

Zillionaire 1321

Chapter 1321:

“That’s more than enough.” Ivy’s hold on Linsey’s hand grew a little tighter, and her voice softened. “It doesn’t matter how much money you put into a birthday. What matters is having the people you love there with you.”

Linsey could tell Ivy wanted to comfort her, and she felt truly grateful for that. Thinking about all the times Collin had helped her recently, Linsey decided that he deserved a proper birthday celebration.

So, she quickly suggested, “Ivy, what if I make dinner tomorrow, order a cake, and we have a small family birthday for him here?”

“That sounds wonderful.” Ivy let out a relieved smile. “But I didn’t realize you knew how to cook.”

“Actually, I’m not bad at it. Even Collin has told me that my cooking is good,” Linsey answered, her pride showing in her words.

She asked, “Ivy, would you like to stay for dinner tonight and see for yourself?”

“I’d really enjoy that.” Ivy nodded, her face lighting up with a smile.

Their conversation continued, filled with laughter and warmth that lingered in the room.

Later, Collin came home to find Ivy alone on the sofa, quietly watching television. He walked over and greeted her. “Grandma.”

With a smile, Ivy looked up at him. “Welcome home. Are you hungry?”

Collin shook his head and glanced around the living room. “Where did Linsey go?”

A part of him wondered if she was still putting in extra hours at Felix's company. It bothered him to think she was working so hard for so little. That thought made him frown, and he pulled out his phone to call her. Before he could dial, Ivy's cheerful voice interrupted his thoughts. "She's in the kitchen. She told me she wanted to cook something tasty for me. I'm staying for dinner tonight."

"I see," Collin replied, wheeling himself toward the kitchen with determined purpose.

Linsey had no idea her husband was even home yet. She stood at the counter, completely absorbed in chopping vegetables for dinner, humming softly to herself.

Without warning, a strong masculine hand slid around her waist from behind, pulling her back against a solid chest.

"Shit!" Linsey shrieked in terror, her heart nearly jumping out of her chest. Pure instinct kicked in, and she spun around with the sharp kitchen knife raised high, ready to defend herself.

Collin's reflexes were lightning fast. He jerked backward and caught her wrist in his strong grip before the blade could come anywhere near him. His eyebrows furrowed in a deep scowl. "Jesus Christ, Linsey! Are you trying to kill your own husband?"

The moment Linsey's brain registered Collin's familiar face, all the fight drained out of her body. But her relief quickly turned to anger. "What is wrong with you? You can't just grab someone from behind like that! You scared the living daylights out of me!"

Collin shrugged without an ounce of remorse, a cocky smirk playing at the corners of his mouth. "You're just a scaredy-cat. You're my wife, so obviously I can put my hands on you whenever I want."

Chapter 1322:

Linsey stared at him in complete disbelief, then rolled her eyes so hard they practically fell out of her head.

She shoved his hands off her body with more force than necessary. "I'm trying to cook dinner here, so back off and find something else to do. You're distracting me."

"I'm not trying to distract you." Collin's frown deepened, his jaw setting in that stubborn way that meant trouble. "Linsey, you can't keep pushing me away like I'm some kind of disease."

Linsey let out a long, tired sigh that seemed to come from her very soul. "I don't hate you, Collin. I just..."

Collin pressed on, his eyes searching her face intently. "Then why do you keep trying to get rid of me every chance you get?"

Before she could figure out what to say, her phone started buzzing loudly on the kitchen table.

Collin's eyes automatically moved to the phone screen, and what he saw there made his blood run cold. The caller ID clearly read "Cute Guy."

The temperature in the kitchen seemed to drop twenty degrees as Collin's face transformed into a mask of pure ice. His eyes turned hard and dangerous. Collin reached for the phone with deadly intent, but Linsey was faster. She snatched it up and clutched it behind her back as if her life depended on it.

When Collin saw her desperate attempt to hide the phone, his expression turned absolutely murderous. His voice dropped to a dangerous whisper. "Give me that phone. Right fucking now."

Everything suddenly clicked into place like pieces of a twisted puzzle. No wonder Linsey had freaked out when he touched her, no wonder she kept trying to get him out of the kitchen. His wife was sneaking around with some other guy behind his back!

Linsey could see the dangerous misunderstanding forming in Collin's mind and quickly tried to set the record straight. "I don't have any kind of relationship with whoever's calling! That's just his username or something. I didn't put that name in there myself."

But Collin wasn't buying a word of it. His voice was thick with bitter sarcasm as he shot back, "Bullshit. You're lying through your teeth. If you don't know this guy, then how is he calling you?"

"That's because..."

Every instinct screamed at Linsey to just tell him the truth and end this nightmare, but she forced herself to bite her tongue.

The reality was completely innocent. This guy was a professional baker that her friend Dolores had recommended. Every single conversation they had had was about ordering a custom birthday cake for Collin.

He was probably calling because she had been too busy to respond to his texts, and the cake deadline was coming up fast. There were still design details that needed to be finalized, so the baker had decided to call her directly.

The reason she couldn't spill everything was painfully simple. She had made a sacred promise to Collin's grandmother to throw him the perfect surprise birthday party. If she revealed the truth now, wouldn't that completely destroy the surprise she had been planning?

Linsey chewed on her lower lip nervously, her mind racing through all the options. After what felt like an eternity, she made her decision. She would keep the secret.

Chapter 1323:

Until after his birthday, then explain everything and clear up this horrible misunderstanding.

Unfortunately, her prolonged silence only added fuel to the fire of Collin's suspicions.

A cold, cruel smirk twisted Collin's lips as he delivered his verdict. "Look at you, caught red-handed in your lies, so scared you can't even speak, huh?"

“No!” Linsey’s voice rang out strong and clear, her eyebrows pulling together in fierce determination. “I don’t care if you believe me or not, but I have never, ever cheated on you. Not once.”

Collin’s expression remained carved from ice. He was completely unmoved by her passionate denial. “If you’re so innocent, then why won’t you let me see that phone? What are you so afraid of me finding?”

“Because it’s my personal space and my privacy!” Linsey’s voice rose with righteous anger. She planted her feet firmly on the kitchen floor, refusing to back down an inch. “You can’t keep bulldozing over me every time your paranoid brain starts spinning stories. I’m your wife, not your prisoner, and you need to show me some respect.”

Collin’s words came out in a low, menacing growl, his teeth clenched so tightly his jaw ached. “I have been respecting you. Trust me, if I wasn’t showing you respect, you’d already be six feet under by now.”

A dangerous gleam flickered in Collin’s eyes. “Linsey, this is your last chance. Hand over your phone so I can check it, and I’ll let everything else slide.”

But instead of giving in, Linsey took several steps back, her face guarded. “That’s not happening.”

Collin’s patience snapped. He lunged toward her, pulling her close and reaching for the phone. “The moment I find out who that guy is, I swear I’ll make him pay right in front of you.”

Linsey stayed silent, gripping the phone to her chest as if her life depended on it. But the gap in strength between them was impossible to ignore.

Just as Collin nearly pried the phone free, Linsey exclaimed desperately, “Ivy! Please, help me!”

Alarmed by the shouting, Ivy rushed in from the living room. “What’s going on?”

Like a drowning person grabbing a rope, Linsey burst into dramatic sobs. “Ivy, save me! Collin is bullying me!”

Predictably, Ivy jumped to Linsey's defense, prying Collin away and scolding him harshly. "Collin, what's gotten into you? Linsey is your wife. How could you treat her like this? Where's your respect?"

With Ivy's unexpected intervention, Collin's plan to seize the phone was cut short. He clicked his tongue in frustration, protesting, "Grandma, she started it."

Ivy gave him a sharp smack on the arm and shot back, "Don't be ridiculous. Linsey's a sweet girl. How could she ever bully you?"

Linsey, safe behind Ivy's protective presence, nodded enthusiastically. Collin sent her a cold, warning glare, making her shrink further behind her unlikely ally.

Collin shot Ivy a frosty glare. "She's seeing someone else behind my back and wants nothing to do with me. If that's not bullying, then what is?"

Chapter 1324:

"Even if that were true, you should still try to understand her—" Ivy started to scold him in a gentle voice. She then stopped short, her eyes widening as the words sank in. "Wait, what did you say? Cheating?"

Collin's jaw stayed clenched, his wounded gaze locked on Linsey. "Linsey, aren't you going to ask Grandma to defend you? Why are you cowering now? Come on, say something."

Ivy clicked her tongue, scolding him softly. "What's with the attitude?" She turned to Linsey, uncertainty clouding her features. "Linsey, did you really cheat on Collin?"

With a faint, almost frustrated smile, Linsey shook her head and sighed. "Don't believe his drama, Ivy. I haven't done anything wrong."

"Then why—" Ivy hesitated, her suspicion lingering.

Linsey leaned in close, pulling Ivy gently aside. She unlocked her phone and discreetly showed her the chat with the so-called “Cute Guy,” murmuring a quick explanation into Ivy’s ear.

Relief washed over Ivy’s face. “See? I knew you weren’t the type to do something like that. Don’t mind him. Go finish dinner; I’ll sort things out here.” Without missing a beat, Ivy marched over to Collin’s wheelchair and gave it a push. “Let me clear this up with you, and stop taking out your anger on Linsey.”

In truth, Ivy offered no actual proof. She just stood firm on Linsey’s honesty and repeated that cheating was out of the question.

Collin frowned, refusing to let it go. “Then why is she hiding her phone from me?”

Ivy gave his shoulder a reassuring pat. “She doesn’t want to. That’s her right. Why must you always act so controlling and unreasonable?”

“If she’s really innocent, then why—” Collin started.

But Ivy cut him off with a firmer tap. “So now you don’t trust my judgment?”

With Ivy standing her ground, Collin was forced to back down. “Alright, I’ll drop it.”

“Good boy.” Ivy’s face softened with a gentle smile, her nod conveying quiet approval.

After finishing dinner, Ivy felt satisfied and prepared to depart. Linsey and Collin walked her to the entrance.

“Stop here, please. My driver will handle the car door,” Ivy instructed, halting them.

She clasped Linsey’s hand, her smile warm and genuine. “That meal was absolutely delightful. It truly brightened my evening. Thank you for preparing such wonderful dishes.”

Linsey returned a modest smile, shaking her head lightly. "I'm just glad you enjoyed them, Ivy. I'll cook more for you next time."

Ivy's grin widened at the promise, and she turned to Collin with a playful glint in her eye. "You've got yourself an incredible wife here. If you don't appreciate her, someone else might steal her away."

Collin remained silent, his face impassive.

Once Ivy had gone, he avoided Linsey's gaze, guiding his wheelchair back inside without a word.

Chapter 1325:

Roland, sensing the tension, spoke softly to Linsey. "Mrs. Riley, it seems Mr. Riley has some serious misconceptions about you. Perhaps addressing them could ease things."

Linsey gave a casual shrug. "Don't worry. He'll come around eventually."

The following morning, Linsey stirred awake before her alarm.

Opening her eyes, she was startled to see Collin still in the room, his silhouette catching her off guard. Typically, he would be up and gone by now, but today he lingered.

As she started to speak, she noticed him holding her phone, and her drowsiness vanished instantly.

"Collin!" Her voice sharp with anger, she flung off the covers and leapt out of bed, barefoot, snatching the phone from his hand.

"How could you be so unreasonable? I've told you over and over that I'm not cheating on you, and still, you're snooping through my phone while I'm asleep!" she fumed.

Collin, unruffled, listened to her outburst before calmly asking, "Are you done?"

Linsey's temper flared brighter. "Not even close!"

Early that morning, she unleashed a torrent of sharp words at him. Perhaps her tone was too cutting, as Collin's face darkened, his presence turning icy and formidable. Yet he didn't interrupt, waiting until she had exhausted her tirade before speaking in a frigid tone. "Done venting? Now hand me my phone."

"Your phone? This is obviously mine..." Linsey lifted the device as she spoke, but her words faltered when her finger accidentally brushed the screen, revealing the wallpaper. She froze, stunned.

It wasn't her phone. How could she have made such a mistake? Linsey was dumbfounded.

She quickly turned the phone over, spotting her own identical model on the bedside table. Both phones, the same color and model, lacked cases, causing her blunder.

Her face flushed with embarrassment as she returned the phone to him. "I... I really thought it was mine."

"Obviously," Collin replied with a biting edge as he took the phone.

Linsey knew he was mocking her, but aware of her mistake, she couldn't retort and stood there, sheepish.

Just then, her phone on the bedside table buzzed, saving her from the awkward moment.

Her eyes brightened as she seized the opportunity, grabbing the device.

The call was from the bakery owner from last night, his gravelly voice unmistakable. "Your cake from yesterday is ready, ma'am. Would you like it delivered, or will you pick it up?"

“Perfect, thank you,” Linsey said with a bright smile after hearing that the cake was ready. “I’ll be there shortly.”

She still needed to pick up groceries and buy a birthday gift for Collin, and since the bakery was nearby, it made sense to collect the cake herself. That way, if anything went wrong, she could address it immediately. The thought alone made her feel quietly content.

On the other end of the line, the bakery owner said something that made Linsey laugh softly, her smile deepening with warmth.

Chapter 1326:

Collin caught a glimpse of that smile—and a surge of irrational anger welled up in his chest.

He hadn’t forgotten the way she had quietly slipped out onto the balcony last night to take a call. And now, here she was again, chatting cheerfully on the phone first thing in the morning. Linsey wasn’t the type to spend hours on calls. The conclusion was obvious to him—she must be talking to that guy again. The so-called “Cute Guy.”

The more he thought about it, the more his temper flared. Interrupting her mid-call, he snapped, “Linsey, do you think I don’t exist?”

His voice was sharp, accusatory. He couldn’t believe she had the audacity to laugh so freely—with another man—right in front of him.

Linsey looked at him, her expression calm but tinged with annoyance. His sudden outburst over something so trivial caught her off guard.

Was a simple phone call really worth this kind of overreaction?

However, she sighed inwardly, biting back her irritation. Today was his birthday. She would let it slide.

She wrapped up the call and said evenly, “Alright, I’m hanging up. Happy?” Without giving Collin a chance to respond, she turned and walked straight into the bathroom.

When she emerged, the room was empty.

Assuming Collin had gone out, Linsey didn’t think much of it. She changed clothes, grabbed her phone and bag, and headed out.

What she didn’t know was that Collin hadn’t left at all—he was on the balcony, quietly taking a call.

Just as he slid the door open to return inside, he saw Linsey walking out of the house with purpose. And suddenly, dread hit him like a punch to the chest.

Was she planning to run off with that guy?

The mere idea made Collin’s heart pound. There was no way he would let that happen. If she was really leaving him for another man, he would deal with the situation himself—no matter what it took.

Without hesitation, he grabbed his keys and followed.

Meanwhile, Linsey, completely unaware she was being tailed, was in high spirits.

She arrived at the mall, her mind focused on finding the perfect gift for Collin. After strolling through several shops, she stepped into a sleek flagship boutique known for high-end men’s accessories.

The modern space was quiet and elegant. When a sales associate approached, Linsey politely signaled that she preferred to browse on her own.

As she moved between displays, contemplating what he might like, a familiar voice called out behind her. “Linsey.”

She looked up, instantly recognizing the speaker—and her expression turned to stone. “What a coincidence.”

There was no coincidence. Felix had been looking for her. He had hired someone to track her down and rushed here as soon as he had her location. Without warning, he reached for her hand, desperation etched across his face. “Linsey, please. You have to help me...”

Chapter 1327:

“Let go.” She recoiled and yanked her hand back, her voice like ice. “How many times do I have to say it? Speak with your mouth, not your hands. And don’t touch me. You’re disgusting.”

Felix flushed with shame, but to her surprise, he didn’t lash out. Instead, he quietly lowered his gaze and muttered, “I’m sorry. That was out of line.” He took a deep breath, then finally revealed why he was there. “I’m in trouble, Linsey. I was working on a major project with CR Corporation, but it collapsed out of nowhere. I invested everything into it, and now my company’s about to go under.”

Linsey’s face remained blank. “So?”

Felix’s voice grew more urgent. “You’re part of a wealthy family now. Can’t you give... no, could you please lend me \$50 million? Just to keep the company afloat a little longer?”

Linsey let out a cold, mirthless laugh, her eyes hard and void of compassion. “In your dreams.”

She wouldn’t give Felix a single cent—not now, not ever. Even if she had that kind of money—which she didn’t—she would sooner give it to a stranger on the street than to Felix, the man who had shattered her without remorse.

After shutting him down, she turned to leave. But Felix darted forward, blocking her path, his expression darkening with a desperate edge. “I’ve already swallowed my pride to ask for your help. Why are you still treating me like this?”

“Pride?” Linsey arched a brow, a mocking smirk tugging at her lips. “Since when did you have any left to begin with?”

Felix was rendered speechless, fury burning behind his eyes.

She didn’t waste another breath on him and tried to walk away. But before she could get far, his voice rang out behind her, laced with rage and desperation. “You’re forcing my hand, Linsey! Since you’re not going to help me out, don’t blame me for dragging you down with me!”

Before she could react, he pulled a dagger from his pocket and lunged at her. Linsey barely had time to process what was happening. She tried to dodge, but it was already too late.

Just as the cold gleam of the blade neared her, a powerful force shoved her aside.

She hit the floor hard, her breath knocked out of her.

Chaos erupted in the store.

“Help! Someone’s trying to kill her!”

“Call the police!”

Startled by the screams, Linsey snapped her head up—only to see Felix sprawled on the floor, unconscious.

Someone had intervened... someone had saved her. She searched frantically for her rescuer.

And then she saw him. A tall figure stood steady and unmoving—and Linsey froze, her eyes wide with disbelief. “Collin... You’re not... disabled?”

At the sound of her voice, Collin slowly turned around.

Chapter 1328:

The sight that met her eyes stole her breath away. A dagger was buried deep in his chest. Blood had already soaked through his shirt.

In the split second their eyes locked, his body swayed, and then he collapsed, crumpling to the floor like a puppet with its strings cut.

“Collin!” Linsey rushed to him, her hands trembling, tears spilling uncontrollably. “Don’t scare me like this... I’m not strong enough. I’m calling an ambulance—please hold on.”

She fumbled for her phone, her hands shaking as she dialed.

Once the call ended, she gently cradled him in her arms, tears streaming down her face. “Why did you do something so stupid?” she whispered brokenly. “Why would you risk your life for me?”

A weak smile tugged at Collin’s lips. He reached up, brushing away her tears. “Don’t cry. I’m not dead yet.”

His voice was faint but laced with teasing affection. “Now you finally see how much I care for you... and you still had the nerve to cheat on me?”

“I didn’t cheat on you!” she choked out, sobbing harder. “You got it all wrong. That call... it wasn’t what you thought. It was the bakery owner—I was organizing your birthday surprise. That’s why I kept my phone from you.” With trembling fingers, she showed him the chat logs. “See? It’s all about your cake. I went out early today to pick it up... and to buy your gift.”

Surprise flickered in Collin’s eyes. “You... remembered my birthday?”

“Of course I did.” Linsey wept. “So please, hold on. You haven’t even blown out your candles yet. You haven’t made your birthday wish. If you make it through this... I’ll do anything you want.”

That promise seemed to rekindle a flicker of life in him.

With great effort, he kept his eyes open. “Then promise... promise you won’t leave me. That we’ll stay together... happily... for the rest of our lives.”

“I promise!” Linsey cried, nodding frantically.

Collin’s lips curled into a faint grin. “Let’s have a child.”

Linsey’s tears fell even harder. “Okay. One. Two. However many you want— we’ll have a whole football team. Just stay with me.”

Moments later, the medics burst into the store, followed closely by the police.

Later, at the hospital...

After hours of tense, grueling surgery, Collin finally pulled through.

Linsey stayed by his side all night, refusing to leave for even a moment.

Around three in the morning, his eyes fluttered open.

“You’re awake!” Linsey leaned closer, her voice thick with emotion. “How do you feel? Are you in pain?”

Collin met her gaze, then reached out and gently clasped her hand. “I’m fine. Don’t worry.”

Linsey opened her mouth to say more, but he beat her to it. “You have to keep your promise.”

She blinked. “What promise?”

Chapter 1329:

His brow furrowed slightly. "You said we'd have children. You're not backing out, are you?"

Her cheeks flushed, warmth rising to her face. "No... I'm not. I remember."

"Good," he murmured with a satisfied grin. "At least two. No negotiating."

She lowered her gaze shyly and nodded. "Alright."

Four years later...

Two lively children giggled and rolled across the sofa, filling the house with their innocent laughter. Linsey watched them fondly, her eyes soft with tenderness and quiet joy.

"Mommy, look!" The little boy in blue overalls pointed to the golden sky outside. "The sunset is so pretty!"

Linsey turned and followed his gaze. The sky was painted in warm hues, glowing like a canvas. She smiled softly. "Yes. It really is beautiful."

Beside him, his sister in pink overalls blinked adorably. "Mommy, can we go outside and play?"

"Of course." Linsey called Roland to take them out to the garden.

As they dashed off, she remained by the floor-to-ceiling window, taking in the view.

Behind her, a familiar pair of arms encircled her waist. Collin's deep voice rumbled in her ear, smooth and warm. "What are you thinking about?"

A gentle smile touched her lips. "I was just thinking... It feels like we've already lived an entire lifetime together. And still, I want more. I never want to be without you."

Collin pressed a kiss to her temple. "I feel exactly the same."

Outside, the last light of day lingered on the children's laughter, the soft rustle of leaves, and the promise of all the quiet tomorrows yet to come.

"A grand wedding is upcoming! Collin Riley, heir to the prestigious Riley Group empire, will wed his beloved Linsey Brooks in what promises to be the event of the year. Early estimates place the wedding's total cost at well over 100 million..."

Within his opulent overseas mansion, Gorman remained hunched on the leather sofa beside the crackling fireplace, obsessively replaying the same video clip for what felt like the hundredth time.

Darkness had crept through the windows, shrouding the grand estate in melancholy stillness.

The butler approached with genuine concern etched on his face. "Mr. Green, the hour grows late. Perhaps you should retire for the evening?"

Gorman appeared deaf to the gentle suggestion, his haunted gaze never leaving the glowing tablet screen.

Witnessing this painful scene, the butler released a heavy, sorrowful sigh.

Ever since Linsey's marriage to Collin, Gorman had transformed into a shadow of his former self—withdrawn, brooding, refusing all invitations to venture outside while desperately consuming every scrap of news featuring Linsey. The butler's countless attempts at encouragement fell on deaf ears, leaving him with no option but to retreat respectfully.

As the broadcast concluded once more, Gorman immediately started it over.

Chapter 1330:

At precisely the thirty-second mark, his finger jabbed the pause button.

There on the frozen screen was Linsey, radiant beyond words in flowing white silk, her reflection caught smiling in an ornate mirror—pure perfection captured in a single frame.

His fingertip traced her image with heartbreaking tenderness while he whispered brokenly, pain and longing warring in his expression. “If only I could rewind everything and find you first, before Collin ever laid eyes on you... would we have written a different ending?”

Hours slipped away unnoticed until the tablet’s screen finally dimmed, its battery completely drained.

The room plunged into absolute blackness, wrapped in suffocating quiet.

Gorman simply collapsed sideways on the sofa, too emotionally spent to move. His eyes drifted shut as hot tears carved silent paths down his cheeks.

“Hey, are you okay? Wake up—” A woman’s voice drifted into Gorman’s consciousness, pulling him from the depths of sleep.

That voice was achingly soft and unmistakably familiar—the one he had yearned to hear above all others. Gorman’s eyelids fluttered open slowly.

When he glimpsed Linsey hovering above him, his breath hitched, and his eyes widened in complete shock.

“Thank goodness, you’re finally awake.” Linsey breathed out in visible relief, her face brightening with a tender smile. “I’ve been preparing some chicken soup for you. Just rest here while I fetch it.”

She stood gracefully and slipped from the room.

Gorman remained frozen on the bed, his mind reeling with confusion. Hadn't Linsey just married Collin? How could she possibly be here, caring for him?

His gaze swept frantically around the modest space.

Recognition struck him like lightning—this was Linsey's rented accommodation in that remote fishing village where she had nursed him back to health after his escape from deadly enemies.

What kind of impossible situation was this? Had he somehow been given a second chance at life? The mere possibility left Gorman utterly stunned. Soon enough, Linsey returned carrying a delicate ceramic bowl filled with aromatic chicken soup.

"The soup is ready." She settled beside him on the bed's edge, cradling the warm bowl carefully as her voice took on a soothing tone. "Drink it while it's still warm."

Gorman stared at her with such intensity that Linsey finally noticed his burning gaze, puzzlement flickering across her gentle features.

"Is something troubling you?" she asked softly.

Without warning, Gorman bolted upright and swept her into his desperate embrace.

Startled by his sudden movement, Linsey lost her grip on the bowl, which crashed to the floor in a symphony of breaking porcelain. She tumbled against his firm, cool chest.

Surprise flickered in Linsey's eyes as she stared at Gorman. "You..."