it's wrong to use deceitful tactics that hurt others and yourself, but I had no choice.

Dr. Lane has been secretly seeing Byron behind my back, and Byron has been staying overnight at her

place all this time. When you thought Byron was greeting me just now, he was actually exchanging flirtatious glances with Dr. Lane. I couldn't bear it anymore. I've never experienced such a great injustice before..."

"Is this true?"

Arnold was surprised by the revelation.

"If you don't believe me, you can ask around. It's clear that I met Byron first, and we were even planning to get engaged. Dr. Lane interfered in our relationship at this critical moment, and I felt so wronged and couldn't find anywhere to turn, so I resorted to such extreme measures."

Seeing Jane crying in the cold wind, almost in despair, Arnold sighed softly, "Get up and go back home for now. I'll investigate the matter thoroughly."

Jane stood up, hesitated momentarily, and then draped her coat over Arnold's shoulders.

"Grandpa, please don't stay out here in the cold. I can bear anything else, but I can't bear losing you. I want you to live a long and healthy life."

Her words struck a chord in Arnold's heart, instantly melting his resolve.

"Alright, let's go home together."

With Jane's support, Arnold quickly left the exhibition center.

Chapter 194 Invitation

After meeting Arnold, Cora walked alone on the street.

There were very few pedestrians. Everyone had probably gone home to reunite with their families.

Perhaps due to the lack of people on the street or some other reason, Cora felt extremely lonely.

At that moment, the phone in her coat pocket vibrated again.

She hesitated for a moment before taking out her phone to check.

There were several missed calls from Byron.

Remembering his indifferent expression, Cora didn't want to see him right away.

Thus, she skipped his missed calls and checked the message from Tyler instead.

[Cora, are you coming over?]

Only then did Cora recall that she had promised Tyler to go to the Cooper Villa for a Christmas Eve dinner.

However, ever since Tyler found out about her affair with Byron during a drunken incident, he had been

avoiding her.

She thought he must have looked down on her behavior and ended their friendship unilaterally.

Yet, she figured that was for the best. She thought lowly of herself as well, so she understood his cold treatment of her.

It was unexpected that Tyler would send her a message on Christmas Eve.

Before she replied to his text, he called her.

"Cora, where are you? I'll give you a ride. It's difficult finding a taxi on Christmas Eve."

Tyler sounded as enthusiastic as ever while talking to her over the phone.

At that moment, Cora felt she was on the verge of tears.

"But Tyler, you know I..."

She was with Byron, even when it was widely rumored that he and Jane were a couple.

Moreover, she was aware that Tyler had feelings for her and had been trying to get closer to her.

Thus, her being with Byron was a humiliation for Tyler, like a slap on his face.

But he never acted out. On the contrary, he even invited her enthusiastically to have Christmas Eve dinner at his home, which made her feel even more guilty.

Before she could lament about it, Tyler interrupted her, "There's nothing to worry about! Come on. My grandfather wants you at our place! I'm going to get you if you don't come."

In the end, Cora gave in.

It wasn't easy finding a taxi on such a busy night, so she had to put in some extra money before she was able to make her way to the Cooper Villa.

The Cooper Villa was bustling with activity that night. Almost all of the family members were present, and Gideon enjoyed their company.

There were multiple cars parked outside the building when Cora arrived. The house was decorated for the festive occasion, and children were having fun among themselves in the yard. The joyful atmosphere warmed her heart.

The moment she stepped out of the car, Tyler scampered out of the house. "Come on in, Cora! I was planning to go get you if you're ten minutes later!"

He was wearing a navy-blue turtleneck sweater paired with black trousers that accentuated his slim figure. His every move exuded a charming, noble elegance.

"Come in! Everyone's waiting!" Tyler ushered once again.

Cora followed him to meet the family elders.

"Hey, is that Cora? We were just talking about you!" Gideon greeted Cora merrily.

"Merry Christmas, Sir Cooper."

Cora greeted the family elders, and to her surprise, she received several gifts from them.

Amidst the lively atmosphere, the Cooper family's Christmas Eve dinner commenced.

Though not extravagantly luxurious, the meal consisted of organic vegetables and delightful small pastries.

Tyler made sure she was well-fed, perhaps worried that she was either hungry or would feel out of place.

Food filled Cora's plate to the brim, much to the amusement of Tyler's relatives. "What a wonderful young lady you are. No wonder Tyler has his eyes on you."

"Tyler is an eligible bachelor. When could we perhaps expect some good news?"

Tyler let out a chuckle. "It'll be up to Cora."

Cora racked her brain in search of a suitable response so that the rejection wouldn't hurt Tyler and

would convey to him that she wouldn't be a good match for him. However, Tyler's mother, Cecilia

Cooper, spoke before she could, "You won't be hearing any good news any time soon. This is, after all,

the first time Tyler brought a girl home..."

Chapter 195 Coming for Her

As soon as Cecilia spoke, the merry atmosphere died out almost instantly.

It was apparent that Cecilia didn't approve of Cora, her potential daughter-in-law.

"Mom!" Tyler quickly reminded Cecilia of the occasion, well aware of the situation, much like everyone else.

Cecilia didn't retort and proceeded to tell the others to enjoy the meal.

Everyone shied away from the topic of marriage, maintaining a cheerful disposition while continuing to enjoy their meal at the dinner table.

Nonetheless, Cora felt disrespected even though she never planned on marrying into the Cooper family to begin with.

Consequently, she was no longer as engaged in conversations as before, only offering perfunctory answers to questions about herself and chewing on her food, her attention mainly on her phone.

Thus, she immediately saw the message Byron sent her: [Come out!]

Cora couldn't help but frown, wondering what he meant.

Before she could ask for clarification, Byron sent another message: [Don't make me go get you at the

Cooper Villa!]

Cora was confounded by the suddenness of it: [Are you outside the Cooper Villa?]

Yet, upon sending the message, Cora felt certain that he was indeed outside.

Knowing Byron was one to follow through on his word, she was certain he would come to get her if she

didn't go out right away.

In that case, their relationship would be exposed.

While she didn't care much about her reputation, she didn't want to implicate Tyler or make him a topic

for gossip.

Thus, she promptly put down her fork, saying, "I'm full. I should be leaving."

Her words immediately drew everyone's attention.

Tyler was the first to insist she stay. "Cora, you've barely eaten. Why are you leaving?"

Cecilia also chimed in at the right moment. "These dishes may not be extravagant, but they were carefully prepared. Miss Lane, please stay until you've had your share."

Though it sounded like a suggestion for Cora to stay and eat, it was also a subtle criticism of Cora's apparent refusal to finish her meal before leaving, hinting that Cora thought the food was inadequate.

The others at the table exchanged glances, understanding that Cecilia wasn't just dissatisfied with her future daughter-in-law. She might even object to Cora being with Tyler at all.

They all speculated that there might be upcoming conflicts between Tyler and Cecilia, but no one expected Tyler to address the issue directly in front of everyone in Cora's defense. "Cora, if my mother's words upset you, I apologize on her behalf."

Cecilia wore a livid expression. "Tyler, what is the meaning of this? Are you defying me?"

In an instant, tension filled the air, and sparks flew as the mother and son confronted each other. Tyler was about to say something. However, Cora hastily pulled him back and then faced Cecilia with a smile.

"Mrs. Cecilia Cooper, in truth, I don't find the food unappetizing. I merely felt my presence might have upset you."

Cecilia perceived that as part of her manipulative strategy, so she was still unfriendly. "Your hasty departure is what will further upset us. Isn't this just so you can make Tyler feel guilty toward you?"

"Mrs. Cecilia Cooper, you must've misunderstood something. Tyler and I are just ordinary friends. He saw that I was alone and helpless on Christmas Eve, so he kindly invited me for dinner. I thoughtlessly agreed and came here. It was my thick skin that led to this awkward situation."

Cora took the opportunity to clarify her relationship with Tyler, anticipating that her relationship with Byron might eventually be exposed, so she didn't want to put Tyler in a difficult position.

Cecilia was still glowering at her.

However, having experienced the Lane family's downfall, she was already used to being on the receiving end of such hostility and ridicule. Cecilia's mistreatment of her was nothing compared to those, so she remained unfazed.

After conveying her thoughts, Cora offered an apologetic smile and left.

Staying any longer might result in Byron actually breaking into the house to get her.

Chapter 196 She Likes Him

Seeing Cora leaving, Tyler quickly chased after her, calling her name, "Cora!"

Although he was aware of her relationship with Byron, he couldn't bear to let her go.

He had been secretly in love with her for so many years, so he saw no reason to give up on her.

He had his agenda when inviting her to his house for Christmas Eve dinner. He had wanted to entice

her with the warmth of a family, which she craved.

However, his plan was disrupted by his mother.

When Cora and Tyler walked out of the Cooper Villa one after the other, they saw Byron stepping out of

his car, which was worth three million dollars.

At that moment, Tyler suddenly understood why Cora was so anxious to leave.

"Cora, you shouldn't be with him," he said.

He quickly grabbed Cora, anger seeping into his voice as he spoke to her.

Up until that day, he had purposely avoided seeing Cora in an attempt to forget everything about her

and Byron.

He was driving himself into a corner, convincing himself that those feelings wouldn't exist if he didn't

remember.

However, Cora forcefully brought him back to reality.

"There will be no future between you and him. The Hansen family will not accept you, especially considering your previous engagement to Eason," he said.

No wealthy family would want a woman's presence to sow discord between their family members, which would, in turn, provide fodder for gossip.

Moreover, Byron was adored by the Hansen family, and they wouldn't accept their son being with someone who had a previous relationship.

"I know there may not be a future between Byron and me, but I... really like him," Cora admitted.

Her gaze was fixed on the man who had just gotten out of the car.

While standing in the cold wind on Christmas Eve, Byron, with his stoic and aloof demeanor, still made her heart flutter.

"I don't know when I fell in love with him, but I truly want to be by his side, even if only for a while. I want to love him genuinely," she confessed.

She couldn't resist his fatal temptation. It was as if they were standing on a cliff, and she would gladly take a leap of faith off of it.

That was the first time she had opened up to someone about her feelings for Byron, both as a way to pour her heart out and also to indirectly reject Tyler's affection so that he would stop chasing after her.

There was still some distance between Byron and her, so she was certain he wouldn't have heard her.

Otherwise, he wouldn't be staring at her with such an exasperated look on his face, still furious that she had gone to Tyler instead of him.

"But why him? I have everything he has, and I can even offer you better things," Tyler asked.

In the end, he voiced his doubts in desperation. He had been by her side for so many years and had dedicated all his love to her, so he didn't understand how he could not compare to another man who Cora had only met a few months ago and would bring her nothing but trouble.

"I've asked myself the same question too, but I don't have an answer. Maybe this is just my fate..."

Cora replied.

Although there were plenty of fish in the sea, she couldn't resist Byron's allure and had fallen into the abyss of love, doomed for eternity.

Hearing that, Tyler sighed helplessly, "Cora, you will regret it one day."

"Yeah, I know I will regret it, but I can't help myself."

Cora looked back at Tyler and said, "Tyler, I'm leaving."

It was as if she was bidding farewell to him and letting him know that she would be walking out of his life.

Tyler didn't respond, for he still couldn't let go of her.

Nevertheless, Cora departed, greeting Byron with a smile as she got into his car and left with him.

Tyler stood there, fixated on the car, until it disappeared at the end of the road, staring into the distance unblinkingly even after that.

He didn't know how long he stood there that day. When Cecilia finally brought him inside the house, his whole body was numb from the cold, and he ended up spending the first few weeks of the Christmas holiday with a fever.

Chapter 197 You Want to Get Married?

In the car speeding towards the apartment, Byron and Cora were silent.

Cora was especially silent. Even though she told Tyler about her deep love for Byron just now, they were like strangers now in the car, and their eyes didn't even meet.

She felt that Byron still defended his fiancée in dealing with the plagiarism, making her feel that her affection for him was wasted.

And what about Byron?

He kept thinking Cora came to Tyler's home on Christmas Eve and Tyler's undisguised affection for Cora when he sent her to the door.

Thinking that Cora was talking and laughing with him just now as if nothing happened, his rage was about to burn himself.

And this woman didn't even say a word of explanation and looked sullen as if he owed her hundreds of millions of dollars.

Byron thought about driving this woman out of the car countless times. Out of sight, out of mind.

But in the end, he didn't drive her out of the car and could only suppress his anger and ask her, "Why are you talking so happily with Tyler?"

"We were talking about marriage. He said that I must look good in a wedding dress." Cora wasn't sure if she was lying, but she wanted to see if Byron would consider marrying her.

"Oh, you two want to get married?" The man held the steering wheel with one hand, and his voice was

as cold as the wind pouring in from the car window, which made people shrink their necks.

"Why not? We are unmarried! We can even have a baby, let alone get married." Cora seemed to be looking at the scenery outside the car window, but she was actually looking at Byron in the rearview mirror.

"Didn't you say you would have a baby with me before? Now you want to do it with someone else so soon?"

Byron's voice was as cold as ever, but his long fingers holding the steering wheel were pale for being pressed.

"It doesn't matter to me who I'm going to have a baby with. But, of course, I have to choose someone who will end up with me. I can't have children with those who didn't trust and protect me. It's not worth it."

She felt disgusted as long as she recalled that he didn't defend her and looked on at her trouble with indifference in the afternoon.

Weren't all the men the same when having sex? Why couldn't she choose another man?

"I don't protect you?"

Byron found the point.

"If you want to protect me, why didn't you defend me when those old men questioned me?"

Cora was angry when she thought about it.

As a result, the man directly unlocked the phone, threw it on her lap, and continued to control the steering wheel with one hand.

When Cora picked up his phone and looked back at him in puzzlement, he looked aside, only leaving her a cold and arrogant profile.

In the end, Cora had to find the answer by herself from the news displayed on the phone screen.

"You withdrew your sponsorship for the woodcarving competition?"

That's right. The news from an APP just now read: [The Hansen Group questioned the result of this woodcarving competition, decided to withdraw the previous sponsorship, and investigate and affix the responsibility for the negative impact on the Hansen Group's image caused by the unfairness of the woodcarving competition.]

When Cora looked at the news, she smiled.

She only knew that the cold wind on Christmas Eve felt softer this time.

"Are you supposed to say something to me now?" The man noticed she smiled through the rearview mirror, and his tone became slightly lighter.

"What do you want me to say?" Cora asked. She was also quite mean sometimes because she just didn't want to please Byron sometimes.

"Like you want to have a baby with me."

Cora was speechless.

She was not yet Byron's opponent when it came to being cheeky.

But maybe because of what the man said, when he sent her back to the apartment, she couldn't help hugging him. "Don't go! Stay tonight, okay?"

Byron froze for a moment before saying, "I won't leave if you agree to have a baby with me."

"Ok!" Cora kissed Byron first. It could be said that she tried her best to make him stay on Christmas Eve.

Later, Byron really stayed, even though his family kept calling him...

Chapter 198 Undercurrent

Early the next morning, Byron returned home.

Osborn liked it when all the families were together, so all members of the Hansen family gathered in the Hansen Mansion on the morning of the first day of the Christmas holiday.

Lydia and Eason arrived early in the morning. Eason even brought Mia, who was pregnant, to meet Osborn.

Osborn's second son, Patrick, also brought his sons and daughter-in-law here, and Osborn's third son, Ben, also brought the whole family, including his grandson. Although the fourth son, Mark, who was not married, came here with his illegitimate child early in the morning.

In short, everyone had worked hard to please Osborn.

Osborn's attention was still on these few people, chatting and laughing with them.

But as soon as Byron came in, Osborn seemed to see no one else but him.

"Byron, where did you go on Christmas Eve?"

Osborn came to Byron with a cane to complain even though he staggered.

"Dad, merry Christmas. I just went to drink with Carter."

Osborn was slightly annoyed. "Why did you go to drink during this time? You seldom have such a chance to rest!"

Mark tried to ease him. "Dad, it's ok for Byron to go out. Don't blame him and be angry on such a wonderful day, ok? It's understandable for young people to have fun occasionally."

Mark seemed to be pleading for Byron, but he did so to attract Osborn's attention for himself and his other siblings.

Osborn's wife, Nora, also agreed. "Stop blaming Byron on such a day. He seldom comes back. I made a big meal for him. Don't ruin his good mood so he won't have the appetite."

So Osborn stopped blaming Byron and gave him a gift. "Then I won't blame you. Here you are. Wish you a happy Christmas."

Nora also hurriedly took out her gift. "Wish you a happy Christmas."

"Thank you, Mom and Dad." Byron took the gift as usual.

Ben's little grandson looked at Byron's beautiful gift with dissatisfaction on his face. "It's not fair. Why does the gift for uncle look much better than ours?"

"Your uncle is the lucky star of our family. Since he was born, the business of the Hansen family has

soared. Of course, his gift is much better than you little brats!"

Mark laughed and teased, then invited Byron and several other juniors to taste the coffee he had just bought.

Eason was also told to drink coffee with his uncles by Lydia. Getting close to the Hansen family would definitely benefit him after he took over the Patton Group.

But now, when Eason saw Byron, what he thought about was no longer how to please Byron and benefit the Patton Group.

Ever since Lydia showed him those photos secretly taken, the image of him pressing Cora like that and kissing her would pop up whenever he saw Byron.

It happened even now. When his uncles talked about several projects related to the Hansen Group, he couldn't listen to them but thought that Cora's relationship with Byron was more intimate than with him before, which made him jealous and almost drove him crazy.

Especially when he saw the hickey on Byron's neck, he almost became wild because of jealousy...

He didn't know that Mark had noticed his furious appearance.

"Eason, is there anything on your uncle's face? You are so engrossed in seeing it."

Eason came back to his senses and met Byron's sharp eyes.

"No, nothing."

"Ok. I thought your uncle took something from you just now. You seemed to be eager to get something back from him."

After Mark finished speaking, both Eason and Byron's expressions changed!

Chapter 199 Won't Play With Her!

Eason was only worried that the exposure of his hostility towards Byron would put him in a passive position.

So he immediately retorted, "Uncle Mark, you must be joking. Uncle Byron had almost everything, and what he had was the best. I don't have anything worthy of his concern."

"Really? But it doesn't look like that to me." Mark smiled at Eason and finally fixed his eyes on Byron.

The moment their eyes met, Byron narrowed his sharp eyes slightly and softened them. "You mean I play with his woman?"

Although Mark didn't talk about women or Cora, what he was talking about was obviously that Byron

played with Eason's woman, who was obviously Cora.

Byron spoke it himself, but the indifference in his tone was worthy of deliberation.

Eason felt very uncomfortable when he heard that Byron used the word "play" on Cora and wanted to fight with him very much.

But Byron was his uncle, even if he was not much younger than Byron, so he didn't dare to fight with him.

Besides, today was the first day of the Christmas holiday, and many people were coming to the Hansen family. If he fought with Byron here, he could not keep a foothold in New York.

So, in the end, Eason could only vent all his dissatisfaction on the cup, every joint of the hand holding the teacup turning pale when he clenched the cup.

And, of course, Mark noticed his move.

"That's right, too. There are so many women in the world. Why do you insist on playing with Eason's ex? You see, Eason is so angry that he is about to destroy my cup."

"Uncle Mark, you must be joking. I think this cup looks pretty, so I pick it up to look closer." Eason tried very hard to avoid this topic.

Eason thought Mark was joking, but Byron knew what Mark really meant.

"It's just a woman, and they already broke up. But I won't play with her if he's so reluctant."

His words and actions were indifferent, as if he never cared about Cora. How fickle he was!

"Wouldn't it hurt her bad to break up with her so curtly because of this matter?"

Mark still seemed to be emphasizing Cora.

Eason almost couldn't help fighting with Byron because of these words.

After all, Cora was the girl Eason had loved so much, so he really didn't want her to be trampled on like this!

But before Eason could fight Byron, he received Byron's warning.

Although Eason wasn't sure why Byron warned him, he still felt Byron's intention to kill him.

If he dared to confront Byron here, the Patton Group would pay the price for his stupid behavior.

Although Eason was frivolous, he cared much about his family. And he could clearly sense that there seemed to be tension between Mark and Byron.

So, in the end, he tried his best to suppress his anger.

After Byron withdrew his gaze, he satirized, "Mark, why didn't you think whether you hurt the woman who had a child for you when you didn't marry her?"

Seeing that Byron turned the topic to him, Mark smiled, "That's right. Women are only necessary when feeling bored, just like coffee. You have to change it frequently for new flavors."

In the end, the topic turned back to coffee, as if the previous conversations had never happened.

But Byron received Carter's first-hand report when he came out of the Hansen Mansion in the afternoon, which read, "Mark is investigating Miss Lane..."

Chapter 200 Make a Trade-off

"To what extent?"

"He already sent people to follow Miss Lane."

When Carter said so, Byron parked the car on the side of the road, smoked a cigarette irritably, and did not respond to Carter for a long time.

If it weren't for the sound of vehicles passing by from the phone, Carter would think the phone had been hung up.

Byron didn't answer Carter for a long time, so Carter couldn't help reminding him, "Mr. Hansen, it's time

to make a trade-off."

"Well, I see..."

The man was smoking a cigarette, watching the smoke blown away by the cold wind, and his eyes gradually dimmed.

On the first day of the Christmas holiday, Cora went to the hospital to visit Flora.

At this time, the wards of many departments were empty because most people had gone home.

Because of Matt's hand injury, Flora's second skin grafting operation had not yet been performed.

When Cora opened the door and walked in, Flora was knitting something.

"Mom, merry Christmas." Cora put the fruit she had brought on the table and sat beside Flora. "What are you doing?"

"I want to make a scarf," Flora said.

"Is it for me?" Cora looked at the pattern Flora was knitting, a cartoon picture that young girls recently liked. Surprise flashed in her eyes.

She had never been wearing a scarf in front of Flora, but Flora didn't like cartoon pictures either.

So she thought that Flora made it for her.

She thought Flora must want to please her because Jane annoyed her that day!

The more Cora thought about it, the happier she felt because this was the first time she would receive something made by her mother, and it felt like the relationship between her and her mother had been completely restored.

Cora kept looking at the cartoon patterns made by Flora and didn't pay attention to Flora's unnatural expression.

The more Cora looked at it, the more delighted she was. She even reached out to touch the pattern.

Although Flora was not so skillful, in Cora's eyes, the pattern was really beautiful.

But as soon as she touched the pattern, Flora slapped her hands. "Your hands are dirty. Don't touch it."

"Why? Anyway, it will be mine finally."

But Flora didn't respond. Cora didn't pay much attention.

"Where's Byron? Didn't you come with him?" Flora quickly packed everything up as if she was afraid that Cora would pollute the scarf.

"He went home today." When Cora mentioned him, she couldn't help but think of the crazy night, and

her face blushed quietly.

"He didn't come with you because of this?" Flora complained.

Later, Cora changed the topic and diverted her attention.

But when Cora was about to return, Flora unconsciously mentioned Byron again.

"Next time you come over, bring Byron with you. You guys should consider getting married. I'll ask him for you when he plans to get married."

After last night, Cora indeed wanted more.

Besides, she felt Byron was planning a future with her because he wanted to have a baby with her.

So after she left the hospital, she sent a message to Byron: [Can you accompany me to see my mother again?]

Just let Flora ask him the question that she dared not ask.

If he really wanted to marry her, that would be fine.

But if he didn't want to, she could also say it was Flora's idea, right?

In short, she would not lose anything if she tried.

Cora was pleased with herself, but she didn't expect Byron didn't reply to her as if she didn't send it.

