

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After

#Chapter 141 - Read Marrying A Secret Zillionaire

Happy Ever After Chapter 141

Chapter 141 I Could Lend

A Hand

Everyone had expected Coen to explode, to have Linsey escorted out without a second thought. But instead, he looked...

concerned.

The rumors about her had already swept through the office like wildfire-there was no way he hadn't heard them.

"I'm feeling much better now," she said, keeping her voice steady.

Coen gave a small nod. "Good. Then head back to your desk and get some rest." His tone was gentle, almost careful.

As soon as she settled into her chair, a few coworkers inched closer, their curiosity barely concealed. One of them finally

asked, "Linsey, why is Coen being so... nice to you? We thought="

The sentence trailed off, thick with unspoken questions. But Linsey knew what they meant. They weren't just asking about

Coen. They wanted to know why she still had a job.

Linsey met their prying eyes with a faint smile, effortlessly sidestepping the unspoken question. "I'm sure Coen has his

reasons."

When it became clear she wouldn't say more, their excitement withered into disappointment. They exchanged glances,

their lips twisting in frustration at the lost gossip.

A short distance away, Cynthia watched, her nails biting into her palm. Not only had Linsey emerged unscathed, but Coen

had openly shown her concern. The injustice of it burned in Cynthia's chest, slow and simmering.

Beside her, a colleague hesitated before leaning in. "Cynthia, do you have any idea why Coen is treating Linsey like that?"

Cynthia's jaw tightened. Her voice was sharp enough to cut. "Why?"

The colleague's eyes gleamed with intrigue as they leaned in, lowering their voice. "Word is, Coen had dinner with Anthea last night, and she personally insisted that Linsey stay. That was why he didn't push her out. Think about it-someone like Anthea? No way Coen would dare go against her."

Cynthia's breath hitched, disbelief flickering across her face.

Linsey, that lucky! Even now, Anthea was shielding her.

Cynthia inhaled sharply, her expression twisting with frustration.

Meanwhile, Linsey shook off the whispers and headed to the conference room, determined to buckle down and finish the final product with her team.

During her lunch break, Linsey found her thoughts drifting back to Anthea standing up for her.

She hadn't lied to Coen-since she took on Anthea's design project, every conversation between them had been strictly business.

Chapter 1411 Could Lend A Hand

Anthea was always poised, neither particularly warm nor distant.

Their relationship was purely professional, the kind shared between a designer and a client.

Had she really intervened just because she admired Linsey's work?

It wasn't out of the question...

Then, out of nowhere, a different name surfaced in her mind-Collin.

Could Collin have had a hand in this? He did mention that Anthea was an old friend of his mother's.

Linsey turned the thought over in her mind, but no matter how she looked at it, the pieces didn't quite fit.

In the end, she decided the only thing to do was thank Anthea directly. "Mrs. Blakely, I really appreciate you speaking up for me with Coen. Thank you for giving me the chance to stay."

Ten long minutes passed before Anthea replied. Her message was brief, her tone as composed as ever. "I simply didn't want to replace a designer at such a crucial point. Your work speaks for itself-otherwise, I wouldn't have bothered."

The words were almost identical to what Coen had told her.

Linsey responded with practiced politeness. "Of course, Mrs. Blakely. I'll make sure to give it my all."

For the rest of the day, she tuned out the nasty rumors circulating online and poured every ounce of her focus into her work.

By the next morning, the gown was finally complete.

Per the agreement, she needed to deliver it to Anthea in person.

"When you see Anthea later, be sure to pass along my regards," Coen said, watching intently as Linsey carefully packed the gown.

Linsey gave a quick nod. "Of course, Coen."

Just then, Cynthia approached with a pleasant smile. In front of Coen, she casually suggested, "Linsey, it might be a hassle going alone. How about I come with you? I could lend a hand."

Coen glanced at Cynthia and chimed in, "That's kind of you, Cynthia. Alright, you can join her."

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After

Chapter 142 Your Design Talent Is Truly Remarkable

"Thank you, Coen!" Cynthia chirped, her voice dripping with sugary sweetness.

Linsey's brow furrowed just a tad, a flicker of unease crossing her face. However, she bit back whatever comment she might have made.

Cynthia, as a member of the Keller family, held a certain sway. Coen, well aware of the Kellers' prominence and influence,

wouldn't dare risk causing her any public embarrassment.

The drive to Anthea's villa began. Linsey occupied the back seat, carefully cradling the box containing the precious dress.

Cynthia sat right next to her.

Linsey braced herself, fully expecting Cynthia to use the car ride as an opportunity for some more of her snide remarks and

petty jabs. To Linsey's surprise, however, the entire twenty-minute journey passed without a single word from Cynthia.

Cynthia's uncharacteristic silence puzzled Linsey.

Could it be possible? Had Cynthia actually turned over a new leaf? Was she genuinely refraining from her usual taunts for once?

What was she up to? What schemes were brewing beneath that quiet exterior?

Unbeknownst to Linsey, Cynthia had already formulated a plan. She was determined to make a grand entrance, a lasting impression on Anthea.

Cynthia exuded an air of unwavering confidence.

Cynthia had, in the past, bought into the rumors that Anthea was notoriously difficult to satisfy, a woman with impossibly high standards.

However, after witnessing Linsey's successful negotiation with Anthea, Cynthia realized that those rumors were nothing more than baseless gossip.

Cynthia now bitterly regretted missing out on what she perceived as a golden opportunity. She seethed with resentment that Linsey, someone she considered far less capable than herself, had managed to secure Anthea's order.

Once they got there, she would surely project an image of professionalism and competence, outshining Linsey.

At that time, Anthea would immediately recognize her as the more suitable business partner.

In due course, they reached the villa.

Linsey cautiously exited the car, carefully clutching the gown box. Her sprained ankle had significantly improved, but a lingering ache and stiffness persisted as she moved.

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Chapter 142 Your Design Talent Is Truly Remarkable

Just as she shut the car door, Cynthia hurried over, saying, "Linsey, your ankle is still bothering you, isn't it? Allow me to carry the gown for you."

Without pausing for a reply, Cynthia swiftly took the box from Linsey's grasp.

Linsey offered a neutral glance in response but remained silent.

Upon entering the villa, Anthea promptly emerged to welcome them.

She greeted Linsey with a warm smile, but a hint of surprise flickered across her face as her gaze fell upon Cynthia.

"And you are?" Anthea inquired, evidently not anticipating the presence of another guest.

Cynthia promptly offered a smile and introduced herself. "Hello, Mrs. Blakely! My name is Cynthia Keller. We've crossed paths briefly at a few social events- perhaps you recall my parents."

Both the Blakely and the Keller families were prominent figures within Grester's elite social circles, though the Blakely family undeniably held a more esteemed position.

Nevertheless, Cynthia remained confident that Anthea, belonging to a comparable social stratum, would afford her due respect.

However, Anthea merely offered a curt nod before turning back to Linsey. "Please, come in, both of you. I've arranged for some coffee to be prepared."

"Thank you, Mrs. Blakely," Linsey responded politely.

After they were seated, Linsey opened the dress box, unveiling the gown within.

The dress, meticulously tailored specifically for Anthea, showcased exquisite craftsmanship and intricate details that captivated her attention.

"Linsey, your design talent is truly remarkable. This dress is absolutely breathtaking. I adore it!" Anthea's eyes gleamed with genuine admiration, her praise heartfelt and sincere.

Linsey offered a polite smile in return. "Your insightful suggestions were truly inspiring, elevating the design far beyond my initial vision. During the production process, Coen graciously provided the assistance of some seasoned designers, which proved invaluable in bringing the final creation to life. I'm overjoyed that you're pleased with it."

Observing Anthea's evident satisfaction with Linsey's work, Cynthia was engulfed by a surge of irritation.

Clearing her throat, she interjected, "Mrs. Blakely, perhaps I could assist you in trying on the dress? After all, you can only truly appreciate its perfection once you see it on yourself."

Chapter 143 How Are Things Going At CR...

Anthea's frown deepened, her voice icy as she rebuked Cynthia. "This creation is Linsey's masterpiece. If I'm going to have

someone help me try it on, it better be her. Your involvement lacks the intimate knowledge of its nuances. Just think about the mess it would cause if handled the wrong way."

Her words sliced through the air, leaving Cynthia momentarily stunned, her expression crumpling into an uncomfortable

mix of surprise and embarrassment.

Yet, unwilling to stir further discord, Cynthia mustered a strained smile. "You're absolutely right, Mrs. Blakely."

Dismissing Cynthia with nothing more than a sharp turn of her head, Anthea beckoned Linsey. "Well, it's about time. Let's

proceed with the fitting."

"Of course," Linsey agreed, her tone respectful as she followed Anthea's lead upstairs.

Trailing behind, two maids handled the exquisite dress with utmost care, their steps measured and silent.

Cynthia was left in the echo of their departure, her cheeks burning with suppressed rage.

That fucking bitch Linsey! No doubt Linsey ran her mouth and trashed her to Anthea earlier!

That damn woman had no idea what was coming-she was going to wish Linsey never pulled this shit!

Meanwhile, upstairs, Linsey and Anthea entered a secluded room.

The maids, with reverent gestures, draped the dress on a stand and discreetly exited, ensuring that Linsey and Anthea had the room to themselves.

Anthea recalled Cynthia's antics with a mixture of amusement and disdain.

They were so blatantly obvious. Even after all these years, it baffled her that Cynthia still thought her motives were hidden.

Engaging with Cynthia, even briefly, was draining.

Anthea couldn't help but sympathize with Linsey, who had likely borne the brunt of Cynthia's scheming far more directly.

Her thoughts softened as she observed Linsey carefully adjusting her dress, her movements delicate and precise.

Anthea had been a lifelong friend of Collin's mother and had always held a maternal affection for Collin, almost considering him a son.

She had resigned herself to the idea of him remaining solitary for life, yet here he was, having found Linsey, a truly exceptional woman.

This revelation had stirred a protective instinct in Anthea.

Seeking to break the contemplative quiet, Anthea inquired in a warm, concerned tone, "How are things going at CR

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Chapter 143 How Are Things Going At CR Corporation

Corporation? Are you fitting in well with your coworkers?"

Linsey responded with a gentle smile that lit up her features, "Quite well, actually."

Anthea released a skeptical hum, her eyebrows arching in doubt. She said, her tone laced with suspicion, "I'm not entirely

convinced. Consider the woman who were with you today. Her actions were blatantly calculated-she's obviously trying to

charm her way into my good graces."

She then added, "I reviewed the list of designers Coen sent over for this project, and there's no mention of a Cynthia.

What's her role here then? Watch yourself. Don't you fear that one day I might prefer collaborating with her over you?"

Linsey straightened her posture, her expression serene and self-assured as she responded, "Mrs. Blakely, I have full

confidence in my skills and your discernment. I'm sure you'll make the wisest choice."

A chuckle escaped Anthea, amused by Linsey's poised reply. She playfully prodded, "Oh, so if I end up not choosing you, are

you suggesting I have poor judgment?"

Linsey's lips curved into a sly smile as she swiftly clarified. "Not at all, Mrs. Blakely. You've misunderstood; I only mean to

express my trust in your decision-making."

Anthea was reassured by Linsey's astute rebuttal, her initial doubts about Cynthia beginning to wane. Observing Linsey's composure and cleverness, she felt increasingly confident that Cynthia was unlikely to pose any real threat.

If anything, it was Cynthia who needed to be wary and quit messing with Linsey before things got worse.

"Alright, let's try on the dress. I've been eagerly anticipating this all day," Anthea declared, her voice bubbling with

enthusiasm.

Before long, Linsey was assisting Anthea into the stunning gown.

Standing before the mirror, Anthea twirled gracefully, a radiant smile illuminating her face as she admired her reflection, utterly delighted with her look.

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Chapter 144 I Trust My

Instincts

Anthea's fingers brushed lightly over the gown's hem, her face radiating joy. "It's been ages since I felt this happy," she said.

"I knew I'd chosen the right designer."

Seeing Anthea's delight, Linsey felt her own happiness swell. "Mrs. Blakely, please don't hesitate to reach out if you need anything at all in the future," she offered.

Anthea nodded. "I'm attending a banquet overseas the day after tomorrow, so I'll need to leave in the afternoon to prepare,"

she explained.

She glanced at Linsey. "I'll express my gratitude properly when I return. But for now, I need to pack, so I won't detain you

any longer."

"Of course," Linsey replied. After a brief pause, she added sincerely, "Mrs. Blakely, thank you for choosing me. Without your support, I'm not sure I would still be at CR Corporation."

Anthea chuckled, taking Linsey's hand in hers. With a hint of pride, she said, "Well, I do have a knack for spotting talent. I knew you were exceptional the moment I chose you."

Then, with a knowing look, she added, "Your husband clearly has excellent taste as well. Anyone who doubts you is simply

blind, so don't let their opinions bother you."

Linsey was both touched and surprised by Anthea's words of support.

She realized Anthea must have seen the rumors circulating online.

Linsey hadn't expected Anthea to trust her so readily. Others would likely have questioned her character based on the

rumors.

"even after seeing those rumors, you still believe in me?" Linsey asked, her voice thick with emotion.

Anthea snorted softly and patted Linsey's shoulder. "I trust my instincts," she said. "You're not that kind of person."

Linsey's eyes welled up, and she whispered, "Thank you, Mrs. Blakely."

After bidding Anthea farewell, Linsey headed downstairs, ready to leave.

"Let's go," Linsey said to Cynthia.

Cynthia's eyes widened in disbelief and frustration. She remained seated, refusing to move.

"We've only just arrived, and we haven't even finished our coffee. It's rude to leave so soon!" Cynthia protested.

Linsey glanced at Cynthia calmly and said indifferently, "Then stay and finish your coffee. I'm going back to the office."

Cynthia bit her lip and grabbed Linsey's wrist. Leaning closer, she whispered, "Did you say something bad about me to Mrs. Blakely? Why else would she be so cold to me?"

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Chapter 1441 Trust My Instincts

Linsey found the accusation laughable.

She looked at Cynthia with a detached expression and said, "Cynthia, let's be absolutely clear. I am the lead designer for Mrs. Blakely's gown, working alongside the other designers in our office. You have no part in this project. You insisted on accompanying me today; I certainly didn't invite you."

She then added, "And frankly, Mrs. Blakely's treatment of you is of no interest to me. So, please, stop projecting your own negative thoughts onto me."

With that, Linsey dismissed Cynthia and walked away without a backward glance.

?

Cynthia remained rooted to the spot, seething with anger and humiliation, her eyes fixed on Linsey's departing back.

Anthea's butler politely addressed Cynthia, "Mrs. Blakely is currently occupied with other matters and is unable to entertain

guests at this time."

Cynthia was escorted off the premises.

Damn her! That Linsey!

Her face contorted with rage, her eyes burning with jealousy and resentment.

She had gone to great lengths to accompany Linsey, only to be treated like a mere lackey.

"Linsey, you shameless hussy!" Cynthia hissed under her breath, her voice dripping with venom.

The online rumors about Linsey were spreading rapidly. How could she still act so high and mighty?

Did Linsey actually believe that simply because she hadn't been dismissed, she was beyond reproach?

Cynthia's fists clenched so tightly that her nails dug into her palms. She was determined not to let Linsey get away with

this.

She would show Linsey just how ruthless she was capable of being.

Her mind made up, Cynthia pulled out her phone and placed a call.

Perfect. She would escalate the situation even further.

She was determined to see how Linsey would handle the fallout!

Chapter 145 Get Me Some

Water!

After finishing her workday, Linsey went back to Vista Villa.

Elated after successfully finishing Anthea's design project, Linsey decided to celebrate by cooking dinner herself.

She politely declined the servants' offers of assistance, rolled up her sleeves, and started cooking.

When Collin arrived home, he immediately saw Linsey in the kitchen, busily preparing dinner.

The kitchen lights bathed her in a warm glow as she worked.

Collin stood silently, watching Linsey as she moved around the kitchen. A rare feeling of tranquility washed over him.

He had resigned himself to a solitary life for years.

But now, he was married to Linsey, and for the first time, her presence made the house feel like a home.

A small smile touched Collin's lips as he wheeled himself toward the kitchen.

"Need a hand?" he asked.

Hearing him, Linsey turned around, her face a picture of surprise and happiness. "You're home early!" she exclaimed.

Collin chuckled. "I had a feeling a delicious meal was waiting for me."

Linsey's cheeks flushed slightly. "It's just a simple meal. I hope you like it."

"I'm sure I will," Collin replied, his gaze falling on the pile of unchopped vegetables. "Let me help with those."

Linsey paused for a moment before nodding. "Okay, you can chop the vegetables. Just try to make them roughly the same

size."

"Got it," he replied.

They settled into a comfortable silence as they worked.

Oddly, Linsey felt no awkwardness at all. Instead, she felt a deep sense of peace.

Perhaps, without even knowing it, she had already become accustomed to Collin's presence.

In a short time, Linsey had prepared four dishes.

It wasn't an elaborate meal, but it was a perfect amount for the two of them.

Sitting opposite Collin, Linsey felt proud of the meal she had prepared. She served Collin a bowl of soup. "I tasted it earlier, and it's perfect. Try it."

Collin took a sip, nodded, and remarked, "It's delicious."

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Chapter 145 Get Me Some Water!

His compliment made Linsey beam. She quickly picked up a piece of steak and put it on his plate.

"Try this," she said. "I followed the recipe exactly, so it shouldn't be greasy."

Collin took a bite of the steak and praised it enthusiastically. "That was really good."

Linsey's smile widened as she added some omelet to his plate.

"This is the first time I've made this," she said. "I didn't use a recipe, but it looks good. Try it; it should be fine."

Collin tasted the omelet and, as she expected, said, "Of course. It's very tasty."

With each compliment, Linsey's confidence grew. "Really?" she said. "Looks like I'm a natural! Dolores always said I wasn't

cut out for cooking..."

As she spoke, Linsey took a bite of the omelet to see if it was as good as Collin said.

But the moment the food touched her tongue, her expression changed drastically. She struggled for a moment before

swallowing it.

"Water! Get me some water!" Linsey called urgently, waving to a servant.

The servant quickly brought her a glass of water from the kitchen. "Here you go, Mrs. Riley."

Linsey grabbed the glass and drank it quickly.

Everyone nearby was surprised. What had just happened?

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Chapter 146 She's Driving Me Crazy!

Linsey drained her glass of water and gave Collin a puzzled look. "How can you eat that? It's incredibly salty! You need to

stop."

She glared at the omelet, a frown creasing her brow. "I must have grabbed the wrong container... How strange. Everything

else I made was fine."

Collin, however, remained unfazed. He calmly took another bite of the omelet, his expression serious. "It's actually quite good," he said sincerely.

Linsey's eyes grew wide as she watched him devour the salty omelet. She started to wonder if his taste buds were on strike.

"Are you serious?" Linsey asked, incredulous. "It's so salty, you can barely taste anything else!"

Collin nodded, his gaze so earnest that she couldn't doubt his sincerity.

The staff exchanged bewildered glances, their faces mirroring their disbelief.

Collin was known for his picky eating habits. If the kitchen made even a tiny slip- up, he wouldn't go near the food.

And yet, here he was, happily munching away on Linsey's salty creation without a single complaint.

"You really should eat something else," she said, reaching for the plate of omelet.

With a perfectly straight face, Collin stopped her hand. "Hey, what are you doing? Trying to steal my food?"

Linsey chuckled. "Okay, okay, I get it. You're trying to be nice. But seriously, you have to stop. It's way too salty, and that can't be good for you. Try some of these salad instead. It's not gourmet, but at least it's not going to give you a heart attack."

Worried about Collin's well-being, Linsey told the staff to whisk the offending omelet away.

Collin sampled the salad and nodded approvingly. "Hmm, anything you make is delicious."

Linsey's smile remained. She had never realized Collin had such a playful side. Noticing the easygoing atmosphere between Linsey and Collin, one of Collin's subordinates hesitated, as if wanting to say something but thinking better of it. Linsey saw his hesitation and figured he might be hungry. "Would you like to join us?" she asked. "There's plenty left."

The subordinate waved his hands frantically. "Oh no, no, I'm fine, thank you."

He scratched his head, a picture of awkwardness. "Uh, Mrs. Riley, I was just wondering... you don't seem worried at all."

Linsey stopped, a puzzled look creasing her brow. "Worried about what?" she asked, genuinely confused.

Seeing her genuinely puzzled expression, the subordinate figured she must have been swamped with work and completely

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Chapter 146 She's Driving Me Crazy!

missed the latest online gossip.

He quickly filled her in. "Mrs. Riley, those rumors about you online? They're exploding. If we don't do something fast, it's

gonna get way out of hand."

Linsey remained calm, her expression unchanged. "I know about them. But now's not the time to react. Worrying won't do any good, so I'd rather focus on enjoying myself for a bit."

She paused, a faint, almost mischievous smile playing on her lips. "Besides, Marisol and Joanna are the ones who should be freaking out right now," she added.

The subordinate nodded in confusion, but his respect for her cool headedness grew.

Since she seemed so unconcerned, he decided it was best not to pry.

Just as Linsey had suspected, Marisol and Joanna were in full-blown panic mode.

"What the hell is going on with Linsey?" Marisol fumed. "I've paid a fortune to those paparazzi to dig up dirt on her, and she's acting like nothing's happening!"

Marisol's face was a mask of anger. "It's been two days, and she still hasn't come crawling back to us. She's driving me crazy!"

Chapter 147 Marisol

Certainly Has A Knack F...

"It is strange, isn't it?" Joanna remarked, a puzzled tone in her voice. "Logically, Linsey should have been groveling at our feet by now. But it's been days, and she hasn't even attempted to contact us."

She paused briefly, her voice taking on an edge of irritation. "Is it possible that Linsey simply doesn't care? With countless people online parroting the tabloids, openly attacking and insulting her, how can she remain unaffected? Does she live under a rock? Is there anyone who wouldn't be terrified by such a torrent of online vitriol?"

Marisol's eyes narrowed, and she let out a scornful snort. "That woman is clearly just bluffing. If we increase the pressure, she'll break. I simply don't believe she can hold out much longer."

Later that evening, after Linsey had finished her evening routine, she received a call from Dolores.

"Linsey, you won't believe this! Marisol is at it again. You were absolutely right!" Dolores's voice bubbled with excitement. "Get on social media right now. The timing couldn't be better. Marisol is truly going all out to attack you."

Linsey chuckled softly as she strolled over to her desk and turned on her computer. "Well, Felix is her only child. It's no surprise she's willing to do whatever it takes to get him out of this mess."

As the local trending page loaded, Linsey couldn't help but let out another

chuckle, this time laced with sarcasm. "Marisol certainly has a knack for theatrics."

A live stream link was prominently displayed on the page. It was a live stream event orchestrated by Marisol, featuring those notorious gossip reporters.

The title even featured Linsey's name in bold letters. It was ostensibly intended to address the rumors about Linsey that

had been circulating online.

The live stream was a spectacle, drawing in a multitude of gossip reporters and curious spectators eager to witness the

drama.

Marisol occupied the center stage in the camera's frame, with Joanna beside her, tears streaming down her face.

Linsey clicked on the link with an air of composure, then leaned back in her chair, arms crossed.

She was curious to see what kind of charade the two women had concocted this time.

The live stream commenced without delay, and a reporter immediately launched into the questioning. "Mrs. Wells, are the recent online rumors surrounding your son and Linsey accurate?"

Immediately, a chorus of reporters joined in, aggressively demanding answers. "Did she really abandon your son at the altar to marry another man?" one shouted.

"Mrs. Wells, is your son Felix truly innocent?" another pressed. "Was it Linsey who, out of spite, had him imprisoned?"

"Mrs. Wells, can you please address these rumors directly?" a third reporter insisted.

Chapter 147 Marisol Certainly Has A Knack For Theatrics

Hearing these carefully orchestrated questions, Marisol felt a wave of smug satisfaction wash over her.

Everything was falling into place perfectly.

Feigning exhaustion, she let out a long, drawn-out sigh.

Before the live stream, she and Joanna had meticulously applied makeup to make themselves appear pale and haggard.

Now, under the harsh glare of the camera lights, their faces looked even more gaunt and weary.

Marisol squeezed out a few well-placed tears, her voice weak and trembling as she began her carefully crafted narrative. "Felix is our only son, the sole heir to the Wells fortune," she began. "I never dreamed things would come to this. I don't blame Linsey, though. I'm sure she had her reasons for leaving Felix. Even so, I know my son. He would never do anything wrong."

She took a deep breath, pausing for dramatic effect, and then deliberately continued, "While it's true Linsey married another man, I've known her for years. She's always been perfectly polite and well-mannered in my presence. There must be some kind of misunderstanding. I implore everyone not to rush to judgment and to stop spreading these hurtful, unfounded rumors." *Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After*

Chapter 148 Linsey Is Utterly Despicable

The instant Marisol's carefully constructed words escaped her lips, the entire room exploded into a cacophony of excited

chatter.

On the surface, Marisol appeared to be clarifying the misunderstandings surrounding Linsey, but in reality, she directly confirmed the swirling rumors: Linsey had indeed dumped the man she had dated for five years and married another man.

This revelation solidified the gossip about Linsey's alleged infidelity, transforming it into accepted truth.

"Did you hear what Mrs. Wells said? Apparently, Linsey used to put on this sweet, innocent act when she was around her.

Turns out it was all a big sham."

"Linsey is such a two-faced phony. She's absolutely disgusting! It's unbelievable that Mrs. Wells even went live to defend

her."

"Poor Mrs. Wells. She looked absolutely drained. Her son is still locked up, so she must be worried sick to death. And yet,

she still went out of her way to speak up for Linsey. She's such a genuinely kind woman."

"Exactly! And where's Linsey in all of this? She's still hiding, and hasn't said a peep. She's probably too chicken to face the

music. They were together for five whole years, and then she had the nerve to send him to prison like that? How utterly

heartless."

Sensing that the moment was ripe, Joanna, affecting an air of delicate innocence, chimed in at just the right time. "Marisol

is my godmother. And Felix and I go way back. I know the kind of person he is. Besides, Marisol has dedicated her life to

charity work, helping countless people through their darkest times over the years. Someone as genuinely kind as her

couldn't possibly raise a bad kid. I refuse to believe Felix would do anything illegal. He must be the victim of some terrible

injustice."

Joanna's voice trembled with manufactured concern as she added, "But Linsey has stubbornly refused to come forward and

address any of this. Marisol and I are both beside ourselves with worry."

Joanna's carefully chosen words amplified the growing wave of sympathy for Marisol and Felix.

"It's absolutely heartbreaking. Mrs. Wells has done so much good in the world, and now her son is being dragged through

the mud like this."

"Linsey is utterly despicable. Why hasn't she come out and offered some kind of explanation yet?"

"Mrs. Wells is still trying to give Linsey the benefit of the doubt, even after all this. The difference in character between the

two women is glaringly obvious-it's crystal clear that Linsey is the one to blame here."

"This is beyond infuriating! Is there anyone out there who can dig up some dirt on Linsey? We owe it to Mrs. Wells to teach that girl a lesson she won't soon forget."

"Yeah, let's find Linsey's social media accounts and give her a taste of her own medicine. Let's show her what happens

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Chapter 148 Linsey Is Utterly Despicable

when you mess with decent, upstanding people."

After Marisol and Joanna's carefully orchestrated performance in the live stream, a tidal wave of netizens expressed their sympathy for the pair.

Initially, everyone was just passively following the gossip, as it didn't directly involve them.

But now, witnessing Marisol and Joanna's distressed state, everyone became righteously indignant and began to harshly

criticize Linsey's behavior.

Some even joined the online mob in doxxing Linsey, revealing her personal information without her consent.

"Linsey! Stop hiding and face the music! Admit what you did!"

"Someone dug up a photo of Linsey. Honestly, she's not even that attractive. I can't believe any sane man would marry her."

"That's rich! I bet Linsey's current husband is kicking himself for marrying such a venomous woman."

"She looks so sweet and innocent in her pictures, but wow, what a two-faced bitch."

"Am I the only one who thinks Linsey's face is fake? I bet she's had a ton of work done."

Overnight, a cacophony of voices online were hurling insults at Linsey.

As the online mob continued its barrage of insults and accusations, a comment suddenly appeared out of the blue, grabbing

the attention of many netizens...

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