

SNATCHED A BILLIONAIRE TO BE MY HUSBAND

Chapter 99 At Your Service

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After Jane separated from Cora, she returned to her office.

Inside, she found her mother, Sara, already there, holding a few boxes of snacks and instructing a

doctor, "Keep one box for Jane and share the rest with your colleagues."

"Thank you, Mrs. Sara Yoris, you are so kind! Would you care to take me in as your servant? I have

studied medicine and can handle a scalpel!"

The doctor joked after taking the snacks from Sara, to which she chuckled.

"You kids love to talk nonsense. Go out and have some snacks before they melt. They won't taste as

good if that happened."

"In that case, I'll give you and Dr. Yoris some space."

After the doctor left, Jane took hold of Sara's hand. "Mom, why are you here?"

"I brought a few sets of clothes for your father and some of your favorite snacks," Sara replied.

"Will Dad be away from home again?" Jane's dissatisfaction with William was evident in the way she

spoke.

Despite never having to worry about food and clothing growing up, she rarely saw her father, let alone

interacted with him.

"He'll be attending a seminar and will leave for outstation right after work today."

Sara seemed disgruntled as well. Throughout her long marriage with William, she rarely ever spent

time with him, for he spent far more time with his patients than with her.

However, they soon changed the topic. After all, they were already familiar with William's prolonged absence at home for months on end.

"I'm just here to remind you to go on dates with Byron when you have time. Don't be like your father,

who spends all his time in the hospital. You'll regret when someone else takes your place on the

wedding altar when you're this close to standing on it."

Sara didn't drop by Jane's office just to bring her some snacks.

The core of the matter was Byron's reluctance to get engaged with Jane during her birthday party,

which left Sara feeling anxious.

Her anxiety only flared when she noticed Byron seemed to regard Cara differently. She was determined

to make Jane the winner.

"I know." Jane wasn't too keen on having a conversation about Byron with her mother because she,

too, found Byron's feelings unfathomable.

Their parents had supported their relationship, and Byron never denied anything when his friends joked

about Jane being his fiancée when they were both present on important occasions.

Yet, when it came to setting the matter in stone, he would dance around the subject.

"What's with that response? You need to take the initiative in some things. You can't just wait for Byron

to decide everything," Sara advised.

She was concerned that Jane might end up like her father, focusing all her attention on her career and

offering Byron to someone else.

"Speaking of which, didn't Byron give you an anklet before? Why haven't I seen you wearing it?"

While trying to share her experiences as an elder, she casually brought up the anklet Byron got at the

auction. Jane averted her gaze at the mention of it.

The truth was that she never got the anklet even though she was certain Byron would be gifting it to her

as her birthday present.

Thus, she unwrapped Byron's present for her after returning from Breezy Tides, only to find a set of

diamond jewelry in the gift box.

Although the diamond jewelry was also an expensive present in and of itself, the anklet was far more

meaningful to her.

Thus, she was starting to feel uncertain about the situation.

"I haven't found the right clothes to match it." She made up an excuse, not wanting her parents to know

the truth.

"True. That anklet doesn't go with just any outfit, but it's not that big a deal. We can go shopping

together someday to find something suitable," Sara suggested.

Jane wanted to steer away from the topic of the anklet. "Mom, you should go home if there's nothing

else you have to do. I have a few patients who I have to attend to."

"Before you go, your grandfather is curious about the artist who made the little trinket. He wants the

contact information of the artist."

"Why does Grandpa need the artist's contact information?" Jane seemed rather furtive.

After she realized she hadn't received the anklet from Byron, she unwrapped all the other presents to

check if it was mistakenly placed.

So, she also opened the trinket that Cora gave her, which Cora claimed to have made herself.

However, Jane wasn't much interested in it, so she left it in the living room.

She didn't expect her grandfather to show interest in it.

"I think he might be looking for apprentices. You know how passionate he is about passing on his

woodcarving skills." Sara was nonchalant about it.

"I'll ask around, but I can't promise if they'll share their contact information," Jane replied.

She wasn't planning to connect her grandfather to Cora, whom she disliked.

"Update your grandfather about it. I'll head to the beauty salon now."

Once Sara was gone, Jane forgot about the wood carving.

Meanwhile, Cora reached out to Byron on her own initiative that night...