

Snatched a Billionaire to be My Husband (Cora Lane)

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Cora's gaze shot up in shock as she saw Carter standing before her, still wearing his poker face.

She remembered what Byron had mentioned during their video call about returning on Saturday.

Personally, Cora had nothing to do with Carter, and Carter didn't seem like someone who would

meddle. Byron must have

sent him here.

Cora quickly glanced outside the store, and there, in a car across the road, she spotted Byron sitting

in the back seat,

observing her through the window.

Under the dim lighting, his presence seemed meticulously sculpted. When their eyes met, Cora felt

her heart race

uncontrollably.

Having faced several instances of mistreatment since her downfall, even her former lover choosing

to remain indifferent,

yet Byron had come to her aid multiple times.

Cora's heart wasn't made of stone, and she couldn't help but feel touched.

But she couldn't allow this feeling, knowing that with Byron's status, he could have any woman he

desired. It was

impossible for him to fall in love with her.

In a moment of panic, Cora averted her gaze.

Meanwhile, Carter handed over his credit card to the shopping assistant. The black card caught

immediate attention.

“I’ll process the payment for you right away, sir.”

The bank that issued this credit card was one of the businesses under the Hansen Group, but a

black card was said to be

the highest level, possessed only by a few prominent individuals in the country.

Enter title...

Even if the shopping assistant didn’t know who Carter was, she was certain he was not someone

she could afford to

offend.

As Carter waited for the transaction to be completed, he nodded in acknowledgment at Jane. Mia,

who stood next to

Jane, went unnoticed by him.

But Mia couldn’t bear to watch Carter help Cora out. She took the initiative to approach him.

“Carter! What are you doing? This is not appropriate.” Mia was aware that Carter hailed from one of

New York’s four great

families and had previously addressed him as Mr. Pope.

But now, she deliberately used his first name to remind him that he was also Byron’s assistant,

implying that he should be

on her side.

Despite her setback with Byron, she still believed she would marry Eason and become part of the

Hansen family. Carter

should afford her some respect, no matter what.

Unexpectedly, like Byron, Carter didn’t consider Mia as part of the Hansens yet. “We can talk about

that after you get

married,” he replied, implying that Mia was only engaged and not yet a Hansen, therefore lacking the

qualification to give

orders.

Mia was infuriated. She grabbed Jane, looking at her expectantly for support.

In Mia's eyes, Jane was Byron's fiancée, and Carter should surely respect her.

But Jane had her own way of thinking. Seeing how ruthlessly Carter treated Mia, she decided not to

get involved to avoid

embarrassment.

On the other hand, Sally had completely forgotten the shock she felt upon seeing Carter and was

now brimming with joy

as she nudged Cora.

"Mr. Pope is such a great boyfriend! Arriving just in time to rescue you, how romantic."

"No, Sally... Don't say that." Cora felt embarrassed. It wouldn't have been a big deal if Sally had

privately misconstrued

their relationship, but with Carter right in front of them, it was downright awkward.

"Why not? It is romantic!" Sally insisted, her imagination already conjuring up scenes from all the

domineering billionaire

novels.

Cora, fearing that Sally might worsen the situation, chose to remain silent. Jane and Mia didn't hear

the exact words Sally

said, but they still somehow grasped the situation.

So Cora and Carter were in some kind of relationship? No wonder Carter had disregarded their

connection with Byron and

helped Cora!

Jane felt relieved that she hadn't come to Mia's defense and annoyed Carter.

Although... 'It's only been a few days since the engagement was called off, and this woman has

already found solace in

Carter as a backup?'

A hint of disdain flickered in Jane's eyes as she looked at Cora. Then she thought of something else.

As Byron's assistant,

Carter had always been by his side. If Carter was here, maybe Byron had returned from his business

trip and was

nearby?

Jane couldn't help but gaze out of the store in anticipation

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However, there was no sign of Byron's car outside. Jane did notice a car she didn't know, but she

couldn't be sure if Byron

was inside, as the dark-tinted windows were tightly closed.

Eventually, Jane figured that Byron wouldn't be in that car. If he were, why would Carter have

stepped out to handle his

personal matters? He should be staying with his boss.

Jane withdrew her gaze, feeling a tinge of disappointment.

Meanwhile, the shopping assistant had already processed the payment and handed the receipt and

card to Carter. "Thank

you very much, sir."

Carter nodded slightly at Cora before walking out of the store.

Cora contemplated whether she should catch up with Carter and return the shoes to him. Just then,

Mia approached, "Are

you with Carter? Does Eason know about this?"

"It's none of Eason's business who I'm with. Nor your business. Stay out of it," Cora retorted, but

didn't answer clearly who

she was really with.

Yet, in Mia's eyes, Cora's response seemed to confirm her relationship with Carter.

"I wondered why you agreed to break up with Eason so easily! Turns out, you've already found

someone else," Mia

sneered.

“I’m not shameless, unlike you,” Cora calmly replied.

“Who’s shameless?!” Mia grew angry and rushed forward.

Cora dodged aside, “You heard me.”

Enter title...

Seeing the conflict about to escalate in public, Jane quickly intervened, grabbing Mia. “We should

go! You have a skincare

appointment, remember? Didn’t you want to be the most beautiful bride-to-be?”

Jane offered an apologetic smile to Cora and Sally before turning around and taking Mia away.

“You handled that well, Cora! I’m proud of you,” Sally praised, making faces at the retreating figures

of Mia and Jane.

Cora awkwardly smiled. In truth, she never liked engaging in arguments, and her parents didn’t

approve of it either.

But when pushed to the edge, one had to fight back. Besides, Mia had found trouble with her way

too many times, and

she couldn’t tolerate it any longer.

Perhaps attending Mia’s engagement party was the right move. Cora had been avoiding Mia and

Eason, making herself

an easy target for their mistreatment.

“I really don’t understand why Jane could be Mia’s friend,” Sally muttered, looking at Jane’s back.

Indeed, Jane looked charming and gentle. She was also a medical professional, which easily won

Sally’s favor.

But Cora felt that Jane wasn’t as nice and harmless as she might look. Although she hadn’t

participated in the conflict just

now, her eyes and the way she emphasized the words ‘bride-to-be’ when she took Mia away felt like

a taunt aimed at

Cora.

Perhaps due to her recent experiences, Cora had become more cautious in everything and couldn't be as naive as Sally.

"Let's go," she didn't address Sally's comment.

Shortly after they left the shoe store, Sally was called by the gynecologist on duty for assistance, and Cora returned to her apartment.

After some hesitation, Cora sent Byron a text message.

[Thank you, Mr. Hansen. I'll pay you back for the shoes when I have the money.]

She thought that as busy as Byron, he wouldn't have time to respond to her message. But Byron replied almost immediately.

[Do you like that brand?]

Confused, Cora replied with a question mark. Whether she liked that brand or not, she couldn't afford them now, and it had nothing to do with Byron.

However, this time her message received no response. Cora didn't dwell on it and started to flip through books related to cardiac surgery.

About an hour later, her doorbell rang. When Cora opened the door, she found the shopping assistant from earlier and her colleagues carrying over a dozen boxes, with many more on the ground.

"Miss Lane, these are all limited edition shoes from our brand."

Cora was bewildered. "I didn't buy these..."

"Mr. Pope asked us to deliver them."

Cora was stunned on the spot. She finally understood why Byron had asked her that question.

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“I didn’t buy these. Can you return them for me?” Cora was not comfortable with receiving free gifts, not to mention how expensive these shoes were.

The shopping assistant appeared embarrassed as she replied, “Miss Lane, some of these limited editions were sourced from nearby stores, and it took us considerable effort to gather them. If you don’t wish to keep them, could you please consult with Mr. Pope first?”

Cora could sympathize with the shopping assistant and didn’t want to make things difficult for her.

Reluctantly, she signed for the shoes and sent Byron a photo of them.

[Mr. Hansen, are these part of my service fee for that night?]

To Cora’s surprise, Byron immediately started a video call after the message was sent.

Cora hesitated for a moment, but eventually decided to pick it up.

Byron’s face showed up clearly on the screen, a sight she never tired of. The lighting was dim, and he held a glass of wine, likely at a social gathering.

Byron’s expression seemed more relaxed than usual, maybe under the effect of the wine.

His cold and sharp features softened slightly, giving him a somewhat lazy allure.

Cora avoided her gaze as memories of their intimate moments flooded her mind.

“I don’t care what you think about the shoes, but I’ve already gifted them, they’re yours,” Byron said, his tone carrying an underlying authority that compelled obedience.

Cora attempted to interject, but Byron swiftly added, “I’m not yet free tonight. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Enter title...

Cora felt perplexed as she raised her gaze, only to be met with a smile in Byron's eyes.

She wanted to ask him why he had been seeking her out and gifting her those shoes.

Was it because he wanted to sleep with her again? Or was it because...?

Indeed, Byron had been supportive and generous, arousing a faint expectancy within Cora's otherwise desolate heart.

Yet, before she could voice her doubts, Byron ended the video call, leaving her yearning for answers.

The anticipation surrounding Byron's intentions quickly dissipated upon their encounter at the engagement party the following day.

Cora rushed from the hospital, hastily applying lipstick and eyeliner as Sally pulled her along. "I'm her plus one." At the banquet hall entrance, Sally showed the receptionist the gift bag she had prepared.

"Thank you. Please sign here and leave the gift here," the receptionist instructed.

With the formalities taken care of, Sally and Cora entered the venue.

"You bought them a gift?" Cora whispered, totally surprised.

"Oh yeah, something special."

"What?"

Sally grinned mischievously, "A pair of customized voodoo dolls. I hope they have a miserable life and never harm you again."

Cora was speechless, felt both grateful and shocked. But she did find solace in Sally's unique way of handling this situation.

Suddenly, Sally tugged at her arm and whispered, "Look, Mr. Pope! Go say hi."

Cora's heart skipped a beat. Not because of Carter himself, but because she knew Byron would be

there with him.

Following Sally's gaze, Cora's eyes landed on Byron, standing next to Carter

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In the banquet hall, Byron stood out amongst the crowd in his usual suit and leather shoes, engaging

in conversations

with several important figures.

It wasn't just his striking appearance that captured people's attention, but also his extraordinary aura

and demeanor.

Cora couldn't help but focus her gaze on Byron, and it seemed that he noticed it too. Catching her

off guard, he turned

around and met her eyes.

Cora felt a mix of nervousness and excitement. Thoughts of the shoes he had given her yesterday

left her unsure of how

she should greet him.

Yet Byron showed no intention of greeting her whatsoever. He had already shifted his gaze away,

continuing his

conversations as if Cora were a stranger to him.

The indifference in his demeanor pierced Cora's heart, leaving her feeling dejected.

'Of course.' Cora thought, 'Even my ex avoids me, why would Byron have any interest in me?'

It was absurd that despite knowing this, she had allowed herself to entertain fantasies about him

harboring feelings for

her.

The realization left Cora feeling embarrassed. She looked away quickly.

"Cora, come on! Don't be shy," Sally urged, unaware that Cora looked away because she was

disappointed by Byron's

indifference, not shy.

Sally believed that if Carter could disregard his connection to Byron and help Cora in the store the other day, even at the risk of offending Byron's families-to-be, then he must be very serious with his relationship with Cora.

Enter title...

Yet, Cora began to regret coming to this party. Her decision to come wasn't solely influenced by

Sally's persuasions but

also her own desire to see Byron.

Although Cora didn't know what to say or do after seeing him, she had been thinking about it ever

since she received the

shoes yesterday.

Now, those thoughts had been shattered entirely, leaving Cora with a strong desire to walk away.

"Sally, I..." she began,

wanting to tell her that she would like to leave.

But just then, a male voice came from behind her, tinged with pity. "Cora, why are you here?"

Cora turned around and saw a range of emotions in Eason's eyes.

He looked more handsome than she had imagined in his black tuxedo, exuding nobility and

sophistication.

Cora felt a bit dazed, unsure if it was Eason's well-groomed appearance or Byron's indifference that

affected her.

Sally, not wanting Cora to be at a disadvantage, quickly interjected, "We're here to attend your

engagement party, Mr.

Patton. You invited her, remember?"

"Me?" Eason looked confused. Of course he didn't invite Cora, knowing how much Cora would be

disgusted.

But he soon realized it must have been Mia's doing. While aware of her motives, Eason had no

choice but to brace

himself and host the event.

Looking at Cora's slightly reddened eyes, sadness overcame him.

Eason stepped forward, pulling Cora gently. "Cora, let's talk in private."

"Go ahead! Talk away! I'll wait here." Though Sally wouldn't want Cora and Eason to get back together, she still wanted

Cora to have a proper talk with Eason before moving on.

As Sally saw them off, she felt a cold gaze piercing her back, as if someone wanted to tear her apart.

She quickly turned around, searching for the source of such rudeness. But upon realizing who it was, she took half a step

back.

It was Byron!

Sally nervously adjusted her bangs and murmured, "I don't recall offending him..."

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"Hey, look at that... I know Cora is a beauty, but she's really hot in that dress."

Hearing Harry's remark, Byron shifted his cold gaze from Sally to Cora's departing figure alongside Eason.

His eyes first fell upon Cora's feet, adorned in champagne-colored high heels. Her slender and dazzling ankles led to her beautiful legs.

But Byron's attention quickly shifted when he noticed Eason tightly holding Cora's hand.

Harry couldn't help but comment again, "Looks like my Cousin Mia's engagement party is on the edge. She wasn't

attractive to begin with, and now compared to Cora, ouch... With that dress Cora's wearing, we all know what Eason's

gonna do to her..."

Harry suddenly felt the atmosphere freeze around him. He turned to face Byron's icy stare.

Only then did Harry recall that Byron and his nephew's ex-girlfriend also had something going on.

"Well, your nephew's ex is clearly here to win him back today. You should let her go! You can always
find another hot

chick."

Without the glorification of the identities of a young lady from a good family and being Eason's

fiancée, Cora was nothing

more than a hot plaything in Harry's eyes, especially since he knew that Cora had been involved

with both Eason and

Byron.

But Harry's carefree tone was short-lived. Byron sternly warned, "Mind your words. I can teach you

manners if your

parents didn't bother."

Byron's voice cut through the air like an icy snowstorm. Stunned, Harry exclaimed, "Hey! How could

you treat me like this

for that woman? Jane will be here soon, mind you!"

Enter title...

Harry believed that Byron was merely playing with Cora, considering Jane the perfect match for him,

and that Cora's

resemblance to Jane, both being medical professionals, might be the reason why Byron sought

solace in Cora as a

substitute while Jane was away.

Byron's displeasure had been evident when Cora left with Eason earlier. But it was likely due to his

possessive nature,

which Harry assumed would fade with time.

Yet to his mention of Jane, Byron simply replied, "So what?"

In a corridor outside the banquet hall, Eason led Cora away, his grip firm on her hand. Cora tried her best to shake off his hold.

Eason looked at the woman he used to adore and said with a harsh voice, "Cora, we can't get back together. Don't waste your time. Don't embarrass yourself."

Cora scoffed. "Embarrass myself how? I didn't come here to win you back. Don't flatter yourself!" She hadn't realized Eason could be so narcissistic.

Eason pressed on, "Then why did you spread rumors about you and Carter?"

Cora's expression momentarily froze. She truly had no relationship with Carter and felt guilty for getting him involved in this mess.

But in Eason's eyes, her reaction seemed like a confirmation of her relationship with Carter. When Mia told him about it last night, Eason didn't believe it because he knew how hard it was to win Cora's heart.

Yet now seeing her attitude at the mention of Carter...

"Cora, you know the Pope family's influence surpasses ours, and their biases regarding social status are no less harsh than ours."

"That's not your concern," retorted Cora. In truth, the biases based on social status were merely excuses for Eason's cowardice, his unwillingness to defy his mother, and his preference for the wealthy while shunning the poor.

Eason's eyes burned with desire as he continued, "You know, Cora, there's still a way to maintain your previous lifestyle

without demeaning yourself.”

Cora frowned, not saying anything.

“Be with me, and I will cover your mother’s medical expenses and ensure you a carefree life, just like before.”

Whether it was due to Cora’s association with Carter or her exquisite appearance today, Eason’s desire for her was ignited.

Cora couldn’t believe what she had heard, “You want me to be your side piece?”