

Zillionaire 1221

Chapter 1221:

But her entire arrangement with Collin had been nothing more than a desperate attempt to rescue Felix's project and spare his company from devastating losses. Now that Felix had betrayed her so completely, Linsey saw no point in maintaining the charade with Collin any longer.

A fierce gust whipped through her hair, making her lashes flutter. Without a second thought, she declined his call.

The phone buzzed again almost immediately. She rejected it once more, but Collin persisted with stubborn determination, creating a relentless cycle of calls and rejections that stretched on for what felt like forever.

Growing weary of this exhausting dance, she finally powered off her phone completely and stepped into the rain-soaked street to flag down a taxi.

In a bar, the space stretched wide but remained shrouded in shadows, with colorful neon lights pulsing and flickering to create an intoxicating, dreamlike atmosphere. Bodies moved across the dance floor in wild abandon, men and women losing themselves to the music, while occasional whoops and cheers erupted from the crowd.

Linsey sat hunched over the bar counter, drinking in solitude, surrounded by a graveyard of empty bottles and glasses of every shape and size. After draining yet another glass, she slammed it down carelessly and addressed the bartender, her words thick with alcohol. "Another one, please."

The bartender hesitated, genuine worry creasing his features as he chose his words carefully. "You've had quite a bit already. Maybe it's time to call it a night."

"What do you mean?" Linsey's eyes flashed with drunken anger as she fixed him with a withering stare. "I'm paying good money, so why can't I drink as much as I want? You think I won't get you fired?"

The bartender realized his concern had only earned him her wrath. He sighed and reached for another bottle, preparing her drink without another word. "Here you go."

Just as Linsey's fingers closed around the fresh glass, a heavy hand dropped onto her shoulder. She spun around to find a man's face hovering inches from her own.

"Ah!" Startled, Linsey shoved him backward and snapped, "Who the hell are you?"

The man stood at average height, wearing a gaudy floral shirt stretched across his frame and a gold chain glinting at his throat. His smile revealed a row of yellowed, crooked teeth, and the stench of stale alcohol rolled off him in waves. Two lackeys lurked behind him like shadows.

His grin widened as he leaned closer, oozing false charm. "Hey there, gorgeous. Drinking all by yourself? How about you let me keep you company?"

Realizing he was hitting on her, Linsey cut him off with brutal directness. "Not interested."

She turned her back on him and lifted her drink again, seeking refuge in the burning liquid.

The man refused to take the hint, sliding onto the stool beside her as he pressed on with his unwelcome advances. "You look like someone broke your heart. Boyfriend dump you? Don't let it get you down, sweetheart. Plenty of fish in the sea, and I'm right here if you need someone new."

Hearing that, Linsey set her glass down with deliberate precision, turned to face her persistent admirer, and delivered her response like a slap. "Has anyone ever mentioned that your breath could kill a horse? Maybe try brushing your teeth before you attempt to charm women."

The insult struck home, wiping the sleazy grin clean off his face as rage twisted his features. "You little bitch! Who do you think you're talking to?"

Chapter 1222:

Linsey met his fury with icy indifference, waving him off like an annoying fly. "Get lost. Keep hassling me, and I'll have the cops here in five minutes."

The man wasn't intimidated in the slightest. Instead, he let out a mocking laugh at her threat. "Fine," he sneered, his grip tightening around her wrist as he yanked her toward him. "Let's see if I can get you naked faster than you can dial 911."

Linsey fought against his grabbing hands, her voice rising in desperation as she turned to the bartender. "Call the police! This creep is assaulting me!" The bartender acted as if he hadn't heard a word, keeping his eyes fixed on the drinks he was mixing.

This man was a regular fixture at the bar, notorious for preying on women. Countless others had fallen victim to his advances, but his connections ran deep enough that no one dared intervene.

When it became clear no help was coming, Linsey decided to handle things herself.

Just as the man's filthy hands reached for her chest, Linsey seized an empty bottle from the counter and brought it crashing down on his skull with every ounce of strength she possessed.

Glass exploded with a sharp crack, and crimson began crawling down the man's brow in a slow, ugly streak. Shock froze the bartender and the man's lackeys in place, none of them daring to move.

Spotting her chance, Linsey bolted without looking back. The sharp sound snapped the lackeys out of their daze, and they swarmed around their leader. "Boss, are you hurt?" one of them asked, panicked.

He swayed a little, brushed trembling fingers across his temple, and cursed, "Goddamn it." His eyes flicked to his bloody palm, littered with shards. Then, rage took hold. He lashed out and slapped the nearest one. "Why are you just standing there? Go get that crazy bitch!"

"R-right!" Scrambling out of their shock, the lackeys scattered in pursuit.

With alcohol clouding her steps, Linsey could barely keep herself upright as she made her escape. "Stop right there—"

Hearing their voices growing louder behind her made her stomach twist. She forced herself to move faster, her lungs burning. But her foot clipped a table leg, and her unsteady frame pitched forward, sending her crashing toward the floor.

Before she could hit the ground, an arm swooped around her waist, steady and firm. She landed hard against someone's chest, her breath catching in her throat. A moment passed before it dawned on her—she was practically sitting in a man's lap. Jolted by surprise, she sprang up as though burned.

Spinning around, Linsey took in her rescuer's face.

As she locked eyes with him amidst the chaos, recognition flashed across her features, and she blurted out, "Collin... How did you end up here?"

Silent and composed, Collin sat in his wheelchair, offering no immediate answer. With hands relaxed on the wheels, he regarded Linsey quietly, a shadow of mystery in his gaze as he looked her over. She was soaked from the rain, her clothes clinging to every curve, outlining her silhouette beneath the dim light.

There was a gentle beauty to her face—a mix of innocence and subtle allure that lingered even in the bar's dim glow. It was hardly a surprise that a woman drinking alone at night would draw the wrong kind of attention.

Collin's mind wandered as he watched her, his thoughts finally coming to rest on those bright, clear eyes. He opened his mouth to speak, but before he could say a word, the two lackeys staggered over, their eyes fixed on Linsey.

In a flash, Collin's bodyguards closed in, subduing the men with practiced ease. The men's groans went ignored as Collin leveled a sharp look at Linsey. His voice was like ice. "Why haven't you answered my calls?"

Chapter 1223:

Alcohol loosened Linsey's tongue, and she shot back without hesitation. "Maybe I just didn't feel like it. Why should I explain myself?"

His jaw tightened, a storm brewing in his expression.

At that tense moment, the man Linsey had struck earlier managed to catch up to the group. Still swaying from drink and oblivious to danger, he blurted out, “Listen, buddy—first come, first served. I spotted her before you, so she’s mine tonight.”

Collin’s eyes went cold, his stare turning predatory. “You’re picking a fight with the wrong man. She’s my wife.”

That gave the man pause—only for a second—before his bravado flared again and he reached for Linsey’s arm. “Married or not, I’ll be taking her home.”

Collin moved in an instant, pulling out his pistol and leveling it at the man’s forehead, a dangerous smile curving his lips. “By all means. Make your move.”

“Y-you...” Terror dawned on the man’s face as the gun came into view. His hand dropped from Linsey’s arm, his body going slack with fear. Words failed him—his jaw simply worked in silence.

Desperate to salvage his pride, he straightened his shoulders and mustered a glare. “Do you know who I am? My father runs Fenton Group. Touch me, and he’ll destroy you.”

The man had been so certain. Once Collin discovered his identity, he believed, without a doubt, that the cripple would grovel—beg, even—for forgiveness.

But Collin didn’t flinch. Instead, he burst into a cold, humorless laugh.

“Fenton Group?” His voice was calm, almost lazy. “Means nothing to me.”

The man blinked, stunned. That... wasn’t the reaction he had rehearsed for. A cripple—this nobody—was brushing off the Fenton Group like lint from his jacket? His jaw clenched, his pride cracking. Rage surged up, too bitter to swallow.

“You think you’re somebody? You’re just a cripple! And you dare look down on us? You think you’re some big shot?”

He thought Collin was bluffing, just a pathetic attempt to puff himself up.

But then the bar manager arrived—hurried footsteps, anxious breaths. The moment he laid eyes on Collin, his expression flipped: surprise bloomed, then quickly shifted to respect.

“Mr. Riley! What brings you here?”

Silence hung for a second. The man’s eyes widened in horror. Mr. Riley? The puzzle pieces locked in. No wonder this guy hadn’t backed down. No wonder he wore that arrogant calm like a second skin.

People mocked Collin—the discarded eldest son of the powerful Riley family, written off and whispered about. But Ivy favored him fiercely.

Fenton Group didn’t measure up to Riley Group.

The man’s arrogance crumbled. He stammered, bowing his head in panic. “I-I’m so sorry, Mr. Riley. I didn’t realize it was you. Please forgive me. I meant no disrespect!”

Collin barely spared him a glance. His lips curled in contempt as he gestured to his bodyguards. “I don’t want to see this man again.”

“Yes, sir.” Without hesitation, the bodyguards grabbed the man and his lackeys, hauling them out like trash.

Amid the chaos, Linsey saw her chance and took a cautious step back, hoping to slip away unnoticed. She never made it.

“Catch her!” Collin said sharply.

Chapter 1224:

Like a hawk diving for prey, one of his men lunged.

Before Linsey could blink, a firm hand clamped down on her shoulder from behind. She let out a small cry as she was yanked backward, the sudden pain flaring through her bones.

She turned, furious, glaring up at Collin. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?!”

Collin stepped forward, a chilling smile curling at his lips. “What am I doing?” he repeated with a cold chuckle. “Oh, I’m just settling a score.”

With a flick of his hand, he signaled again, and his men dragged her to the waiting car.

At Vista Villa, inside the bedroom, the door slammed shut behind them. Linsey barely had time to steady herself before Collin shoved her forward. She stumbled, landing hard on the sofa with a thud that shook her ribs.

A wave of nausea surged through her chest—sharp and dizzying. She wanted to throw up but couldn’t.

“Collin!” she yelled, anger and tears rising together. “Can’t we just talk? What gives you the right to treat me like this?!”

Collin paused, standing over her, unreadable. Her defiance—her trembling voice, the way her eyes glistened but refused to break—it stirred something in him.

A flicker of emotion passed behind his cold expression, but his tone stayed hard. “Why did you try to run? No one runs from me under my nose.”

Maybe he shouldn’t have taken her out that night. Maybe celebrating her birthday was a mistake.

Linsey bit her lip, blinking back the tears. “What about you?” she shot back, voice low and trembling. “Why do you keep pestering me?”

Collin squinted hard at her. “What did you say?”

His presence suddenly filled the room like a rising storm, and just like that—his sharp words returned to what he knew best. He threw Felix’s project in her face again, without realizing he had just struck her where it hurt the most.

Linsey shot upright, her voice cutting through the air, eyes blazing with defiance. “Go ahead, do whatever you want! I don’t care if that bastard loses everything!”

Her outburst caught Collin off guard, his brows lifting in surprise. He hadn’t seen this coming. Usually, Linsey clung to Felix’s side, willing to bend and break for his sake—always the one to sacrifice her own pride to shield him. Yet here she was, cursing Felix as if she couldn’t wait for his downfall. The sharp shift in her loyalty sparked Collin’s curiosity, making him wonder what on earth had gone down between the two of them.

Still, there would be no answers tonight—not while she was drunk and furious. For now, it was best to help her sober up.

Collin let her words pass without comment, instead rolling his wheelchair over to the bedside table and pressing the intercom.

A moment later, Roland’s voice echoed crisply through the line. “Mr. Riley, what do you need?”

Without missing a beat, Collin issued his order. “Send up some honey water.”

“Right away,” Roland responded.

Just as Collin prepared to hang up, Linsey—misreading the situation—snatched the receiver from his hand, convinced he was calling Felix. Her temper snapped again, and she lurched toward him, gripping the phone tightly.

Completely unfiltered in her drunken haze, Linsey snatched the phone and shouted, “Felix, you miserable bastard! You absolute snake! May you grow old alone and never know the joy of children!”

Chapter 1225:

Roland, caught on the other end, could only freeze in shock.

“Hand that back,” Collin said, reclaiming the receiver from her grip.

He barely had it before Roland’s hesitant voice crackled through. “Mr. Riley, is everything under control?”

Collin’s tone was light, almost dismissive. “It’s nothing—she’s just had a bit too much to drink. Bring the honey water quickly,” he responded before cutting the connection.

Linsey made another grab for the phone, but Collin simply set it out of her reach.

Instead, he drew her onto his lap, his fingers gently pinching her cheek in mock reproach. “Careful, Linsey—at this rate, you’ll have the whole staff on high alert.”

She pouted, prying his hand away. “That’s ridiculous. This house is huge, I’m not shouting that loud.”

A mischievous arch lifted Collin’s brow, his grin playful. “If you say so. Maybe next time, I’ll record your tirade and let you hear it for yourself.”

Linsey only rolled her eyes, choosing to ignore his banter.

A knock sounded at the door just as their exchange lingered in the air. Collin kept her comfortably perched on his lap, his voice unruffled. “Come in.”

Roland stepped inside, careful not to linger on the scene before him. He averted his gaze and spoke in a respectful tone. “Mr. Riley, your honey water.”

Without waiting for another word, Roland set the cup on the table, then quietly slipped out, ensuring the door shut firmly behind him.

Collin reached for the cup, his tone uncharacteristically soft as he urged her, "Here. Honey water's a cure-all. Drink this, and I promise you'll forget every rotten memory of him."

Linsey twisted away, lips pursed, dodging the cup. Her question came out of nowhere—soft but piercing. "Tell me, Collin. What is it you even see in me?"

He didn't reply right away, only nudged the cup a little closer, silently urging her to take a sip.

Linsey batted his hand aside, resignation creeping into her voice. "If sleeping with you tonight is all it takes to set me free, let's just get it over with."

Linsey's words made Collin freeze, his face darkening as he asked, "Do you even understand what you're saying?"

Linsey nodded. "I understand perfectly."

She would rather give herself to Collin than to Felix.

That thought propelled her forward; she leaned in and pressed her lips to his.

Shock registered in Collin's eyes as their mouths met. His grip on his cup faltered, sending it clattering to the floor with a sharp ring. Despite the awkward start, Linsey continued, her kiss growing bolder as she nudged his lips apart.

A rush of heat surged through Collin at her touch. In an instant, he reversed their roles, his hand weaving into her hair as he claimed her mouth with urgent hunger, as if he couldn't get enough.

The air pulsed with the desperate sounds of their kiss. Lost to reason, the pair crashed together onto the bed, tangled in sheets and each other.

Skin against skin, their bodies slick with heat, every inch pressed close in a feverish dance of longing.

Guided by her own desire, Linsey drew Collin's hands to her blouse, urging him to unfasten each button, surrendering to whatever would come next.

Chapter 1226:

But just as the third button slipped free, Collin abruptly pulled his hands away from her.

Without hesitation, he sat up, struggling to steady his jagged, uneven breaths. Linsey stared at the ceiling, her thoughts tangled, then muttered, "Is something bothering you?"

Trying to steady himself, Collin kept his eyes away from hers. He twisted his neck and focused on a distant point, refusing to look at her. His voice dropped to a rough whisper as he said, "You've had too much to drink. Nothing you say now will make sense. We'll talk once you're sober."

Those words brought Linsey up short. Suddenly, the haze in her mind faded a little.

Was Collin actually showing restraint?

Since when did he act so proper?

Her confusion grew, but Collin's tone cut through, firm and unmistakable. "Linsey, we're married. You belong with me, and that won't change. Don't mention leaving again. I won't listen."

For a moment, Linsey could only flutter her eyes. "But—"

Collin could already sense the argument she was about to make, even before Linsey managed to get the words out. He didn't let her continue. With a sharp tug, he helped her sit up and, with clear annoyance in his voice, changed the subject. "You stink of alcohol. Go rinse off."

“Do I?” Surprised by his words, Linsey found her muddled mind suddenly focused on his comment instead. She rolled up her sleeve and took a determined whiff, watching her own reaction twist in the next moment.

No question about it—the odor was downright awful.

Reluctantly, Linsey pushed herself upright and shuffled in the direction of the bathroom. Before she got far, Collin reached out, catching her arm. “Hold on.”

“What is it?” she wobbled, frowning in confusion.

Without offering an explanation, he leaned over and pressed the intercom button. The line buzzed to life, and Collin spoke with measured authority. “Send a maid up to the suite.”

“Yes, sir,” Roland responded right away, not bothering with any questions. Linsey heard every word and shot him a bewildered look. “Why do we need a maid up here?”

Collin fixed her with a blunt stare and replied, “Frankly, you’re too drunk to handle a bath on your own. I’d rather not have to fish my new wife out of the tub before the ink’s dry on our marriage certificate.”

She had no comeback for that.

True to form, Roland acted fast and made arrangements with the household staff in minutes. Though the idea of anyone assisting with her bath unsettled Linsey, Collin gave her little choice in the matter, so she gave in with obvious reluctance.

Freshly washed and dressed in soft pajamas, Linsey stepped back into the room. Over at the dressing table, Collin waited with something tucked in his palm. He motioned for her to come closer. “Come here.”

The maid wisely excused herself first.

Linsey caught the sound of Collin's voice calling her, and as if drawn by an invisible spell, she moved toward him, one step at a time. As she approached, her eyes finally landed on the object in his hands—a hairdryer.

"Is that for me?" Linsey inquired, extending her hand to take it.

Chapter 1227:

Just as her fingers neared, Collin lifted the hairdryer out of her reach. Linsey's brow furrowed at his gesture, and she opened her mouth to protest, but Collin cut in, "Take a seat, let me dry your hair."

"What?" Linsey's eyes widened in disbelief, a mix of flattery and astonishment washing over her. She wondered if she had misheard or if Collin had misspoken, unable to fathom that he genuinely intended to dry her hair.

Collin let out a soft laugh at her stunned expression and gently nudged, "Come on, sit down already."

"Alright," Linsey replied, complying as she settled into a chair at his request. The hairdryer hummed to life, and soon a warm breeze flowed through her wet strands.

Collin wielded the hairdryer in one hand while carefully parting her hair with the other, working quietly with steady focus.

Through the mirror, Linsey observed the moment unfold, a swirl of complex emotions stirring within her. Her mind drifted to a blog post she had once read online, "100 Essential Tips for a Lasting Relationship." One suggestion had stood out—a partner drying their loved one's hair as a gesture of care.

She had shared the idea with Felix back then, hoping he might try it, but he had brushed it off, grumbling that her long hair would tire his arms. The thought had been abandoned.

Now, unexpectedly, Collin was bringing that small dream to life.

Linsey lost herself in reflection until the hairdryer's hum stopped, snapping her back to the present.

Glancing at the mirror, Linsey noticed Collin's gaze fixed on her. Their eyes locked, and her heart gave a sudden flutter.

"Comb," Collin said plainly, seemingly oblivious to her flustered reaction. Caught off guard, Linsey averted her eyes and quickly grabbed a comb from the dressing table, handing it to him.

Collin accepted it and began brushing her hair with deliberate, tender strokes, as if tending to something fragile and precious.

Once her hair was dry and neatly combed, he asked Roland to fetch a cup of honey water to help ease her hangover. He even checked her forehead to ensure the rain hadn't left her with a cold. Time slipped by unnoticed, and soon the clock on the wall showed it was past one in the morning.

Noticing the hour, Linsey felt a surge of gratitude wash over her. No one had ever tended to her with such thoughtful care, filling her with a warmth she hadn't known before. She wondered if the alcohol was making her overly sentimental about Collin's kindness.

Linsey shook her head slightly, as if to clear the jumbled thoughts clouding her mind.

Collin noticed her shaking her head and asked, "Something wrong?"

Startled by his voice, Linsey faked a yawn and mumbled, "Just feeling sleepy."

"Then get some rest," Collin replied, going along with her excuse. He even helped tuck her into bed after she lay down.

Exhausted from the day's events, Linsey drifted off the moment her head touched the pillow. Collin, however, remained wide awake.

He watched her peaceful sleeping face for a moment, and once certain she was fast asleep, he stood from his wheelchair, walked out to the balcony alone, and made a call.

The line connected instantly, and a respectful voice answered.

Chapter 1228:

Collin's face stayed impassive as he asked, "What did you find?"

The moment Collin answered, his subordinate wasted no time delivering the report. "The bartender said that while Mrs. Riley was drunk, she blurted out that she caught Felix and Joanna cheating at that sashimi place. After she confronted Felix, he didn't even try to apologize. Instead, he and Joanna shamelessly moved into the condo she bought and threw her out."

Collin's brow creased as he took in the news. It dawned on him then why Linsey had been so vocal earlier, calling Felix every name in the book after having too much to drink.

Collin found comfort in this revelation. Seeing Linsey finally recognize Felix's true colors and leave him behind gave Collin hope. Maybe, after all that heartbreak, she would never look back.

Gradually, the tension in his face eased.

Then came the inevitable question from his subordinate. "What's the plan now, Mr. Riley?"

At that, Collin arched an eyebrow and answered, his voice cold and unyielding. "We hit back. Whatever they did to Linsey, we make them pay a hundred times over."

Although Collin was secretly glad that Felix's betrayal had driven Linsey closer to him, he still wouldn't let anyone treat her like garbage.

"I'll get right on it," the subordinate replied without missing a beat.

Early the next morning, Linsey was deep in sleep when her phone blared on the nightstand, yanking her from her dreams. She answered with a groggy hand, too tired to check the caller ID. Though her voice was still thick with sleep, she managed to sound polite. "Hello? Who is this?"

She barely finished her greeting before a furious yell exploded through the speaker. "Linsey! You bitch!"

The words hit Linsey like a slap, and she quickly pulled the phone away, rubbing her ringing ear. As soon as Linsey realized Felix's name flashed on her screen, any trace of sleepiness disappeared.

"You goddamn bastard!" No longer buried under the blankets, Linsey pushed herself upright and let her anger loose. "After cheating on me and moving into the condo I paid for, you actually have the nerve to call and throw insults? Do you honestly believe I'm that easy to walk over?"

Her temper only grew hotter as the seconds ticked by, and the insults just poured out.

Felix, having spent years in a relationship with the quiet and accommodating Linsey, hardly recognized the person on the other end. For a moment, her outburst left him completely at a loss for words. Silence stretched between them until Linsey's need to breathe gave him a window to jump in, his voice sharp with outrage. "If you hadn't destroyed all my business deals, do you think I'd be calling at the crack of dawn just to yell at you?"

A deep frown creased Linsey's forehead. She didn't back down. "You've lost it, Felix. Maybe check yourself into a hospital and stop blaming me for your mess. Since when did I ruin your precious projects?"

"Don't even try to deny it!" Felix's cough rattled over the line, followed by a bitter laugh. "Collin is the only one who could wreck everything for me overnight. My company's about to collapse. I never gave Collin a reason to go after me, so unless you told him to, why else would he bother?"

Bringing up Collin's name made Linsey falter for a split second. Regaining her composure, she taunted, "You figured it out, did you? Fine, I told Collin to take you down. If you're so tough, do something about it. I'm not scared of you."

Chapter 1229:

“Linsey!” Felix’s voice cracked as he yelled her name.

Before he could launch into another tirade, Linsey ended the call without hesitation.

No sooner had she tossed the phone aside than a knock sounded at the door. She didn’t hesitate to call out, “Come in.”

The door swung open, and Roland stepped inside, his tone formal as he announced, “Mrs. Riley, Mr. Riley would like to see you.”

Linsey gave a small nod.

After Roland left, she rose from bed, freshened up in the bathroom, slipped into new clothes, and made her way downstairs.

Collin was already seated at the dining table, eating breakfast.

Linsey approached and said, “Roland mentioned you wanted to see me?”

“Mhm,” Collin mumbled, his eyes fixed on his plate. “Eat something.”

Linsey blinked, a bit exasperated. That was it? Just breakfast?

Roland’s cryptic tone had made it sound like some urgent matter, leading her to brace for something serious.

She kept her thoughts quiet, pulled out a chair, and sat down.

As she nibbled on her food, her mind drifted to her recent call with Felix. He had accused Collin of orchestrating his company's collapse. But why would Collin do that? He had frequently wielded Felix's bankruptcy as a tool to persuade her into complying with his demands, like moving in together. So why would he suddenly do that now?

A wild notion flashed through her mind. Was Collin actually avenging her against Felix?

The idea hit her so hard that the bread she was spreading butter on slipped from her fingers, landing back on the plate without her noticing. But it didn't add up—she had never mentioned Felix's betrayal to him.

Her thoughts spiraled into a chaotic mess. Suddenly, Collin's flat voice cut through from across the table. "Are you dawdling on purpose, hoping I'll feed you?"

Snapped out of her daze, Linsey realized the bread had fallen.

"No," she said, quickly retrieving it. "I was just caught up in my thoughts."

Before she could finish, Collin let out a sharp, mocking laugh. "Thinking about how to escape?"

"No..." Linsey started to protest again.

But he cut her off, his tone coolly menacing. "I suggest you abandon that foolish plan. If I catch you trying to run away again, I'll make sure you can't walk—then we would be a perfectly matched crippled couple."

Linsey fell quiet for a moment before murmuring, "Alright."

A sudden memory sparked, and she hesitantly said, "You always used to threaten that if I tried to run, you would ruin Felix's business. Why didn't you mention that this time?"

Collin answered candidly, "Because I've already destroyed his company."

“So it was you behind it?” Linsey’s eyes widened in disbelief, the piece of bread slipping from her fingers onto the plate once more. The rightful source is FindNovel.net

“What? Feeling sorry for him?” Collin’s brow furrowed at her stunned look as he chided, “He’s been cheating on you with other women, and you’re still caught up on him? Have you lost your senses?”

Linsey swiftly retorted, “You’re the one who’s lost it. I despise that jerk—why would I care about him?”

Chapter 1230:

Her quick denial eased Collin’s expression, and he relented, “Good to know you’re not completely clueless.”

“But how did you find out about Felix’s affairs?” Linsey probed further. Collin sidestepped the truth, coolly fabricating, “You spilled it all last night when you were drunk.”

Linsey hesitated, hazy snippets of her ranting about Felix in his presence flickering in her mind. Accepting his explanation, she pressed on curiously, “So why did you go after Felix’s company?”

“Isn’t it only fair that I defend my wife’s honor?” Collin replied with a casual shrug.

Linsey was stunned once more, her suspicions now confirmed. In that instant, her heart pounded like a war drum, a whirlwind of unease and uncertainty swirling within her.

A playful eyebrow arched as Collin glanced up, catching sight of her flushed face. “Linsey, your face is really red,” he teased.

“Huh?” Reality crashed back into Linsey as she snapped to attention, frantically searching for an excuse. “I just suddenly feel really hot.”

Her hands lifted in exaggerated fanning motions as she spoke, turning to Roland with forced casualness. "Could you open a window for me?"

"Yes, Mrs. Riley." Taking her word without question, Roland promptly moved to open a window.

The poor acting didn't fool Collin for a second, though he chose not to expose her clumsy performance. A cold chuckle escaped him instead, sparing her the embarrassment.

Her reaction told him everything. She was touched by his retaliation against Felix. Warmth spread through his chest at the realization. His lips curved slightly upward, and his mood lifted as a subtle smile flickered in his eyes.

Breakfast finished, and the morning routine began.

Linsey scrubbed plates in the kitchen. Roland, fresh from tidying the dining area, froze at the unexpected sight. Alarm flashed across his features as he hurried over. "Mrs. Riley, please rest. I can take care of this," he said urgently.

A gentle shake of her head accompanied Linsey's smile. "It's fine. I'm just trying to keep busy."

Trapped in the villa without Collin's permission to leave, she faced endless boring hours ahead. The thought of being cooped up all day made her feel like she might go stir-crazy without something to occupy her hands.

Her insistence was clear, so Roland didn't argue further and simply joined her efforts.

Silence settled awkwardly between them in the kitchen, prompting Linsey to break the quiet with casual conversation.

Eager responses from Roland soon had them chatting amiably.

Naturally, their conversation drifted toward Collin.

A heavy sigh escaped Roland, his expression turning somber. Confusion flickered across Linsey's face as she asked softly, "What's wrong, Roland?"

"Mrs. Riley, you might not know," Roland sighed again, his voice heavy with sympathy. "Despite his bad temper, Mr. Riley is actually quite pitiful."

"Pitiful?" Confusion flickered in Linsey's eyes as she blinked. "Is it because of the car accident that left his legs disabled?"

A dismissive wave of Roland's hand followed. "That's not all."