

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

## **#Chapter 131 - Read Marrying A Secret Zillionaire**

### **Happy Ever After Chapter 131**

Chapter 131 He'll Face The Consequences Of His...

Linsey's gaze swept over the throng of reporters, their cameras poised and hungry for a story. Her expression hardened.

with annoyance.

"Marisol," she demanded, her voice laced with frustration. "What's the meaning of this? You said you wanted to apologize.

Why are all these vultures here?"

Marisol's phone call had been a carefully crafted ruse to draw Linsey into a public confrontation.

Now that the trap was sprung, there was no need for pretense.

Marisol's eyes narrowed into slits. "Linsey, I advise you to choose your next words carefully. Drop all charges against my

son, and I'll forget this whole unpleasantness ever happened," she hissed.

A bitter laugh escaped Linsey's lips. The sheer audacity of Marisol's threat was almost comical. How could she have been so

naive as to believe her?

Felix and Marisol were two peas in a pod, both masters of manipulation and cruelty.

"Marisol, let's be clear. Felix kidnapped me and attempted to assault me. He'll face the consequences of his actions. End of

discussion," Linsey stated coldly.

Linsey's face became an impassive mask as she turned to depart.

Before Linsey could make her escape, Marisol lunged forward, grasping her hands and dramatically falling to her knees.

Linsey winced as Marisol's nails dug into her flesh.

Despite the pain she was inflicting, Marisol wailed theatrically, "Linsey, I beg you! Let my son off!"

Marisol's desperate plea was the cue for the reporters to emerge from their hiding places, swarming Linsey and cutting off

her escape route.

Linsey, her arm throbbing, wrenched her hand free from Marisol's grasp.

Marisol crumpled to the ground with a dramatic flourish, eliciting gasps from the onlookers. Their eyes turned on Linsey,

filled with condemnation.

As if on cue, Joanna materialized at Marisol's side, fussing over her with theatrical concern.

"Linsey!" Joanna shrieked, pointing a trembling finger at her. "How could you be so heartless? You put Felix behind bars, and now you're attacking his mother?"

Joanna's performance was a masterpiece of manipulation, painting Linsey as the heartless aggressor.

Marisol turned to the reporters, her voice dripping with feigned outrage. "Look at this heartless woman!" she shrieked. "She dumped her boyfriend to marry another man, humiliating him in front of everyone! And then she had him thrown in jail!"

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## Chapter 131 He'll Face The Consequences Of His Actions

And now, after we came here to beg for her forgiveness, she shoved his poor mother to the ground! How cruel can she be?"

The reporters, who were clearly in cahoots with Marisol and Joanna, instantly swarmed Linsey, their cameras flashing.

The barrage of camera flashes blinded Linsey, making it impossible for her to see, let alone escape the mob of reporters.

The reporters bombarded her with questions, their voices echoing in the small space.

"Is it true you abandoned your boyfriend?"

"Did you really send your ex-boyfriend to prison?"

"How could you be so heartless?"

"Answer the question!"

The reporters pushed closer, forcing Linsey to step back.

"Stop taking pictures!" Linsey shouted, her voice trembling with rage.

In the chaos, someone deliberately stuck their foot out, tripping Linsey.

She stumbled, losing her balance. The reporters in front of her parted like the Red Sea, as if they had planned the whole

thing.

Linsey gasped, bracing herself for the fall.

Suddenly, a strong arm wrapped around her waist, preventing her from falling.

Linsey's heart pounded as she was pulled into a warm, comforting embrace. "Don't worry," a deep voice murmured in her ear. "You're safe now." Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After

Chapter 132 I Am Linsey's Husband, Collin Riley

Linsey's eyes fluttered open, her vision swimming as she slowly regained her bearings.

The sight of the man mere inches away sent her mind reeling in confusion. In a voice barely above a whisper, she asked, "Why are you here?"

Collin's response was a gentle smile that tugged at the corners of his mouth, his eyes locked on hers with a calm,

reassuring intensity.

He extended a hand, helping Linsey find her balance as she realized she had been unwittingly resting in his lap.

A wave of embarrassment washed over her, heating her cheeks to a rosy flush.

Hastily, she stepped away, creating a buffer of space between them.

The onlookers, seemed to have paused in time, their expressions frozen as they processed Collin's silent entrance.

Despite his confinement to a wheelchair, Collin exuded an undeniable presence that commanded respect, his aura of

authority silencing the murmurs in an instant.

Flanking him was a group of tall, stern-faced bodyguards, their formidable appearance underscoring his importance.

Joanna's eyes narrowed, her gaze flicking between Linsey and Collin with a simmering blend of irritation and incredulity.

She had craftily orchestrated Linsey's fall earlier, aiming to disgrace her publicly.

Her phone was already poised to capture the humiliation, the footage guaranteed to make waves in online ridicule.

Yet, Joanna hadn't anticipated an intervention, especially not from a strikingly handsome man bound to a wheelchair.

Who indeed was this man who had so effortlessly derailed her plans?

When Joanna first caught sight of Collin, his striking features momentarily captivated her.

Yet, as her eyes drifted down to the wheelchair beneath him, her initial admiration soured.

Good looks wouldn't change the fact that he was a worthless cripple.

What was the point of a handsome face if he couldn't even stand on his own damn legs?

Her frustration boiling over, Joanna's voice cracked with venom as she confronted him. "Who are you? What right do you

have to meddle in this?"

Collin responded with a chilling, low chuckle, his tone laced with menace as he retorted, "And who might you be to

question me? What gives you the right to treat Linsey like this?"

His presence, though seated, seemed to expand, filling the place with an unsettling authority that made the others shift

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Chapter 1321 Am Linsey's Husband, Collin Riley

uncomfortably.

Joanna, taken aback by the assertive undertone in Collin's voice, paused, her confidence faltering. She gathered herself quickly, her voice sharp as she declared, "Oh, Linsey knows exactly what she's guilty of! She put an innocent person in jail, and all we want is justice for the one who truly deserves it!"

Meanwhile, Marisol, who had been observing the exchange from a distance, felt a shiver of apprehension. Something about

Collin hinted at depths unexplored and intentions masked.

Despite this, the Wells family was not known for backing down without a fight.

With a flick of her head, Marisol's gaze turned icy, her tone laced with barely concealed disdain. "I'd advise you to leave

while you can. I'm from the Wells family. Cross us, and you'll face consequences far beyond your reckoning."

At her warning, a sly grin crept across Collin's lips. He stood unflustered, his response smooth as silk. "Ah, the Wells family.

It seems Felix's lessons fell short. His family still wield their power so carelessly."

Marisol's complexion drained at his retort. Her voice trembled slightly, betraying her shock. "Who... who exactly are you?"

Collin's stern facade softened for a fleeting moment as he turned to Linsey, gently clasping her hand. His voice carried a

weight of unwavering certainty. "I am Linsey's husband, Collin Riley."

Marisol's eyes stretched wide, a mix of shock and realization dawning on her. "You... you're Collin Riley?"

The disabled son of the esteemed Riley family-Collin himself!

So it turned out Linsey's husband was none other than him! He was the mastermind behind everything!

Beside her, Joanna's expression mirrored Marisol's astonishment. Joanna hardly believed that the man before her eyes was

part of the Riley family.

The Riley family were known for their formidable influence, well beyond their wildest reach.

But wasn't Collin just the family's discarded trash, a name with no weight and no power?

Absolutely pathetic! Linsey actually married a useless, broken cripple!

Collin's gaze hardened, a frosty edge slicing through his words. "Walk away while you still can, or I'll make you regret it."

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### Chapter 133 Consider This A fair Warning

Joanna scoffed, her voice laced with derision. "So, you're the renowned eldest son of the Riley family. I've heard tales about you. But what makes you think you can talk to me like that? It's clear you're barely tolerated within your own family. How dare you meddle in Linsey's affairs?"

Joanna then addressed the reporters clustered nearby, her voice ringing with authority. "Don't let him intimidate you! Yes, he's part of the Riley family, but everyone in town knows he's in a wheelchair and ostracized by his own family. Did you see the wheelchair he's sitting in? Don't hesitate-take all the pictures you can. Believe me, everyone craves juicy gossip about the Rileys!"

Joanna offered a chilling smile before delivering her final blow. "Let's reveal the truly shameful faces of this contemptible

duo!"

The reporters, recognizing a potentially explosive story, visibly buzzed with excitement.

Information about the Riley family's eldest son was a rare and prized piece of

news.

Hearing Joanna's taunts against Collin, Linsey instantly retaliated, her voice rising in anger. "Joanna! Shut your foul mouth! Who's the real shameless one here? I was with Felix for five years, and for three of those years, you shamelessly chased after him. Felix isn't a saint either! You're naive if you think he's a good person. He exploited you, all while refusing to end things with me. You and he are the truly shameless ones!"

"You!" Joanna's face flushed with a mixture of embarrassment and fury as she pointed a finger at Linsey, her teeth clenched. "You're the one who clung to Felix, and you even betrayed him! You went and married another man on your wedding day to Felix! Are you too ashamed to admit it?"

Linsey retorted sharply, "Felix's betrayal came first! You were the one who schemed to lure him away from our wedding, leaving me humiliated in front of everyone. Given that public abandonment, why shouldn't I have moved on and married

someone else?"

Linsey's grip on Collin's hand tightened, her voice firm and unwavering. "My husband is far superior to Felix in every way. Felix is a despicable cheat, and mark my words, Joanna, he'll eventually betray you just as he betrayed me. Consider this a

fair warning."

While the two women traded angry words, Collin maintained an air of composure, his face giving nothing away. He discreetly gestured to one of his men positioned behind him.

The man acknowledged the signal with a silent nod and moved away to place a call.

Joanna, incensed by Linsey's words, was consumed by fury, her face burning crimson.

Marisol, who had been observing the scene, was taken aback. She had never witnessed the normally mild-mannered Joanna

engage in such a heated argument.

"What are you all looking at?" Joanna snapped at the reporters, her voice laced with frustration. "This is headline news! 0.0%

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Chapter 133 Consider This A fair Warning

Why aren't you recording every single moment?"

The reporters, jolted back to reality, lifted their cameras to resume filming, only to have their phones ring in unison.

Each reporter received a call from their respective editors, who were yelling furiously. "Where are you? Get back to the office immediately! If any of you dare

to report on Collin Riley, your career is over! Don't be fools!"

The reporters were stunned into silence.

"But this involves the eldest son of the Riley family. Why is it off-limits? We reported on the arrest of the second son, and

the Rileys didn't interfere. What makes this different?"

Their editors retorted, even more enraged. "You imbeciles! This is a direct order! If you publish even a single sentence

about Collin, you'll be blacklisted for life! No news outlet in town will ever employ you again!"

The reporters were speechless, unable to comprehend what they were being told.

They had always understood Collin to be a wheelchair-bound, inconsequential member of the Riley family. How could he

possibly wield such influence?

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Chapter 134 Linsey, You're

Not Leaving!

The reporters, without a second thought, hastily gathered their gear and fled.

Joanna, astonished, seized one of the fleeing reporters. "Why are you running away? Come back here!" she exclaimed.

The reporter, clearly agitated, stammered, "We don't want any part of this!"

Joanna, taken aback, retorted, "You accepted my payment, and now you have the audacity to run off?"

Instantly, all the reporters thrust the money back into her hands and vanished in the blink of an eye.

Joanna, gradually regaining her composure, understood that Linsey and Collin were the masterminds behind this. She spun around, her gaze fixed on Linsey, demanding. "What have you two done?"



Linsey, utterly confused, instinctively sought an explanation from Collin.

Collin offered no direct reply. Instead, he spoke softly. "Linsey, it's finished. Let's go home."

As they prepared to depart, Joanna instinctively moved to obstruct their path. "Linsey, you're not leaving!" she declared.

However, before she could reach them, several tall and imposing bodyguards positioned behind Collin intervened, blocking

her way.

Joanna and Marisol could only watch, powerless, as Collin and Linsey entered a sleek, inconspicuous luxury car and drove

away, their expressions contorted with fury.

Inside the car, the outside world seemed to fade into silence.

Linsey, still rattled by the recent events, found herself replaying them in her thoughts. After a moment of contemplation, she quietly inquired, "Why did you suddenly appear?"

Collin spoke, his voice gentle and reassuring. "This morning, I looked for you after leaving my study, but you were gone. Josh mentioned you'd left quickly, seeming to be in a rush. Luckily, you'd informed him of your destination. I was

concerned, so I came to find you."

He sighed softly, almost silently. "It's fortunate I came. You could have been in serious danger."

Despite Linsey's bravery, she was alone and would have been overwhelmed by that group.

Linsey nodded. "Yes, I'm glad you came. I wouldn't have escaped otherwise."

Linsey's brow furrowed, a hint of regret in her voice. "I never imagined Marisol would sink to such depths. She feigned an apology, but all along, she was planning this. I'll be more cautious in the future."

Collin offered a gentle smile. "Whatever happens, I'll always be there for you."

Linsey's gaze softened as she returned his smile, a feeling of warmth spreading through her.

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## Chapter 134 Linsey, You're Not Leaving!

With the danger passed, Linsey finally relaxed. However, as she did, a dull pain pulsed in her ankle.

She winced, drawing a sharp breath as she instinctively touched the painful area.

"What is it?" Collin asked, his concern evident, having immediately noticed her discomfort.

Linsey shook her head quickly. "It's nothing, just my ankle. It's a little sore."

A shadow crossed Collin's face as the memory of her near fall resurfaced. He wordlessly knelt, his hand gently cupping her calf as he inspected her ankle.

The sight before them made them still. Linsey's right ankle was visibly swollen and discolored, bearing the clear marks of a sprain sustained earlier.

The adrenaline surge from the earlier commotion had numbed the pain, but now it crashed down on her like a wave.

Collin's features hardened, his jaw clenched tight. Linsey's heart fluttered nervously at his reaction, and she offered weakly, "I'm really okay..."

"How can you say that?" Collin's voice was firm as he directed the driver, "Head to the hospital. Immediately."

"Yes, sir," the driver replied, smoothly redirecting the vehicle towards Dominic's private medical facility.

Linsey opened her mouth to speak, intending to object that a hospital visit wasn't required.

A sprain like this could easily be managed at home with some topical medication.

However, observing the tense, almost somber expression on Collin's face, she kept her objections to herself, not wanting to cross him.

## Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After

### Chapter 135 Does He Get Injured Often

Collin and Linsey quickly reached the hospital, where Dominic arrived hurriedly.

"Collin, you're unbelievable!" Dominic exclaimed. "I just finished surgery and was about to relax, and you couldn't wait to drag me here."

Collin glanced at Dominic and said calmly, "Linsey is injured. Please examine her."

Dominic was taken aback and immediately turned his attention to Linsey. "What happened this time?" he asked.

Linsey felt a bit awkward for some reason. "Uh... it's just a sprain, nothing serious," she replied.

Dominic crouched down in front of her, his gaze fixed on her swollen ankle. He shook his head and gave a low whistle.

"Collin, weren't you the one who used to avoid doctors and treat your own injuries? Now you can't even handle something

this minor? You had to call me in for this?" Dominic questioned.

Linsey blinked in surprise and instinctively asked, "Does he get injured often?"

"Dominic," Collin said, his brows furrowed in a silent warning.

Realizing he had revealed too much, Dominic quickly cleared his throat and changed the subject. "Forget what I said," he

deflected. "It looks serious. Let's get an X-ray done first."

"But..." She wanted to ask more, but...

Seeing Collin's stern expression, she decided against it and nodded obediently.

Luckily, Linsey's injury wasn't serious.

After a brief examination, Dominic concluded, "Don't worry it's nothing too severe. Just apply the medication on time, and

try to rest more for the next couple of days."

Linsey sighed in relief. She knew it wasn't a big deal.

"Thank you, Dr. Larson," Linsey said softly.

Dominic handed the spray medication to Collin. "She's yours to look after," he said. "I'll head out now."

With that, Dominic turned and departed, quietly closing the hospital room door behind him. He further instructed the hospital staff to refrain from unnecessary interruptions.

After all, they were a newly married couple.

A bit of privacy would undoubtedly benefit their budding relationship.

Once Dominic had departed, Collin maneuvered his wheelchair closer to Linsey.

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Chapter 135 Does He Get Injured Often

Without a word, he bent down, gently lifted her injured foot, and carefully placed it on his lap.

Linsey instinctively recoiled, feeling a touch of embarrassment.

Collin firmly but gently held her leg in place and said in a low, commanding tone, "Hold still."

The firmness in his voice caused Linsey to still. She nodded meekly, deciding acquiescence was the best course of action.

Very well, she would remain still.

Collin's brow furrowed as he examined her swollen ankle. He picked up the medicated spray and gently applied it to the

affected area.

The cool, medicated spray, with its sharp, medicinal scent, stung slightly upon contact with her skin, sending a jolt of

sensation through her ankle.

Linsey bit her lip, attempting to suppress the discomfort.

"Does it cause you pain?" Collin inquired, his voice even.

Linsey offered a strained smile and replied, "No, not at all."

Collin offered no response. He continued to administer the medication with meticulous attention.

As the spray penetrated her injured tissue, the pain intensified.

Finally, Linsey's composure faltered, and she trembled slightly as she whispered, "Collin, perhaps a touch more gently?"

As he heard the pain in her voice, Collin's expression softened momentarily.

The mere thought of Linsey being harmed again ignited a fierce surge of frustration within Collin.

He inhaled deeply, suppressing the urge to unleash his anger, and gentled his touch as much as he could. Once he finished tending to her injury, he carefully placed her foot back on the floor.

With her injury tended to, they both returned to the Vista Villa.

Linsey settled onto the bed, wanting to speak to Collin, but he preempted her.

"Rest up. I have some business to handle," he said.

With that, Collin wheeled himself out of the room, worried that if he remained any longer, his barely contained fury might

scare Linsey.

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Chapter 136 Shall I Have The Article Removed...

"Collin, wait!" Linsey's voice echoed with a trace of anxiety as she instinctively called out to him.

Collin paused and turned to face her with a gentle expression that belied the turmoil beneath. "What's wrong?" he asked,

his voice soft yet tinged with concern.

Linsey bit her lip, grappling with her emotions. The air between them crackled with tension; his aura hinted at anger, though his demeanor remained calm.

She wanted to voice her worries, to bridge the distance that had formed so suddenly. Yet, her words faltered, trapped by

her hesitation. "Nothing. Just... don't bury yourself in work for too long. Try to get some rest early, okay?"

"Alright," Collin replied, his lips pressing into a thin line, a subtle sign of his inner conflict.

As his figure tapered into the distance, Linsey was enveloped by a poignant sense of loss. She watched until he disappeared,

her heart heavy with unspoken words.

Collin, wrapped in his own storm of emotions, was oblivious to Linsey's turmoil. His thoughts were a tangled mess,

dominated by self-reproach.

If only he had resolved the Wells family debacle sooner, Linsey wouldn't have gotten injured.

Since he had to keep up the facade, all he do was watch.

Retreating to his study, Collin drowned himself in work, trying to smother his heavy heart under piles of paperwork.

His solitude was abruptly shattered when one of his subordinates burst through the door, breathless with urgency. "Mr.

Riley, we got a problem!"

Collin's head snapped up, his frown deepening. "What is it?" he demanded.

The grim expression on the subordinate's face deepened as he relayed the news to Collin. "Despite your clear instructions

to the media to avoid any mention of you and Mrs. Riley, it appears that the story has still found its way online."

Collin's face darkened immediately. He shifted in his seat, leveling a piercing gaze at the messenger. "Explain to me how

this happened. I gave explicit warnings to those outlets. How did this leak?"

The icy intensity in Collin's eyes sent a shiver coursing through the subordinate's body. In a trembling voice, he replied, "We did issue the warnings, sir, but Marisol Wells has been tenacious. She actually brought in a scandal-chasing tabloid rat to do her dirty work."

He hastily pulled out his phone, navigating to the damning article, and handed it to Collin.

The screen displayed the freshly published scandal.

"Explosive Exposé: The Dark Secrets behind Felix Wells' Imprisonment! Linsey Brooks, his long-term girlfriend, betrayed him

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Chapter 136 Shall I Have The Article Removed Immediately

brutally. On the day they were to wed, she not only cheated but married another man. Subsequently, she crafted a devious. plot to frame Felix, alleging her own kidnapping to squeeze a fortune from his wealthy family. When her outrageous demands were refused, she and her new husband vindictively ensured Felix's imprisonment."

The article was a concoction of sensational fabrications, utterly lacking in proof.

But gossip-hungry netizens didn't give a damn if it was true-they ate the story up like a feast.

"How can people be so ruthlessly cruel?"

"Is this the same kidnapping case everyone was talking about a while back?"

"Poor Felix! He's completely innocent. If he actually ends up in prison, it'll destroy his entire life."

"Linsey is the definition of shameless and rotten to the core."

"She actually cheated on Felix? That's downright pathetic."

Collin scrolled through the torrent of comments, his face hardening with each swipe. Many of these commenters were clueless, simply throwing out wild accusations-some, he suspected, might even be paid trolls.

He chuckled bitterly, the sound sharp and icy.

Noticing the brewing storm, his subordinate promptly ducked his head, tension crackling in the air like static.

In all the years he had worked with Collin, he had never witnessed him this livid.

It looked bleak for the Wells family now; what little hope they might have clung to was fast eroding.

This time, Collin's rage was unmistakable-he was absolutely livid.

After a tense pause, his subordinate ventured cautiously, "Mr. Riley, shall I have the article removed immediately?"

"Wait," Collin interjected, inhaling deeply to compose himself. "Pulling the story now would only fuel the fire. People will assume Linsey is exactly as they say, and every attempt we make to clear the air could further tarnish her reputation."

"Then what should we do, Mr. Riley?" the subordinate asked, eager for some direction.

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## Chapter 137 I'll Face It On My Own

Collin's eyes narrowed imperceptibly, his voice dropping to a hushed, foreboding tone. "I made the mistake of underestimating Marisol Wells. Set up a meeting with her tonight-I'll deal with her in person."

He paused, his expression hardening. "And keep Linsey offline for the time being. Make sure she doesn't step outside

either."

"Understood," his subordinate responded with a crisp nod, turning to exit the dimly lit study.

Yet, as the door creaked open, the subordinate halted, his body tensing in shock. "Mrs. Riley, why are you here?"

Collin's gaze snapped towards the door, his surprise evident as he spotted Linsey in the doorway.

His lips pressed into a taut line, betraying his irritation. "Escort her back to her room," he commanded sharply.

"No need for that-I already heard every word," Linsey interjected softly, her voice carrying a calm resolve.



Her eyes, shimmering with a mix of emotions, locked onto Collin's complex gaze.

Although she had planned to retreat to her room, the lingering thoughts of Collin's potential anger and self-reproach drew her here instead. She had hoped for a heartfelt conversation to soothe the evident turmoil.

Unbeknownst to her, she would stumble upon a conversation laden with secrets just outside his study.

The subordinate recoiled, his eyes widening in shock before he turned to face Collin. "Mr. Riley, my apologies-I didn't

secure the door properly."

Before Collin could respond, Linsey stepped in, her tone protective. "It's really not his fault. I was at the door... let's just say I caught a bit of the conversation by chance."

Collin didn't entertain the thought of blaming Linsey. With a discreet glance, he urged the subordinate to exit, then reassured Linsey, "Don't worry over this. I've got it covered. For now, just focus on taking it easy."

After a brief pause, Linsey approached Collin's desk with a determined look, asking outright, "What's your plan for handling this?"

"I've reached out to someone to get in touch with Marisol. We'll aim to clear up the misunderstanding from her end. If word spreads, it could tarnish your reputation," Collin stated, holding back the full extent of his intentions.

In his mind, more drastic measures to coerce Marisol were already taking shape.

However, he chose not to burden Linsey with these darker thoughts.

Linsey bit her lip, fixing Collin with a penetrating gaze. "And if she decides to leverage this against you? What if she pushes her luck and asks for something even more ridiculous?"

Without missing a beat, Collin responded, "Then I'll concede to her demands- except for dropping the charges against Felix."

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Chapter 137 I'll Face It On My Own

That's where I draw the line. Anything else, she can set her terms."

"No!" Linsey exclaimed, her voice tinged with determination. She inhaled deeply, her words measured yet firm. "Collin, this concerns me. You shouldn't have to shoulder the consequences. Moreover, I'm innocent. This whole mess is nothing but

lies spun by Marisol and Joanna!"

Collin's eyes narrowed, a shadow falling over his features as he peered at her intently. In a hushed, urgent tone, he began,

"I know you're innocent, but if we don't seize control of this situation-"

She cut him off mid-sentence, determination lacing her voice. "Collin, I need to handle this on my own."

A slight frown creased his brow. "Why won't you let me help you with this?"

"Give me just three days," she asserted firmly. "If I haven't sort it out by then, you can intervene."

He exhaled a deep, frustrated sigh, the weight of his concern evident in his voice. "Do you understand how fast rumors can ignite online? If we don't quash this now, it won't be long before every last person in town is whispering about those slanderous stories."

Yet Linsey's face was the picture of resolve. "Whatever comes, I'll face it on my own."

Collin's resolve wavered, his hesitation palpable in the tense air between them.

"Collin, we're married. We're meant to stand by each other for a lifetime." Her voice softened, and she crouched down, taking his hands in hers. Her eyes met his, earnest and pleading. "I can't just hide behind you forever-what kind of wife would that make me? We're family, and that means having each other's backs. Just trust me, alright? I've already found a way out of this mess."

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## Chapter 138 I've Got This All Figured Out

Meeting Linsey's intense, unwavering gaze, Collin found himself momentarily powerless to refuse.

He hesitated, the weight of her stare anchoring him to the spot, before he finally gave in with a reluctant nod. "Alright, I trust you," he conceded, his voice tinged with a mixture of admiration and resignation.

Swiftly, Collin beckoned to his subordinate and issued a firm directive. "From this moment, you're to take your orders from

Linsey. Whatever she demands, execute it without question."

"Got it, Mr. Riley," the subordinate responded promptly, his tone laced with deference.

Collin turned back to Linsey, and his eyes sought hers, as if he was seeking confirmation or perhaps reassurance. "If you come up with any strategies, just inform him, and he'll orchestrate everything on your behalf."

Linsey paused, her mind seemingly weaving through a labyrinth of thoughts before she addressed the subordinate. "There's nothing to handle right now. If something comes up, you'll be the first to know. Thanks."

"Mrs. Riley, serving you is truly a privilege," the subordinate replied, his expression one of genuine pride mixed with a touch of awe. His brow then furrowed in concern as he ventured cautiously, "With Marisol exposing this, staying silent isn't an option-if it blows up later, it'll put you in a tough spot."

Linsey's lips curled into a knowing smile, a flash of cunning flickering across her features. "Let her make a fool of herself if she wants-having everyone watch will only work in our favor," she declared firmly.

The subordinate blinked, taken aback by her audacity. He had not anticipated such a bold strategy from Linsey.

Concern etched deeper into his features as he pondered the potential repercussions.

"But, Mrs. Riley, if this escalates, it could tarnish more than just your reputation," he warned, his voice laden with caution.

"No need to worry. I've got this all figured out," Linsey assured him with a wave of her hand, her confidence unshaken.

Collin watched, his gaze sharpening as he noted the steadfast resolve etched into her features. With a slight arch of his

eyebrows, he found himself swept up in her conviction, nodding in silent agreement.

He turned towards his subordinate and commanded crisply, "Follow her lead."

The subordinate rubbed the back of his neck, his confusion deepening. Collin's methods often baffled him, and Linsey's assertive stance only added layers to his perplexity.

Initially, he had assumed Linsey was nothing special-just another ordinary

woman.

Yet, standing there, her demeanor unyielding and poised against the onslaught of threats, she cast a whole new shadow of

intrigue.

Where others might crumble under such pressure, Linsey stood her ground with a calm so potent it mirrored Collin's own.

## Chapter 138 I've Got This All Figured Out

The resemblance in their composure under pressure was uncanny.

A thought flickered through his mind-was there truth to the old saying that

partners grow to mirror each other over time?

Respecting Linsey's decision, Collin stepped back, allowing her the reins completely.

The online world buzzed with wild speculations about her, each more sensational than the last.

Amidst the growing storm, Dolores stumbled upon the fervent discussions and reached out to Linsey in distress.

Without missing a beat, Linsey shared her carefully laid plans, soothing Dolores with her confidence.

After listening to Linsey's strategy, Dolores couldn't help but shake her head, a gesture tinged with resignation and a hint of admiration. "Linsey, you've always been stubbornly independent, never needing anyone to do what you can handle yourself.

With a sigh, Dolores continued, "I thought Collin might be the one to finally keep that fiery attitude of yours in check, but it looks like even he's got no control over you. Well, might as well embrace it. Once you deal with Marisol, everyone will

realize that you're not someone to mess with."

In the days that followed, Linsey took the time to rest and recuperate. Thankfully, her sprain was minor, and by the next morning, she was back to her routine, striding into work with her usual

vigor.

Yet, the atmosphere at the company was unmistakably different. As she entered the building, she couldn't miss the

sidelong glances and the hushed whispers that followed her progress.

Not a hint of surprise crossed her face-she had been prepared for this all along.

The rumors, fueled by Marisol's vindictive efforts, had taken on a life of their own, painting her in hues far removed from

reality.

It wasn't just acquaintances who viewed her with new eyes-strangers seemed equally eager to indulge in the scandal.

Undeterred by the murmurs and pointed stares, Linsey moved through the lobby with a composed determination.

She was almost at her desk when Cynthia appeared out of nowhere, blocking her path with a stance that was confrontational, arms crossed and eyes gleaming with

scorn.

"Linsey, you've got some fucking nerve. After everything that's exploded online, you still have the audacity to show up? You really don't know shame, do you?" Cynthia sneered, her voice dripping with derision.

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After

## Chapter 139 You Really Bet On The Wrong Horse

Before heading to the office, Linsey had already braced herself for the inevitable- online rumors would be ammunition for

her critics.

So when Cynthia tried to stir the pot, she barely batted an eye. The provocation felt childish at best.

Given Cynthia's usual antics, it was no surprise she kept recycling the same tired insults.

"If you have this much free time, maybe Coen should pile more work on your desk," Linsey said smoothly, unfazed by the

attempt to call her out.

Cynthia narrowed her eyes, irritation flickering across her face before she fired back. "No wonder you've been so secretive about your husband."

Cynthia let out a sharp, mocking laugh, her smirk brimming with satisfaction. Lifting a brow, she glanced around at their watching colleagues, making sure to project her voice. "So, your husband is that neglected, disabled son of the Riley family, huh?"

Linsey's face went cold.

A few coworkers exchanged looks before hushed whispers broke out.

"Did you catch the drama about Linsey online?"

"I was off all weekend. Fill me in."

"Linsey was with her boyfriend for five years, but on her wedding day, she ended up marrying Collin-the eldest son of the Riley family."

"The Riley family? That's huge. Didn't she just hit the jackpot?"

"Tsk, you're missing the bigger picture."

"Wow, you're really out of the loop. Everyone in town knows the Riley family wants nothing to do with Collin. If they had their way, he wouldn't even exist. They cast him aside years ago."

"Why's that?"

"His mother passed away when he was young, and a few years back, he got into

a car accident. He's paralyzed now-can't even walk. To them, he's just dead weight!"

Cynthia felt a thrill as the whispers spread.

Ever since Linsey had outshined her in the interview, she had been itching for payback.

Who would have thought Linsey, of all people, would end up tied to Collin-the most pitiful name in Grester's elite circles?

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## Chapter 139 You Really Bet On The Wrong Horse

The irony was almost too good to be true.

The more Cynthia thought about it, the funnier it became. A smirk tugged at her lips as she put on a mask of fake sympathy. "Linsey, I get it. You came from nothing and thought your looks could land you a golden ticket. But wow-you

really bet on the wrong horse."

She let out a dramatic sigh. "Collin's practically invisible to the Riley family. Even with Huntley behind bars, they'd pull every string to get him out before ever acknowledging Collin. And if it really came down to it, they've got plenty of other heirs to choose from. Let's be real-what wealthy family would ever put their legacy in the hands of a cripple?"

Linsey's expression darkened, the air around her turning razor-sharp. She fixed Cynthia with an icy stare. "Say that again. I dare you."

She lifted her coffee cup slightly, fingers tightening around it.

Clearly, Cynthia hadn't learned her lesson last time-probably because Linsey hadn't spilled enough.

The moment Cynthia spotted the coffee in Linsey's hand, a shudder ran through her. She instinctively backed away.

"Linsey, I'm warning you-don't do anything reckless!" Cynthia's voice wavered, eyes locked on the cup as if bracing for impact.

Linsey's expression remained unreadable. "Then keep your filthy mouth shut."

A heavy silence settled over the office. Right then, Coen walked in. Ignoring the tension in the air, he looked straight at Linsey. "My office. Now."

## Chapter 140 You're Always

Fair

"Alright," Linsey responded.

As Coen walked into his office, Cynthia's smugness returned full force. "Well, Linsey," she drawled. "Looks like you're

about to get the boot. I'm so excited to see this train wreck."

Cynthia, having delivered her little jab, sauntered back to her desk without another word.

Linsey's lips tightened. She headed towards the manager's office.

Was Coen seriously considering firing her because of some online garbage?

"Coen?" she said, closing the door behind her, a knot of nervousness twisting in her stomach.

Standing before his desk, she asked, "You wanted to see me?"

Predictably, Coen immediately launched into the online rumors. "I wanted to talk about these rumors swirling around

about you online," he stated.

Linsey's heart sank. She was terrified he had actually bought into that crap.

"Coen, it's a complete misunderstanding," she

blurted. "Please, you have to believe me. None of that stuff online is true."

Coen scrutinized her for a moment. "It's weird," he muttered. "You're not exactly famous. Why would anyone bother

spreading rumors about you?"

He paused, then added, his tone turning serious, "I have a feeling someone's behind this, deliberately trying to cause

trouble. Linsey, you need to deal with this, and fast."

Linsey nodded quickly. "I will."

After a beat, she hesitated. "Coen, is the company going to fire me because of this?"

Coen raised an eyebrow. "What kind of company do you think we're running here?" he asked, his voice firm. "We don't fire

people just because they're having a rough time. You've been here long enough. You know me better than that, don't you?"

Linsey forced a small smile. "Of course, Coen. You're always fair."

Coen seemed pleased with her answer. He chuckled. "Don't sweat it. I'll handle this. You just focus on finishing Anthea's design. Don't let this whole mess distract you from actual work."

Linsey was genuinely taken aback. She hadn't anticipated Coen's support. It was a pleasant surprise, to say the least.

Coen then casually admitted, "Don't get too carried away with the thanks. With Anthea singing your praises, we have to keep our clients happy, naturally."



He then playfully nudged her. "Seriously, Linsey, why the hell didn't you mention you were so tight with Anthea?"

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Chapter 140 You're Always

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## Chapter 140 You're Always Fair

Still a little bewildered, Linsey answered honestly, "I've only met Anthea once, actually. We mostly talked shop-you know, design stuff. We're not exactly besties or anything."

Coen gave a knowing nod. "Ah, I see. Anthea must have seen something special in your work, then. Makes sense. Alright, off you go. Just make sure you nail this design for Anthea, okay?"

"Got it, Coen," Linsey replied, still a little puzzled by the whole interaction, but definitely relieved.

After their little chat, Coen, in an unusually friendly and upbeat mood, personally escorted Linsey to the door.

"Oh, by the way," he said, as they neared the exit. "You mentioned you twisted your ankle yesterday. How's that holding up?" He genuinely seemed concerned.

The other office drones exchanged surprised glances, clearly thrown by Coen's sudden display of actual human decency. It wasn't exactly his usual style. Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After