

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After

#Chapter 1 - Read Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After Chapter 1

Chapter 1 I'll Be Your Bride

"Felix, the wedding's about to start-you can't just leave!"

Draped in an immaculate white gown, Linsey Brooks clung to Felix Wells' arm, her fingers trembling as panic filled her

voice.

Today was supposed to be their day.

Yet, just as the ceremony was about to begin, Felix had read a text message, turned to the crowd, and declared the wedding canceled.

His brows were drawn together, his voice tight with urgency. "Move. Joanna's hurt. She's alone in the hospital, and she

must be terrified. I have to be there for her."

Linsey's face drained of color.

Joanna Saunders was Felix's childhood sweetheart.

Linsey had started dating Felix five years ago. And for five years, whenever she went out with him, if Joanna so much as

needed him, Felix would leave Linsey behind.

He always insisted Joanna was just like a sister to him and always told Linsey to understand.

And she had, again and again.

But this was their wedding day.

So what if Joanna needed him? Did that mean Linsey had to be abandoned by the man who was supposed to become her

husband?

Her voice quivered as Linsey whispered, "No, you can't go. The wedding can't happen without you. No matter what, you

have to stay today. Please, Felix... I'm begging you."

But his patience snapped. "Enough! Stop being selfish and unreasonable. We can always reschedule the wedding. But right

now, Joanna's hurt. If I don't go, can you handle the consequences? Move!"

Before she could say another word, he shoved past her.

Linsey staggered, her heels slipping against the polished floor as she crashed onto it. From where she sat, stunned and

breathless, she could only watch as Felix disappeared through the doors-without a single glance back.

In the next second, her phone rang.

Without thinking, she answered-only to be met with a woman's smug, triumphant voice on the other end.

"Linsey, today's your big day with Felix, isn't it? Do you like the little gift I sent you?"

Linsey's entire body went rigid as recognition hit her. Through clenched teeth, she spat, "Joanna... You did this on purpose. You lured Felix away, didn't you?"

"That's right. And? What are you gonna do about it? I just wanted to remind you- in Felix's heart, I'll always come first." Joanna's tone dripped with arrogance, every word laced with mockery. "I bet you spent months planning this, huh? Such a shame... All that work, all that dreaming-gone. Honestly, I almost feel bad for you."

Linsey stared down at the pristine white fabric of her gown, and for the first time, she saw the last five years for what they

really were a joke.

Since she was an orphan, she had been so desperate for a family, for a love she could call her own.

But Felix... he was never going to give her that.

It was time to stop begging for something that would never be hers.

A sharp, cold laugh escaped her lips. "Don't get ahead of yourself, Joanna. The wedding's still happening."

Joanna's tone instantly soured. "Are you insane? Felix is the groom. He's not even there. How exactly do you plan on having a wedding without him?"

Linsey's lips curved into a slow, mocking smile.

Who said her groom had to be Felix?

If he could walk away this easily, then she would find someone else someone who actually deserved to stand beside her.

Her voice turned sharp, unwavering. "Do me a favor, Joanna-pass a message to Felix. Tell him I don't want him anymore. He's not worth another second of my time. And since you're so desperate to have him, be my guest. A spineless man and

a shameless woman-what a perfect match. Best of luck."

Joanna's voice sharpened with anger. "Linsey, I'm warning you. Don't push your luck—"

But before she could finish, Linsey ended the call.

The wedding was set to begin in thirty minutes. She needed to find a replacement groom-fast.

Lifting the hem of her dress, she rushed outside. To her surprise, the entrance was swarming with men in black suits. Their imposing presence sent a clear message as they combed through every corner, searching for something or someone.

Amidst them, a man in a groom's suit sat in a wheelchair, his posture rigid with authority. Though motionless, he radiated an icy, almost untouchable air.

His voice was commanding as he addressed the bodyguard in front of him. "The ceremony is about to begin. Have you found Haven yet?"

The bodyguard hesitated, his expression tense. "Mr. Riley, we've searched the entire perimeter, but there's no sign of Ms. Walton. It appears she's already fled..."

"Fled?" The man's voice was deep and even, but his gaze turned razor-sharp- cold and unforgiving, like a predator sizing up its prey. "If this wedding doesn't happen on time, you know what that means."

Linsey caught every word, and in an instant, she understood-this man had been abandoned at the altar, just like she had.

Without hesitation, she gripped her dress and strode toward him.

The bodyguards reacted instantly, stepping in front of her with stiff, wary expressions.

"Ma'am, what do you think you're doing?"

The man in the wheelchair shifted his attention to her, his presence alone pressing down like a storm on the horizon.

But Linsey didn't flinch. Her voice was steady as she met his gaze head-on. "Sir, I hear your bride has run away. If that's the case let me take her place. I'll be your bride."

Chapter 2 I Won't Regret It

Linsey's words made the man's eyes narrow slightly. His voice, laced with surprise, held a sharp edge. "Ma'am, are you certain about this? I'm disabled. If you marry me, you'll regret it sooner or later."

Linsey didn't answer him directly. Instead, her gaze never wavered as she asked, "Would you ever abandon your wife for

another woman?"

"Of course not," he replied without missing a beat, his tone firm.

"Then I won't regret it either," Linsey said, her resolve unshaken. "As long as you agree, I'll marry you."

Seeing the sincerity in her eyes, the man had no reason to refuse. With a slow, deliberate nod, he replied, "Alright then, let's get married."

And just like that, Linsey's wedding-one that had nearly been called off-continued as planned.

With the priest as their witness, they exchanged vows, their voices steady.

As they exited the church, Linsey felt a strange sense of unreality.

She had just married a man who, only hours ago, had been a complete stranger.

Pushing her husband's wheelchair down the steps, she suddenly realized something. "By the way, I don't even know your

name."

"Collin Riley," he responded, his voice calm.

Linsey's eyes widened in surprise. "Wait-you're Collin Riley? The eldest son of the Riley family?"

Collin saw the shock on her face and smirked, a hint of mockery in his smile.

"What's the matter? Now that you know you've married a man everyone else considers a loser, you're regretting it?"

The story of Collin-the eldest son of the powerful Riley family-was well-known throughout the city.

His mother had died in childbirth, and his father had remarried.

Later, a car accident left Collin paralyzed, transforming him into what many considered a loser.

When his stepmother gave birth to a son, he became even more of an outcast within the Riley family.

Without his grandmother, Ivy Riley, who had always defended and protected him, Collin would have likely been discarded

long ago, left to struggle far worse than someone living on the streets.

In Collin's mind, no woman in her right mind would willingly marry a man like him unless she was after money.

He wasn't just disabled-he was the neglected son of the Riley family. He fully expected Linsey to be disappointed.

He was prepared to see regret or bitterness shadow her face.

To his shock, however, she looked at him not with pity or disdain, but with a deep, unspoken understanding-as if she saw

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Chapter 2 I Won't Regret it

him for what he truly was-another soul abandoned by those who should have loved him.

Reaching out, she took his hand with gentle strength. "I've already told you. Once I've made my decision, I won't regret it. Now that we're married, I'll make sure you have a real home-one that's warm and full of care."

"Is that so?" Collin's voice was laced with doubt, his skepticism clear. "Let's see then."

He didn't believe her.

Curious, he wondered how long she could maintain this facade once she realized there was nothing to gain from him.

A car pulled up in front of them, interrupting his thoughts.

"Let's go," Collin said, his tone commanding.

Linsey paused, uncertainty flickering in her eyes. "Where are you taking me?"

"Home, of course," he replied with quiet certainty. "We're married now, so naturally, we'll live together."

Home?

The word made Linsey's heart skip a beat.

It reminded her of the home she had lived with Felix-the one she had worked so hard to build for their future together.

But now that she was married to Collin, she knew she had to sever the ties to her past.

With a deep breath, she turned to him and said, "I have a few things to take care of first. Could you

and address with me? I'll move in as soon as I'm finished."

share your

contact info

Collin raised an eyebrow, his gaze piercing. "You don't want me to give you a ride?"

"No, it's fine," she replied, her voice firm but gentle. "I can manage on my own. I don't want to trouble you."

He didn't argue. After exchanging their contact details, he got into the car and drove off.

Half an hour later, Linsey stood before the apartment she had once shared with Felix. The key turned in the lock, and the

door creaked open to reveal a space filled with memories.

She stepped inside, taking in every familiar detail-the tablecloth, the potted plants- each piece had been carefully selected

by her, making it feel like home.

But now, it all felt like a prison. Without a second thought, she moved toward the decorations, ripping them down, discarding the plants, and throwing everything into the trash.

She had chosen to start fresh, and that meant leaving the past behind, no matter how much it hurt.

Once she had cleared out the remnants of her old life, she began packing her belongings. Lost in her thoughts, she didn't hear the sound of footsteps approaching.

Felix, unable to stay away, stood at the door, his face a mixture of shock and disbelief. He couldn't hold it in any longer.

"Linsey, what the hell are you doing?"

Chapter 3 Don't Touch Me

The apartment, once cozy and filled with warmth, now stood in disarray, its charm completely stripped away, leaving only

chaos in its wake.

Linsey continued packing the remaining items into her suitcase, her movements deliberate, as if determined to erase every

trace of the life she had once built here.

Felix stood frozen for a moment, his eyes sweeping over the wreckage, disbelief etching his features before he stormed

toward her.

"Linsey, are you out of your mind?" he demanded, his voice rising with frustration. "I was gone for only a little while, and

you're acting like this?"

He inhaled sharply, trying to reign in his temper, and snapped, "I'm giving you one hour. Put everything back where it was!"

Linsey, unfazed, finished packing the item in her hands and slowly turned to face him. Her expression was cool, detached

-almost as if he were a stranger.

A faint, mocking smile tugged at her lips as she replied, "Felix, haven't you figured it out? Sometimes, once something is

lost, it's gone forever. It can never be the same again."

Felix's frown deepened, impatience growing in his eyes. "What the hell are you trying to say?"

Linsey couldn't help but feel the audacity in his words. Did he truly not understand? Perhaps men like him never saw themselves as in the wrong.

No. It wasn't that. His tenderness had always been reserved for one person- Joanna, the woman he had truly loved.

Linsey's gaze was unwavering as she stared him down, her voice steady, yet every word seemed to carry the weight of everything she had been through.

"On our wedding day, you abandoned me at the ceremony, ignoring both my dignity and my pleas. Do you have any idea how that felt? Felix, did you ever once stop to think about me? I was humiliated beyond measure, and yet you think I'm just throwing a tantrum?"

She didn't blink, her eyes locked onto his, the pain she had buried deep inside flooding to the surface, her vision blurring as tears welled up. She didn't look away, her resolve as firm as steel.

Seeing her like this, Felix felt a fleeting pang of guilt, but it disappeared as quickly as it came. He dismissed it entirely, just as he had done countless times before.

Over the years, he had hurt her time and time again, and she had always forgiven him. He didn't see why this time should be any different.

He was sure that with a little charm, she would cave, just like she always had. After all, that was how things had always worked between them.

With that thought, his anger dissipated, replaced by a composed, almost smug smile.

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Chapter 3 Don't Touch Me

"Linsey, alright, I get it. You're upset," he began, his voice smooth and patronizing. "But you shouldn't act out like this.

Look at what you've done to our home."

His smile softened, and he reached out to place his hands gently on her

shoulders, his touch feigning tenderness as he tried

to calm her down.

"Come on, be good. You've vented your anger. Let's not make a scene anymore, okay? How about this? We'll pick another

day, a better day, and I promise I'll give you an even grander, more luxurious wedding. What do you say?"

Linsey's eyes locked onto the smile playing on Felix's lips. His words were sweet, but his eyes-those eyes-betrayed a chilling indifference. He seemed so certain that she would fall for his act.

Of course, why wouldn't he think that? This was the way things had always gone in the past.

Linsey let out a quiet, bitter scoff. She had given him far too many chances, and now he was convinced that he didn't need

to treat her with any real respect.

Her expression hardened into something cold and detached, and without a word, she shrugged off his hands as though

they were nothing more than a bothersome weight.

"Don't touch me. You make my skin crawl," she said indifferently.

Felix froze, his eyes widening in shock. He had never heard her speak to him like that before.

Her voice was ice, cutting through the tension in the room as she continued, "Felix, that wedding is over. I have no

intention of having another one. I came here today to move out."

Felix, still stunned by her rejection, frowned in confusion, his mind struggling to catch up. "Move out?"

Linsey nodded, her face resolute. "Yes. I'm leaving now."

He let out a hollow laugh, as if he had just heard the most absurd joke. "And where do you think you're going?"

He knew all too well that Linsey had no family to turn to, no safety net to catch her. Apart from this apartment, she had

nowhere else.

For the past five years, her entire world had been centered around him. He was certain she couldn't leave him.

He was certain that this whole "moving out" act was nothing more than her way of trying to make him bend to her will.

Shaking his head in disbelief, he opened his mouth to speak, but was cut off by a voice from behind.

It was Joanna.

"Felix, didn't you say you'd be down in a minute after packing? What's taking you so long?"

Joanna's voice echoed through the room as she stepped in. When her eyes landed on Linsey standing across from Felix, her

expression shifted in surprise. "Linsey, what are you doing here?"

Linsey shot Joanna a frosty look, her voice icy as she replied, "This is my apartment, isn't it? Do I need to explain why I'm

here? The real question is-what are you doing here?"

Joanna lowered her gaze, feigning a mixture of embarrassment and innocence. "I accidentally nicked myself with a fruit

knife, and Felix was so worried he insisted on staying with me for a few days."

Her eyes then darted to the suitcase beside Linsey, and she gasped dramatically, her hand covering her mouth.

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Chapter 3 Don't Touch Me

"Linsey, what are you doing? Are you upset? Even if you are, this is uncalled for. If you're bothered, you can talk to me. I'll apologize if that'll make you feel better. There's no need for all this."

Linsey's lips curled into a cold, almost cruel smile as she took a slow step forward toward Joanna. "Are you really going to apologize? Do you even mean it?"

Joanna, aware of Felix watching, played her part, her voice dripping with false sincerity as she nodded. "Of course. If it helps you, I'll do whatever it takes."

"Alright, then. Why not?" Linsey's smile widened, but there was no warmth in her eyes, just cold calculation. "Since you're

so sincere, I suppose I can help you out."

Without warning, she raised her hand.

The sharp sound of a slap sliced through the tension in the room as Linsey's palm connected with Joanna's face, echoing

the finality of her words.

Chapter 4 Linsey, You've Really Changed

Joanna let out a shrill scream, the shock of the slap leaving her momentarily frozen.

Clutching her burning cheek, she glared at Linsey, her eyes wide with disbelief. "Linsey, how dare you slap me?" she spat, her voice trembling with fury.

Linsey's lips twisted into a cold, mocking smile, her eyes as frigid as her words. "Why wouldn't I dare? You asked for it. You wanted to apologize, didn't you? But one slap hardly satisfies my anger. Maybe a second one will."

With that, she raised her hand again, her gaze never leaving Joanna's face.

Felix, still reeling from the shock, finally snapped to attention. With a furious shout, he lunged forward, shoving Linsey aside. "That's enough! Linsey, don't go too far!"

As he wrapped his arms protectively around Joanna, his voice softened with concern as he murmured to her, trying to calm

her.

Linsey staggered back, regaining her balance with ease, her face indifferent.

She regarded them both with a detached, almost clinical gaze, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "This is going too far? Joanna herself said she wanted to apologize. Felix, are you deaf? If she really meant to apologize, she should just keep quiet and let me vent. All I did was slap her. How is that going too far? What I've done to her is nothing compared to what you two have done to me."

Her gaze turned bitter as she continued, "You're both nothing but despicable cheats. And one day, when the truth comes out, who will believe a word you say?"

Felix stood frozen, stunned by the barrage of accusations. He opened his mouth, but not a single word of defense came to him.

He held Joanna close, his arm wrapped protectively around her as his eyes narrowed at Linsey with a growing frustration. After a long, tense silence, he finally spoke, his voice laced with irritation. "Even if Joanna wanted to apologize, you shouldn't have slapped her. An apology is just that—an apology. You don't solve things with violence. You're acting like a wild animal!"

Linsey tilted her head slightly, her lips curling into a frosty smile. She flexed her wrist nonchalantly, the gesture sharp and deliberate. "I'll take that as a compliment," she replied coolly, her eyes locking onto his. "Since you think so highly of me, should I slap her a few more times to really live up to your glowing praise?"

Felix's mouth hung open, his shock evident as he stared at her, utterly unprepared for her mocking reply.

For a moment, he wondered if the woman standing before him was even the Linsey he once knew.

Joanna, equally stunned, watched Linsey in disbelief, her mind struggling to process the situation. She had taunted Linsey countless times before, but this- this was different. Linsey had never fought back like this. Was she finally losing control?

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Chapter 4 Linsey, You've Really Changed

The tension in the room thickened, and then Joanna's thoughts shifted, her gut telling her something wasn't right.

Could Linsey be doing this on purpose to get Felix's attention?

She shot a quick, anxious glance at Felix, only to find him completely absorbed in Linsey, his gaze fixed on her with an

intensity that sent a pang of jealousy through Joanna.

She had made great efforts to take him from Linsey. There was no way she would let Linsey get him back.

Panic flooded Joanna's chest, and her grip tightened on Felix's arm, pulling him back to her. With calculated sweetness, she said, "Felix, don't say that. Linsey's probably just upset. I don't mind. As long as she can stop being angry with us, I'll be

fine with anything."

Felix's heart swelled with sympathy for Joanna, and her words only deepened his sense of irritation toward Linsey.

"Linsey, you've really changed," he said, his voice tinged with disappointment. "The Linsey I knew would never act this way. If you insist on behaving like this-"

Linsey cut him off before he could finish, her voice sharp and biting. "Of course I've changed. I must have been out of my mind before, putting up with you. But not anymore. I've wised up. Only an idiot would keep humiliating themselves like I did. Felix, let me make this crystal clear-we're done. Completely done!"

Without another word, Linsey grabbed her suitcase and turned away, her face set in stone.

Felix stood frozen, the finality in her words hitting him like a punch to the gut. He had never seen her like this before.

As she walked out of the room, dragging her suitcase behind her, an overwhelming sense of panic gripped his chest,

suffocating him with its intensity.

For reasons he couldn't quite understand, a heavy feeling of impending loss weighed on him, as though the most important part of his life was slipping through his fingers.

"Linsey!" he called out, his voice desperate, moving instinctively as if to chase after her.

Joanna's eyes widened in shock. She hadn't expected Felix to react this way. Without thinking, she placed a hand over her cheek, letting out a soft, melodramatic sob. "Felix, my face... it hurts so much. Do you think it's bleeding?"

Felix froze, his heart tightening at the sound of her distress. He reluctantly turned back to her.

Joanna's cheek was marked with faint red streaks, a handprint visible beneath her skin, and Felix's chest ached at the sight.

"Joanna, don't cry," he murmured, his voice full of concern. "I'll take you to the hospital. We'll get you some ointment-it's going to be fine."

Joanna sniffled loudly, her tears almost theatrical. She hesitated for a moment, before her voice softened, laced with feigned concern. "Felix, Linsey's really leaving... maybe you should go after her instead of worrying about me. I'll be fine."

Felix bit down on his lip, his expression torn. "Linsey's crossed a line this time. I won't indulge her anymore. Let her stew

for a bit-she'll come crawling back. When she does, I'll make her apologize to you."

Joanna's heart swelled with satisfaction, and she leaned into Felix's embrace, her voice dripping with sweetness. "Felix,

you're so good to me."

Her plan was working perfectly.

The smugness bubbled within her as she felt in control. Linsey was nothing but a fool, thinking she could win Felix back.

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Chapter 4 Linsey, You've Really Changed

But as Felix held her, the warmth of her affection did nothing to settle the unease gnawing at him. A strange discomfort tugged at his chest.

Why did he feel so unsettled?

He pushed the unease down, attempting to smile at Joanna with forced patience.

But no matter how hard he tried, his gaze kept drifting toward the direction Linsey had gone.

Linsey had nowhere to go. She would be back eventually. He was sure of it.

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Chapter 5 Let's Make A Bet

Then

On the other side, after Collin returned to Vista Villa, he made his way straight to the study.

Seen as disabled and worthless by society, he now stood tall, his former despondency entirely gone. He faced the floor-to-ceiling window, his expression cold and unreadable as he watched the world below.

Just then, his phone rang. It was Dustin Wade, his childhood friend.

"Hey, Collin," Dustin said, his voice casual. "I've looked into your wife. There's nothing shady about her. Her background checks out. On the day of the wedding, she married you because her fiancé left her standing at the altar."

Dustin's tone shifted, a playful edge creeping in. "You know, all the rich young women in town avoid you like the plague. They think you're disabled, and you're cut off from your family-just the perfect picture of an outcast. But Linsey? She had the guts to walk right up to you and marry you. I gotta say, that's some serious courage."

After a brief pause, Dustin added with a thoughtful sigh, "I do wonder, though... when she finds out the truth, how will she

take it?"

Collin's voice was steady and emotionless as he answered, "She won't get the chance. As soon as she realized who I really am, she came up with an excuse and left. She's probably gone for good."

He wasn't surprised. After the accident, rejection and scorn had become part of his life. His low position in the Riley family only added to his isolation, making him numb to it all.

People often said that marrying a man like him-someone with no future was like throwing away a woman's life.

But Dustin didn't agree with Collin.

"I don't think she's like that," Dustin retorted with a grin. "Think about it-how many women would dare to swap grooms at their own wedding? My gut tells me Linsey's not the type to run. Since she's already married you, I don't think she'd just

disappear."

As Dustin spoke, his interest visibly grew, his excitement clear in his voice. "You don't believe me? Let's make a bet then. I bet Linsey will be back soon. If I win, you hand over that plot of land on the outskirts of town. Deal?"

Collin raised an eyebrow, his tone calm but calculating. "And if you lose?"

Dustin let out a dismissive scoff. "I'm not going to lose, okay?"

But before he could say more, Collin's icy aura seemed to seep through the phone, sending a chill down his spine. Dustin quickly backpedaled. "Fine, fine. If I lose, you can make any request of similar value. Deal?"

Collin didn't believe for a second that Linsey would return. A cold snort escaped him, which Dustin took as tacit agreement.

Just as Collin was about to hang up, a knock echoed at the door. The housekeeper's voice came through. "Mr. Riley, Mrs. Riley is here."

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Chapter 5 Let's Make A Bet Then

Dragging her suitcase behind her, Linsey stepped into the villa, her eyes scanning the surroundings. The place was eerily silent, the air feeling sterile and devoid of any warmth or comfort.

She looked around, quickly noticing the sparse furniture. It was simple, almost bare-a far cry from the lavish home one would expect from the young man of a wealthy family.

Linsey's gaze hardened. Since she was married to Collin now, she felt justified in making some alterations to this place.

One thing was clear-she wasn't going to live in such a cold, lifeless space. She would make it her own, no matter what.

As she mentally mapped out how to redecorate, Collin suddenly appeared, rolling himself into view.

His gaze fixed on her, his eyes dark and unreadable. He hadn't expected Dustin to be right-Linsey had actually come back.

Though surprised, he didn't let it show, his face impassive. His eyes dropped to the suitcase behind her. "You've been gone this long just to pack this little?"

Of course not. She also took the time to teach Felix and Joanna a lesson.

Though Linsey's thoughts wandered down that bitter path, she simply answered, her voice soft and neutral, "This place is a bit remote. Plus, I've never been here before. I got lost and wandered around for a while before finally finding it. That's why it took so long."

Collin gave a slight nod, his expression unreadable as he turned his wheelchair. "Follow me."

Linsey followed swiftly, her steps light but hesitant. Her gaze flickered toward the wheelchair, her mind debating whether

she should offer to help. Before she could settle on an answer, he stopped.

The room was on the first floor. Linsey glanced inside, her eyes quickly taking in the bare walls and minimalist furnishings.

Like the rest of the villa, it felt devoid of warmth, yet clean and orderly.

"Am I staying in this room tonight?" she asked, her voice tinged with uncertainty.

Collin caught her gaze out of the corner of his eye, a faint smirk curling at the edges of his lips as he replied coolly, "Yes, you'll stay here with me."

Linsey froze, her heart stuttering in her chest. Her eyes widened in shock, and she stared at him, unable to comprehend what he had just said. "What... did you just say?"

Her pulse quickened. Had he just implied they were going to sleep together tonight?

Chapter 6 Help Me Bathe

Linsey instinctively wanted to refuse. Ever since she and Felix had started dating, he had subtly pushed for more intimacy.

But Linsey had always imagined saving that part of herself for her wedding night, sharing her first time with her husband. So far, her relationship with Felix had been about gentle touches-hand-holding, hugs, nothing more.

But now, she barely knew Collin. They had only met once, and now she was expected to share a bed with him? It was all happening too fast for her to process.

Collin, however, seemed unfazed by her stunned expression. His tone was even, almost detached, as he said, "We're married. Isn't it natural for us to sleep together?"

He paused, his eyes narrowing slightly as he studied her. Then, without warning, he added, "Or... do you feel uncomfortable because I'm disabled?"

Linsey was ready to explain, but before she could say a word, she caught the fleeting shadow of self-mockery crossing his face.

"Apologies," he murmured, his voice suddenly thick with bitterness. "Of course, no one would accept a disabled husband."

Linsey's heart clenched, and she quickly cut him off, her voice urgent. "No, no! I don't feel that way at all!"

She took a steadying breath, her tone firm with a trace of resolve. "We're married now. Sharing a bed is what married couples do. I'm cool with that."

Still, the thought of being so close to someone she barely knew made a wave of unease settle in her chest.

But there was no turning back now. She would just have to adapt.

Collin caught the hesitation in her eyes, his gaze unreadable as he gave a slight nod. After a beat, he spoke again, his voice softening. "It's getting late. I usually go to bed early. I hope you can adjust to my schedule."

Linsey nodded quickly, though her stomach churned. "That's fine. I'll bring my suitcase in."

"Wait," Collin interrupted, his voice steady. "Given my physical condition, I've always had the house staff help me with certain things. But now that you're here, I'd prefer not to trouble anyone else."

With that, he wheeled himself toward the bathroom.

"What?" Linsey froze, confusion rippling through her.

He stopped at the bathroom door, pushing it open with a smooth motion. Then he turned to face her, his gaze unflinching. "Help me bathe."

Linsey's mouth went dry. "How?"

He raised an eyebrow, his tone almost teasing. "By helping me undress, of course."

Her eyes widened in disbelief. But recalling what Collin had just said, she swallowed hard, forcing herself to step forward, her nerves tightening with every step.

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Chapter 6 Help Me Bathe

She stared at him, silently reminding herself that, regardless of how unfamiliar or uncomfortable this moment was, he was her husband. This was part of her duty.

Her hands shook as she clenched them into fists, then slowly extended them toward the buttons on his shirt.

The buttons were tiny, delicately designed, and her palms were slick with nervous sweat. No matter how hard she tried,

her fingers seemed to have a mind of their own, slipping over the first button again and again without success.

Collin stood motionless, an amused glint in his eyes as he watched her struggle.

He knew she must resent this-resent having to care for a disabled man like him. He remained still, curious to see how

long she would hide her discomfort.

To his surprise, though she was flustered at first, Linsey quickly regained her composure. With determination etched on

her face, she continued her task, slowly unfastening each button one by one.

As the fabric of his shirt parted, his sculpted, muscular chest was revealed in all its glory.

His raw, masculine energy filled the air, the power in his frame undeniable. Linsey had never been this close to a man before, and as her eyes flickered over his chest, her cheeks flushed a deep red.

Her hands trembled, her breath catching in her throat.

He watched every tiny shift in her expression, feeling a surge of confidence. He was certain he had the upper hand.

Just then, her soft, cool fingertips brushed against his abdomen. The contact was brief, but it sent a shock through him.

His body tensed as an overwhelming surge of heat rushed through him. It was as if every pulse of blood in his body had

concentrated in one place, igniting a wave of warmth that spread rapidly throughout him.

Chapter 7 May I Use The

Kitchen

Linsey had just finished unbuttoning Collin's shirt and was about to reach for his belt when his expression suddenly

hardened.

His grip closed around her wrist in a flash, his voice sharp and unwavering. "That's enough. Get out."

If she went any further, he wasn't sure he could control himself.

Linsey blinked, thrown off by the abrupt shift. "What?"

Collin didn't bother explaining. Instead, he called out, his tone clipped, "Prepare the room next door for her."

"Yes, Mr. Riley."

Without another word, he pushed Linsey toward the doorway and shut the door behind her with a resolute thud. Her

suitcase, still untouched, sat abandoned in the hallway.

The echo of the door slamming reverberated down the corridor, leaving Linsey completely stunned.

"What is wrong

with him?" She turned to the butler, confusion laced in her voice. "Why did he just snap like that?"

The butler's voice remained calm, almost practiced. "Mrs. Riley, Mr. Riley has always been unpredictable. Now that you're

staying here, it's best to get used to it. After all, he..."

His words trailed off, but Linsey didn't need him to finish. The pieces were already falling into place.

Collin, despite his young age, was confined to a wheelchair, cast aside by his own family. It was no wonder he carried so

much frustration.

No wonder he kept pressing her about what she thought of him. He had probably spent years drowning in his own insecurities.

The realization struck her hard, and sympathy settled heavily in her chest. He must have completely misunderstood her. She had to clear things up before he convinced himself that she saw him as less of a man,

Inside his room, Collin sat in his wheelchair, his jaw clenched as he struggled to steady his breath. But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't calm down.

Frustration burned through him as he stood up and entered the bathroom and turned the faucet on full blast.

The icy water crashed over him, dousing the fire raging inside. It took a long time before he finally wrestled back control.

When he emerged, he ran a towel through his damp hair, still simmering with irritation.

What the hell had Linsey done to him? He couldn't wrap his head around it. How could a single touch from her make him

lose control like that?

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Chapter 7 May I Use The Kitchen

The next morning, Linsey freshened up and had just finished getting dressed when a soft knock sounded at her door.

She pulled it open to find the butler standing outside.

"Mrs. Riley, breakfast is ready. If you're finished getting ready, you're welcome to come down and eat," he said with respect.

Linsey gave a small nod. "Alright, thank you."

As she shut the door, her thoughts drifted back to the events of last night. She had to clear things up with Collin. Breakfast would be the perfect time to apologize.

But when she arrived at the dining room, she found the table set with an extravagant spread-and not a single sign of

Collin.

She hesitated, staring at the untouched plates.

"Mrs. Riley, is something the matter? Do the dishes not suit your taste?" the butler asked, his voice warm.

Linsey quickly shook her head. "No, that's not it. The food looks amazing."

After a brief pause, she took a breath and asked, "Is Collin skipping breakfast?"

The butler sighed, a hint of helplessness in his tone. "He's been in the study working since last night. None of us dared

disturb him."

After a moment's hesitation, he added, his voice edged with concern. "He has a chronic stomach condition. But if he

refuses to eat, there's not much we can do to convince him....."

Linsey blinked, and when she looked up, she caught the butler watching her with a hopeful smile.

Since the household staff couldn't persuade Collin, maybe she could. As his wife, their relationship was meant to be one of

equals.

Concern for his health gnawed at her. Breakfast was important-it set the tone for the entire day.

"I'll go talk to him," she murmured.

The butler's face brightened with relief. "That's wonderful! Once he realizes how much you care, I'm sure he'll appreciate

it."

Linsey hesitated, her brows knitting together. Would he, though?

After his sudden change in demeanor last night, she wasn't entirely convinced. Was the butler just saying that to be polite?

Still, she had to apologize, and this was the perfect chance. Maybe preparing something for Collin to eat would help ease

the tension.

"May I use the kitchen?" she asked, nodding toward it.

The butler blinked in surprise before quickly nodding. Of course. You're the lady of the house. Let us know if you need anything."

Linsey offered a warm smile. "Thank you. I'd like to make something for Collin myself. I'll handle it."

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Chapter 7 May I Use The Kitchen

Meanwhile, in the study, Collin was in the middle of a meeting.

Though he was seated in his wheelchair, his presence was as sharp and commanding as ever, keeping everyone on edge.

His long fingers drummed lightly against the desk, the rhythmic taps pressing down like a weight on the room.

"Mr. Riley, that land on the outskirts of the city was hard-won. Its value has already risen to a billion dollars. If you give it to Mr. Wade just like that, you'll suffer a major loss..."

His subordinate's voice was cautious as he carefully gauged Collin's expression.

Collin stopped tapping. His tone remained calm but unwavering. "A bet is a bet. I honor my commitments."

He had agreed to the wager with Dustin-and he had lost. Simple as that. It was just a piece of land. Handing it over didn't

matter.

His subordinate's eyes widened in disbelief. Collin was ruthless in business. Yet he had actually made a bet?

And lost?

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Chapter 8 How Does It

Taste

Collin's features remained cold and detached, even as he noted the astonishment flickering across the faces of his

subordinates.

Over the years, Collin had cultivated a streak of invincibility, never faltering in any endeavor he pursued. However, Linsey

had become his unexpected downfall this time.

He had lost a billion-dollar tract of land because of her.

Even the slightest contact with her fractured the self-discipline he had long cherished.

It seemed increasingly clear that distancing himself from Linsey could be the wisest decision.

Collin was lost in contemplation, his face a mask of inscrutability.

Suddenly, a knock echoed through the silence of his study.

He was annoyed at the interruption, his brows knitting together. His tone was cold as he demanded, "Who's there?"

Any intrusion during his work hours was unforgivable.

A tense silence hung in the air, broken only by Linsey's soft, soothing voice responding from the other side. "It's me. I

heard you haven't had a bite since last night, so I've brought you something. Mind if I step inside?"

Why had she come?

Collin's deep-set eyes narrowed slightly, suspicion clouding his features. A smirk, tinged with mockery, flickered across his

lips.

What was she up to this time?

A low, mocking laugh rumbled from his throat. Turning his attention to the screen, he addressed his subordinate with a

casual command. "Let's put the meeting on hold."

The subordinates, having overheard Linsey just moments before, were visibly stunned after hearing Collin's command.

Their boss despised being disturbed while working. But today, he found himself breaking his own rule-for the wife he had

wed in the most unlikely way.

Their curiosity piqued, they wondered what was about to unfold.

But they were aware that Collin wouldn't allow them to stay as onlookers. Halting the meeting was surely his method of

ensuring the conversation remained private.

"Yes, Mr. Riley," they responded, their voice carrying a formal tone.

With a measured grace, Collin snapped his laptop shut, the click echoing subtly through the quiet room. He allowed a brief

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Chapter 8 How Does It Taste

pause, his expression unreadable, before saying, "Come in."

The door creaked gently as Linsey entered, her arms balancing a laden tray. Her eyes darted immediately to the chaotic

sprawl of documents engulfing his desk.

Though she was cognizant of his relentless toil since last night, the actual sight of such an overwhelming pile of work

made her pause, her brow furrowing in concern.

"You're really buried under all this work?" she asked, her voice tinged with a mix of concern and disbelief.

Collin rested his hands on his lap with a nonchalant ease, his eyes twinkling with a mix of amusement and challenge. "Why, Linsey, what did you expect? That I've just been sitting here doing nothing?" he teased, the corner of his mouth tilting up in a sly smirk.

"No, of course not," Linsey responded quickly, a flush of embarrassment coloring her cheeks. She hastened to add, "I just didn't picture the scale of it. That's all." Given that Collin had been wheelchair-bound for years, she was aware that he could take offense if she probed too deeply

into his capabilities. After a brief moment of contemplation, she opted to steer clear of the topic, hoping to sidestep any

potential discomfort.

Flashing him a reassuring smile, she made her way to his desk. She stood next to him, gently placing the tray on a vacant spot. It held a plate of freshly baked cookies and a glass of milk that was still warm from the stove.

"I baked some cookies for you. Please, have one," she offered, her voice soft and inviting. "I wasn't sure about your preferences, so I opted for a flavor that's mild yet delightful. If they're not to your taste, just let me know-I'm happy to

tweak the recipe."

Collin looked up, his eyebrow arching slightly as he realized the effort she had put into making these cookies from scratch.

He reached for the topmost cookie and took a cautious bite.

Instantly, the rich scent and the creamy essence of the milk enveloped his palate, the cookie's texture striking a perfect balance between crunchy and melt-in-your-mouth softness.

Linsey watched him carefully, her expression one of hopeful anticipation. She

leaned in slightly, her voice tinged with eagerness as she inquired, "What do you think? How does it taste?"

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Chapter 9 We'll Tackle It Together

Collin's gaze flickered with a trace of surprise so subtle it was almost invisible.

Like she mentioned, Linsey toned down the sweetness-which happened to suit his preferences effortlessly.

With a stoic expression, he nibbled on half of the cookie and, feigning a discerning palate, commented, "Overly sweet treats aren't really to my liking."

Linsey offered no rebuttal; instead, she silently logged this preference in her memory.

It was clear that Collin favored more subdued flavors.

"I'll whip up a new batch then," she said, reaching to collect the plate of cookies.

"That won't be necessary." Collin intercepted her hand with his, reaching for the warm milk instead. "This is fine for

breakfast."

His voice remained flat as he continued, "You can leave now. I have work to complete."

Pausing briefly, Linsey responded with measured calmness, "Collin, I want to apologize for last night. I hold no hard feelings towards you. It's just that we've recently met, and I'm still finding my footing. My actions meant nothing beyond that. And I certainly don't want you to misconstrue anything because of last night." With each word weighed with gravity, she locked her gaze onto Collin's.

"Since I've married you, I'm prepared to embrace every part of you-the virtues and the flaws. It seems only natural that I support you in any way you need. I assure you, what happened last night will not recur. Trust me," Linsey assured, her voice imbued with sincerity.

Collin absorbed her words in silence, his face betraying no emotion.

After a moment, he asked, his voice tinged with skepticism, "Do you truly mean that?"

Linsey nodded resolutely. "Absolutely. I committed to marrying you, and I intend to fulfill your needs to the best of my ability."

A subtle smile crept across Collin's lips. Did she know what she was doing?

She offered to meet his needs?

Suppressing a chuckle, he took a deep breath, momentarily setting aside the layered meanings in her words.

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Driven by a mix of curiosity and hope, he ventured further, "There's a piece of my past I haven't yet shared with you. I was involved in a car accident when I was young, leaving me with a lasting disability. This scar has led my family to overlook me consistently. I've spent recent years launching businesses away from their shadow, striving to gain their acknowledgment. Regrettably, luck hasn't been my ally. My business attempts have mostly stumbled, piling up a mountain

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Chapter 9 We'll Tackle It Together

of debt in their wake. If you feel the need to step back, I won't stand in your way."

Linsey was momentarily paralyzed by the revelation. Then, gathering her composure, she queried, "How much debt are we talking about?"

Collin, without missing a beat and with a hint of mischief in his tone, tossed out an astronomical figure. "What if I said I'm

buried under a hundred million dollars?"

As he anticipated, Linsey's previously unflappable demeanor faltered ever so slightly.

He braced himself, certain she would reject the harsh reality of such an immense burden. Yet, Linsey defied his

expectations once more.

Her voice was firm with resolve as she responded, "It's fine. We'll tackle it together. Somehow, we'll manage."

Collin felt a tumultuous storm surge within him, yet he managed to maintain a facade of calm. He let out a soft, incredulous laugh, fixing her with a skeptical look. "And how, exactly, do you propose we manage this, Linsey? We're not talking about a mere hundred dollars here."

Linsey's eyes dropped, her mind racing through her financial history. She had devoted most of her earnings to Felix and

had little to show for it now.

However, her confidence rekindled as she considered her skills in design.

"Don't fret. I'm on the job hunt," she declared, her voice tinged with a newfound optimism. "I've been sending out resumes these past few days. I'm certain I'll hear back soon." She paused, her expression earnest. "No matter the circumstances, I refuse to let you face this alone."

She reached out instinctively, her fingers brushing against his hand that lay on the desk, offering a silent vow of solidarity.

Chapter 10 I'm Not Really Used To Physical Contact

The instant their skins made contact, Collin felt an electric shock surge through his chest, darkening his expression

immediately. With no hint of hesitation, he jerked his hand away from Linsey's grasp.

Her unpreparedness for his sudden motion caused Linsey to emit a soft, startled gasp. She looked at him with wide eyes,

her silence filled with disbelief.

The confusion in her eyes sparked an inexplicable ache in his heart.

Tightening his fist, Collin sensed the ghostly softness of her palm still imprinted on the back of his hand.

Linsey stared, her mouth opening slightly as if to speak, then pausing, clearly flustered and unsure of how to react.

It was clear from his demeanor that he had likely found her touch offensive.

Pressing his lips tightly together, Collin averted his eyes, his voice stiff as he offered an explanation. "I'm not really used to physical contact. Sorry."

Linsey's expression softened as she grasped the situation.

His defenses were up, his sense of security so fragile that he instinctively recoiled from her touch.

He averted his gaze, feigning calm, and murmured, "You may go."

Linsey paused, her words faltering at her lips, unable to form.

She understood that Collin wouldn't easily warm up to her or accept her, especially since their acquaintance was so recent.

She herself felt a lingering awkwardness about their arrangement, a sentiment she suspected was even more pronounced for someone as guarded and intricate as Collin.

With this realization, she accepted the situation more swiftly.

Choosing not to press him, she nodded subtly, exited the study, and softly closed the door behind her, leaving him the solitude he evidently needed.

Only after Linsey had departed did Collin release a long, burdened sigh.

He massaged the bridge of his nose, a rare headache beginning to form. He was perplexed by the intense way Linsey's smallest actions seemed to unsettle him- this was a new and disconcerting sensation.

He had always valued his ability to remain detached and logical, but now he felt an unusual disturbance within him.

If this disruption persisted, he dreaded to think what would happen next. He despised this emerging sensation of losing control.

Lost in thought, he finally decided.

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Chapter 10 I'm Not Really Used To Physical Contact

A brief escape was essential. By fortunate coincidence, a critical situation at his company demanded his immediate attention, providing the ideal excuse to escape Linsey's unsettling influence.

With his decision firmly in place, he slipped out of Vista Villa, a line of staff trailing quietly behind him.

In the following days, Linsey noticed Collin's glaring absence.

Concern gnawed at her, prompting her to inquire about his whereabouts from the butler.

With a reassuring smile, the butler responded, "Mr. Riley is buried under a mountain of work, Mrs. Riley. You shouldn't worry about him."

Pondering this, Linsey realized that Collin was likely drowning in efforts to clear the colossal debt of a hundred million dollars. No doubt, he was exhausting himself.

Deciding against adding to his load, she chose instead to shift her focus to her own pressing needs-finding employment.

With renewed determination, she started crafting her resumes with care and scouring job listings, eager to make a meaningful change.

At last, the day arrived when Linsey received an unexpected interview invitation from CR Corporation.

CR Corporation wasn't just any company-it was a globally celebrated tech giant that had made its way to the stock market in record time under the guidance of its mysterious founder. Within a few short years, CR Corporation's worth had exploded past the hundred billion dollar mark, propelling its founder to the top as the richest individual in the world.

Yet, for all the fame and fortune, the founder of CR Corporation remained a shadowy figure, shrouded in secrecy.

Up until this point, not a single person had managed to catch a glimpse of the mysterious founder.

Linsey was ecstatic, hardly believing her luck at being considered for a position at such an esteemed company.

She invested every ounce of her energy into preparing for the interview, determined to secure a job that promised a steady

paycheck.

She envisioned this opportunity as a stepping stone towards a brighter, more stable future for herself and Collin.

However, as Linsey was driving to the headquarters of CR Corporation, a thunderous crash shattered the air.

Suddenly, a luxury car materialized, slamming into Linsey's car with an earth-shattering force.

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