

# **Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After**

## **#Chapter 111 - Read Marrying A Secret Zillionaire**

### **Happy Ever After Chapter 111**

Chapter 111 I Need To Get

Back To Work

Collin noticed the worry etching Linsey's features and felt a surge of

He reached for her hand, holding it gently. His voice carried a warmth that filled the space between them with comfort. "Don't worry. As your husband, it's my job to protect you. Just focus on your recovery. I'll handle the rest."

Linsey looked up, her heart skipping a beat as she took in Collin's reassuring presence.

She nodded slightly, her smile tentative yet trusting. "Alright. I trust you completely."

Locking eyes with her, Collin paused, the weight of her trust pressing upon him. He found himself reluctant to meet her gaze again.

Her complete faith in him was clear, yet he was burdened with secrets he could not share.

He longed to be transparent with her, but the threat of impending crises always seemed to snuff out that possibility.

The menacing presence of Gorman, lurking in the background, was a constant threat.

Revealing too much to Linsey could endanger her as well.

He couldn't tell her the truth, not yet.

Taking a deep breath, he gripped her hand a bit tighter.

Despite the secrets, he resolved to compensate in other ways.

As long as she remained safe at his side, he was ready to pay any price.

Two days later, Linsey's patience with the hospital had worn thin.

"Collin, I need to be discharged," she said.

Collin responded immediately, "No, you're not yet fully recovered."

Linsey's resolve was firm. "I've been here long enough. I need to get back to work."

She was still in her probationary period, and any further delays could risk her position.

Though her boss, Coen, had granted her a few days off after securing a crucial order, she could not afford to delay her return any longer.

The project for Anthea wouldn't complete itself.

Seeing her unwavering commitment to her job, Collin felt a mix of admiration and helplessness. "How critical is your job that your company can't function without you? If that's really the case, it doesn't bode well for their future."

Linsey bit her lip, wrestling with whether to disclose her secret. She worked for CR Corporation, the very company to which

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Chapter 1111 Need To Get Back To Work

he owed a significant debt.

She worried that revealing this truth might bruise his pride, so she had kept her employment at CR Corporation hidden

from him.

"I really need to go back, okay?" Linsey insisted with a note of urgency.

Collin exhaled slowly, his concern evident. "What kind of work is it? Maybe I can help out a bit."

Linsey paused, considering her words carefully. She decided it was safe to mention her client as long as she steered clear

of revealing her employer.

"It's just an important client," she finally said.

As she spoke, a memory flashed through her mind. She recalled seeing Collin's

car leave Anthea's villa on her first visit

there.

"By the way, Collin, how do you know Anthea Blakely? She's my client this time, and I think I saw your car at her villa," she added.

Collin was visibly taken aback, the connection catching him off guard.

He managed to maintain his composure as he explained, "My late mother and Anthea were old friends. I was just paying her a visit that day."

Linsey was surprised by this revelation.

She knew that Collin's biological mother had passed away many years ago and decided not to delve deeper, not wanting to stir up painful memories.

Just as she was about to steer the conversation away, Collin looked at her intently. "People say Anthea has close ties to the founder of CR Corporation. Are you trying to use her to gather information about the founder?" he said.

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Chapter 112 I've Nearly Cleared It

Linsey waved her hands, quick and dismissive. "That's not true. I really am not that much of a gossip."

Feeling a bit helpless, she found it puzzling that both Anthea and Collin would think she was eager to learn who founded

CR Corporation.

Eager to clear any misunderstanding, she offered, "Besides, if my curiosity was that piqued, why would I bother asking Mrs.

Blakely, who barely knows them, when I could just ask you?"

"Ask me? Why?" Collin felt his pulse quicken, wondering if Linsey was onto something.

Softly, she looked at him and suggested, "Well, you mentioned your massive debt to CR Corporation. With such a hefty sum,

you surely must have met the founder. I'd think if I were them, I'd keep tabs on you now and then to ensure you hadn't

fled."

Collin was silent, taken aback by her logic.

The issue of the debt seemed to linger longer than he had hoped.

Desperate not to be seen as a failure, he quickly fabricated another tale. "Linsey, about that debt... I've nearly cleared it. No

need for you to worry."

"That quickly? You've settled it?" Linsey's eyes sparkled with surprise. "Collin, clearing \$100 million is no minor feat!"

His chest swelled with a strange pride.

But why did he feel proud? The debt was fictitious.

Tamping down his feelings, he insisted, "Enough now. You should rest."

Linsey blinked, remembering her responsibilities. She declared firmly, "I'm heading back to work. We're not drowning in

debt anymore, but that doesn't mean we can slack off. Collin, try to stop me again, and I'll be really upset."

Her determination was clear, and Collin gave in. "Alright. Let's sort out your discharge first. If you feel unwell, tell me

immediately."

If that were the case, he would take her straight back to the hospital. He was determined not to let her take unnecessary

risks.

Linsey saw through his protective stance but felt confident in her recovery. Her injuries were minor after all.

Finally, she made her way back to the office, ready to resume her duties.

When Linsey returned to the office, her colleagues immediately surrounded her,

their faces etched with concern. "Linsey, how are you feeling?"

"Are you OK? What happened? Coen made it sound quite serious a few days ago."

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## Chapter 112 I've Nearly Cleared It

Linsey hadn't disclosed her kidnapping, and the police had kept the victim's identity under wraps. Hence, her colleagues.

naturally assumed she had been ill.

It seemed Coen had likely exaggerated the story since she had clinched Anthea's order, showing how much he valued it.

"I'm fine now, thanks, guys," Linsey replied, offering her colleagues a reassuring smile.

"That's good to hear."

Just then, a piercing voice sliced through the warm chatter. "Linsey, isn't it a bit too convenient that you ended up in the hospital right after securing Mrs. Blakely's order? You didn't do that on purpose, did you? Were you just stalling because you felt overwhelmed by the responsibility?"

Linsey looked up to see Cynthia smirking at her, eyes filled with suspicion.

## Chapter 113 Production Is Set To Begin Shortly

There was no hint of embarrassment on Cynthia's face; rather, her voice took on an even sharper edge of sarcasm.

"What's the matter? Was I wrong? You've been away for so long, it's been a complete waste. With Mrs. Blakely's deadline fast approaching, I'm sure you'll be begging for an extension," Cynthia taunted, her tone thick with derision. "But let me remind you, Mrs. Blakely doesn't do second chances."

Harsh as Cynthia's words were, they held truth.

Linsey understood that an extension from Anthea was not on the table.

Their colleagues looked on, exchanging glances filled with concern for Linsey.

"Cynthia's got a point, Linsey. Time isn't on your side."

"Coen really let you take such a long break? Did he forget to mention this?"

"Linsey, perhaps you should ask Coen for help. He's spoken with Mrs. Blakely before; he might be able to advocate for you."

"With just a few days left, you need to wrap up the design and kick off production. It's a tall order for anyone."

In response to the mix of real and feigned worry, Linsey replied with a composed smile, "Don't fret over me. I've completed the design and have been in touch with Mrs. Blakely. Production is set to begin shortly."

Her colleagues were visibly impressed.

"Really? Linsey, that's remarkable!"

"Working through your hospital stay? That's dedication."

"No wonder you topped the interview. Impressive, indeed." Cynthia, on the other hand, frowned at Linsey's confidence. With a scoff, she strained the office atmosphere even further.

"Linsey, don't get ahead of yourself. Just because you've finished the design doesn't mean you can relax. You're still a novice with no practical experience. Designing is one thing; managing production is an entirely different challenge. We'll see where you end up when this project goes south," Cynthia said with a sneer.

The room was steeped in awkward silence. Colleagues exchanged uneasy looks, each hesitant to break the tension. No one

ventured a word.

Yet Linsey remained unruffled. She fixed her gaze on Cynthia and spoke with deliberate calm. "Thank you for the reminder. You're right-tackling such a major project solo is daunting. That's why I intend to consult Coen and involve a few skilled

colleagues."

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Chapter 113 Production Is Set To Begin Shortly

Turning to her coworkers, Linsey asked with courtesy, "Would any of you be interested in joining me on this project? I assure you, your contributions will be recognized in your performance evaluations."

Her offer immediately brightened the faces of those she addressed.

"Really?"

"Linsey, are you serious? I'd love to work with you!"

"This is fantastic! Thanks for this opportunity!"

"Count me in, Linsey. We'll put our best effort into it."

No one in the office was willing to let such an opportunity slip. This project with Anthea, a client renowned for her generosity, promised significant rewards.

Not only could completing her project bring the company substantial benefits, but it was also likely to secure a handsome bonus for each team member.

Moreover, Linsey had already finished the design; only the production phase remained.

With her preparation complete and a capable team behind her, even the looming deadline seemed less intimidating.

A wave of excitement swept through the group. It was an unexpected chance, akin to striking the lottery.

#### Chapter 114 Work Can Wait Until Tomorrow

Linsey's colleagues quickly voiced their agreement. Watching them, she smiled, her expression sweet and unassuming. "I really have to thank Cynthia for the reminder. If not for her, I wouldn't have thought of this solution at all."

Her words had the intended effect. The group turned to Cynthia with appreciation.

"Cynthia, thank you. Without you, we wouldn't have had the opportunity to work on Mrs. Blakely's project."

Cynthia's face stiffened. She had never imagined that so many of them would get the chance to participate in Anthea's project-except for her.

"You..." She had the urge to call them out for being opportunists.

Frustration flared in her chest, but with no outlet for it, all she could do was turn away, her expression dark with irritation.

Linsey hadn't exaggerated. She had finished the design on time.

Even when she was hospitalized from her injuries, she had never let Anthea's order slip from her mind.

Before the kidnapping, she had already organized the initial design materials, and ideas had come easily.

Confined to a hospital bed with nothing else to do, she made use of the time, sketching out several drafts between

treatments.

After a few days, she finally convinced Collin to let her be discharged. The moment she was out, she contacted Anthea and

finalized the design online.

So when she returned to the company, she could begin creating the final product without delay.

Many assumed Linsey was just a newcomer with little real-world experience.

She agreed.

That was why she followed Cynthia's advice and sought help from a few colleagues.

CR Corporation was one of the most respected names in the industry. Its designers were some of the best.

During the production process, they generously shared valuable techniques with her.

In return, they had the opportunity to contribute to Andrea's project-an impressive addition to their resumes.

And Linsey, in turn, learned a great deal.

Even after a long, productive day, her enthusiasm didn't wane.

Later, as she sat down for dinner at Vista Villa, her mind remained on the project, still sorting through design details.

A clatter pulled her from her thoughts.

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Chapter 114 Work Can Wait Until Tomorrow

Collin placed more food onto her plate. "Eat. You just got out of the hospital, and your body's still weak. You need proper

nutrition."

Linsey blinked, momentarily lost, then obediently picked up her fork and finished her meal.

"I'm done," she said, wiping her mouth and standing up.

Collin's

gaze followed her. "Where are you going?"

She hesitated only briefly before answering honestly, "I just had some new inspiration. I want to go back to my room and

refine the design."

"You're working overtime?" He stared at her.

Linsey shifted slightly, feeling a bit uneasy. "Well... it's not really overtime. I'm just wrapping things up. It won't take long."

Collin took a deep breath.

In the past, people had always told him to take it easy, to stop working so much and rest.

He never listened. He found their nagging irritating.

Now, for the first time, he truly understood what it felt like to worry about someone else.

But he still felt her situation was different from his.

He had always been in good health. A little extra work never hurt him.

But she was different.

She had just been through a dangerous kidnapping, her body still recovering from multiple injuries.

She hadn't even spent much time in the hospital before coming back to work.

Thinking about it only made him more concerned. His tone left no room for debate. "After dinner, take a walk and then

rest. Work can wait until tomorrow."

Linsey pressed her lips together. She didn't hesitate for long before agreeing. "OK. I'll go rest in my room then."

After all, her computer was in her room. It wouldn't take much time to finish a little work.

Collin studied her carefully, his doubt growing at how quickly she agreed. "You gave in too easily," he said. "You're planning to sneak in some work once you're in your room, aren't you?"

Linsey hesitated for a moment, then sighed helplessly. "How can I make you believe me?"

She understood his concern came from a good place. That was why she didn't feel annoyed.

Collin thought for a moment before replying. "I'll keep an eye on you myself. From now on, you'll move to the master bedroom and we'll sleep together."

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## Chapter 115 Sharing A Bed

### Is Only Natural

Linsey went rigid, shock crashing over her like a wave. For a moment, she wasn't even sure she had heard him right.

"What? Say that again." Her voice barely rose above a whisper, uncertainty threading through the words.

Collin's expression didn't shift. His tone stayed level, unwavering. "I said, move into the master bedroom. We sleep

together."

Her breath caught. A tremor crept into her voice. "You're serious?"

Was this really the same Collin?

The day she moved in, he had been livid, his fury sharp enough to cut. He hadn't just refused her presence-he had all but

thrown her out.

And now here he was, casually suggesting she move in and share a bed with him.

The shock on her face didn't escape him. A strange, unshakable tension settled in his chest—an emotion he couldn't quite name. Still, his expression remained as unreadable as ever.

"We're married. Sharing a bed is only natural." As if sensing her hesitation, he turned sharply to Josh and gave a firm order. "Josh, have someone pack Linsey's things and move them into my room."

"Yes, Mr. Riley," Josh responded swiftly. As he turned to leave, the faintest hint of a smile tugged at his lips.

He had been waiting for this moment for what felt like forever.

Linsey had been living in Collin's villa for days, yet only now were they finally sharing a room.

They were both adults. With no barriers left between them, it was only a matter of time before their relationship took the next step.

Maybe, before long, they would start a family.

The servants worked with quiet efficiency, and soon, all of Linsey's belongings were transferred to Collin's room.

As they finished their walk, Collin turned to Linsey. "You should go ahead and wash up first."

She clung to his words like a lifeline, grateful for the excuse to escape. Springing to her feet, she hurried toward the

master bedroom.

It wasn't her first time stepping inside, but somehow, tonight felt different. A quiet tension settled in her chest.

Collin's room, much like the man himself, was cold in its restraint—stark, meticulously arranged, with not a single unnecessary detail. Muted shades dominated the space, devoid of warmth or brightness.

Yet beneath its calculated minimalism, the room carried his presence: cool, commanding and unshakable.

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## Chapter 115 Sharing A Bed Is Only Natural

Standing in the middle of the room, she felt an odd, almost suffocating sense that he had a hold on her-completely.

Her eyes snapped open in alarm as the thought hit her.

"Stop it. You need to keep it together. Now that we're sharing a room, I have to be careful. I can't let him see how caught

up I am in his good looks."

She gave her cheeks a light, hurried pat, as if trying to physically shake the thoughts away.

Moving to the wardrobe, she opened it-and froze. Her clothes were neatly arranged beside his, their presence filling the

space.

Each of their clothes occupied half the wardrobe, as if it had always been this way.

For some reason, seeing their clothes hanging side by side stirred a soft, almost sweet feeling in her chest.

Taking a deep breath, she grabbed her pajamas and headed to the bathroom, determined to wash off the tension.

When she emerged, freshly bathed, her eyes immediately found the large bed- and her heart skipped a beat.

Should she lie down before Collin came back?

Maybe then, she could sidestep the awkwardness that lingered between them.

Before she could settle on an answer, the door swung open with a quiet creak. Collin wheeled himself in, the sound of the

door clicking shut behind him breaking the fragile stillness.

"Done with your shower?" Collin's gaze flicked over her briefly, lingering on the soft, bear-print pajamas that seemed so

out of place in the room. Then, without a trace of hesitation, he uttered the words that knocked her off balance. "Take off

your pajamas and lie down on the bed."

Linsey's eyes shot wide, her mind scrambling to catch up with the suddenness of it all.

She had steeled herself for this moment, prepared for the inevitable. But his bluntness still caught her off guard, sending

a rush of heat to her cheeks.

They hadn't been intimate on their wedding night. She had known that eventually, they would have sex.

But this? It was too fast. Too soon. She had just moved into his room-couldn't they at least have waited a day or two?

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Chapter 116 Collin, Enough Already!

Linsey's heart hammered in her chest, her voice quivering as she hesitated. "Does... does it really have to happen so quickly? I... I'm not ready yet."

Collin's eyebrows drew together in a slight frown, perplexity coloring his tone. "What exactly do you think you need to prepare for?"

Her cheeks flared up, the red blooming vividly against her pale complexion.

Linsey averted her gaze, her fingers nervously playing with the hem of her pajama top as she whispered, "I'm still a virgin. Naturally, I need a moment to... to gather myself."

Collin paused, his expression unreadable for a fleeting moment. As he observed her timid and flustered state, realization dawned on him about the misunderstanding.

He struggled to maintain his composure, yet a chuckle escaped him, breaking through his usually reserved demeanor and filling the room with warmth.

Linsey stared at him, bewildered and slightly hurt. "Why are you laughing?" she demanded, her voice tinged with

vulnerability.

How could he find humor in her anxiety?

Collin quickly smoothed his features, although the twinkling in his eyes betrayed his lingering amusement.

He maneuvered his wheelchair closer to her side of the bed, and with a gentle, almost teasing gesture, he lifted the tube of ointment for her to see. "Linsey, what on earth did you think was happening?" he asked, his voice soft yet laced with mischief. "I only needed you to take off your pajamas so I could apply this ointment."

As Collin spoke in his deliberate, measured tone, Linsey's eyes widened dramatically.

Her gaze locked onto his with a mix of shock and mortification.

She had completely misinterpreted his words. Collin hadn't meant any of it!

The seconds stretched endlessly as her cheeks blushed a vivid crimson, lending her an unexpectedly charming air.

He watched her, captivated by her flustered demeanor. His resistance melted away, and he couldn't help but chuckle softly,

a teasing sparkle in his eyes.

Linsey, sinking further into her flustered state, wished fervently she could just vanish.

Why did she always manage to make a fool of herself whenever Collin was around?

Shame flashed across her face, but it didn't take long for irritation to take over. With an annoyed stomp, she closed the distance, clamped her hand over his mouth, and glared. "Collin, enough already!"

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Chapter 116 Collin, Enough Already!

Though she aimed for sternness, to Collin, she resembled a feisty kitten trying to roar. Her earnest attempt at severity only

made her more endearing.

Still chuckling, he caught her hand and gently pulled her into his lap with a playful tug.

"Linsey, are you really this eager to have sex with me?" he teased, his voice a blend of mischief and surprise.

Seated in his wheelchair, he gripped her wrist firmly yet tenderly, the other hand resting lightly on her back. Despite his

gentle hold, she felt completely ensnared by his presence.

His lips curled into a rare, playful smirk, his eyes twinkling with uncharacteristic boldness. "So, this was on your mind the whole time, huh? I had no idea you wanted me like that," he murmured, his warm breath brushing against her neck,

sending playful shivers down her spine.

Her cheeks flamed even hotter at his words, her heart pounding in her chest. Embarrassment surged through her, making

her eyes water slightly, turning them a deeper shade of red.

"I'm not eager at all-not in the slightest!" She attempted to wriggle free from his grasp, but her efforts proved futile. She retorted with feigned indignation, "I'm just worried that my charm is too much for you to resist, and you might get carried away."

Collin raised an eyebrow, his expression shifting to one of thoughtful amusement. "Charming, indeed," he agreed, his voice

rich with humor.

She parted her lips to fire back, scrambling for a sharp retort, completely brushing aside her momentary awkwardness.

However, Collin's calm and matter-of-fact acknowledgment only made her feel more bashful.

His gaze lingered on her flushed cheeks, and he felt a tightness in his throat, a sudden, overwhelming urge to kiss her...

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Chapter 117 Don't Leave

Me

Collin inhaled sharply, reining in the unruly impulse that threatened to break his composure.

With an earnest expression, he reassured Linsey, "Your injuries are still mending. Believe me, I'm not some beast devoid of restraint. I'll keep my hands to myself."

After a brief pause, he eased his grip just a little and chuckled lightly. "So, what's it gonna be? My lap or the bed while I rub this ointment on you?"

Startled from her reverie, Linsey quickly scrambled off his lap and turned her back to him, opting for the safety of the bed. She felt her cheeks warm with a fierce blush as she silently removed her pajama top and lay facedown, trying to calm the pounding in her chest.

The subtle sound of Collin's wheelchair approached, the quiet rumble a sharp contrast to the silent tension hanging in the

air.

Linsey couldn't see his expression, her focus entirely on the chilling sensation of the ointment as he gently applied it with a cotton swab to the healing wounds on her back.

The room was enveloped in a hushed stillness, broken only by the occasional soft clink of the ointment jar.

Soon, Collin finished his gentle tending.

As he capped the ointment, he advised softly, "Put your top back on. Don't risk a chill. Try to get some rest early tonight." Linsey responded only with silence, swiftly pulling her pajama top over her head and burrowing under the blanket without

a backward glance.

Her deliberate avoidance spoke volumes-she was not ready to talk to him. Observing her stiff back, a silent testament to her stubbornness, Collin couldn't help but let out a gentle chuckle. His face showed a mix of fondness and resignation as he shook his head and turned his wheelchair to leave the room.

Exhausted from the day's relentless demands, Linsey finally succumbed to the comfort of her bed.

As she nestled her face into the soft folds of the blanket, a subtle scent, unmistakably Collin's, enveloped her, soothing her

frazzled nerves.

Her eyelids grew heavy, her breaths deepened, and soon, she was lost in the tranquil embrace of sleep.

In the shadows of the room, Collin remained awake. Seated at a desk cluttered with documents, he worked diligently, the

only light a pair of lamps casting a warm, amber glow over his solitary figure.

Aware that Linsey had drifted off, he moved with deliberate quietness, the rustle of paper softened by his gentle touch.

His eyes, however, frequently strayed from the documents before him to the serene figure on the bed. The sight of Linsey,

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## Chapter 117 Don't Leave Me

her silhouette a soft curve under the blanket, stirred something within him.

After countless nights of solitude, the simple reality of her presence was both novel and comforting.

Of all things, he hadn't expected to find someone sleeping so calmly this close to him.

As the clock ticked on, Linsey shifted restlessly, the blanket slipping away. Noticing this, Collin abandoned his papers and rolled his chair closer to the bed, his concern evident.

Reaching her side, he paused, taking in her pained expression-eyes squeezed shut, features contorted by some silent

agony. There was no doubt about it-she was being haunted by something in her sleep.

An uneasy feeling gripped his heart, sinking deep. Tentatively, he reached out, his hand resting lightly on her shoulder in

a silent offer of reassurance.

"Don't..." she murmured, her voice fraught with vulnerability. Her fingers clutched at his, gripping them tightly as she pleaded in a hoarse whisper, "Don't leave me... Please, stay with me."

A trace of distress flickered across his eyes as he watched her.

Without a moment's hesitation, he clasped her hand, eased himself out of the wheelchair, and lay down beside her, pulling her into a tight embrace.

"No need to be scared. I'll never leave you," he murmured, his lips lingering softly on her forehead.

Linsey's furrowed brows smoothed out as she absorbed his words.

Almost instinctively, her arms encircled him, her body pressing closer, seeking solace in his

presence.

During their tender embrace, her abdomen unintentionally brushed against his thigh, causing Collin to stiffen, his body taut with sudden tension as he fought the urge to pull away.

A soft, startled whimper escaped Linsey when she sensed him retreating, and she clung to him even more desperately, her body molding tighter against his.

This renewed contact elicited a low, hoarse groan from Collin.

He inhaled sharply, his eyes darkening as they settled on her serene, sleeping face.

The rhythmic cadence of her breathing lulled him, yet he could not bring himself to disturb her slumber.

Trapped in a tumult of emotion, he steeled his resolve, forcing the rising tide of desire to recede. With closed eyes and a deep, steady breath, he fought to clear his mind.

That night, while Linsey slept deeply, Collin remained awake, his restless vigil marked by a storm of emotions he struggled

to contain.

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After

Chapter 118 The Phone Is Buzzing

The morning sun filtered into the room, and Linsey's eyelids fluttered open, the weight of sleep still clinging to them. For

a few disoriented seconds, she simply stared at the fabric of the shirt inches from her face, gradually realizing it was

Collin's chest she was using as her pillow. A wave of nervousness swept over her.

With a cautious, barely perceptible movement, Linsey lifted her head to peek at Collin, who remained deeply asleep beside

her.

Her mind raced with questions. When had he joined her in bed?

How had she failed to notice his presence until now?

And when exactly had he enveloped her in his arms?

She nibbled her lower lip anxiously, feeling the heat rising in her cheeks.

Despite herself, her gaze lingered, becoming transfixed on Collin's peaceful face.

In sleep, his usual facade of sharpness and distance melted away, revealing an expression of serene calmness that belonged

only to him.

The gentle warmth emanating from his body enveloped her, sending her heartbeat into a fluttering, erratic rhythm.

She debated internally whether to rouse him, torn between prolonging this rare moment and the necessity of starting their

day. Her deliberation was abruptly cut short by the low, persistent buzz of a vibrating phone.

Linsey's eyes darted toward the sound and she noticed Collin's brows twitch in the barest hint of disturbance, signaling he

was waking up.

For a fleeting instant, Linsey wished the world outside could remain at bay, just a little longer.

Seeing Collin so undisturbed was a rare and unexpectedly endearing sight she hesitated to interrupt.

With a determined air, she carefully propped herself up on one elbow, attempting to lean over him to snatch the phone

from the bedside table to silence its insistent buzzing.

Yet, as she extended her hand, a husky voice halted her in her tracks. "What are you doing?" he murmured, his tone a

blend of curiosity and amusement.

Turning back, she found herself caught in his deep, penetrating gaze, sending an inexplicable shiver cascading down her spine.

"The... the phone is buzzing," she stammered, her voice faltering as she hastily retreated to her own side of the bed.

However, before she could put any real distance between them, he pressed his hand firmly against her lower back, drawing her back against his chest with a possessive tightness.

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## Chapter 118 The Phone Is Buzzing

He inhaled deeply, his breath warm on her neck, his voice even raspier as he commanded, "Don't move."

Frozen, she dared not twitch a muscle.

A mixture of disbelief and surprise flickered in her wide, glistening eyes.

Trapped in his embrace, she was keenly aware of his body's reaction pressing against her.

Wait...

The moment she registered the nature of his pressing urgency, her cheeks burned with a fierce blush.

She remained motionless...

Collin held her gaze for a charged moment before finally grabbing the phone, his movements fluid and decisive.

His subordinate's voice crackled through the speaker. "Mr. Riley, there's an urgent meeting this morning."

"Got it," Collin responded, his voice a low, steady hum. "I'll be there shortly." Despite the calm in his voice, his embrace tightened around Linsey, betraying his inner turmoil with an intense, almost overpowering closeness.

After he hung up, he shifted his gaze back to her, his expression softening as he looked down at her, still nestled against him. "I need to take care of something today. Why don't you stay home and relax?"

She blinked up at him, confusion clouding her features. "But it's the weekend. Do you really have to leave so early? Is it that urgent?"

"Yes," he replied, his voice firm, yet his arms remained wrapped around her, holding her close as if he couldn't bear to let

1. go.

She bit her lip, a flicker of uncertainty crossing her face. "So... what about now?" Her eyes darted downward, her question hanging heavily in the air between them. Collin was silent for a heartbeat, then replied, "I'll manage. A cold shower should do the trick."

He started to shift, gently easing her aside as he made to sit up.

Linsey's eyes widened in concern. The morning air was biting-what if he ended up catching a cold from that icy water?

As he moved towards his wheelchair, she reached out impulsively, her fingers brushing his. "Wait."

He paused, turning to face her, his expression inquiring.

Taking a deep breath, she mustered her courage. "I'm your wife, Collin. It's only natural for us to be close. You don't have to keep your distance... I can give you a handy." Her voice was soft.

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## Chapter 119 Are You Feeling Alright

Collin's gaze darkened in an instant, a surge of longing flickering beneath the surface like smoldering embers.

"Linsey, do you truly understand what you're saying?" he asked.

After voicing her thoughts, Linsey felt a wave of relief wash over her. She steadied herself, her expression calm as she responded, "I'm your wife. It's only natural I want to be here for you, isn't it?"

There was something in her words, a quiet yearning for connection, that stirred within her as well.

Collin studied her, his eyes searching, his voice softer than before. "Are you sure? I won't ask you for anything you're not

ready for."

Linsey's cheeks flushed, but she stood firm, her resolve clear. "Yes, I'm sure. And I won't look back."

He took a steadying breath, then suddenly turned, moving with purpose. Before she could react, he gently pressed her back, his presence enveloping her, and a soft gasp escaped her lips.

His voice, low and intense, brushed against her ear. "I told you last night. I wouldn't rush anything until you were fully healed. After all, I'm not some kind of monster."

The memory of their misunderstanding last night flooded back, and a wave of embarrassment swept over her once again.

Then, with surprising tenderness, he cupped her cheek in his large hand, his touch warm against her skin.

"But now..." His voice deepened, and there was a hint of something unspoken. "I suppose I'll have to break that promise."

She lowered her gaze, her cheeks flushed with a soft, unmistakable shyness.

Collin watched her, his eyes lingering on her flustered expression. A strange sensation stirred deep within him.

Before long, their breaths came in sync, a quiet connection growing between them.

Linsey closed her eyes, and then, as if by instinct, she felt his long fingers gently threading through her hair, his touch tender and lingering.

The cool air outside blended with the warmth between them. Tentatively, Linsey reached out, her fingers brushing against him, only to pull back immediately, as if jolted by an electric shock.

A low, husky chuckle escaped him, his breath warm against her ear.

The heat between them flared, undeterred, and her body instinctively curled in response to the intensity.

She wrapped her arms around his broad shoulders, anchoring herself to the overwhelming presence he exuded.

He quieted every sound she made, his entire being opening to her without hesitation.

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## Chapter 119 Are You Feeling Alright

With a slow, careful motion, Linsey opened her misty eyes, brimming with unspoken emotion, and met his

gaze.

His eyes, dark and intense, held her captive. The force of them quickened her heartbeat, making her feel as though she might be swept away by the storm brewing within him.

His low, breathy moans lingered in the air, making Linsey glance at her palm in confusion. The warmth there grew, gradually intensifying, until it felt as though she could barely control it.

She had expected everything to be over quickly, but it wasn't until an hour had passed that she found herself pushing Collin's wheelchair toward the car parked at the entrance of the villa.

For some reason-though she couldn't tell if it was her imagination-she couldn't shake the lingering sensation of warmth, her hands and arms still faintly tingling.

Later that day, when Collin arrived much later than usual, his assistant, noticing his condition, stepped forward with concern. "Mr. Riley, are you feeling alright? If you're not up to it, we can always reschedule the meeting."

Collin shot Linsey a look that was both knowing and satisfied, as if he had just indulged in the most exquisite meal.

"I wasn't feeling my best earlier," he said, his voice casual, almost nonchalant. "But my wife took good care of me."

Linsey froze, her mind struggling to catch up with his words. Meanwhile, the assistant, clearly impressed, couldn't help but comment, "Wow, Mrs. Riley, you really have a way with things. I had no idea you were also skilled in... healing."

Whether or not Linsey was truly a doctor, the assistant couldn't be sure. But one thing was undeniable-Collin's admiration for her was unmistakable, and praising her was always a safe bet.

Linsey's thoughts quickly drifted back to the heated moments from earlier. Embarrassed and irritated, she stamped her foot down on Collin's, hoping to release some of her frustration.

She knew he couldn't feel anything below his knees, so it was a harmless way to let off steam.

But to her surprise, he gasped sharply, causing her to freeze in shock.

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After

Chapter 120 Don't Get Your Hopes Up Just Yet

"Are you alright?" Linsey rushed over to Collin, her face etched with worry. After a moment of stunned silence, she asked

in confusion, "Are you in pain? Can you feel anything in your feet?"

Collin's heart skipped a beat. He realized he had accidentally revealed something he shouldn't have.

Linsey hadn't actually stepped on his foot that hard. But in a moment of spontaneity, he had instinctively decided to tease

her, briefly forgetting that he was still pretending to be unable to walk.

He furrowed his brows slightly, unsure of how to explain this to her.

Should he tell her the truth now? But if Linsey found out, it would only put her at greater risk.

Linsey, unaware of his inner turmoil, noticed his conflicted expression and suddenly had a realization. Her face lit up with

excitement. "You can feel something! Does this mean there's hope for your legs to heal?"

She grinned, grabbing his hands earnestly. "Collin, it seems like there's a chance you might be getting some feeling back in

your legs!"

Linsey didn't overthink it. She simply assumed Collin was just as surprised as she was by the unexpected sensation.

After all, he had been struggling with his disability for so many years-it was only natural that he would long to stand on

his own two feet again.

Collin looked at the uncontainable joy on her face, and his emotions became incredibly complicated.

He knew without a doubt that her happiness stemmed entirely from her concern for him.

However, there were too many urgent issues to deal with, and he had no choice but to continue the charade.

Pressing his lips together, he regained his composure and offered a small smile. "It's just a faint sensation. Don't get your

hopes up just yet. My doctor once mentioned there was a possibility I could recover, but it's been almost ten years, and

there hasn't been any real improvement. So, I try not to get my hopes up."

Linsey's smile wavered, and she softly said, "I understand."

A pang of sympathy resonated within her, but she recognized that the weight of this burden must be far heavier for him

than for herself.

Therefore, she resolved to steer clear of the subject, unwilling to inflict further distress upon him. With this intention in mind, she summoned a smile and said gently, "It's alright. Go attend to your work."

Collin nodded in acknowledgment, bid her farewell, and with the assistance of his assistant, settled into the car before swiftly departing.

Observing the car vanish into the horizon, Linsey felt a spark of hope rekindle within her heart.

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Chapter 120 Don't Get Your Hopes Up Just Yet

Perhaps, one day, Collin would indeed be back on his feet.

Fueled by this resolve, she made up her mind to seek out Collin's doctor and delve into the intricacies of his condition.

Wasting no time, she returned to the villa and inquired with Josh about the doctor's contact details and whereabouts.

To her astonishment, she discovered that the doctor attending to Collin's legs was none other than Dominic-the very

same doctor she had encountered during her prior hospitalization.

Swiftly collecting her belongings, she hailed a taxi and headed straight for the hospital.

However, as fate would have it, just as she set foot inside the hospital, a middle- aged woman came hurtling towards her,

resulting in a harsh collision.

A cry of pain escaped her lips as she looked up to find the woman sprawled across the floor.

Disregarding her own discomfort, she hurried to the woman's aid. "I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed. "I really didn't mean for

that to happen. Are you alright?"

"Oh, dear! Just my luck!" The middle-aged woman, her face etched with a sickly pallor, frowned in displeasure. Then,

unleashing a torrent of expletives, she shrieked, "Are you blind? What in the world is wrong with you?!"

Still muttering under her breath, she unceremoniously propped herself up using Linsey's arm.

"Honestly, you..." The woman's verbal onslaught screeched to a halt as she raised her eyes to meet Linsey's gaze. "You?!" she gasped in disbelief.

Linsey was momentarily taken aback, registering the flicker of fear that danced in the woman's eyes.

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