

Zillionaire 1251

Chapter 1251:

“Apologize to Linsey,” Collin ordered, his voice cutting through the air like ice.

The command made Huntley scoff to himself, barely hiding a smirk, as if the whole idea was some senseless joke.

Never in his life had he humbled himself before anyone, let alone a woman who couldn’t even stand up to him.

Feigning confusion, Huntley asked, “Apologize? For what, exactly? I was out all night drinking with friends, head’s still spinning. I honestly don’t remember a thing.”

“You heard her. She said you were acting indecently.” Collin’s eyes narrowed, his tone growing even colder.

“Come again?” Huntley made a show of digging a finger into his ear, acting as if he hadn’t heard a word.

A mocking laugh escaped him as he replied, dripping with arrogance, “Why would I ever bother with someone like her? So what if she accused me of acting indecently? Does simply saying it make it true? If that’s how it works, maybe I should turn it around and say she was the one seducing me.”

“That’s a flat-out lie! I never tried to seduce you!” Linsey snapped back, her voice edged with anger.

“Oh, now I’m the liar?” Huntley let out a low whistle, his tone dripping with mockery. “Without evidence, your accusations mean nothing. For all anyone knows, you could be the one slandering me.”

“You—” Linsey’s hands trembled with rage.

She knew he had a point. There was no proof, nothing to support her claims. Regret flooded through Linsey. If only she had had the sense to record everything on her phone, she could have thrown his words right back at him.

Huntley, clearly enjoying her frustration, let a smug grin curl across his face. "No evidence, no case. I'll be leaving now."

Collin didn't move to stop him this time.

A heavy sense of helplessness crashed over Linsey, mingling with her anger and humiliation.

Suddenly, Collin pulled out his phone and pressed play, letting a video fill the silence with Huntley's voice and face, clearly showing him harassing Linsey. Halfway to the exit, Huntley stopped cold, stunned by the sound of his own words echoing back at him. Content originally comes from findnovel.net

Collin's smile was frosty as he took Linsey's side. "You've got two choices. Either I let the whole family watch this video and see for themselves how you harassed Linsey, or you can get down on your knees and beg her forgiveness. Your choice."

The color drained from Huntley's face.

Without a word, he lunged forward, clearly aiming to grab Collin's phone. But Collin anticipated the move, holding the phone just out of reach and wearing a taunting grin.

"Go on, try it. Think you can snatch the phone before I send this little gem straight to Dad?"

His fingers danced across the screen, deliberately slow.

There was too much space between them for Huntley to close the gap in time. He would never beat Collin's reflexes.

“Wait!” Panic crept into Huntley’s voice as he watched Collin get ready to send the video, desperation clear in his eyes.

Collin stopped, a faint, icy smile on his lips as he fixed Huntley with a steely gaze. “I’ll count down from ten. That’s all the patience we’ve got. Ten, nine, eight, seven...”

Chapter 1252:

Cornered and out of options, Huntley gave in. “All right, I’ll apologize. Happy now?”

For a moment, Linsey could only blink in surprise. As she regained her composure, she lifted her chin and squared her shoulders, meeting Huntley’s eyes with quiet resolve, ready to hear him out.

Huntley trudged over, lips pressed thin, and muttered, “I’m sorry. I was being a jerk to you.”

Linsey started to reply, but Collin’s voice cut in, cold and authoritative. “If you really mean it, get down on your knees and apologize properly.”

The command carried a chill that hung in the air.

Fury twisted Huntley’s face as he spat out, “Collin, don’t take this too far.”

Collin didn’t blink, his expression steady. “Funny, I could say the same to you. Weren’t you just trying to intimidate her a minute ago?”

“Collin—” Huntley’s remark caught in his throat. He suddenly went quiet, unable to continue.

A sudden chill swept through the air.

The standoff between the two men grew tense, each one silently daring the other to make the next move.

Linsey's heart hammered with worry. If this turned into an all-out confrontation, the fallout with the Riley family would be catastrophic. Wanting to stop things before they exploded, she stepped forward and spoke up. "Let's not make this any worse. We're family. There's no need for kneeling. Just a genuine apology is enough."

Collin's expression remained unreadable, his striking features masking whatever thoughts churned beneath the surface.

Faced with Linsey's gracious offer of reconciliation, Huntley seized the opportunity despite his wounded pride, apologizing once more. "Linsey, I'm deeply sorry. Please find it in your heart to forgive me."

"Fine, I'll let it slide this once, but never pull something like that again." Linsey dismissed him with a casual wave, her tone carrying the same patience one might use with a misbehaving child, making it clear she viewed him as nothing more than a minor inconvenience.

The realization struck Huntley like a physical blow, fury coiling tight in his chest. Still, the knowledge that Collin held damning video evidence kept his rage in check. Jaw clenched and fists trembling, he could only stand there in seething silence, swallowing his humiliation.

Linsey paid him no further attention, shifting her focus to Collin with a noticeably gentler demeanor. "Shall we head out?"

"Hmm." Collin's response came with indifference.

Linsey stepped gracefully behind his wheelchair, her hands settling on the handles with familiar ease.

As they glided past Huntley, Collin's voice cut through the air like winter frost, heavy with unspoken threat. "Try anything like that again, and a simple apology won't be enough to save you."

Before Huntley could fully process the warning, Collin and Linsey were already out of sight.

Left standing alone, he pressed his left hand against his throbbing chest, eyes blazing with barely contained rage.

“I’ll make them both pay,” Huntley whispered through gritted teeth.

Chapter 1253:

Today’s humiliation would be repaid tenfold. He would ensure they suffered twice the shame and pain he had endured.

Fueled by this burning resolve, Huntley pulled out his phone and dialed a familiar number.

The connection established immediately, and a respectful voice greeted him, “Mr. Riley.”

Barely restraining his seething anger, Huntley issued his cold command. “I have a job for you.”

Meanwhile, Linsey and Collin had retreated from the chaos of the garden, finding sanctuary in the quiet living room.

Stopping in her tracks, Linsey spoke with heartfelt sincerity. “Thank you for what you did back there. I’m grateful you stepped in when you did.” The empty space around them seemed to amplify her voice.

Without Collin’s timely intervention, Huntley might have escalated his unwelcome advances, potentially destroying her reputation in the process.

Relief washed over Linsey at the thought of what could have been.

Collin absorbed her words of gratitude with his usual composed demeanor, then lifted three fingers before gesturing for her to approach. “Come stand in front of me.”

Confusion flickered across Linsey's features, but she didn't hesitate to obey. Releasing her hold on the wheelchair handles, she moved forward, her subtle fragrance drifting between them.

The moment she came within reach, Collin's hand shot out to capture hers.

Shock jolted through Linsey as she instinctively attempted to withdraw. "Don't move." Collin's commanding tone brooked no argument, his grip firm yet careful as he prevented her escape.

His authoritative voice cut through Linsey's surprise, and she ceased her struggles immediately, though curiosity compelled her to ask, "What exactly are you doing?"

Rather than answering, Collin fixed his attention on her arm as though conducting a careful examination.

Huntley's earlier assault had left faint marks on her delicate skin where he had seized her wrist.

Collin's thumb traced over the discolored area with surprising gentleness, his expression unreadable as he inquired, "Does this cause you pain?"

Understanding dawned on Linsey as she realized his actions stemmed from genuine concern. After a moment's hesitation, she answered, "It doesn't hurt anymore."

Despite her reassurance, Collin's brow remained creased with worry, his hold on her wrist unwavering.

His voice dropped to a softer register as he pressed further, "Did that bastard do anything else besides grabbing your wrist?" For original chapters go to fundnovel.net

Collin hadn't witnessed everything that had just unfolded. His question lingered in the air, and Linsey's mind immediately replayed that uncomfortable moment of Huntley brushing a strand of hair away from her face. She pressed her lips together, hesitating, then decided to bury the truth. "No, he didn't."

“Okay,” Collin said, though concern lingered in his eyes. “I’ll send for a doctor to check you over, just in case.”

That suggestion made Linsey’s eyes go wide. She shook her head, waving her hands to ward off the idea. “That’s really not necessary. I’m perfectly fine.” Her insistence finally wore Collin down, and he let the matter drop.

Chapter 1254:

Still, he issued another order. “Go wash your hands. I don’t want you carrying another man’s scent.”

That left Linsey speechless. How could a single touch from Huntley possibly leave any scent at all? She bit back her irritation and kept quiet, knowing Collin wouldn’t budge. Without arguing, she headed off to clean up.

When she came back, she spotted someone new standing beside Collin. A flicker of surprise crossed Linsey’s face as she recognized the person.

“Ivy?” Linsey called softly, quickening her pace.

Once she reached Ivy, Linsey couldn’t help but ask, “Weren’t you heading to bed? What brought you down here?”

A gentle smile lit up Ivy’s face. “I’d asked the maids to tidy up Collin’s room earlier. When I left, I locked the door and realized you might not be able to get in tonight. So I came to bring you the key.”

With that, Ivy handed the key over, her explanation simple and kind.

Linsey’s eyes went wide in disbelief. “Wait. Are we really going to be living here from now on?”

Catching her surprise, Ivy blinked and teased gently, “Why, Linsey? Don’t you want to stay and keep me company?”

“I...” Linsey hesitated, worrying her lip as she struggled for the right words.

She genuinely enjoyed Ivy’s presence, but the thought of being around Alfredo’s coldness, Fernanda’s insincerity, and Huntley’s unpredictable behavior made her uneasy. Spending every day in this house sounded like a fast track to losing her mind. But with Ivy looking at her so hopefully, Linsey couldn’t bring herself to refuse outright.

After an awkward pause, she forced a smile and replied, “No, it’s not that! Everyone here has been so kind. I actually like it a lot. Of course, I’d love to stay.”

Collin watched her with thinly veiled amusement, easily seeing through her white lie.

“Then what was with that look just now?” Ivy pressed, curiosity twinkling in her eyes.

Linsey let out a nervous laugh, searching for an excuse. “Collin never mentioned anything about moving in, and I didn’t expect it at all. I was just caught off guard.”

“Oh, that makes sense.” Ivy’s smile grew more reassuring. “There’s nothing to worry about. Whatever you need, you’ll find it here. If anything’s missing, I can easily send someone out to get it for you.”

Their conversation stretched on a while longer, and Linsey eventually made her way upstairs, feeling a bit trapped.

Collin, watching her retreat, couldn’t help but smirk at her awkwardness.

“She’s such a delight,” Ivy remarked, her voice warm. Then she turned to Collin, eyes alight with playful curiosity. “So, if Linsey’s ready to settle in, does that mean you’ll be moving back home too?”

At that, Collin arched a brow. “Grandma, Linsey might be trusting, but I’m not so easily fooled.”

He could tell Ivy had been teasing, never seriously expecting Linsey to stay for good.

The Riley family's mansion had always been a place full of tension, and spending too much time there never felt comfortable for either Linsey or Collin. That was the main reason he had moved out.

Chapter 1255:

Collin's words made Ivy glance at him knowingly, and she decided not to press the subject any further. Instead, she shifted the conversation. "I'm getting older, and you aren't exactly young anymore either. You should start thinking about having a child."

A lazy smile spread across Collin's face as he lifted a hand to rub his forehead. "Grandma, I'm disabled."

Ivy wanted to retort right away, but a thought stopped her. She let out a long sigh and said, "Don't put pressure on yourself. I'm not demanding you have a child."

Once the conversation with Ivy ended, Collin made his way upstairs. As soon as he entered his room, he noticed Linsey perched on the edge of the bed, her face showing clear signs of worry. The sound of the door caught her attention, and she immediately looked up.

When their eyes met, Linsey quickly got to her feet. "Collin..."

She was just about to say something urgent when Collin, already guessing what was on her mind, interjected, "Grandma was just joking with you. We're only staying here for tonight. We'll leave first thing tomorrow."

Linsey's surprise lasted only a moment before she let out a relieved breath, her happiness shining through. "That's wonderful!"

Before she could say more, Collin added, "There's something else..."

The uncertainty in his voice made Linsey uneasy. "What is it?"

Collin arched an eyebrow, then loosened his tie with three fingers, his voice calm and measured. "Grandma is really hoping we'll have a baby soon. Since we've been married for a while and haven't even spent a night together, don't you think it's about time we changed that?"

Linsey went completely still, her cheeks turning red without her even noticing. She nervously twisted her hands at her waist and looked away, unable to find any words.

Collin could tell right away from her reaction that Linsey had no interest in going through with it.

He had half expected this response, but it still left him feeling a bit frustrated. Without beating around the bush, he asked, "Why don't you want to?"

Linsey pressed her lips together, her thoughts tangled and uncertain. In the past, she would have immediately said she was staying faithful to Felix. But now, no clear excuse came to mind. All she felt was a sense of fear about what might happen next. READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT [find•novel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Collin struggled to keep hold of his patience, which was quickly running out. Finally, Linsey managed to say, "You're disabled, so..."

The words had barely left her mouth when Collin's mood shifted. His face turned cold, and his voice was tight with anger as he chimed in, "I might have a disability, but that has nothing to do with what I can do in bed!"

Linsey stood frozen, unsure how to answer, her discomfort showing plainly on her face.

The accusation only made Collin angrier. He could hardly believe she would even question his ability as a man. At first, Collin had only meant to tease her, but now her remark pushed him to act.

He rolled his wheelchair closer, his eyes focused and intense. Linsey caught the warning in his gaze and tried to move away.

Collin moved much faster than she expected. Before she could make it very far, he reached out and pulled her straight into his lap.

Chapter 1256:

“Collin...”

She barely managed to get out his name before Collin’s strong hand gripped her waist, holding her in place with firm authority.

His head dipped low, and he kissed her with a passion that would not be denied. The kiss lingered, refusing to end.

When Linsey opened her eyes the next morning and climbed out of bed, she heard water running in the bathroom nearby. The memories from last night rushed back to her, sending a flush of embarrassment to her cheeks. She couldn’t help but feel grateful that her period had started at just the right time. If it weren’t for that, she might have given in to Collin’s persistence.

In an attempt to compose herself, Linsey gently patted her cheeks and finally stepped away from the bed. Just then, the bathroom door swung open.

Collin rolled his wheelchair out, naked, his muscles sharply defined, radiating a quiet strength that came with maturity. A small gasp escaped Linsey as soon as she caught sight of him. She quickly shielded her face with her hands, her voice coming out slightly scolding between her fingers. “Why are you coming out here with nothing on?”

Collin caught her reaction, frowned, and shot her a look. “You’ve seen me naked before. Why pretend to be embarrassed now?”

Feeling a twinge of annoyance, Linsey dropped her hands and retorted, “What’s wrong with expecting you to put on clothes after a shower? People usually get dressed—this is hardly different from running around outside with nothing on!” Their argument started early, filling the room with their back-and-forth banter. Realizing there was no point in dragging it out, Collin decided to let the matter drop.

Soon, footsteps echoed in the hallway, and the butler knocked at their door, announcing that breakfast was ready.

After finishing their meal, they made their way outside to say goodbye to the Riley family. But before they could go far, a black van screeched to a halt in front of them. With practiced precision, both the passenger door and the rear doors swung open, and two large men in black suits stepped out.

Collin's instincts took over. He immediately grabbed Linsey's hand, his other hand moving to rest on his waist, ready to draw his gun if needed.

A slender leg, dressed in a sparkling diamond-studded high heel, emerged from the van.

The next moment, a breathtakingly beautiful woman appeared before their eyes. Sunlight poured over her, highlighting her long legs, hourglass figure, and delicate features, making her appear almost radiant.

Linsey could only stare in awe at how stunning the woman looked. She found herself quietly admiring the stranger, a strange sense of recognition lingering, even though she couldn't remember where she might have seen her before.

While Linsey tried to place her, Collin remained composed, showing no sign of surprise. He recognized the woman. The moment it clicked for him, he eased up and gently released Linsey's hand.

Across from them, the woman's serious look transformed in an instant as she caught sight of Collin. With a burst of joy, she threw her arms open and wrapped him in a hug, calling out his name as if she hadn't seen him in years.

Linsey felt a jolt of shock. Did they already know one another? From the woman's ease and affection, she wondered if this could be a friend of Collin's. Her thoughts were interrupted when the woman suddenly turned her attention toward her.

"And you are?" she asked, her eyes narrowing in a way that seemed loaded with meaning.

Chapter 1257:

Linsey was caught off guard and hesitated for a second before managing a polite smile. "Hello, I'm Linsey, and—"

She didn't get to finish before the woman cut her off. "Let me guess, you must be Collin's caregiver?"

Linsey was stunned by how quickly the woman jumped to that conclusion.

Turning back to Collin, the woman spoke in a sugary tone. "Collin, I keep telling you, if you want to hire someone to help, you should look for an older woman with plenty of experience. Young girls aren't fit for that kind of work."

Collin shot Kylee a look and shook his head. "Kylee, Linsey isn't my caregiver," he said, defending Linsey immediately. "She's my wife."

A look of disbelief swept over Kylee's face, and her voice jumped an octave. "What?"

The shock was obvious. She stood there, stunned, not even noticing her sunglasses slipping from her hand and landing at her feet.

It seemed impossible to her that Collin could have married while she was away. Collin leaned over, picked up the sunglasses, and then turned back toward Linsey. "This is Kylee Russell," he said, keeping the introduction short. Everything clicked in that instant. No wonder the woman looked so familiar.

Kylee's face was everywhere these days, thanks to her rising fame and ties to high-end fashion brands.

But Linsey couldn't help but wonder what really tied Kylee and Collin together. Friends didn't usually act this close.

A nagging feeling pushed her to ask the question that had been stuck in her mind.

Before Collin could offer any sort of answer, Kylee chimed in, "Collin and I have been close since childhood. We practically grew up together."

Linsey couldn't help but frown. Why did every man seem to have a childhood sweetheart in his life? Felix had one, and apparently, Collin did too.

Linsey was about to respond, but Kylee eyed her up and down, her chin lifted and her tone carrying a hint of pride.

"I know most of the young ladies from wealthy families, but I don't think I've ever met you before, Linsey. Who are your parents, and how exactly did you manage to marry Collin?" A faint note of jealousy crept into Kylee's voice as she spoke.

Linsey answered without hesitation, "I don't come from a wealthy family. I grew up as an orphan."

That admission left Kylee gaping, her eyes wide with disbelief. "What did you just say?"

She whipped around to face Collin, her finger jabbing in Linsey's direction as she struggled to control her emotions. "Collin, have you lost your senses? You actually married an orphan!"

Linsey could hear the scorn dripping from Kylee's words, and it made her blood boil. There had never been a moment when Linsey felt embarrassed about where she came from. But it always seemed as though others viewed her background as a mark against her, like she was somehow unworthy of Collin.

Ironically, Collin was the one who insisted on marrying her, even though she had not wanted any part of it.

Annoyance bubbled up, and Linsey was about to speak for herself when Collin stepped in first, brushing the matter aside. "Why does that matter?"

Chapter 1258:

Kylee knit her brows, her tone shifting to one of persuasion. "Collin, you know that in our world, marriage is all about matching status. Tying yourself to an orphan won't do you any favors. What if she starts siphoning off your fortune behind your back?"

Her disapproval only grew stronger as she shook her head. "I can't accept this. You need to end the marriage and get a divorce."

Collin's face darkened, and he answered her without hesitation. "It's not your call to make. I decide for myself."

"Collin!" Kylee planted her foot hard against the ground and shouted his name, frustration rising as she saw that he had no intention of giving in. He completely ignored her protests.

Before Kylee could say anything else, Collin reached for Linsey's hand, making a point of doing it right in front of Kylee. "Are you planning to stand around all day? Let's head home."

That snapped Linsey out of her daze. "Yes, of course."

Without waiting, she took hold of Collin's wheelchair and pushed him toward their ride. They barely made it a few steps before Kylee's voice rang out, calling after them. Linsey instinctively paused and glanced back.

"Aren't you curious what else she has to say?"

"That won't be necessary," Collin responded, his tone edged with impatience. "We should head home now."

Linsey fell silent at those words.

Watching the Rolls-Royce Phantom drive off, Kylee's throat felt raw from calling out. Her once-beautiful expression had twisted into pure rage. Suspicion clouded her thoughts—she was certain Linsey was manipulative, using her looks and charm to control men.

Seeing Linsey in the role of Collin's wife, a position Kylee had dreamed of for so long, was unbearable. It hurt even more to realize Collin had started turning cold toward her because of Linsey's presence.

If things kept going in this direction, Kylee feared the two would become impossible to separate.

That thought alone left her seething, and she made up her mind to find a way to push Linsey out of the picture.

While she was lost in her schemes, Kylee's features darkened with malice.

A sudden shout broke her concentration. "Kylee?!"

Spinning around, she found Huntley standing there. For a brief second, surprise flashed in her eyes before she covered it up with a practiced, gentle smile. "Huntley."

He hurried over, so thrilled to see her that his face twitched with excitement. "Weren't you supposed to be overseas filming for a long time? What brought you back so suddenly?"

Kylee explained softly, "We finished ahead of schedule, so I returned sooner than planned. I wanted to pay Ivy a visit."

That soft smile made Huntley's heart flutter. "If I'd known you were coming, I would have come to pick you up at the airport."

She replied with an easy laugh, "There's no need to go to so much trouble. I would hate to wear you out, Huntley."

Their conversation shifted, and Kylee leaned in, her tone curious. "Huntley, have you heard about Collin's marriage?"

Chapter 1259:

For a moment, Huntley's cheerful expression slipped, but he quickly nodded in response.

Kylee, eager to know more, asked, "Can you tell me what you know about his wife's background?"

Huntley sneered. "His wife? She's just an orphan. What kind of background could she possibly have? To make things worse, she's already been married before."

That revelation struck Kylee as ridiculous. "She had a husband before Collin?" Huntley confirmed with an easy nod, weaving a lie without the slightest hesitation. "Absolutely. She's nothing but trouble. Just last night, she tried to entice me behind Collin's back, but I shut her down. After I refused, she turned around and accused me of harassment."

As he thought back to the embarrassment of being forced to apologize to Linsey, Huntley's anger resurfaced. A scowl darkened his features as he continued, "I don't know what kind of tricks Linsey is playing on Collin, but he threatened me in public and made me apologize to her."

The news left Kylee stunned, her eyebrows knitting together. Once she had gathered herself, she voiced her concern. "Huntley, if someone like Linsey stays in the Riley family, she could stir up real trouble. I really think we need to find a way for Collin to divorce her."

Huntley gave a quick nod. "I agree."

Of course, his reason had nothing to do with Collin's well-being. All he wanted was payback for his own humiliation.

When she saw his reaction, Kylee's eyes shone with new interest. "Do you already have a plan? Could I help?"

Huntley cast a wary glance around, then leaned closer, covering his mouth to whisper the scheme in her ear.

Once he finished, Kylee stared at him, clearly uncertain. "That's what you came up with?"

He straightened and asked sharply, "Isn't it good enough?"

Kylee hesitated, biting her lip before responding, "It's not terrible, but I think there might be an even better option."

Huntley's curiosity was piqued. "Did you think of something else?"

This time, Kylee leaned in and whispered her own suggestion right into his ear.

Huntley felt Kylee move closer of her own accord, his throat tightening as he swallowed hard.

After she finished speaking, their eyes met across the space between them. Huntley raised his thumb in approval and said, "Kylee, your plan is absolutely brilliant."

"You're being too kind, Huntley. The idea just came to me suddenly," Kylee replied, her voice taking on a modest, almost bashful tone.

However, as she lowered her head in feigned shyness, something cold and calculating flickered in her eyes. Linsey's background meant nothing to her now. She would tear Collin away from that woman, no matter what it took.

Meanwhile, at Vista Villa, Linsey remained blissfully unaware of the plot brewing against her. She sprawled comfortably across the sofa, scrolling lazily through her phone.

Notifications from her work chat group kept ping-ponging, messages from several colleagues flooding her screen.

"Linsey, when are you planning to come back to work? Without you here, we're barely keeping our heads above water!"

Chapter 1260:

“Seriously, though. We’re earning peanuts while dealing with absolute hell. I honestly can’t take much more of this.”

“Money’s impossible to earn, and life keeps getting harder. God, everything about this situation sucks!”

Confusion creased Linsey’s brow as she read through the complaints. She quickly typed a response to the group chat. “What happened?”

The moment her message appeared, the chat exploded into chaos, responses flooding in so fast that they buried her question completely.

Scrolling through each frantic message from her colleagues, the full picture slowly came into focus for Linsey.

Before everything fell apart, she had worked at Felix’s company as the design director. But after discovering Felix’s betrayal, Collin had essentially imprisoned her at his place, making it impossible for her to return to her job. Felix had wasted no time promoting Joanna to fill the director position, but Joanna was completely out of her depth. She stumbled through each day, barking...

Contradictory orders and unreasonable insults were hurled at the staff by Joanna. She even dragged the team out of bed at three or four in the morning for emergency work sessions, naturally without a cent of overtime pay.

Linsey’s frown deepened with each message she read, her fury building at Joanna’s reckless behavior.

Just as her fingers moved to type a response in the group chat, something landed squarely on her leg. Linsey startled so violently that she nearly sent her phone flying.

Glancing up, she found Collin hovering nearby, having approached without making a sound. “What are you doing?” she demanded, irritation sharp in her voice.

Collin sat motionless in his wheelchair, his expression as cold and unreadable as stone. The sight of him like this only fueled Linsey's annoyance.

Still, they had only just returned home, and arguments required energy she simply didn't have. Exhaustion weighed down her limbs, and the thought of another endless round of bickering made her feel sick.

Forcing herself to stay calm, Linsey glanced down at whatever Collin had thrown at her. A crumpled ball of paper sat on her leg.

Her barely controlled anger surged back to life. Did he seriously just throw garbage at her?

"Collin!" Linsey snapped, snatching up the paper ball and hurling it right back at him. The paper ball landed squarely in Collin's lap.

Before he could get a word out, Linsey's temper exploded. "Could you show some basic respect, please? Deal with your own mess. If you want to throw trash around, aim for the actual trash can. Why did you throw it at me? Do I look like a garbage bin to you?"

From his wheelchair, Collin let out a harsh, mocking laugh. "Linsey, are you completely blind?"

"No, you are!" Linsey shot back without hesitation, her glare fierce and unafraid, pure rage blazing in her eyes.

Collin lobbed the paper ball at her again, his voice dripping with condescension. "If you're not blind, then tell me what you'd call this trash."

"What else would anyone call a piece of paper wadded up like that?" Linsey fired back.

Annoyance flickered across Linsey's face as she reached for the battered paper ball, ready to send it flying in Collin's direction once more. But he was already shifting his wheelchair, making a swift retreat before she could act.