

## **Snatched 721**

### Chapter 721 Fool!

As Byron watched the knife in the woman's hand shining with a cold, the woman charged toward Cora.

Almost instantly, he rushed toward Cora, kicked the knife out of the woman's hand, and then violently kicked her away.

Byron's kick was not light, and the woman was directly sent several meters away, crashing into the wall and falling to the ground.

Only then did Georgia and Isidra come to their senses and hurry over to check.

"Auntie, are you okay?"

"Dr. Lane, you're not hurt, are you?"

Cora was still being held in Byron's arms.

In fact, she could have protected herself. It's just that Byron reacted faster, not giving her a chance to act.

"I'm fine."

Cora extricated herself from Byron's embrace and craned her neck to look at the woman in the corner.

Upon seeing clearly, her eyebrows furrowed. "Eliza?"

It wasn't that Cora was shortsighted, but the person in front of her was filthy, with hair sticky and tangled.

This was in stark contrast to Eliza who previously dressed in extravagant dresses, wearing all sorts of glimmering jewelry, looking incredibly bright and beautiful.

"Auntie, do you know this person?"

Georgia, who had just returned from an overseas violin competition a few days ago and did not attend Cora's birthday party, didn't know the party's events, and naturally, she didn't recognize Eliza.

"Yes."

As Cora nodded, Eliza had already got up from the ground, arguing with firm conviction.

"It's all because of you. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have been driven out by the Vega family. It's all because of you, you wretch! It's you who ruined me..."

"Do you still think it's someone else's fault now? If it weren't for you repeatedly humiliating me, how could you have been driven out by the Vega family, and fallen to your current state?"

But how could Eliza accept that all this was her own doing?

She furiously charged at Cora again, wanting to fight her to the death.

But Cora was prepared this time and threw her over the shoulder on the spot.

"Wow! My auntie is not only cultured but also martial, so cool!"

Georgia had always admired Cora's medical skills and was a diehard fan of hers.

Seeing Cora fighting and defeating the enemy in one move, she was filled with adoration.

Isidra was also surprised that Cora could fight so cleanly and neatly.

But she never expected that after Eliza was thrown over the shoulder by Cora, she would get angry, get up, and throw an unknown liquid at the three of them...

Cora sensed something wrong with the liquid, and immediately pulled Georgia to the side.

Only Isidra was left standing in place, at a loss.

Seeing the liquid flying towards her, she felt her heart jump out of her throat, but her legs didn't know where to move...

Just at this critical moment, a cold male voice rang in her ear.

"You don't even know how to dodge, fool!"

Then, something covered her head, and the world suddenly darkened.

She smelled a faint scent of cologne, and her restless heart suddenly calmed down...

"It hurts! You hit me like this. I'm going to expose you!"

When Isidra heard the yelling from outside again, she quickly pulled off the thing on her head and

found that Eliza had been knocked down again, with Byron stepping on her head.

Still in shock, Isidra looked down and found that what had been covering her head was a black suit jacket.

The jacket was of particularly good quality, but there was a big hole burnt in one part of it...

Chapter 722 A Bitter Taste

Isidra couldn't bear to imagine, without the protection of the suit jacket, what her face would have looked like had it been splashed by the liquid just now.

So, she quickly turned her gaze to Byron again.

She saw that the man was now wearing a smog blue shirt, which seemed to render him even more tall and upright. His side profile was also increasingly charming.

At that moment, Isidra could almost hear her heart beating faster...

On the other side, the private chef's owner also rushed out after hearing Eliza's heart-wrenching scream.

"Call the police. This woman has a knife and sulfuric acid. She's trying to murder my wife."

The man continued to pin Eliza's head down, immobilizing her.

His voice was so cold it sent chills down one's spine, like a demon from hell.

The private chef's owner was scared and quickly called the police as instructed by Byron.

The police didn't dare to delay once they received the call and quickly took Eliza away.

"You all think you can get away from me just like this? It's you who made me like this. If you don't allow me to return to my previous life, I will come back for revenge after I'm out."

Eliza was still shouting at Cora and Byron as she was taken away.

The cold light in Byron's eyes remained unchanged. "Okay. I won't let you come out again."

Then he called Carter, instructing him to "take care" of Eliza properly.

He added, "Notify everyone in the industry to immediately cut off all collaborations with the Vega family,

or else they're opposing the Hansen Group. Make sure the Vega family goes bankrupt in two days. Let

them all meet in prison."

He had already told the Vega family to handle this problem, but since they didn't, he couldn't be blamed for taking matters into his own hands.

After Carter acknowledged the order, Byron hung up the call, went over and carefully examined Cora to ensure she wasn't injured, then held her in his arms.

"You're not hurt, are you? I saw that a part of your arm was splashed."

Cora didn't dare to let her guard down and quickly checked Byron's sleeve.

Sure enough, there was an area that had been splashed, and it was starting to bleed.

Cora didn't delay and quickly began to administer emergency treatment.

"Mr. Hansen, you're hurt?" Isidra quickly came over to check and when she saw Byron's wound, she was really worried.

"Oh my God, it's so serious. Let me get you to the hospital."

She even stretched out her hand to help Byron, but he rejected her touch. He spoke coldly, "Miss Isidra Wolf, Cora is a doctor."

"I know that Dr. Lane can handle these, but she doesn't have enough medication here. It's safer to go

to the hospital."

For the first time, Isidra didn't feel hurt by this man's coldness. She just wanted to get him to the hospital as soon as possible to ensure his safety.

"No need. Going to the hospital for such a small injury would be laughable," Byron continued to keep Isidra at arm's length.

But Isidra was insistent. "You got injured saving me. How can I not care about your safety?"

"You're overthinking. I didn't really want to save you. I was just worried that if you got hurt because of Cora, she would inevitably be implicated."

Byron's intentions were very clear.

He didn't save her because he cared about her safety. He did it to avoid Cora being implicated.

Georgia was quite frightened just now and was only now starting to recover.

Seeing her uncle rejecting Isidra's offer to take him to the hospital, she tried to reassure Isidra, "Isidra, my uncle has had numerous minor and major injuries before, and he rarely goes to the hospital. Plus, my auntie is here with him. You don't need to worry."

In the end, Isidra could only give up.

As she watched Byron and Cora leave after treating his wound, she felt a bitter taste in her heart...

Chapter 723 Her Throbbing

Georgia saw Isidra constantly gazing at the retreating figures of Cora and Byron. Thinking that Isidra

was upset from being scolded by her uncle, she approached to console her.

"Isidra, don't mind it. My uncle has always been like that, not fond of physical touch from others."

"Has your uncle always been so rigid in his character?" Isidra asked casually.

"Yes, but since he met my auntie, he's improved a lot."

Georgia quite liked Cora and felt that Isidra also admired her, especially since Cora once saved Isidra's

life.

She shared more about how Byron changed after being with Cora.

However, Isidra seemed distracted and by the end, took away Byron's blazer which had been burned

by sulfuric acid.

That night, Isidra had a dream.

Eliza came at her with a sharp knife, but Byron shielded her in his embrace.



She caught the scent of his cologne and felt her heart race.

As she looked up in shock, Byron suddenly kissed her.

It was a passionate kiss unlike anything she had ever experienced.

She closed her eyes to respond but then heard her brother Vaughn's voice.

"Isidra, it's time to get ready to leave."

Isidra opened her eyes groggily and for a moment, thought she saw a man in a suit. She sat up

abruptly, initially thinking it was Byron, believing the kiss in the dream was real, momentarily

disoriented.

But soon, her vision cleared, and she recognized Vaughn.

"Vaughn, it's you..."

She felt an inexplicable emptiness.

"Why did you wake me up so early?"

"Did you forget? We're leaving New York today," Vaughn reminded.

Only then did Isidra recall they were in New York for Cora's birthday party, and her brother had some

business to attend.

After finishing, it was time to leave.

Ever since Vaughn began his official duties, Isidra frequently traveled with him.

When it was time to leave, she would pack and follow.

But today, she hesitated.

Still, urged by her brother, "Hurry up, have you packed?"

"I packed last night." Eventually, Isidra got up.

But just before leaving, she suddenly opened her suitcase and placed Byron's acid-burned blazer inside.

After Vaughn and Isidra left New York, Cora's life continued.

Every day, Byron found time to discuss wedding plans and his thoughts with her.

One day, a wedding dress he ordered arrived by air freight. Excitedly, he wanted Cora to try it on, but

she was indifferent. "Let's try it in a couple of days."

"What's the difference between trying it today and in two days?" Byron was eager to see her in the dress.

He reasoned. "If we try it today and need adjustments, there's ample time for the designer to make them."

But Cora declined. "Adjustments can be made in a couple of days. It's just resizing."

Byron, noticing her disinterest, took out his notebook and changed the topic to their honeymoon.

"As for our honeymoon, you mentioned liking Moratoy. We can spend time there and then go elsewhere..."

Byron was excited discussing it, clearly looking forward to their wedding and subsequent honeymoon.

But Cora's eyes were dull. "I don't want to talk about this now."

Byron's expression darkened...

Chapter 724 Don't Expect It?

"Why don't you want to mention it? Don't you look forward to our wedding?"

This wedding, which had been delayed for four years, was anticipated by both Byron and everyone around them.

Harry and the others were all arguing over who would be the best man. Carter was waiting to catch the bouquet, hoping to be the next one to get married.

Sara and the others were even planning on who to invite to their wedding and how to dress up Martin.

The Hansen family had already booked the venue and the drinks.

Nora even went to the church to find a fortune-teller and picked out several lucky dates.

Everyone was ready for this wedding. Only the bride, Cora, was not only unwilling to participate in the wedding arrangements but even refused to try on the wedding dress.

This made Byron begin to doubt whether she was looking forward to this wedding as much as he was.

"I..."

Cora saw that Byron was somewhat unhappy and regretted that she had been so resistant to talking about the wedding.

As she was about to explain, she was interrupted by him, "It's okay. If you don't want to mention it for now, I won't force you."

Despite Byron's words, Cora could see that he really hoped she would try on the wedding dress and plan their honeymoon with him.

"I'm going to hang out with Harry and the others tonight. You should go to bed early."

After Byron finished speaking, he turned and walked out.

Cora knew that this was when she should have held him back, but the words got stuck in her throat,

and all she could do was watch him leave.

Only when his figure disappeared in the hallway did Cora fail to conceal her sense of helplessness and

cover her face with her hand.

How could she not look forward to their wedding?

After experiencing life and death and being apart for four years, like him, she was eager to hold a

wedding and let the world witness their love.

But her face...

It kept getting infected over and over again.

She even attempted to medicate it herself but to no avail.

So she went from being calm at the beginning to being frightened and anxious.

She was also afraid of being disfigured, afraid that all he would feel when he saw her face in the future

would be disgust.

This fear had been haunting her these days.

But in front of her family and Byron, she dared not show it at all.

Now, with no one around, her long-repressed emotions seemed to explode.

In the empty room, she curled up helplessly and cried silently.

At Eversong Club.

Harry was holding a beautiful girl, chatting and promising a future.

Since his divorce, he had been living this extravagant life, even more so than before.

The woman in his arms changed every night.

It seemed that only in this way could he forget that his embrace once only wanted to hold a certain person.

Tonight, he was planning to pick one of them to take home. As he was exploring which one was the real deal, the door of the box was suddenly pushed open.

Seeing the person coming, Harry was obviously stunned. "Byron?"

Although Byron had been here before, it was always him who dragged Byron in.

He really didn't expect that Byron would come to a place like this.

"Not welcome?" Byron's voice was cold.

"How dare I, come in!"

As Harry greeted Byron, he also said to Evie, who was serving in the box, "Open a bottle of Louis XIII and take good care of Mr. Hansen."

Chapter 725 The Wedding Hasn't Even Happened Yet!

Evie hadn't seen Byron for quite some time and couldn't help wanting to ask Harry about it.

However, through recent observation, Evie found that while Harry seemed smooth in handling affairs, he also had his preferences.

When hostesses fought over him, he would use humor and compensation to dissolve their disputes.

If friends argued at gatherings, he would play peacemaker, even at his own expense.

Yet, his attitude towards her, who served him in the club, was extremely cold.

Even when she accidentally knocked over a drink of a hostess yesterday and was scolded, he didn't say a word in her defense.

Evie was puzzled.

Although they weren't close, they at least had a familiar face.

More importantly, she had revealed that she was Byron's woman.

Shouldn't he show some respect for that?

However, when she was being scolded, Harry didn't say a word in her defense.

Thus, Evie gave up on trying to learn about Byron from him.

But it seemed that the heavens were on her side.

After waiting for many days with no result, didn't the heaven send Byron to her?

So she opened a bottle of wine with a smile, poured a few cups for Harry and his group, and personally delivered Byron's cup to him.

"Mr. Hansen..."

Byron was feeling upset, and wanted a drink to alleviate his annoyance.

Seeing that Evie had brought the wine, he did not refuse.

However, Harry glanced over at them and said, "Byron, what brought you here today? Shouldn't you be

discussing wedding matters with Cora at this time?"

Evie listened, quietly observing Byron.

Byron was getting married, and she heard about it when he came last time.



But even after marrying, men of power and wealth wouldn't cut off their outside relationships.

And the wedding hadn't even taken place yet!

Look at Byron, still visited places like this.

Evie even thought that with a bit more effort, she could replace the bride at Byron's wedding!

"Let's not discuss that," Byron said.

Hearing Harry mention the wedding, he couldn't help but think of Cora's recent resistance to the wedding, which made his heart feel even more upset.

He took the bottle of wine from Evie, poured himself a cup, and drank it all.

He let the strong liquor dilute the bitterness in his mouth.

Harry, being a smooth operator, could see that Byron and Cora were probably unhappy about the wedding.

From his experience, he knew that intentionally making Byron think about his unhappiness would only make him feel worse.

"Alright, let's not talk about that today. Come, let's drink..."

He took the cue from Byron and encouraged him to drink.

But behind the scenes, he sent a message to Cora saying that Byron was drunk and asked her to pick

him up at Eversong Club, or else her honey might be taken advantage of by some vixen.

Byron must have been really upset that day, as the bottle of wine that Harry had opened was quickly emptied by him.

He then opened several more bottles of expensive wine, making the waitresses and hostesses in the club ecstatic, as they would get a commission from the consumption.

The two big shots had opened several bottles of expensive wine, earning them a huge commission.

In a blink of an eye, the wine bottles were empty.

Byron was still seated with no special behavior, but those familiar with him knew he was drunk.

For example, Harry said, "Byron, you can go home now."

In fact, Harry only wanted to send Byron back to Cora to prevent any unsanitary incident from occurring before the wedding and ruining this long-awaited event.

However, at this moment, Evie actively approached and said, "Mr. Hansen, let me take you home..."

Chapter 726 I Have a Measure

They were all hanging out at the nightclub, and everyone knew what Evie was up to right now.

Harry naturally understood as well and immediately gave her a cold glance. "What does this have to do with you?"

Evie froze on the spot. "I just saw that Mr. Hansen was drunk, and I was afraid that it would not be safe for him to go back alone."

Such a lame excuse made Harry's hostess couldn't help but burst into giggles.

Harry was even worse and sneered directly, "He is really not safe if you send him back!"

"I know Mr. Hansen, and there's no way I would do anything to him. Mr. Cross, your words are a bit too much..." Evie's eyes welled up with a hint of red.

"Harry," in the midst of his slightly hazy vision, Byron heard Evie's words and gently reminded Harry.

No matter how much someone rejected his wedding, he still could not let go of her.

Even her classmates, he continued to take care of them.

Harry had been with women for many years, so of course he could see what Evie had planned for Byron.

So he restrained his hostility but still reminded, "I'm just worried that something will happen to Byron in

this kind of place, ruining his life's reputation."

"I have a sense of propriety," Byron said.

Harry nodded and said nothing.

There were some matters that they, as brothers, could only touch upon.

Evie understood what these two were talking about, but after finally managing to bring Byron here, how could she let this big fish slip away?

She leaned in front of Byron again. "Mr. Hansen, let me take you back."

This time, she even directly took Byron's hand for support.

However, this kind of contact not only caused Byron to furrow his brows, but also made Harry want to speak up and remind him of something.

"Byron..."

Harry wanted to tell Byron that he had informed Cora about this, and she might be on her way.

If they were to run into her, it could be problematic.

But you know, sometimes the more you feared something, the more likely it was to happen.

Just as Harry was about to speak, the door to the private room suddenly swung open.

All of them turned their gaze simultaneously, only to see Cora standing at the entrance of the private room, her expression deep as she looked at the scene of Evie holding onto Byron's arm affectionately...

Byron's eyes showed a hint of surprise.

He hadn't expected that Cora would come here to find him!

Harry quickly greeted, "Mrs. Hansen! Um, about that, Byron just came here tonight to have a drink, nothing else."

When Evie saw Cora, she was also taken aback.

Especially upon hearing Harry's "Mrs. Hansen," she finally realized that the woman whom Byron was going to marry was actually Cora?

On the day when Byron, Harry, and their group came to celebrate being single, their conversations only mentioned the term "Mrs. Hansen."

At that time, Evie had also considered whether this person could be Cora, but she had instinctively rejected that possibility.

After all, Cora already owned the First Hospital, held the title of "First Person to Cure Cancer," and now

had someone as handsome and influential as Byron by her side. It would seem too unfair if all of that were true.

But reality proved that sometimes the heavens favored a person, just like when your mother scolded you without reason!

Cora not only had all those accomplishments, but she also became engaged to Byron.

Saying that Evie wasn't envious or jealous to the point of going crazy, it must be a lie.

However, Evie still insisted that all men were the same, and none of them could resist temptation.

As long as she persisted, sooner or later, she would win over Byron.

And now, with the appearance of Cora, when Byron didn't immediately shake off the hand she had in his arm, it was the best proof of her opportunity.

So when Cora's cold gaze fell upon her, she not only didn't show any fear but even lightly lifted the corner of her lips, wearing a provocative expression...

Chapter 727 Mode of Interaction

But Cora didn't immediately explode. She quickly responded to Harry.

"Mr. Cross, I didn't say he did anything. He's not even worried himself, so why are you explaining to

him?"

By now, her eyes no longer held the darkness they had when she first entered the private room. There was even a faint smile on her face.

However, when Cora smiled like that, Harry's entire body started to feel a creeping sensation.

"I'm not explaining for Byron. I'm just stating the objective facts," Harry replied, but his forced explanation didn't seem to be well-received.

Indeed, Cora's gaze had already landed on Byron.

The latter coldly glanced at the hand that Evie had placed on his arm with a clear expression of repulsion in his eyes.

However, it seemed that he thought of something afterward, as he managed to conceal that repulsion and even didn't shake off Evie's hand.

He asked Cora coldly, "Why are you here?"

The feeling was as if the person who had been trying on wedding dresses with her and discussing honeymoon trips just today wasn't him.

Cora didn't explode on the spot. She simply replied, "Mr. Cross sent me a message, saying that you

were about to be devoured by monsters and demons. I rushed over to take a look and see what kind of audacious monster would dare to do that."

A spectrum of emotions played across Evie's face.

She didn't even need to ask to know that the monsters and demons referred to her.

Unable to control her temper, Evie retorted, "Cora, we're still alumni, not strangers. There's no need to be so confrontational in your words."

Harry was slightly surprised and looked at Evie for a moment.

Alumni?

He hadn't thought that there was this connection between this "monster" and Cora.

So, was Byron watching over the monster for Cora because of this alumni relationship?

Harry stole a glance at Byron, hoping to find an answer in his eyes.

However, he noticed that someone was quietly observing Cora and not saying a word, wearing a half-smile as he looked at Cora with a slightly resentful expression.

So, was Byron actually enjoying this, watching as his wife got jealous for him?



Once Harry realized this, he suddenly felt quite full in his stomach.

But tonight, aside from the drinks, he hadn't eaten anything else.

What filled him up was none other than their happiness!

"I rushed over? You haven't seen me when I'm even more worked up," Cora retorted with her usual cold tone.

While Evie was attempting to provoke her, wanting to see her get even more worked up.

Cora gave another cold glance at the man still sitting on the couch, unmoving. "Still not getting up? You need a lesson, don't you?"

In matters involving both men and women, it took two to tango.

She was well aware that focusing solely on Evie wouldn't be effective.

Evie was still planning to engage in some petty provocations.

After all, she believed that powerful and influential men didn't appreciate being summoned and ordered around.

She thought that the approach Cora was taking would only push the man further away.

Only women like her who understood how to be gentle and didn't nitpick with men about these things

would ultimately have a chance to stay by a man's side.

However, just as Evie was about to speak up, the man who had allowed her to hold his hand a moment ago suddenly waved her hand away.

"Mr. Hansen?"

Evie was taken aback and wanted to grab the man's arm once again.

It was as if holding onto his arm would secure her a place in his future.

However, this time, she couldn't even reach him.

"Get lost!" After the man rebuked her, he walked away towards Cora without looking back.

Then, the man who had exuded an icy aura just moments ago suddenly changed his demeanor, saying to Cora, "Cora, I've had too much to drink and can't walk steadily. Can you support me?"

Harry and Evie were left speechless.

They never would have imagined that the man who seemed to have control over everything in front of others would have such a different interaction mode with Cora in private.

Chapter 728 Am I like a Crutch?

Amid Evie's and Harry's astonishment, Cora didn't even spare a glance at Byron. "There are plenty of

people willing to help you walk. Why don't you ask them to come over and assist you?"

While Cora's words didn't explicitly mention Evie, she didn't even spare a glance for her. Both Evie and Harry understood that Cora was referring to her.

Evie even thought to herself that if she were in Byron's position, she would probably have other people come and help or even break off the engagement right there.

After all, there were countless women in the world, and let Cora regret her decision!

Evie, too, momentarily looked at Byron with anticipation.

As long as the man called out to her, even with a mere glance, she would have eagerly stepped forward.

However, in her hopeful anticipation, Byron said, "I just want you to help me walk."

Evie furrowed her brows. Byron's behavior was far from the domineering image she had imagined.

Even though Byron was patiently using words that didn't quite fit the image of a powerful executive to coax Cora, she remained indifferent to him.

She even retorted to him, "Do I look like a cane to you?"

Byron suddenly burst into laughter. "Not at all."

And then, he embraced Cora's waist and led her outside.

As they stepped out of the private room, Byron didn't forget to turn back and greet Harry. "We're leaving

first."

"Alright, you and your wife should get some rest early," Harry replied.

With a smile in his eyes, Byron looked quite different from the person who had been drinking alone and looking like the world was about to collapse just moments ago.

Harry suddenly understood. Byron probably just wanted to wait for Cora to come and take him home.

He could walk ninety-nine steps, and as long as Cora took one step forward, he would be satisfied.

It was really heartwarming...

Harry couldn't help but envy this kind of devotion, the kind of love that was willing to give everything.

He also really wanted to love passionately like that again.

However, his marriage with Jane had already drained his enthusiasm, and he wasn't sure if he could ever love like that again in the future.

Harry stared absentmindedly in the direction that Cora and Byron had left, while Evie had already turned cold-faced, ready to leave the private room.

After all the effort she had put in, Byron still seemed so obedient to Cora, which infuriated her even more.

She felt the need to adjust her strategy. She couldn't just wait desperately for Byron's attention at the Eversong Club. Instead, she needed to take the initiative.

However, as she got up, the sound caught Harry's attention once again, and his gaze landed on her.

"Do you see it? Between the two of them, there's absolutely no place for you as the standby third party."

Harry's words clenched Evie's hands, which were resting on her thighs, into tight fists.

She wanted to retort to Harry, but considering he was a regular at this top-notch private room, she held back.

Offending him could not only cost her the chance to enjoy the services of such a premium room, but it might also lead to her being banned from Eversong Club entirely, and even her position at New York might be at risk.

So, in the end, Evie didn't say anything and simply left the private room...

Cora hailed a car, and both she and Byron sat in the backseat.

However, whether due to discomfort or other reasons, she hadn't paid any attention to Byron since getting in the car. Her gaze remained fixed on the scenery outside the car window.

Byron had consumed a lot of alcohol and wasn't feeling well, and he kept his eyes closed and leaned back in his seat.

After a while, he took the initiative to speak, "Don't you have anything you want to ask me?"

"Will you tell me everything if I ask you?"

Even without opening his eyes to look at Cora, Byron could sense a hint of tension in her voice, like a trace of gunpowder.

Chapter 729 Just Cried?

"If you ask, I'll tell. We're in that kind of relationship. Can I still deceive you?"

Byron kept his eyes closed and leaned against the back seat, but his hand sought out Cora's. Despite her struggles, he tightly held her hand, and she eventually gave in.

"About the lip mark on your shirt earlier, was it from Evie?" As she asked this question, she couldn't

help but observe Byron.

Seeing the man who had kept his eyes closed all this time finally open them to look at her.

"You held that question back until now? Were you afraid of bursting?"

There was a hint of a smile in his cold gaze, faint but genuine.

At that moment, Cora felt that man had been waiting for her here all along!

She felt frustrated and glanced out the window.

"Yes..."

The man's response made her even more furious, and she struggled momentarily to free her hand from

his grip.

However, Byron exerted all his strength to control her, even going so far as to embrace her tightly.

"Cora, don't move. I know you're angry, but it was accidental. When she went to pick up my lighter, it

brushed against her."

"So you're giving her an excuse?"

"That's the truth. I'm not making excuses for anyone."

Cora was instantly filled with uncontrollable anger.

Just as they arrived near their apartment, Cora instructed the driver to stop the car and then got out.

Byron quickly followed.

Walking one behind the other, Byron explained from behind, "Cora, the reason I indulged her is because she said she's your old classmate. Because of you, I didn't make a big deal out of it."

Annoyed, Cora turned back. "Do you know that we're not on good terms?"

Byron came closer, encircling her waist and lowering his face, his dark eyes gazing deeply into hers.

"I know now. When you were so angry just now, I realized I might have been wrong."

He noticeably lowered his voice, carrying a hint of appeasement.

Though he still had a trace of drunkenness, it was rather charming.

At least, Cora's heart was truly swayed.

However, she didn't want this man to think that this tactic worked so well on her.

What if he used this ploy to get away with his mistakes in the future?

Plus, just a while ago, she had been crying into her pillow at home because he left without a word.

She rushed over to pick him up when Harry mentioned that he was drunk.



And what did she end up encountering? He and the person she now detested the most, Evie, was acting all lovey-dovey!

Furious in her heart, she couldn't forgive him.

So she struggled to break free, trying to separate herself from him.

However, his iron grip held her tightly, not allowing her the slightest movement.

At the same time, he continued explaining, "If I had known she had a conflict with you, I definitely wouldn't have helped her just to save face in front of you."

Speaking, Byron even lowered his head, carefully observing Cora's eyes, then furrowing his brow.

"Were you crying just now?"

Her eye sockets were so red, and there was still a trace of tears in her eyes. The tip of her nose and her forehead were also red.

This was clearly the appearance of crying.

Damn it, the lighting in the private room was dim just now, and he couldn't notice any of this.

If he had known she had been crying, he wouldn't have waited until she called him to come back home.

Filled with self-blame, Byron's hand around Cora's waist tightened noticeably.

He remembered that before he left home, Cora had a cold expression and ignored him.

Was that because of Evie?

"How did that woman bully you?"

Such an insignificant person dared to make Cora cry, and she would pay a bloody price for it!

Cora had been maintaining a stern expression, but upon hearing his concerned tone, her nose

inexplicably tingled and felt sore...

Chapter 730 Groundless Fear

Seeing that tears were welling up in Cora's eyes and her eyes were turning red, Byron became even

more anxious.

"What did she do?"

Since Cora hadn't said anything, the man suddenly let go of her and strode towards the direction of the

club.

Seeing his expression, Cora asked, "Where are you going?"

"Kill her!"

The man's words were concise and to the point.

He had no patience for anyone who made her cry.

Cora shouted, "It's not because of her."

"Then who?" Byron asked as if he had realized something, raising an eyebrow. "Me?"

Cora remained silent.

He suddenly confirmed the answer and once again embraced her tightly. "How did I offend you? I just

wanted to have a wedding with you, to let the world know that you're my wife, nothing more."

Hearing him say this, Cora choked up, "But you also have to look at my face. What if my face remains

like this forever? What should we do?"

Byron was taken aback for a moment.

It was at this moment that he realized that Cora had been avoiding discussing the wedding because of

the scars on her face.

"I'm sorry, I didn't think things through. But even if your face stays like this forever, it's the most

beautiful in my eyes, incomparable to anyone else."

"You're speaking too lightly. I bet you wouldn't think the same way if you had to look at my scarred face

every day!"

He was practically worshipped in New York, and when people came to attend their wedding, there would be no shortage of guests.

In the minds of those people, only someone as beautiful as a celestial being could be worthy of a man like him.

At the wedding, even if they didn't say anything to her face, there would be plenty of discussions behind her back.

At first, he probably wouldn't find anything wrong with what others were saying.

But as time went on, he would likely become annoyed, feeling that all of this was caused by her.

Besides, Sally had also told her. Men were creatures who thought with their lower bodies.

If her face remained like this, he probably wouldn't be able to think of her in that way anymore, and infidelity would become a matter of time.

In these days, just thinking about these things, she had the impulse to dig up Flora's grave and flush her ashes down the toilet.

However, her upbringing didn't allow her to do such things, so she could only hide all her anger and unease deep inside.

Until this moment, when she finally opened up, she was choked with sobs.

Seeing her like this, Byron sealed her lips with his own, using his actions to convey that her worries were baseless.

In the bustling street, people passing by couldn't help but take notice of this overly passionate display of affection.

Feeling the curious gazes of others, Cora attempted several times to push Byron away.

However, he seemed resolute, holding onto her tightly regardless of her resistance. He was determined to convey to her that his interest in her would never fade.

In the end, Cora found herself succumbing to this kiss, unable to resist its allure.

She wasn't sure how long she shamelessly kissed Byron.

All she knew was that when they finally stopped, her whole mouth felt numb.

And Byron's gaze had become even more scorching.

His voice, too, had grown husky.

"Do you still doubt that my interest in you would change because of your face?"

His gaze was intense, with only her reflection in his dark, luminous eyes.

Coupled with his poised stance, Cora couldn't help but feel that if she denied his words at this moment,

he might just go rogue right there on the street.

What could Cora do?

Of course, she couldn't refute him!

They had already engaged in such an embarrassing act in public. If he were to do something even

more outrageous, she would truly be too ashamed to face anyone.

Seeing Cora lower her gaze and tacitly accept what he had said, Byron smiled as he lifted Cora

horizontally into his arms.

"What are you doing?" Cora's body suddenly left the ground, and she felt a bit panicked.

"Going home to give Martin a little sister..."

Cora realized what the man intended to do, and with irritation, she raised her fist and tried to punch

him.