

# Snatched a Billionaire to be My Husband ( Cora Lane )

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Cora started her first shift as a promoter.

“Sir, would you like to try this new cocktail? It’s delicious.”

Cora smiled, and the dimples at the corners of her mouth were lively and intoxicating.

This was the part-time job that Byron had gotten for her—promoting different alcohol.

The clients were nearly all men, and they looked at her with lustful eyes, “You want us to order the drinks you promote?”

“Then show us why we should buy it,” another chimed in with a laugh.

A bald guy with greasy looking fingers got up and poured 10 shots of patron. “Come on, if you can drink with us, we’ll

order a few bottles from you.”

“I can’t hold my liquor. I’m really sorry.”

After drinking a few glasses of wine last night, she had S\*\* with Byron. Alcohol tolerance was not her strong point.

Cora wanted to give up on this table so she smiled and got ready to leave.

Unexpectedly, the several male guests there refused to let her go. “Come on, this is how you treat your clients?”

Spire 73 was famous for its hot bartenders and waitresses. That’s another reason why so many men come to this place.

However, just as they were about to put their hands on Cora, a cold male voice rang out. “What are you doing?”

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice and saw that the man’s eyes seemed to be as cold as

an iceberg.

Enter title...

“Mr. Hansen!”

Almost all the people who came here to entertain themselves were rich young men from New York.

Most of them knew

Byron Hansen.

After all, this is the same man whose photos are plastered everywhere. Magazines, billboards and

social media. One

magazine once wrote “The hottest and most eligible bachelor, Byron Hansen. Who shall take home

the gold?”

When Cora saw Byron, she was a bit surprised.

One young man tried to play it off, “we were just messing with her, we meant no harm.”

Looking at those people coldly, Byron said, “You are not qualified to do such a thing. Get lost.”

His tone sounded casual, but his innate arrogance and powerful aura suddenly reminded the people

present that Spire 73

was also the property of the Hansen family.

“Mr. Hansen, I’m sorry. We crossed the line.”

“Mr. Hansen, it won’t happen again.”

They hurriedly apologized.

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However, Byron didn’t listen to them. He only gloomily ordered the bar manager, who had heard the

news and rushed

over, “Throw these people out. Sue them for S\*\*ual harassment, and never allow them into any

Hansen Group

establishment ever again.”

The seemingly casual order made the several men weak in the knees.

Almost all of the top-notch leisure and entertainment establishments in New York belonged to the

Hansen Group.

If they were barred from those places from now on, how could they have the face to stay in the social circle of the new rich

young men in New York in the future? How could they maintain their contacts?

They kept apologizing and begging for mercy, hoping that Mr. Hansen would take pity on them.

Unfortunately, the man ignored them, and the manager immediately asked the bouncers to escort them out.

After those people were kicked out, Byron didn't even look at Cora. He simply went back to where he was sitting before.

Cora caught up with him because she wanted to thank him.

"For what happened just now, I'd like to thank you for your help."

After thanking him, Cora nodded politely at Harry sitting at the side.

Cora behaved in a gracious manner and did not lose the demeanor that a daughter of a rich and powerful family should have.

Harry nodded back with a smile.

Harry suddenly understood why Byron had ignored his relationship with Eason and slept with Cora.

But at this moment, Byron ignored her.

However, Cora's eyes landed on Byron's hand. It was bleeding.

"Are you injured? Let me help you take care of it."

Although she didn't know how Byron had gotten injured, he had helped her just now.

What's more, Cora is a doctor, she can't just turn a blind eye to someone with an injury.

Harry glanced at Byron, he distinctly remembers Byron shattering a wine glass with his hands when he saw those men

harass Cora.

Harry's eyes darted between Cora and Byron, how interesting.

