

Zillionaire 1291

Chapter 1291:

Roland bolted over, thinking the worst. “Mr. Riley, are you alright?” he asked, panic in his voice.

Collin didn’t answer. He stared at the tightly shut bedroom door upstairs, his face like thunder.

What had gotten into Linsey? From yesterday until now, she had been on the warpath.

Lucky for her, he had the patience of a saint. If not, she would be neck-deep in trouble.

The thought barely formed before anger flared.

Collin swept his arm across the table. Fine porcelain hit the floor with a sharp crash.

Roland flinched and clapped his hands over his ears. He froze, wide-eyed at Collin’s fury.

What on earth had happened?

Collin hadn’t even snapped when Linsey bit him a moment ago. Why blow up now?

And where was Linsey?

Collin’s cold voice cut through his confusion. “Go find the spare bedroom key for me.”

“Yes, Mr. Riley.” Roland darted off, still rattled.

Inside the room, Linsey went straight for the bed. She yanked at the sheets and bedspread with quick, angry hands.

If Collin wouldn't let her walk out the front door, she would climb out from the balcony instead.

She twisted the fabric into a thick rope.

She was about to head for the balcony when she heard the lock turn.

Her heart skipped a beat.

The door swung open.

Collin stepped in. His eyes went straight to the twisted sheets in her hands. He let out a cold, mocking laugh. "What now? Throw a tantrum and threaten to hang yourself?"

"Who said I was going to hang myself?" Linsey snapped, instinctively denying it.

"Then why twist the sheets like that?" Collin asked, his tone flat.

"Obviously, I was going to—" She almost spilled it. She bit her tongue just in time.

She switched gears and glared. "I was going to strangle you, you control freak!"

"That so? Then make another rope," Collin said, calm as ice. "You know I'm possessive. If I go to heaven, I'll drag you along."

Linsey's jaw clenched. Her temper boiled.

Sometimes she wanted to sew his lips shut. Every word from him hit a nerve.

Beaten in both strength and words, she dropped onto the bed and glared. "What do you want up here?"

Collin didn't blink. "To see if a certain crybaby was planning to sneak off."

Linsey stiffened. She looked away. "I wasn't."

Chapter 1292:

"I never said it was you," he replied, giving her a pointed look before glancing at the balcony.

His voice went casual. "But that rope suits the balcony more than a noose. Perfect for climbing down, don't you think?"

If she didn't get it now, she would be a fool.

She shot to her feet, furious. "So you knew I was going to do that, and you still mocked me about hanging myself?"

"I just said what came to mind. You confessed on your own," Collin corrected, annoyingly mild.

Her anger flared hot. She hurled the rope of sheets at him. "Collin, you're impossible!" she shouted, breathless with rage.

Surprisingly, Collin showed no sign of anger this time. Instead, he murmured softly, "Are you really so desperate to go out?"

"Absolutely," Linsey replied, tossing a pillow in his direction.

Collin quickly raised his arm, effortlessly deflecting the pillow. It landed on the floor with a soft thud, not even brushing his hair.

Linsey reached for another pillow, ready to express her frustration by launching it at him.

At that moment, Collin let out a weary sigh. "Enough with the throwing. If you're so set on going out, then just go."

Linsey froze, her expression lacking any joy. Instead, she eyed him suspiciously. Earlier, he had been firm about keeping her home. This sudden change in attitude made her wary. She sensed he was up to something.

Collin caught the doubt in her gaze and immediately understood her thoughts.

Cutting to the chase, he said, "I don't like it when you get upset and argue with me. Just say you're sorry, and I'll let you leave."

"I haven't done anything wrong, so I'm not apologizing," Linsey declared, standing her ground.

Collin's face darkened, his frustration clear. Before he could respond, Linsey added, "But I can promise I won't flirt with anyone while I'm out, and I'll be back on time."

Eventually, they reached a mutual understanding.

Linsey felt a wave of relief wash over her, finally reclaiming the freedom she had longed for.

Collin had arranged for a driver to take her. As she settled into the car, the driver politely asked, "Mrs. Riley, where are we headed?"

"To Felix's company, the Wells Group," Linsey replied, stating her destination.

At the Wells Group, Linsey walked into the Fashion Design Department, where her former coworkers eagerly surrounded her, thrilled to see her. "Linsey, we've been counting down the days for your return!"

“Linsey, you’ve got to back us up.”

The group surrounded her, their voices blending with complaints about Joanna, the newly appointed design director.

This was exactly why Linsey had insisted on visiting Felix’s company today.

She turned to one of her colleagues and asked, “Where’s Mr. Wells?”

“You picked a rough time to come, Linsey. Word is, Mr. Wells was in an accident and is in the hospital. He hasn’t been back to the office yet.” The colleague leaned in, eager to share gossip. “Some of the team visited him yesterday. They could barely recognize him—his face was so swollen, definitely from a beating. No one knows who did it.”

Chapter 1293:

Linsey’s mind flashed to Collin’s words. “I only landed a few punches, and the guy couldn’t handle it. He coughed up some blood on my shirt, so I sent him straight to the hospital.”

While she was lost in thought, a colleague’s voice broke through. “Linsey? You okay?”

Snapping back, Linsey feigned ignorance and shook her head. Then she asked, “Is Joanna around?”

The group pointed in unison toward a closed office door.

Linsey’s gaze followed, her brows furrowing slightly as if something had irritated her.

“Are you alright, Linsey?” a colleague asked gently.

“I’m fine,” she replied. “Everyone, back to work. I’ll handle her myself.”

“Okay,” they agreed, scattering to their tasks.

Linsey strode toward the office, spotting a sign on the door—Joanna Saunders, Design Director.

The name stung her eyes. Once, it would have broken her heart.

Now, though, she felt only a bitter amusement, a wry smirk curling her lips.

This used to be her office, a place that once felt like her own.

She hadn’t been gone long, yet Felix had wasted no time. Without even consulting her, he had handed Joanna her position, as if she could be replaced so easily. As if that weren’t enough, they had put Joanna’s name on the door for everyone to see.

Linsey couldn’t believe Felix had the nerve to make a woman with no real design talent the director.

Annoyance flared within her, and without a second thought, she ripped down the sign and marched right in. The timing was almost cinematic.

No sooner had Linsey stepped inside than Joanna’s voice echoed through the office, sharp and demanding as she scolded her assistant.

“Is it really that hard to follow instructions? I asked for less ice! This coffee is freezing!”

Flustered, the assistant stammered, “Joanna, I asked them for less ice. I’m sorry, I can get you a new one if you’d like.”

Joanna slammed her cup down, her irritation only growing. “At your pace, I’ll die of thirst before you’re back.”

"Then I..." The assistant began to suggest another solution, but Joanna cut her off, cold as ever. "You just lost your perfect attendance bonus for this month."

"Please, Joanna, don't do that!" the assistant pleaded, panic rising in her voice. "Last time you took away half my salary, and now my attendance bonus too? I only make three thousand a month. If you keep this up, I'll barely have anything left for food."

Joanna dismissed her complaints without a hint of sympathy. "Maybe if you did your job right, you wouldn't be in this mess. Consider this a lesson. Mess up again, and you're out."

Tears welled up in the assistant's eyes. As she turned away, she spotted Linsey, and her relief was clear. "Linsey, you're back!"

The sight of Linsey made Joanna freeze, suspicion flickering across her face. "What are you doing here?"

Linsey didn't even acknowledge Joanna. She reached out and gave the assistant's head a gentle pat, her tone reassuring. "You can go now. I'll handle things from here."

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A grateful smile broke through the assistant's tears. "Thank you, Linsey!" Still wiping away her tears, the assistant continued thanking Linsey as she hurried out of the office.

With the room now empty except for the two of them, Linsey closed the distance between herself and Joanna.

Saying nothing, she picked up the coffee cup from Joanna's desk, twisted the lid open, and peered inside. Only three lonely ice cubes floated in the drink, proof that Joanna's complaints were nothing more than an excuse to lash out.

Linsey didn't need to ask any questions. She already knew exactly why Joanna was doing this.

Rumors had circled the office group chat for weeks. If someone had been friendly toward Linsey, Joanna made sure to make their life miserable. Meanwhile, anyone who sided against Linsey seemed to earn Joanna's favor almost instantly.

Cynthia, for example, had always been quick to criticize Linsey, and now she was Joanna's right-hand woman.

Unable to hide her contempt, Linsey shot Joanna a look and couldn't help but sneer. "Honestly, this is so petty. You're acting like a child."

"I'm not being childish. She made a mistake, so of course there had to be consequences!" Joanna shot back, her voice rising. "And just what are you doing here, Linsey?"

Before Joanna could finish, Linsey acted without hesitation. She flung the cold coffee straight at Joanna.

Joanna gasped, momentarily speechless, then cried out, "Are you insane, Linsey?"

Lifting a brow, Linsey coolly replied, "You wanted to know why I showed up? That's your answer."

She could let them take her condo, but she would never let them steal her career. Linsey was back, and she was here to take back everything that belonged to her!

Joanna stood facing Linsey, while outside the office, a group of intrigued employees huddled, discreetly watching the intense showdown.

As Linsey audaciously doused Joanna with coffee, the onlookers let out a collective gasp, their faces alight with awe.

"Wow, Linsey's got some serious guts!" one whispered.

"She's standing up for us like a true hero—my pulse is pounding!" another exclaimed.

"Quit gushing and snap some photos quick! I've never seen Joanna so humiliated—it's incredibly gratifying!" a third urged.

Unaware of the spectators, Joanna was consumed by fury at Linsey's biting words, her temper flaring uncontrollably.

"Linsey, you despicable woman!" she spat, circling the desk with her hand raised to strike Linsey.

But Linsey preemptively slapped her.

Caught off guard, Joanna stumbled, collapsing to the floor in embarrassment, clutching her stinging cheek, her eyes blazing with rage. "You dared to hit me?" she hissed.

Linsey, towering above with an icy smirk, retorted, "You swung first; I was only protecting myself."

Without giving Joanna a chance to speak further, Linsey tossed the sign at her. "I'm offering you a chance to redeem yourself. Leave Wells Group voluntarily, and I'll let bygones be bygones."

Chapter 1295:

Scrambling to her feet, Joanna scoffed, "Felix runs Wells Group and made me design director. You're just an ousted nobody with no authority here."

Linsey shot back, "I co-founded this company with Felix, which gives me equal say in its decisions."

Joanna's arrogance quickly faded.

"Got anything else to say?" Linsey asked, arms folded, her gaze sweeping coldly over Joanna's desk. "If not, pack up and get out."

"You..." Joanna hesitated, reluctant to back down but struggling to find a rebuttal.

After a tense pause, biting her lip, Joanna snapped, “Linsey, don’t act so high and mighty. You and Felix are over. No matter how much you cling to this company, he won’t spare you a glance!”

“Why would I even glance at that awful man, let alone want him back?” Linsey shot back with biting sarcasm, dismissing any lingering affection for Felix. “If I hadn’t poured my heart into building the Fashion Design Department and refused to let you ruin it, I wouldn’t have set foot in this office.”

“YOU...” Joanna tried to retort, but Linsey cut her off sharply. “Enough of your nonsense. Get out now, or I’ll call security to drag you out.”

Quivering with anger but outmatched, Joanna had no choice but to turn and leave.

Just then, the office door swung open, and both women instinctively looked over.

Spotting Felix, Joanna rushed into his arms, sobbing, “You’re finally here! I’ve been bullied!”

Felix gently pushed her back, his eyes narrowing at the coffee soaking her clothes. “What’s going on? Why are you drenched in coffee?”

Feeling even more wronged, Joanna whined, “My assistant messed up, and I was just correcting her. Then Linsey stormed in, sent the assistant away, threw coffee on me, and claimed she owns the company, demanding I leave!”

Linsey couldn’t help herself—Joanna’s dramatic retelling was just too much, and an eye roll slipped out before she could stop it.

Honestly, Joanna was a master at faking it, every gesture straight out of a soap opera.

Felix, however, seemed to fall for it hook, line, and sinker. He scoffed, “Linsey, how could you treat Joanna like that?”

In the past, Linsey might have wilted under the accusation or scrambled to defend herself, but she wasn't the same woman anymore. Instead, she met his glare directly. "Suppose I did? What then?"

The defiance in her voice nearly made Joanna explode, though she kept her rage just beneath the surface.

Still playing the victim for Felix's benefit, Joanna clung to her act and turned up the manipulation. "Felix, this is your company, remember? You two split ages ago, and she still thinks she's untouchable."

Felix clenched his fists, tempted to let his anger boil over, but he was haunted by the memory of Collin's warning in that dark alley after the birthday fiasco. He gritted his teeth, forcing the heat down, and finally asked, "Linsey, what are you after here?"

Without missing a beat, Linsey stated her terms. "If I don't hand in my resignation, I stay design director. That's my right—no one can force me out, not even you."

Felix paused, thinking it over. "So that's it? Just the director's chair?"

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"And half the Wells Group shares." A small smile tugged at Linsey's lips.

Felix didn't hesitate to shut her down. "Keep your title if you want. But as for those shares? Forget it."

Linsey had seen that response coming. She simply nodded. "Alright."

With that, their negotiation was settled, but Joanna's jaw nearly hit the floor. "Felix, what about me?"

Joanna's troubles were the last thing on Linsey's mind.

After the deal was done, she left the office with calm, not bothering to glance back.

Only after Linsey had gone did Felix offer any comfort. “I’ll find a different spot for you.”

Truthfully, letting Linsey reclaim the design director’s office was a win for Felix. Her leadership had always driven the Fashion Design Department to surpass goals and rack up impressive profits.

Since Joanna had stepped in, however, things had gone downhill—performance dropped, complaints piled up, and clients were slipping away.

Felix had needed a graceful way to move Joanna aside, and Linsey’s return had handed him the perfect solution.

Joanna bristled at being sidelined. “No, I want the design director position too!”

A sigh escaped Felix. “There’s nothing I can do for now. Could you just hold on a little longer?”

Putting on a mask of helplessness, he tried to soothe her. “Linsey has Collin in her corner now. He’s got real influence, and making trouble with her could backfire on us both. Remember how things ended last time when Collin stepped in?”

“Like I could ever forget!” Joanna muttered, rage simmering under her skin. The memory stayed sharp in her mind, fury and resentment rising inside her like a breaking storm.

Had it not been for Collin and Linsey, she never would have faced such public disgrace.

A look of approval crossed Felix’s face as he spoke, “For the time being, let’s just bear with it. The company barely escaped bankruptcy—we can’t risk another disaster. When the time is right, we’ll settle the score. Besides, every cent Linsey brings in as design director will end up in our pockets, right?”

Joanna finally agreed—though grudgingly—to give up her claim on the design director role.

Meanwhile, Linsey, who had left the office, wasted no time buying coffee for all her coworkers. Her colleagues lit up with excitement, hurrying to grab their cups before returning to their desks to pick up where they left off with their assignments.

After the rush, only one person stuck around, staying close to Linsey and striking up a conversation. That person was Lara Lee, a longtime employee at Wells Group who had become Linsey's closest friend in the company. Very few people knew about Linsey's history with Felix, but Lara was one of them.

Their conversation drifted into the usual gossip as they hung out in the break room.

Lara couldn't resist starting with the subject of Linsey's romantic life. She asked, "So, what's the deal with you and Felix these days?"

Without hesitation, Linsey answered, "We're over. He's moved on with someone else, so what else could I do except end things? I wasn't going to let him cheat on me."

Lara, who had always been curious about Joanna's recent behavior, finally felt like everything made sense after hearing Linsey's explanation.

Chapter 1297:

"Joanna only knows how to make a scene. She pretends to be gentle whenever Felix is around. I could never figure out how she landed the job as design director, but now I get it. She has been with Felix," Lara said, her words heavy with disdain for Joanna.

Deciding to move on from that topic, Lara asked, "If Felix is involved with another woman now, what's keeping you here, working so hard for him? You shouldn't hold on when he doesn't deserve it."

With a slight raise of her eyebrow, Linsey gave a small, confident smile. "I'm not that naive. I came back mainly to claim the projects I poured my time into." There was no way she would let Felix profit from her hard work.

Hours slipped by, and soon the workday was coming to a close. Linsey saw no reason to stick around. She quickly gathered her things and made her way back to Vista Villa.

Once she stepped inside and swapped her shoes, she called out, "I'm home." However, when she walked into the living room, she spotted someone lounging on the sofa held a man who definitely wasn't Collin. Instead, there was a relaxed-looking man sitting there.

He saw her first and gave a casual wave. "Hello, darling," he called out with a grin.

For a moment, Linsey just stood there, staring in confusion. She couldn't figure out who this man was. Nothing about him seemed familiar.

While Linsey tried to make sense of it, Collin wheeled himself toward the coffee table. He picked up a tissue box and flung it at the man, his tone sharp as he said, "Who are you calling darling? Are you asking for trouble?"

The tissue box landed against the man's stomach, and at the same time, Collin's warning made him wince.

He straightened up and forced a sheepish laugh. "Alright, alright. I was just messing around."

Collin wasted no time grabbing a cushion and tossing it at him next.

Dustin, expecting something else to come flying his way, moved aside just in time to dodge the cushion.

"Okay, okay, Collin. I know I messed up. Please stop throwing things at me. If my good looks take a hit, my girlfriends are going to be devastated," Dustin joked, trying to lighten the mood.

No amusement showed on Collin's face. He simply said, "Apologize."

Without missing a beat, Dustin replied, "Sorry!"

Still not satisfied, Collin added, "Say sorry to her."

That made Dustin finally realize what Collin wanted. He quickly sat up straighter and turned toward Linsey.

“My apologies. I invited my girlfriend over tonight, and the two of you look so much alike that I got you mixed up. Hope you won’t take it to heart,” he said.

Although Dustin’s appearance suggested he was a bit of a flirt, his apology felt genuine. Linsey saw no reason to make a fuss. She answered with a small nod, “It’s fine, I get it.”

After that, she found herself glancing from Collin to Dustin, taking in how comfortable they seemed together. Something about the way they acted made her curious, so she asked, “So, are you two... friends?”

Facing both men, Linsey posed her question without hesitation.

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Collin didn’t even bother to look her way. With a stormy expression on his face, he pressed his lips together, refusing to answer.

Dustin, on the other hand, was quick to respond. “Of course we’re friends,” he replied, his response light and sincere.

After a moment, he turned his curiosity on Linsey. “Wait, are you Collin’s wife? Newly married?”

“Yes, I am.” She gave a straightforward nod.

Dustin took a moment to really look at her, his gaze sweeping from head to toe. “You’re gorgeous, honestly. I can see why Collin fell for you.”

Flattery from someone as attractive as Dustin would catch any woman off guard. A faint blush crept onto Linsey's cheeks. Her smile was shy but genuine. "Thank you for saying that."

They slipped into an easy conversation, barely noticing Collin's presence in the room.

Collin's mood only worsened as the two seemed to forget about him. He found himself staring at Linsey, stunned to see her cheeks pink with bashfulness. She never looked like that around him. This kind of bashfulness was new.

What had Dustin done to make her act so shy all of a sudden?

Frustration boiled up inside Collin, bubbling over before he could stop himself.

"That's enough! Leave!"

Linsey was startled, her eyes widening at the sudden outburst. She looked around, unsure who he meant. "Wait, are you talking to me?" She even pointed at herself for clarity.

Whenever Collin was in a bad mood, telling people to get out became his favorite tactic. Linsey had been shown the door plenty of times before, so this wasn't exactly shocking, just puzzling.

Trying to figure out who had upset him now was pointless. Work had kept her busy all day, and he seemed fine before she left. Was he really mad at her?

Instead of dwelling on it, Linsey started for the stairs, ready to give him his space. After all, if he wanted her gone, she had no reason to stick around.

Suddenly, a strong hand came down gently on her shoulder. She stopped, turning instinctively to see Dustin's playful grin.

"It's not you he wants gone. He's kicking me out," Dustin said with a wink.

Without another word, Dustin led the way out, tossing a carefree wave over his shoulder. "I'll catch you later! Let's grab some drinks another time," he called, a playful grin on his face.

No reaction came from Collin, who simply sat in his wheelchair, eyes cool and distant. Inviting Dustin to stay never crossed his mind.

At that moment, Linsey realized Dustin hadn't been joking.

A hint of confusion flashed in her eyes as she looked at Collin. "I thought you two were close. Why did you send him away like that?" she said, unable to hide her surprise.

"That's none of your business," Collin's reply was icy and sharp.

That answer made Linsey's patience snap. "Fine, don't explain yourself. But do you really have to be so harsh about it?" she retorted, irritation creeping into her voice.

Honestly, she was left at a loss for words. Just what had made Collin so irritable today?

Chapter 1299:

Rather than respond, Collin held her gaze, his scowl never faltering.

Matching his glare, Linsey refused to back down.

A tense silence stretched between them as neither was willing to speak first. Nearly a minute passed in that awkward standstill before Linsey threw up her hands. "I don't have the energy for this," she said, exasperated.

Turning to go, she had only made it a few steps when Collin's cold tone sliced through the air. "You still have the nerve to act all defiant, even after your stunt. You're getting bolder every day."

Hearing that, Linsey spun back around to face him. “I haven’t done anything wrong,” she argued, meeting his frosty glare head-on.

It felt like Collin had been waiting to pick a fight from the moment she walked in.

Without any attempt to soften his words, Collin went straight for the accusation. “Still talking back, huh? Don’t think I’m clueless. You’ve been sneaking around at Wells Group behind my back.”

A heavy silence settled as his words landed, lingering in the air.

Linsey went rigid, a chill creeping up her spine as a cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

“Wait—how did you even find out?” she managed to ask, her voice barely steady.

A smug sneer curled on Collin’s lips. “There’s a lot you still don’t know about me,” he said, his words laced with warning.

Linsey was jolted by a sudden realization, her eyes widening as she demanded in disbelief, “Did you have someone follow me?”

It dawned on her why she had sensed something amiss before stepping out of the house. Considering Collin’s intense need to control everything, it was unusual for him to let her leave so effortlessly. Yet, he had not only allowed it but even wished her well as she headed out.

Moreover, while she was swamped with tasks at Wells Group from morning till evening, Collin hadn’t reached out—not a single call or message.

Everything fell into place as she realized he had arranged for someone to secretly trail her from the very beginning.

Faced with Linsey’s question, Collin didn’t bother denying it. Instead, he shot back, “If you’re not hiding anything, why worry about being followed?”

“That’s not the same thing!” Linsey snapped, her chest heaving with frustration.

Collin had no interest in debating this further; there was a more pressing issue to address. He changed the subject, his face hardening like stone. “I’m giving you one final chance to be straight with me. What were you doing at Wells Group?”

If he hadn’t been certain she had moved on from Felix, he would have marched over to drag her away long ago. But Linsey wasn’t forthcoming.

“It’s not your concern,” she retorted, throwing his own words in his face.

“Linsey.” Collin’s voice deepened, his cold stare flashing with a dangerous edge. His piercing gaze unnerved her, and she could tell he was on the verge of losing his patience.

Exhausted from a grueling day at the company, Linsey had no energy for a prolonged clash with him. Reluctantly, she admitted, “My coworkers said Joanna stole my role as design director, so I went to reclaim it.”

“Who’s Joanna?” Collin’s attention shifted abruptly.

Chapter 1300:

Linsey gaped at him in shock. “How do you not remember her? Weren’t you the one who sent people to humiliate her in Starwood?”

Her words jogged his memory.

He scoffed, “Why bother with her name? Just call her the shameless woman.” To him, a woman who stole someone else’s fiancé didn’t deserve the dignity of a name.

Linsey found herself speechless, unable to counter his blunt logic.

Before she could respond, Collin's tone turned icy with mockery. "Have you lost your senses or taken a blow to the head? After that messy split with that deadbeat, you still want to work under your ex-fiancé?"

"I'm not that foolish," Linsey shot back defensively.

"Oh, really?" Collin's skeptical glance cut through her, his sneer sharp. "Tell me, who's more clueless than you?"

"Well, uh..." Linsey's mind blanked, and she faltered, unable to name anyone.

Collin seized the moment, declaring, "You're the biggest idiot out there."

"I am not!" Linsey protested, her brows knitting in defiance as she glared at him. "Collin, you're so annoying!"

He smirked. "That's still better than being brainless."

"You!" Furious, Linsey grabbed a cushion and hurled it at him. "You jerk, I'll make you pay!"

Their argument erupted into familiar bickering. Roland, accustomed to their spats, had planned to mention dinner but wisely slipped away upon seeing their heated exchange.

Still seething, Linsey refused to explain herself further and stormed off to eat alone.

The next morning, as Linsey ate breakfast and prepared for work, Collin's low voice stopped her. "If you're so keen on working, I can set you up with a job far better and more comfortable than anything at Wells Group."

“I appreciate the offer, but I have my own plan,” Linsey replied, her voice polite but firm.

Collin set his utensils on the table and shot her a sharp look. “So your idea is to keep making money for Felix and make me look like some idiot getting cheated?”

A frown crossed Linsey’s face. “That’s not what I’m trying to say.”

“Then spell it out,” he said, his patience clearly wearing thin. The sound of his utensils hitting the plate filled the room. “If you don’t explain yourself today, you’re not leaving this house.”

Linsey’s frustration showed in her voice. “Why do you have to act like this all the time?”

He did not hesitate with his answer. “Because I can’t help it.” That only made Linsey more upset.

Finally, she let the truth out. “Half of the Wells Group is my effort. I can’t just watch Felix and Joanna steal it away. That’s why I’ve been swallowing my pride, getting close to them, and waiting for the right time to take back what’s mine.” She spoke with complete honesty.

Collin listened and replied evenly, “Taking it back doesn’t have to be so difficult. All you have to do is let me help, and you’d have it all by tonight.”

Linsey shook her head without any doubt. “I won’t do that. I refuse to rely on anyone else. I want to win back everything on my own.”