

Snatched 479

Chapter 479 Her Man

After Cora pondered for a while, she decided to take direct action to resolve the situation.

"Jerry, you should head back for now. I'll get in touch with you later."

With him present, it would be difficult for her to explain things to Byron.

Moreover, she was worried about Martin being alone in the room.

"Will everything be alright?" Jerry checked out Byron, who was wearing a grim expression again.

The situation didn't seem like a reunion between a couple but a chance meeting with a nemesis.

He was concerned that Cora might get into trouble.

"It'll be all right." Trying to usher Jerry back to the room to check on Martin, Cora nudged him gently.

The nudge prompted Jerry into action. "Call me if you need anything."

Oddly enough, the light nudge seemed to have made them appear more intimate.

The icy look on Byron's face persisted even after Jerry's departure.

"Can we talk privately?"

Cora attempted to hug Byron's arm after Jerry left them.

To her surprise, Byron moved away from her before she could touch him.

"Miss Lane, please show some restraint."

His words were even harsher, intent on keeping her at arm's length.

After saying that, he strode off in the direction of the elevator.

Cora wasn't about to give up that easily and tried to follow him.

However, Carter stopped her advance by standing before her. "We still have other business to attend to, so we won't keep you away any longer from your lover."

After Byron and the other executives were inside the elevator, Carter swiftly joined them and pressed the button to close the doors.

With that, Cora watched helplessly as Byron stood at the back of the elevator, his expression one of indifference as the enclosed space of the elevator set them worlds apart...

"What the heck?"

Cora was frustrated, pressing the elevator button repeatedly, wanting to catch up with them.

Sadly, her phone rang at that moment.

She was informed to go fetch some rare medicinal herbs.

These materials were not only hard to find but also challenging to preserve, requiring freezing during transportation and immediate boiling upon thawing to retain their efficacy.

Worried that the herbs would go bad, she had to rush to prepare the medicine even though it wasn't every day that she could bring Martin on a trip to New York.

Byron's misunderstanding of her only added to her troubles that were already piling up.

After weighing her options repeatedly, she finally decided to go get the herbs.

She figured she would explain everything to Byron and accompany Martin once she had cured Nora of her illness.

Byron left after an hour-long inspection at the hotel.

On the way back, he kept his eyes closed as if trying to rest his mind.

"Do you want to know more about the man's identity or his check-in records at the hotel?"

Carter made a casual inquiry, glancing at Byron in the rearview mirror.

Byron didn't even bother to open his eyes. "You seem to have quite some free time."

Thus, Carter corrected himself. "I'm not free. I'm very busy."

After that, the rest of the journey passed uneventfully.

As they approached the villa, Byron finally made a demand. "Tell me about his identity."

Carter didn't reply immediately.

Curiosity always got the better of him.

"He's Jerry, the number one playboy in Leucrest Town. He currently manages several clubs, and in the past, he used to rotate through different women every year."

Byron, ever perceptive, immediately caught on.

"In the past?"

Through the rearview mirror, Carter noticed Byron had opened his eyes, anger simmering within him.

"Yes, that was in the past. During the last four years, he had hardly associated himself with any women, if at all."

Byron figured that only another woman would be able to make a playboy who used to sleep around change his ways.

Judging by how he looked at Cora earlier, it was evident that Cora was the one who had prompted

Jerry to make that decision.

"Haha..."

Although Byron was smiling, his smile was mirthless and unfeeling, and the temperature in the car

seemed to have dropped.