

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After

#Chapter 101 - Read Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After Chapter 101

Chapter 101 What If

Someone Sees You

Felix had no time to dwell on those thoughts.

A brutal kick sent him hurtling through the air. He crashed against the wall with a sickening thud.

Pain ripped through him. A raw, broken scream tore from his throat before everything went dark.

Collin dropped to his knees and carefully gathered Linsey into his arms. Her hair was tangled, her clothes rumpled. "Linsey,

can you hear me?"

Regret tightened in his chest like a vice as his gaze swept over her pale face.

Her vision blurred, the world slipping away. But seeing Collin's face filled her with quiet relief.

As her body slackened, the strange heat coiling inside her erupted-wild and uncontrollable. A sharp gasp escaped her lips.

Was this real, or just another trick of fear?

Her fingers trembled as she reached for Collin's face, hesitant, as if touching him might shatter the fragile illusion.

"Collin..." Her voice was barely a whisper, raw and strained. "You're finally here..."

A faint, relieved smile flickered across her lips before her strength gave out. Her eyelids fluttered shut, and she sank into

the quiet pull of unconsciousness.

"Linsey!" Panic tightened his voice.

Then he felt it-the unnatural heat radiating from her skin. The flush on her face deepened, her body burning hot in his

arms.

Collin's eyes darkened. The realization hit hard-Linsey had been drugged.

Without hesitation, he gathered her in his arms, holding her close.

"Mr. Riley, how do you want us to handle him?" one of his subordinates asked, casting a wary glance at Felix's motionless

body.

Collin's gaze snapped to Felix, his bloodshot eyes blazing with fury.

"Give him exactly what he gave Linsey," he said, his voice ice-cold. "But don't let him die. Leave him just breathing-make

sure he knows what it's like to beg for an end that won't come."

The subordinate stiffened, a shiver running down his spine. He quickly lowered his head. "Understood."

For the rest of the way, Collin held Linsey tight, his grip unyielding.

Linsey was completely unresponsive. No matter how many times Collin called her name, she didn't stir.

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Chapter 101 What If Someone Sees You

When they reached the hospital, he moved with unwavering determination, carrying her straight into the examination room.

Dominic Larson was already waiting, arms crossed in mild impatience. At the sound of footsteps, he sighed without looking up. "Collin, what's the emergency? I'm supposed to be on vacation. One call from you, and here I am."

But as he finally glanced up, the words died in his throat. Collin stood beside the hospital bed, lowering Linsey onto the

mattress with a gentleness that didn't match the storm in his eyes.

Dominic's breath hitched. "Are you out of your mind? What if someone recognizes you?"

As one of Collin's closest friends, Dominic knew the truth-Collin's so-called

disability was nothing more than an elaborate facade.

If the public ever found out, the fallout would be catastrophic.

Dominic shot to his feet and strode to the door. He scanned the hallway, his pulse ticking faster until he confirmed they were alone. Only then did he exhale, shutting the door with deliberate care. When he turned back, disapproval tightened his expression.

"Collin, I've warned you before—I can't promise my hospital is free of prying eyes. What if someone sees you?"

His voice was edged with exasperation, but as he stepped closer, it was obvious- Collin wasn't listening.

Dominic stopped cold, his breath hitching at the worry carved into Collin's face.

Disbelief flickered in his eyes as he followed Collin's gaze to the hospital bed.

A woman.

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Chapter 102 How Did She End Up Drugged

"This..." Dominic's voice caught, shock flashing across his face.

Before he could press for answers, Collin cut in, his tone sharp with urgency. "Not now. Just check Linsey. I think she's been drugged-something serious."

One look at Collin's uncharacteristic panic was all it took. Dominic didn't waste another second. Without a word, he rushed

to arrange a full-body examination for Linsey.

Meanwhile, Collin was ushered into Dominic's office to wait, the weight of helplessness pressing down on him.

The wait dragged on, stretching Collin's patience thin. Restless energy coiled inside him as he paced the room, each passing minute tightening the knot in his chest. More than once, he nearly stormed out to check on Linsey, but Dominic's stern warning kept him tethered, forcing him to swallow his impulses.

He couldn't shake the image-the way Felix had pinned her down, her helpless struggle. The memory played on an endless loop, feeding the fire burning in his veins. Rage surged through him, raw and unrelenting.

This was on him. He had failed her.

If he hadn't realized something was wrong in time... The thought alone made his stomach turn. He didn't even want to

consider how much worse it could have been.

Also, the marks left behind at the scene told a brutal story-Linsey had fought back hard.

Drugged, disoriented, yet still resisting Felix with everything she had...

The thought made Collin's breathing turn ragged.

No. He had been too slow.

He should have picked her up from work himself. If he had, none of this would have happened.

Regret sank its claws into him, dragging him deeper into the dark. He sat there, lost in thought, the weight of his failure pressing down so heavily that he didn't even notice Dominic stepping into the room.

Sensing the heavy tension around Collin, Dominic hesitated before stepping forward. "I found traces of a drug in Linsey's system," he said carefully. "Luckily, you got her here in time. She's on an IV now, and after some rest, she should be fine. But..."

His gaze flickered over Collin, taking in the rigid posture, the storm brewing beneath his expression.

"Collin, what the hell is going on?" Dominic's voice was edged with urgency. "How did she end up drugged?"

His expression darkened, suspicion flickering across his face. "You didn't do this to her... did you?"

Collin's jaw tightened, but he didn't dignify the accusation with outrage. Instead, his voice was eerily calm. "She was

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Chapter 102 How Did She End Up Drugged

kidnapped. I got her out and brought her here."

Dominic's expression stiffened. "Who the hell would dare pull something like this?"

Collin exhaled sharply, rubbing his temples. "The bastard's already been dealt with. It was Linsey's ex-Felix Wells."

Dominic's frown deepened. He had heard bits and pieces about Linsey's past from Dustin, but this? This was messier than he had expected.

"Felix's family runs a small, insignificant company," Dominic said, his voice measured. "But the drug in Linsey's system... That's not something just anyone can get their hands on. If you hadn't brought her to me, most doctors wouldn't have even

recognized it, let alone traced it back to its source."

He met Collin's gaze, eyes sharp with suspicion. "Which means Felix probably isn't working alone."

Collin's initial panic over Linsey's condition ebbed, giving way to a cold, calculating stillness.

Felix alone couldn't have pulled this off. That much was certain.

The business park where Linsey worked had top-tier security. Random streetlight repairs, like the one tonight, were

practically unheard of. This wasn't a coincidence-someone had orchestrated it.

Only a handful of people had the resources to execute something this precise. One name surfaced in Collin's mind—

Huntley.

Huntley himself wasn't particularly cunning, but with Fernanda backing him, there were no limits to what he could do.

Before Collin could voice his thoughts, Dominic spoke first. "Could it be Gorman?"

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Chapter 103 Don't Come Any Closer!

When Collin heard that familiar name, his face immediately clouded over.

With growing certainty, Dominic declared, "In town, for every person trying to cozy up to you as the founder of CR Corporation, there's another trying to knock you down- especially Gorman. He's not only made blatant attempts to poach resources from CR Corporation, but he's also been probing your identity. He's likely tried to take you down more times than we can count. Could tonight's incident be his handiwork? Perhaps he unearthed something and orchestrated this as revenge?"

Collin's expression grew more severe.

He had spent years posing as the ineffectual eldest son of the Riley family, all the while shielding his true identity as the head of CR Corporation. This ruse was designed to divert the Rileys, but chiefly to dodge the plots of Gorman Green.

The persistent attacks from Gorman were one matter, but if Linsey was being dragged into this mess, Collin would not stand for it!

Drawing in a deep breath, he spoke in a subdued tone. "I'm going to uncover who's behind this."

At that moment, Dominic's assistant tapped on the door and informed them, "Dr. Larson, the young lady should be waking

up soon."

Hearing this, Collin instantly put everything else out of his mind and made to check on Linsey.

Dominic swiftly stepped in front of him, his tone urgent. "You can't just walk out like that."

He cast a quick glance at Collin's legs and murmured, "Too many eyes are watching us here. For Linsey's safety, you can't let anyone see that your disability is merely a pretense."

Collin paused, absorbing the caution in Dominic's voice. "Understood," he murmured.

Inside the hospital room, Linsey slowly opened her eyes. Her vision was blurry as she stared at the stark white ceiling, her

mind clouded with confusion.

Where was she? What just happened? Why couldn't she remember anything?

A faint frown formed on her brow.

Suddenly, a voice filled with relief spoke from beside her. "You're awake."

A hand reached toward her forehead.

As soon as Linsey saw the hand, she flashed back to the image of Felix lunging at her.

"Ah!" Her heart raced with panic, and she quickly pushed herself up, scooting back. She didn't even notice the needle

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Chapter 103 Don't Come Any Closer!

slipping from her hand. "Don't come near me! Stay away!"

The nurse, taken aback by the sudden outburst, asked, "What's wrong?"

The sight of the unfamiliar nurse's face heightened Linsey's anxiety. She shook her head, her eyes wide with terror. "Don't come any closer!" she cried out hoarsely.

The nurse, noticing the blood starting to drip from Linsey's hand, stepped forward. "Please calm down. You're bleeding, I

need to treat your wound."

But Linsey, consumed by her fear, didn't listen. As the nurse approached, her panic escalated.

"Stay away!" Linsey screamed, her voice breaking as tears streamed down her face. Desperately, she turned her head and

her eyes landed on a fruit knife on the nearby table.

Without thinking, she snatched the knife, holding it out defensively. "Stay away! If you come any closer, I'll... I'll....."

The nurse stopped, frozen in place, unsure how to proceed.

Fearing Linsey might harm herself, the nurse quickly exited to seek help.

Just as the nurse dashed out, she nearly ran into Dominic, who was pushing

Collin's wheelchair. "Dr. Larson! Please, come quickly! The patient is agitated, and I don't know what to do!" she exclaimed.

Collin's eyes widened with concern. He propelled himself toward the room as fast as he could.

Upon reaching the doorway, he saw Linsey, knife in hand, her face etched with fear.

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When Love Comes Late

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Chapter 105 Could You

Check On Her

Collin hesitated, a flicker of uncertainty crossing his face.

He had intended to reveal everything to Linsey, but recent events had seeded doubts in his mind.

Would learning his secrets place her in greater peril?

Before Collin could reply, Linsey dismissed her suspicions with a chuckle. "I must be seeing things. You're in a wheelchair -how could you possibly..."

As she spoke, a grimace crossed her face, and she raised a hand to her temple. "My head's starting to ache a little..."

Reacting swiftly, Collin grasped her hand-the one affected by the IV needle-and called out, "Dominic, could you please come here?" His voice carried to Dominic, who had been watching the unfolding scene from the doorway, amused. "She's in pain. Could you check on her?"

Dominic entered immediately, assessing Linsey while a nurse tended to her hand where the IV had been placed.

"It's not serious," Dominic assured them after a brief examination. "Just a typical side effect of medicine. She'll be fine with

some rest."

He handed a tube of ointment to Collin. "She's got injuries. Make sure to apply this regularly."

Collin was taken aback. "Why are you handing this to me?"

Dominic rolled his eyes discreetly, muttering about Collin's naivete before explaining, "She's got injuries-some minor, but others, like the ones on her back and arm, are quite severe. Do you expect me to apply the ointment for her? Aren't you

her husband?"

Hearing this, Linsey felt a surge of discomfort.

Though they were married, their relationship had remained platonic.

Collin had always resisted any assistance with personal tasks, such as removing his shirt, so how could he be expected to

help with her wounds?

With this in mind, she reached for the ointment herself, saying, "I'll take care of it..."

Her abrupt movement aggravated the wound on her arm, causing her to wince in pain and inhale sharply.

The nurse intervened promptly. "We should apply the ointment now. She was too agitated earlier, which likely worsened it. Now that she's settled, the pain is more noticeable,"

Dominic gave the nurse a discreet thumbs-up for her timely assistance.

"We'll leave you two to it. If you need anything, just press the nurse button," Dominic advised, patting Collin on the shoulder as he led the nurse out and carefully closed the door behind him.

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Chapter 105 Could You Check On Her

The room suddenly felt more tense. Linsey glanced at Collin, who remained silent, then made another attempt to reach for

the ointment.

Collin noticed her gesture and shifted to block her hand. "I'll handle it. Don't move."

His face was composed as he looked at her and said plainly, "Take off your hospital gown. I'll apply the ointment."

Linsey's cheeks turned a deep shade of red. She stuttered, "That's... not appropriate..."

Collin, his expression serious, countered, saying, "We're married. What's inappropriate about that?"

Linsey bit her lip, her mind wrestling with indecision. Finally, she turned away from him and slowly began to loosen her hospital gown. With a resigned sigh, she lay down on her stomach.

Collin's eyes briefly traced the curve of her slender waist, causing him to swallow hard for a moment.

However, the sight of the bruises across her back brought him back to reality. One deep wound, in particular, looked freshly aggravated, and her arm was visibly swollen and reddened.

His expression turned grave as he picked up a sterile cotton swab and started to apply the ointment with careful precision.

Linsey felt the cool, tingling sensation of the ointment on her skin.

"Don't worry," Collin whispered softly, his tone low and soothing. His touch was gentle, each application of the ointment thoughtful and tender.

Chapter 106 I Swear I'll Stay Away From Linsey!

The room fell silent.

Linsey turned her head slightly, sneaking a glance at Collin's face. His serious expression held her gaze as he meticulously applied the ointment to her wounds, treating her with the precision reserved for precious objects.

Her heart skipped a beat.

"What's wrong?" Collin caught her looking and paused, cotton swab in hand. "Did I hurt you?"

"No, you didn't." She quickly looked away, her cheeks warming.

After he finished applying the ointment, Linsey lay on her stomach, letting it dry.

With her back to Collin, the only sounds were him cleaning up, the faint scrape of his wheelchair moving across the floor as he went to the en suite bathroom to wash his hands. He returned shortly.

"The ointment has soaked in. You can put your clothes back on now," he announced. He hesitated, then added, "Don't worry. I'll look away."

She responded with a murmur, cautiously dressing herself before lying back down.

Collin stayed by the bedside, his usually detached eyes now showing a rare warmth as they rested on her. "Get some sleep. I'm right here. No one can hurt you," he said in a soft tone.

Tucked under the warm blankets, she opened her mouth to say she wasn't sleepy.

Yet, it might have been Collin's reassuring presence that enveloped her in a sense of safety. This newfound security slowly drew her into slumber. Her eyelids fluttered a few times before finally closing.

After a while, he listened to the steady rhythm of her breathing, reaching out to snugly tuck the blankets around her. His gaze softened.

But as he thought of the injuries that marred her body, a flash of cold fury sparked in his eyes.

He vowed silently that Felix would pay for this.

The basement at Vista Villa was enveloped in darkness.

The night was deep, the air thick and suffocating within the confines of the prison.

Echoing ominously through the silence, steady footsteps descended the staircase.

Collin, tall and imposing, emerged at the corridor's entrance. The guards stationed at the basement immediately advanced, their demeanor respectful. "Mr. Riley."

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Chapter 106 I Swear I'll Stay Away From Linsey!

"How is Felix?" Collin's voice was icy.

One of the guards bowed his head, replying, "Per your orders, sir, we've kept him alive, just barely, awaiting your interrogation."

Collin nodded slightly and strode forward.

He soon reached Felix.

Felix, blurred by pain and barely conscious, sensed someone approaching. He reflexively began to wail and plead. "Sir, please, I'm begging you! Let me go! I won't dare do it again! Please, just let me go!"

His cries and pleas continued for a long while, but there was no response.

Confused, Felix lifted his head, only to meet Collin's icy, expressionless gaze.

His eyes locked onto Collin's clearly functional legs, sparking a surge of terror that stole his breath.

"You... you're not disabled," Felix stammered, his face a mask of disbelief.

For years, nearly everyone in the upper echelons of Grester society had been led to believe that Collin was physically disabled.

However, this had been nothing more than a meticulously crafted deception.

Felix's eyes flicked to the guards standing by, a chilling realization dawning upon him.

Collin had deceived everyone. He had concealed his true capabilities, and the depth of his cunning was now terrifyingly

clear.

Felix's complexion turned ghostly pale. Trembling, he pleaded, "Collin, please, I'm begging you. Let me go. I swear I'll stay

away from Linsey! I'll never compete with you for her again!"

Chapter 107 Did He

Seriously Just Wet Himself

Felix's howls were hoarse and grating, a clear indication of his profound fear.

As his pleas intensified, he started banging his head against the floor, his blood, now mingling with the grimy dust, seeping into his open wound.

A heavy silence engulfed the basement, so dense that the only sound was the thumping of his own heart echoing in his

ears.

Just when he thought he could no longer bear the oppressive quiet, a cold, mocking laugh pierced the stillness from above. "You don't even qualify to compete with me for Linsey." Collin's voice came slowly, each word slicing through Felix like a sharp blade. "Considering what you did to her, you're definitely going to pay the price."

Felix shook his head in desperation, his eyes wide with panic as he tried to clear his name. "I didn't mean to do anything to Linsey. I swear I didn't have the courage! It was Linsey herself-she tried to seduce me. She tried to set me up!" A flicker of irritation crossed Collin's face, his deep eyes narrowing slightly. Silently, he raised his foot, encased in a sleek, custom-made leather shoe, and slammed it down on Felix's hand, eliciting a sharp cry of pain from him.

"Which hand did you use to touch Linsey? Tell me," Collin demanded, his voice calm but threaded with a chilling menace. Felix's complexion turned pale, his body shaking from the intense pain.

The force of the stomp was not enough to break him, but his body bore the marks of prior brutalities inflicted by Collin's

henchmen.

The fresh pain was like salt rubbed into his already festering wounds.

His agonized screams filled the basement, bouncing off the stone walls, yet trapped in this sealed underworld, unheard by

the outside world.

"Collin Riley!" Felix choked out, his voice hoarse with loathing. He looked up at Collin, fury contorting his features.

Collin regarded Felix's animosity with an icy detachment. "Both hands, then?" His voice was devoid of any emotion. "Well, if you can't control them, you don't need them."

On his signal, two of his men advanced. One held Felix down against the cold, hard floor while the other seized his hand, twisting it cruelly.

A horrific scream ripped from Felix's throat as his hand was forcefully twisted, the sound of snapping bones reverberating like a tolling bell. His face lost all color, and he broke out in a cold sweat. His throat, already raw from his earlier cries, felt like it was tearing.

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Chapter 107 Did He Seriously Just Wet Himself

As hatred blazed in his eyes, Felix glared at Collin, his voice quivering with venom. "Collin! You'll get what's coming to you!"

"Continue," Collin ordered in a flat tone, cutting him off without a trace of mercy.

Moments later, one of his underlings forcefully snapped Felix's other hand.

The compounded agony overwhelmed Felix's body. With a final, guttural scream, he fell into unconsciousness.

His respite was fleeting. Seconds later, Collin commanded one of his men to douse him with a bucket of cold water.

Felix's eyes snapped open, he gasped for air, and his mind was foggy.

"For every injury Linsey suffered, I'll make you pay twice over," Collin stated, his voice low and ominous. "It's too early for

you to pass out."

Trembling, Felix looked up, locking eyes with Collin. The unmistakable intent to kill in Collin's gaze chilled him to the

bone. His body started to shake uncontrollably.

Soon, a foul smell filled the air. Collin's men exchanged looks of disgust as they noticed the dark stain spreading beneath

Felix, the sharp scent of urine mingling with the dank air.

"Did he seriously just wet himself?" one muttered, his expression one of disdain. "That's vile."

Stripped of all dignity by his fear, Felix was beyond humiliation. He groveled, his voice broken as he pleaded, "Collin, I'll

never do it again! Please, I swear I won't go near Linsey ever again! Just let me go!"

Chapter 108 Who

Orchestrated The...

Felix's hands were crippled, leaving him no choice but to awkwardly prop himself up on his elbows. His appearance was the epitome of embarrassment and misery. Yet, Collin regarded him with icy detachment, devoid of any hint of compassion.

Collin's piercing gaze prompted one of his men to step forward. The man's voice was calm but carried an unmistakable edge. "We can release you, but only on one condition- you must answer Mr. Riley's questions truthfully. If you even think about lying, be ready to face the consequences."

A spark of hope flickered across Felix's battered face, and he eagerly responded, "Ask anything! I'll tell everything I know!" Without missing a beat, the subordinate pressed. "Who orchestrated the kidnapping of Mrs. Riley?"

As the question hung in the air, Felix's fleeting smile dissolved into a tense, wary expression.

His eyes darted around, betraying his inner turmoil as he recalled the events from a few days earlier. It was Huntley, the ambitious second son of the Riley family, who had approached him with an offer to help him have his way with Linsey. Huntley had masterminded a vile scheme, concocting rumors designed to tarnish Collin's and Linsey's reputations far beyond their town of Grester. Collin's wife, stuck with a worthless cripple, had eagerly spread her legs for someone else.

The offer was too good to resist. Huntley assured him wealth beyond his wildest dreams, and it didn't take long for him to

take the bait.

For years, he had wanted her. Now, not only could he finally claim her, but he would be handsomely rewarded for it. There was no way he was letting this slip through his fingers.

What Felix hadn't anticipated was Collin's unexpected arrival to save Linsey. More astonishing still was the revelation that Collin was not, in fact, crippled!

As Felix assessed his precarious situation, he couldn't shake the thought that despite Collin's miraculous recovery, the vast Riley family empire would end up falling into Huntley's scheming hands.

Telling the truth now would be a death sentence-Huntley wouldn't just let him walk away unscathed.

With the weight of this knowledge pressing down on him, he straightened his back and stuttered, "It... it was all my idea..."

Collin interrupted him with a scornful chuckle, his voice icy as he dismissed Felix's lies. "Go ahead, keep up the bullshit. You might as well rot here. You're worthless to us now."

Felix's heart hammered in his chest as panic surged through his veins. He glanced up to find Collin and his men already

turning their backs on him, their steps echoing ominously in the empty room.

A surge of adrenaline spurred Felix into action, his mind racing.

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Chapter 108 Who Orchestrated The Kidnapping Of Mrs. Riley

If he didn't escape now, what bleak future awaited him?

It was better to come clean.

Once he was free, he could snatch his family and disappear into obscurity. "I'll talk! I'll talk!" Felix's voice cracked as he yelled after Collin, desperation tingeing his words. "I swear, it was all Huntley's idea! He forced me into this!"

Collin halted mid-stride, tension crackling in the air. Slowly, he pivoted to face Felix, his expression darkening into a stormy glower. With a menacing calm, he fixed Felix with a steely glare and commanded, "Go on."

Felix inhaled sharply, his voice quivering as he admitted, "A few days ago, Huntley sought me out. He demanded that I kidnap Linsey. And then... then he insisted I make a video and leak it online. You know how the Internet feeds on the scandals of the elite. With just a nudge, the rumor of Linsey's infidelity would ignite, spreading uncontrollably."

He paused, his gaze flickering with a mix of fear and regret. "His plan all along was to destroy you and Linsey, leaving your reputations in ruins."

As Collin absorbed Felix's words, his expression hardened into a glacial mask of fury.

For years, he had weathered the relentless underhanded tactics of Huntley and Fernanda without striking back.

But their audacity to ensnare Linsey crossed a line beyond forgiveness. Witnessing the ominous storm brewing in Collin's eyes, Felix shuddered, his words tumbling out in a desperate rush.

"Collin, please, you have to believe me-it was all Huntley's manipulation! How could I defy the influence of the Riley family? I was powerless."

He clasped his hands together, pleading, "If there's anyone to blame, it's your ruthless family. I promise, I'll stay away from Linsey. Just... just let me walk away, and I'll forget everything that happened."

At that, Collin's laughter echoed low and menacingly through the room, sending a chill down Felix's spine.

"Stay away from her? Trust me, you won't even have the opportunity to glance her way ever again."

Felix, frozen in shock, felt a chill creep down his spine before blurting out, "What do you mean by that?"

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Chapter 109 Ensure He's Breathing

Collin marched out, each step resolute and unforgiving, his voice cold and commanding as he instructed his subordinates, "Ensure he's breathing. Then turn him over to the authorities."

Felix's eyes burned with rage as he bellowed, "Collin! You lying piece of shit! You broke your fucking promise, you goddamn bastard!"

But Collin paid him no mind, his features sculpted into an impassive mask as he exited the basement, leaving Felix's desperate cries echoing in the damp air.

Outside, the crisp night air whisked away the acrid scent of blood that clung to Collin, as his thoughts shifted to his next problem: Huntley, his pathetic, fuck-up of a younger brother.

Meanwhile, in the dimly lit confines of a bar's private room, the air was thick with the intoxicating aromas of liquor and
perfume.

Huntley lounged casually, a cunning grin playing on his lips, as he nudged the woman nestled in his arms to drink more. She choked slightly, the alcohol searing her throat.

"Is that all you can handle?" Huntley teased, his chuckle resonant as he set down his glass and tenderly wiped the dribble of wine from her lips with a flirtatious touch. "Just a couple of drinks and you're already fading? Have you gone soft in just

a few days?"

"You're so bad!" The woman retorted playfully, her gaze flirtatious. Her voice, sugary and teasing, carried a hint of reprimand. "Mr. Riley, you're pushing too hard."

As he caught her charming, delicate expression, Huntley's spirits lifted. He playfully conceded, "Alright, alright, my mistake.

To make it up, I'll down three glasses."

She covered his hand with hers, her voice warm and tender. "There's no need, Mr. Riley. It would break my heart to see you

uncomfortable from too much drink."

Huntley, clearly entertained by her playful compliments, drew her in closer, their banter growing more spirited by the
moment.

"Mr. Riley, judging by that look, I'd say you're in a pretty damn good mood today," she remarked, her voice laced with a teasing tone and her smile taking on a seductive curve.

Huntley, his mind racing with the intricate details of his scheme, couldn't help but burst into a fit of laughter. "Absolutely! Watching an idiot who dared to mess with me finally get what's coming? Now that's something to smile about," he replied,

his eyes twinkling with mischief.

His excitement soared as he held her tightly. The plan he had so meticulously crafted seemed perfect in his eyes.

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Chapter 109 Ensure He's Breathing

Before he made a move against Linsey and Collin, he did his research-every weakness, every flaw, all ready to be exploited. Discovering that Linsey had recently ended things with her ex-boyfriend, Felix, who was still obsessed with her, was a

golden opportunity.

This tangled web of emotions was just what he needed. He covertly had someone contact Felix, cunningly persuading him

to act against Linsey.

Once Felix took the bait and stirred up drama, rumors would inevitably fly, suggesting a rekindled romance between him

and Linsey.

In a town like Grester, no woman of good standing would ever marry a man perceived as disabled and worthless like Collin.

If Linsey screwed around on him, no one would blame her-he was hardly worth staying faithful to.

Such a scandal would devastate Collin's reputation, rendering him unfit to challenge Huntley for the reins of the Riley

family.

Huntley glanced at his watch, his impatience palpable. At this point, the scandal had likely spread like wildfire, thanks to the gossip blogs he hired.

The sheer thought of Collin, his rival, becoming the laughingstock of the Internet sent a wicked thrill spiraling through him.

"Let's see the chaos unfold," he murmured, pushing away from the conversation, his fingers itching to unlock his phone.

As he scrolled, his anticipation built, but his smile soon faded into a perplexed frown. None of the accounts he had paid off

had posted a damn thing.

Irritation knitted his brows tightly as he tapped out messages to the blogs, demanding an immediate explanation.

He wasted good money on this, and these brain-dead assholes still couldn't deliver.

His phone buzzed with a response, snapping him back to the screen.

"Mr. Riley, it's not like we're refusing to post it-the problem is, we never got the photos. Without visual proof, the story

lacks the spark to capture attention."

Huntley's face darkened with a scowl. So, Felix was the one who fucked this up, huh?

With a growl of frustration, he dialed Felix's number, his mind racing with accusations.

That fool Felix was probably too entangled in his lustful escapades with Linsey to remember his duties.

As the phone rang unanswered, a sinking feeling coiled in Huntley's stomach.

Could Felix have messed this whole thing up?

Each unanswered ring echoed like a foreboding drum, amplifying his dread of a plan falling apart.

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Chapter 110 Were You Responsible For Felix's...

The thought jolted Huntley upright, surprising the woman who was close to him.

"Mr. Riley, what is it?" she asked, momentarily taken aback, instinctively reaching out to take his hand.

Huntley was overwhelmed by panic, his mind going blank. He impatiently pulled his hand away from hers and prepared to

leave quickly.

Just as he was about to leave, the door to the private room was suddenly kicked open. A group of police officers rushed in.

The people inside the room screamed in terror, huddling into the corners, too frightened to utter a word.

Huntley's face paled as he stood frozen, watching the officers come towards him.

"Huntley Riley, you are suspected of being involved in a kidnapping. Please come with us," one of the officers said.

Huntley's face immediately turned grim. He understood that Felix had not only ruined the plan but had also turned on him.

"On what grounds are you arresting me? I'm from the Riley family! You have no right to arrest me!" he shouted arrogantly, his voice booming through the room. "If you even touch me, my family will ensure you pay for it!"

The officers, unaffected by his threats, remained composed. The lead officer simply said, "Take him into custody."

At his command, several officers stepped forward and quickly subdued Huntley.

"Let me go! Let me go!" Huntley struggled desperately, but the alcohol in his system made him weak and helpless. He was quickly handcuffed and taken away. In the hospital room, Linsey was already awake, watching the news on television. "Recently, police in Grester solved a kidnapping case. The suspect, Felix Wells, pleaded guilty and confessed that Huntley Riley was the mastermind."

Linsey was slightly surprised, wondering if it was simply a coincidence.

She picked up her phone and opened her social media app, quickly finding conversations about the case.

"Stop guessing, everyone. The mastermind is Huntley, the second son of the powerful Riley family."

"Be careful, OP. This post might be taken down soon."

"There's no need for concern. With Huntley behind bars, it appears justice has prevailed. You can rest easy now."

"Precisely. Now that the matter is resolved, even the influential Riley family can't circumvent the legal system."

"Perhaps it's just my intuition, but I suspect Huntley must have antagonized a very influential person to face such

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Chapter 110 Were You Responsible For Felix's Confession

consequences."

"It's inconsequential. Kidnapping is a grave offense, and there are no

justifications. I heard the victim was a woman, and

she must have suffered immense trauma."

As Linsey read through the online comments, she still struggled to accept the reality of the situation.

Had Felix truly confessed? It seemed entirely out of character for him.

She placed her phone aside, her mind wandering back to the night Collin had rescued her. She vividly recalled seeing

several figures accompanying him.

Was it possible that Collin had somehow orchestrated Felix's confession?

But how was Huntley's arrest connected to all of this?

Before she could fully process these thoughts, Collin entered the room, propelling his wheelchair.

Noticing the worried expression on her face, he inquired with concern, "Is everything alright?"

She gazed at him. Observing his composed demeanor, she couldn't resist asking, "I saw the news reports. Were you responsible for Felix's confession? And Huntley's arrest as well?"

Collin rolled his wheelchair closer to Linsey's bed, a questioning look on his face. "You think I'm capable of such a feat? My involvement was limited to directing Felix to the police station. The subsequent events unfolded due to their own investigation. It seems Felix couldn't withstand the interrogation."

Linsey's suspicion lessened when she heard his explanation, although a subtle unease remained within her.

"Huntley is implicated in this as well. If your family discovers the full extent of what transpired, won't they retaliate against you, perhaps even attempt to coerce you?" Linsey voiced her concerns.

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