

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After

#Chapter 151 - Read Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After Chapter 151

Chapter 151 You Deserve

To Rot In

In Prison!

"Joanna claims to be Marisol's goddaughter, but the truth? She was tangled up with Felix long ago. How revolting."

"Everyone, listen to that phone recording! Joanna's downright vicious, yet on livestream, she plays the innocent act. What a fraud."

"If you ask me, the real villain here is Felix. That lowlife two-timed Linsey. Even after she dumped him, he wouldn't leave her alone... and then he kidnapped her? No wonder he got locked up."

"Linsey's been quiet these past few days-but she was gathering evidence. After all the lies thrown at her, she's finally set the record straight."

"Marisol and Joanna are complete fools. Someone find their addresses-I've had enough. I have to do something."

For a moment, the Internet buzzed with the energy of a mob catching a thief red-handed-everyone wanted to see them

pay.

Meanwhile, Marisol and Joanna remained blissfully unaware, still reveling in their so-called victory.

"Look at this!" Joanna smirked, waving her phone. "It's only been a few hours, and I've already gotten a flood of calls from

unknown numbers. Linsey must be losing it."

Marisol smirked, eyes flicking over her phone screen. "It's too late for apologies now. This time, I want her on her knees,

begging for my forgiveness."

Joanna's lips curled into a knowing smile. "Linsey won't last much longer. We just have to wait-sooner or later, she'll

break and beg the police to release Felix."

Marisol's mood lifted at the thought. "Let's make her squirm a little longer. Joanna, come on-I'm taking you shopping.

You'll need something elegant. Felix will be out soon, and you should look absolutely breathtaking when he sees you."

Joanna's cheeks flushed as she beamed. "Thank you, Marisol. That's so nice of you."

As Marisol and Joanna stepped outside, a restless crowd loomed before them, hushed voices brimming with anticipation.

The moment eyes landed on them, tension thickened, murmurs rippling through the crowd like wildfire.

"That's them, isn't it? Marisol and Joanna?"

"I caught the livestream... no doubt about it."

Marisol and Joanna exchanged a brief, puzzled glance. Probably nosy reporters sniffing around for another headline about

Linsey.

Masking her curiosity with a practiced smile, Marisol stepped forward. "May I ask what brings you all here?"

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Chapter 151 You Deserve To Rot In Prison!

A voice rose from the crowd. "Are you Marisol and Joanna?"

Marisol and Joanna exchanged quick glances before nodding, flashing polite smiles.

Before they could utter another word, something came hurtling through the air. The impact was instant.

A rotten egg exploded against them, its putrid stench filling the air as sticky, yellow sludge dripped down their hair and

clothes. Their screams cut through the chaos.

The slimy texture clung to their skin, the rancid odor churning their stomachs. Joanna clutched her dress in horror while

Marisol staggered back, her expression twisted with fury.

"Are you all insane?!" she shrieked, voice raw with rage. "We're calling the police!"

Joanna was just as shaken. She had taken her time getting ready, carefully choosing her outfit before stepping out.

Now, she was a disaster-clothes stained, hair matted with filth, looking no better than a street beggar.

Her chest heaved with fury as she scanned the crowd, eyes burning with resentment.

But instead of backing down, the onlookers only grew bolder. "You have the audacity to call the police on us?" someone shouted. "If anyone belongs behind bars, it's you two!"

The crowd roared in agreement. "That's right! You framed Linsey and played us for fools. You deserve to rot in prison!"

"Go on, call the cops! We'd love to see them drag you away!"

Panic shot through Marisol and Joanna like ice water. How did they know? How had the truth about Linsey gotten out?

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Chapter 152 Did Linsey Put You Up To This

A flicker of unease danced in Marisol's eyes, quickly masked by a haughty sneer. "You rude, unreasonable nobodies!" she

snapped. "I haven't the slightest idea what drivel you're spouting!"

Joanna jumped in, her voice shrill. "Did Linsey put you up to this?" she yelled. "Let me warn you, what you're doing could

get you in serious trouble! We're the real victims here, got it?"

The crowd, however, wasn't fooled for a second. They erupted in a chorus of jeers and mocking laughter.

"Are you two living on another planet?" someone shouted. "Linsey exposed your dirty tricks ages ago! And you're still

playing innocent? Unbelievable! Shameless!"

Just then, Marisol's phone buzzed to life.

This time, she snatched it up without hesitation, a look of bewildered hope on her face.

Deep down, a tiny, desperate part of her hoped it was Linsey, finally groveling for forgiveness.

"Mrs. Wells!" her assistant shrieked through the phone. "Why didn't you answer sooner? Something huge has happened!

You have to check the Internet right now!"

The sheer panic in her assistant's voice sent a chill down Marisol's spine. Something was seriously wrong.

She abruptly ended the call and fumbled for her phone. The moment the screen illuminated, her world went black. She

staggered backward, nearly falling.

"No... this can't be real," Marisol whispered, her voice laced with disbelief.

She had assumed Linsey had orchestrated the crowd outside, but now she knew they were telling the truth. The evidence

was undeniable.

Linsey had been playing her cards close to her chest, secretly gathering an arsenal of damning evidence.

She had bided her time, waiting for the perfect moment to strike the final, crushing blow.

Joanna stood beside her, equally stunned. Her hands trembled uncontrollably as she stared at the phone screen, the shock

making her feel lightheaded.

"How... how is this possible?" Joanna stammered, her voice trembling. "When did Linsey get all this? I called her... she even

secretly recorded our conversation!"

Before Marisol and Joanna could even begin to process the devastating blow, the crowd outside the villa grew even more enraged.

"So, the truth finally hits home, huh? You thought you could play us all for fools? Pathetic!"

"You're nothing but cold-blooded vipers!" another voice chimed in.

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Chapter 152 Did Linsey Put You Up To This

A barrage of rotten eggs pelted Marisol and Joanna, splattering across their clothes and faces before they could even react.

"Stop it! Please, just stop!" Marisol shrieked, her voice raw with desperation.

Panicked, the two women scrambled back into the villa, slamming the door shut to escape the wrath of the enraged crowd.

With the door securely closed, Marisol and Joanna finally exhaled in relief.

Without exchanging a word, they rushed to the bathroom, eager to cleanse themselves of the disgusting mess.

Despite their frantic scrubbing, the repulsive odor stubbornly persisted.

Having cleaned up as best they could, the two women collapsed onto the living room sofa, feeling utterly defeated.

The angry shouts of the crowd outside still reached them, echoing through the villa.

A brief silence fell, but then, a wave of fear washed over Joanna, hitting her with the force of a delayed reaction.

Unable to contain her emotions any longer, she began to weep softly.

"What are we going to do, Marisol? Linsey has released all the evidence. How can we possibly recover from this?"

Marisol's face hardened as she snatched her phone and dialed a paparazzo she had hired. Her voice was sharp, laced with fury.

"I paid you a fortune! How could you allow Linsey to release all that damaging information? Fix this immediately! Remove everything Linsey posted!"

Chapter 153 Just Tell Me

What You Want

A tense silence filled the line before the paparazzo finally spoke, his tone cautious. "Mrs. Wells, we're just gossip reporters -we don't have the power to erase posts. The most we can do is sway public opinion. But right now, the evidence in Linsey's favor is rock solid. Even if we flood the Internet with hit pieces, no one's going to buy it."

Marisol's jaw tightened. "You incompetent fools! I don't care how you do it-just make this problem disappear!" Her voice was sharp, laced with fury, daring him to argue.

But the paparazzo had lost all patience. His tone turned icy. "Mrs. Wells, this mess is yours to clean up. We're done here."

Without hesitation, he hung up.

"Greedy, spineless scum!" Marisol spat, fury boiling over.

She redialed immediately, but the call went straight to voicemail. Realization sank in-her number had been blocked.

Forcing herself to stay composed, she took a deep breath and opened her social media app.

The moment the page refreshed, a tidal wave of hate crashed over her. Her inbox overflowed with venomous messages. Notifications piled up-tag after tag, each post dragging her name through the mud.

Her chest tightened, breath hitching as she scrolled through the endless barrage of insults. The sheer volume of outrage made her pulse hammer against her ribs. The walls felt like they were closing in.

Not long ago, Marisol had savored every cruel comment hurled at Linsey, relishing the spectacle like a queen watching a public execution. In her mind, Linsey had deserved every bit of it.

But now, with the Internet sinking its claws into her, the weight of their hatred pressed down like a boulder on her chest.

So this was what it felt like...

Her pulse pounded as she scrolled through the flood of insults. Each word slashed at her pride, fueling the fire of her rage. She couldn't take it anymore. Jaw clenched, she snatched up her phone and stabbed at Linsey's number.

The call barely rang before Linsey answered, her voice infuriatingly steady. "Marisol, what can I do for you?"

Linsey's steady tone only stoked Marisol's fury. Her grip on the phone tightened, knuckles white with frustration. "Linsey, if you know what's good for you, you'll take down those posts immediately," she hissed. "Otherwise, I swear-you'll regret

this."

Instead of backing down, Linsey let out a soft, almost amused chuckle. "Oh? And how exactly do you plan to make me pay,

Marisol?" Her voice was smooth, unbothered-like she was humoring a tantrum-throwing child.

That smug indifference shattered the last of Marisol's restraint. She shot to her feet, chair screeching against the floor. "I'll call the police! I'll hire the best lawyers and sue you into the ground! You think you're untouchable? Think again! One way or another, you will pay for this!"

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Chapter 153 Just Tell Me What You Want

Linsey let out a quiet chuckle, her tone light but laced with steel. "By all means, call the police. I'd actually love to see who they come for first-you and Joanna, or me, the actual victim in all this."

She let the words settle before adding with a sigh, "The evidence I've posted is crystal clear. Are you struggling with basic comprehension, or are you really so desperate that you're still trying to twist the truth?"

For the first time, doubt flickered across Marisol's face. Her grip on the phone tightened as her bravado wavered.

Her voice dropped, forced into a hushed urgency. "Linsey, let's cut the nonsense. Just tell me what you want. Name your price, and we'll make a deal. But you will have to get Felix out first."

Linsey let out a soft scoff, her voice dripping with mockery. "Are you still clinging to your delusions? You and Joanna might have limited yourselves to spreading lies, but Felix? He crossed the line into real crimes-physical harm, kidnapping. Do you think I'd just let that slide? Even if I wanted to show mercy, the police wouldn't. Face it-it's over. Stop wasting

your breath."

Marisol's hands clenched into fists, her whole body trembling with rage. Her mind buzzed with frustration.

She inhaled sharply, forcing herself to stay composed. "Fine. Forget Felix for now. Just tell me what will it take for you to take those posts down? If this drags on any longer, our family's reputation will be in ruins."

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Chapter 154 Why Should I Apologize

Linsey didn't miss a beat. "It's straightforward, really. You and Joanna need to hold another livestream, or maybe even a full-blown press conference-whatever it takes. The point is, I expect a public apology from both of you. And of course, there's the matter of that compensation you mentioned earlier. I'll be requiring that as well. Let's call it emotional distress

compensation."

Marisol's carefully constructed facade almost crumbled. Her lips tightened into a thin line. "Compensation? I thought you

weren't interested in money?"

Linsey let out a soft laugh. "Did I say that? You're swimming in money, aren't you? I'm confident you can come up with a

suitably generous offer."

Marisol closed her eyes briefly, her voice raspy with suppressed fury. "The money, fine. But a public apology? Absolutely

not."

A public apology would be tantamount to admitting that Linsey's accusations were true.

The situation was already a dumpster fire, but Marisol clung desperately to the last shred of her dignity.

"Oh," Linsey replied flatly. "Well then, I suppose we're done here."

Linsey hung up the phone so abruptly that Marisol was left speechless.

"Hello? Linsey? Linsey!" Marisol sputtered into the dead phone.

Marisol was utterly blindsided. She hadn't expected Linsey to simply hang up on her like that. Fury surged through her.

She had meticulously planned every step, yet somehow, Linsey had managed to outmaneuver her.

Not only had she failed to get Felix out, but her own carefully crafted image was now hanging by a thread!

Frustration gnawed at her as Marisol paced restlessly.

As if things weren't bad enough, Joanna waltzed in, completely oblivious to the thick tension in the air. "Well? Did it work?"

Did Linsey agree to delete the evidence?"

Marisol whirled around to confront Joanna.

The hopeful expression plastered across Joanna's face ignited Marisol's fury.

It was all Joanna's fault! If it weren't for her meddling, this whole situation wouldn't have spiraled so spectacularly out of

control!

Without a second thought, Marisol delivered a sharp slap across Joanna's face.

She lashed out angrily, "Joanna, how dare you even show your face here? If it weren't for your shameless attempts to seduce my son, none of this would have happened!"

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Chapter 154 Why Should I Apologize

Joanna gasped, her hand flying to her stinging cheek, a look of disbelief etched on her face.

"How can you say that? You're the one who told me you hated Linsey and promised I'd be the one to marry Felix. That's

why I stuck by him! How can you pin all the blame on me now?" Joanna retorted.

Marisol, shaking with rage, pointed a finger at Joanna and snapped, "Enough! No more excuses. I demand that you publicly apologize to Linsey and admit you're the one at fault! Or you'll be sorry!"

"Why should I apologize?" Joanna retorted defiantly. "You meddling old hag! If you hadn't gone after Linsey, she wouldn't have spilled the beans. This is all your doing!"

Joanna had put up with so much over the years, all to gain Marisol's approval.

Joanna believed that by helping save Felix, she could become the Wells family's savior and finally secure her place within

the family. But she never imagined she would be treated like this!

Enraged, Joanna lunged at Marisol, her eyes burning with malice. Without a moment's hesitation, she slapped Marisol

across the face.

Marisol gasped in shock, completely stunned that Joanna had dared to strike her.

In an instant, the two women were locked in a fierce physical altercation...

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Chapter 155 Why Wait To

Retaliate

Meanwhile, over at Vista Villa...

"You're saying that Marisol and Joanna had a falling out, and Marisol actually kicked Joanna out?"

Linsey's surprise was evident as she listened to Collin's subordinate's report.

While she had anticipated a clash between the two women due to their conflicting interests, she hadn't expected it to

occur so swiftly.

The subordinate nodded in confirmation.

"Yeah, who could have predicted they'd implode so quickly? And this time, it's a complete meltdown! There was a massive

crowd outside the Wells family's house when Joanna got the boot. Tons of people recorded it, and now the videos are

plastered all over the Internet. It's the talk of the town. Want to take a look?"

A hint of schadenfreude laced his voice. Just days ago, these women had been overflowing with arrogance.

Now that their schemes had backfired, it seemed they were reaping what they had sown.

Linsey, however, remained uninterested in the spectacle. She simply replied, "I see."

Her composure surprised the subordinate, who noted the lack of any vindictive satisfaction on her face.

After a brief hesitation, he said, "Mrs. Riley, you've had this evidence for some time. Why did you initially tolerate their

slander and humiliation? Why wait to retaliate?"

Linsey fixed him with a serious gaze. "I preferred not to escalate the situation unnecessarily. However, since they were

determined to target me, I wasn't going to let them walk all over me. Had I revealed the evidence immediately, it would

have likely been suppressed. But by allowing the situation to escalate, I could strike decisively and ensure there were lasting consequences for their actions."

The message had sunk in; the subordinate finally grasped the unspoken implications.

Though her demeanor was often gentle and kind, Linsey possessed an inner strength, a core of unshakeable principles

upon which she firmly stood.

Marisol and Joanna had learned a valuable lesson, paying the price for their transgression.

With the subordinate dismissed, Linsey's focus returned to the massage book resting in her hands.

The situation with Marisol resolved, Linsey chose not to dwell on it further. It was a closed chapter.

Her mind was occupied with more significant matters than lingering on such trivial disputes.

Time slipped by, and soon Collin entered the room, his wheelchair gliding smoothly across the floor. He found Linsey deeply engrossed in her reading

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Chapter 156 This Is Where You Grew Up

"Are you asking me out?" Collin's eyes lit up, a smile playing at the corner of his lips. "I'd say it's about time we went on a

real date."

He turned to the butler, his expression turning serious. "Josh, book the best restaurant in town. Make it private if you can.

And while you're at it-"

Linsey's eyes widened. "Wait, no! That's way too much!"

Collin and Josh both turned to her, equally confused.

She sighed, shaking her head with a small smile. "I just meant something simple. Laid-back. We don't have to go all out."

Clearing out a fancy restaurant? That felt like overkill.

Collin hesitated before asking, "Alright, then. Where do you want to go?" His voice was calm, but there was a flicker of

uncertainty in his eyes.

Dating was uncharted territory for him-he had never been in a relationship, let alone planned a date.

Even the idea of going to a restaurant was something he had learned from Dustin. Did Linsey hate that kind of setup?

She hadn't expected him to put so much thought into this. As she mulled it over, an idea lit up in her mind.

"Actually, I just thought of the perfect place. Since we're married now, it's about time you met my family," she said, a

bright smile forming.

Collin stiffened, momentarily caught off guard.

Hadn't Linsey been raised in an orphanage? Did she have any family?

Despite the questions swirling in his mind, he offered a warm smile. "Alright," he said simply.

The destination didn't matter. As long as Linsey was with him, that was enough.

It wasn't until the car pulled up that he realized where she had taken him-the orphanage she once called home.

As soon as they stopped, Linsey stepped out and moved toward the entrance. She paused, eyes fixed on the sign, nostalgia flickering across her face.

Behind her, Collin's aide quietly wheeled him forward.

"This is where you grew up," Collin murmured, taking in the worn brick walls and faded sign.

Linsey smiled and nodded. "Yeah. I lived here until I was fifteen. Then Dolores and I left so I could continue my studies."

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Chapter 156 This Is Where You Grew Up

Without another word, she stepped inside, Collin's aide following close behind. Outside, children paused their games, their laughter fading as they turned toward the entrance. For a split second, they stared in surprise. Then, recognition lit up their faces.

"Linsey's here!"

"It's Linsey!"

A chorus of excited voices rang out as the kids rushed toward her, their small hands grabbing at her arms. "You finally came back!"

A little girl clung to Linsey's hand, beaming up at her. "You haven't visited in so long! We missed you so much!"

Linsey's chest warmed as she took in the children's eager faces.

She gently pinched the little girl's cheek, her voice soft. "I've just been really busy with work, but I finally found time to come see you. You're not mad at me, are you?"

A playful smile crossed her lips. "I even brought gifts to make it up to you!"

Off to the side, Collin watched in silence. The way the children lit up around Linsey made it clear-she wasn't just someone they admired. She was family.

She must have visited often after leaving-there was no other way their bond could be this strong.

Before long, a few of the kids noticed Collin lingering nearby.

His presence was commanding, made even more striking by the wheelchair.

Their excitement wavered as uncertainty crept in.

The little girl who had spoken pressed closer to Linsey, her small fingers clutching her sleeve. She pointed timidly at Collin and whispered, "Linsey... who is that man?"

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Chapter 157 It's A Pleasure

To Meet You, Ella

Linsey quickly reassured them. "That's my husband, so you don't have to worry!"

The children present were visibly surprised by this revelation.

"You're married?!" one of the children exclaimed.

"Does getting married mean you get to wear a beautiful dress and exchange rings in a church?" another child chimed in.

Linsey couldn't help but chuckle at their innocent curiosity, nodding with a warm smile. "Yes, that's exactly right."

A few of the children, emboldened by their curiosity, sized Collin up for a moment before bravely stepping forward.

"So, you're the husband!" one of them declared.

"What's your name, mister?" another piped up.

Collin, who generally preferred the company of adults, felt a surge of irritation as the children swarmed him.

He was about to unleash a stern rebuke when he caught Linsey's eye; she was standing a short distance away, watching him. with an expectant gaze.

Collin pressed his lips together, and with a hint of reluctance, softened his tone. "Hello there," he responded.

Despite his civil response, he was clearly uncomfortable with the children clinging to him.

Thinking fast, Collin instructed his assistant, "Bring in those gifts and distribute them to the children."

The assistant promptly appeared with an armload of gifts. The sight of toys and snacks triggered a frenzy of excitement,

and the children promptly forgot about Collin, rushing towards the assistant to claim their treasures.

Amused by the scene, Linsey laughed softly and approached Collin to take control of his wheelchair.

Together, they kept going.

As the excited chatter of the children faded into the background, Collin broke the silence. "You seem to be quite familiar with this place."

Linsey nodded. "I lost my parents when I was young, but I was fortunate enough to be taken in by Ella. She's the director here. She raised me, and I wouldn't be where I am today without her. But she's getting older now, and it's becoming harder for her to manage this large orphanage on her own. So I try to come by as often as I can to lend a hand."

Collin instantly grasped the significance of Ella Jenkins in Linsey's life.

Collin's brow furrowed slightly. "I apologize," he said. "I didn't realize we were meeting someone so important to you. I only brought gifts for the children and didn't think to get anything for Ella."

Chapter 157 It's A Pleasure To Meet You, Ella

Linsey chuckled softly. "It's really okay. You don't need to worry about bringing anything. Even if you had, Ella wouldn't

accept it. That's why I didn't say anything beforehand. Ella is incredibly kind and wouldn't mind these little details. As long

as we show we care about the children here, that's enough to make her happy." Soon, Linsey and Collin arrived at Ella's office.

Linsey had already told Ella about their visit, so Ella wasn't surprised to see Collin with her.

"Linsey, you made it!" Ella greeted warmly, taking Linsey's hands and looking her over. "Well, you seem to have put on a

little weight since I last saw you."

Linsey's cheeks flushed. "Ella, why do you have to point out that I've gained weight?" she protested playfully.

Ella smiled kindly, tapping Linsey's nose affectionately. "You were too thin before. Now you look much healthier."

As she spoke, her eyes shifted to Collin. "You must be Mr. Riley. Linsey has mentioned you. I didn't get a chance to

congratulate you both on your wedding," she said.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Ella," Collin replied. "Please, call me Collin."

Ella smiled warmly. "Alright, Collin. Let me get you some coffee."

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After

Chapter 158 This Wasn't Just A Fall, Ella!

Linsey, brought back to the present, gently guided Collin toward the coffee table.

Ella, her steps a little shaky, approached with a pot in her hands, carefully pouring coffee into a cup.

As she reached for the second cup, her hand trembled noticeably.

Suddenly, the cup slipped from her grasp, shattering on the floor.

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry!" Ella exclaimed, startled, and instinctively bent down to pick up the broken pieces.

Linsey quickly helped her back to her seat and knelt down to gather the shards herself. "Ella, I'll get this," Linsey said gently.

After clearing away the broken pieces, Linsey heard Ella chuckle weakly. "I guess I'm not as young as I used to be," she

apologized.

Linsey looked at Ella, about to offer some reassurance, but then she noticed several distinct scars on Ella's wrist.

Alarmed, Linsey reached out and gently tugged at Ella's sleeve. "What happened to your wrist?" she asked, concerned.

Ella flinched, startled, and instinctively tried to hide her wrist. Her expression turned evasive. "Oh, it's nothing," she said casually. "Just a little accident."

Linsey knew Ella well enough to recognize that she was lying.

Linsey's expression hardened. "Don't lie to me," she insisted. "Let me see." Ella hesitated for a moment but finally loosened her grip on her sleeve. Linsey carefully rolled up Ella's sleeve, and her face fell.

Ella's arm was covered in dark bruises and cuts, a sight that filled Linsey with worry.

"This wasn't just a fall, Ella! Have you seen a doctor?" Linsey asked, her voice filled with concern.

Before Ella could answer, Linsey sighed in frustration. "Of course, you haven't," she muttered. "I should have known."

Ella always prioritized the children, even to the point of using her own savings to support the orphanage.

Collin's voice broke the tension, calm yet firm. "Ella, if you're injured, you should get it looked at. It's still early-why don't we swing by the hospital and get you checked out?"

Linsey shot Collin a grateful look.

"Oh, it's nothing serious." Ella brushed off the concern with a small smile. "Just a little scrape. It'll be fine in a couple of

days."

Linsey, however, wasn't convinced. "Ella, be honest with me. This doesn't look like a simple fall. What happened?"

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Chapter 158 This Wasn't Just A Fall, Ella!

Ella stood firm. "I told you, I tripped and fell. Why don't you believe me? It's easy to get banged up at my age. It's really nothing to worry about."

Linsey was still suspicious, but before she could probe further, a sudden commotion erupted outside the orphanage.

"What's all that noise?" Linsey wondered aloud, her brow furrowed in confusion.

A look of alarm crossed Ella's face, and she scrambled to her feet, making a beeline for the door.

Seeing this, Linsey quickly wheeled Collin outside, a sense of foreboding washing over her.

Several cars screeched to a halt in front of the orphanage, and a group of men in black suits emerged, their demeanor

radiating an air of menace.

"Where's Ella?" the leader of the group barked. "Get that old hag out here, now!"

Inside, several children began to cry, frightened by the commotion. The teachers and volunteers quickly ushered them to

safety.

Ella stood at the entrance, her face grim as she watched the scene unfold. "I didn't expect them to find me so soon," she

muttered under her breath.

Linsey's expression hardened. "Ella, what the hell is going on?"

Collin, taking in the scene, frowned with concern.

Ella, realizing the jig was up, finally decided to come clean.

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Chapter 159 How Could He Stoop So Low

"About two weeks ago," Ella began, "a company decided they wanted this land. They've got some big development project in mind and they've been putting immense pressure on us to relocate. I refused, of course, and ever since, they've been

making our lives hell, showing up constantly to cause trouble."

Linsey's brow furrowed with concern. "So, those injuries you have..." She trailed off, her voice laced with worry. "Are those from those people?"

"They're obnoxious and pushy. But they haven't resorted to actual violence. I got hurt trying to stop them from damaging some of the orphanage property." She let out a sigh. "I didn't want to tell you before because, well, I didn't want to upset

you."

A wave of concern washed over Linsey. "Ella, how could you keep something like this from me? This is serious!"

As Linsey spoke, her frustration grew palpable. Her hands clenched into fists, her knuckles turning white.

"Those heartless bastards!" Linsey exclaimed, her voice rising with anger. "Can't they see this is an orphanage? That there

are children here with nowhere else to go?"

She paused, taking a deep breath to regain her composure. Gripping her jaw, she asked, "Do you know which company is

behind this?"

Ella sighed, a look of defeat crossing her face. "I've heard it's Dustin Wade who's pulling the strings."

Collin's eyes widened in surprise. Dustin? He couldn't believe it.

How on earth was Dustin mixed up in this mess?

Suddenly, a memory flashed through Collin's mind. The plot of land he had given

to Dustin a while back... It all clicked into

place.

A shadow passed over Collin's face, his brow furrowing in concern.

Linsey's eyes widened in disbelief. "Dustin Wade? He's the one doing this?"

Dustin was the public face of CR Corporation, a well-known figure in the business world.

Linsey had briefly encountered Dustin during a job interview at CR Corporation. They had exchanged a few pleasantries,

nothing more.

Even back then, Linsey had gotten a bad vibe from him. She had sensed that he wasn't exactly a man of integrity, but she never imagined he was capable of such a heartless scheme.

"How could he stoop so low?" Linsey fumed, her voice shaking with anger. "This is outrageous! I'm going to give him a piece of my mind!"

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Chapter 159 How Could He Stoop So Low

She made to storm out, but Ella gently placed a hand on her arm, stopping her.

"Linsey, wait!" Ella exclaimed, turning to both Linsey and Collin. "You both need to hide. I'll deal with these thugs."

Linsey shook her head resolutely. "Absolutely not! Your injuries were clearly inflicted by them. And it seems they've been causing problems for some time. With the children present, how can I possibly hide?"

With a determined glint in her eyes, Linsey placed a comforting hand on Ella's shoulder. "Don't worry, I'll handle this."

Linsey turned towards the door, but Collin's strong hand suddenly grasped her wrist.

"Hold on," Collin interjected calmly.

Linsey turned back, assuming he intended to stop her.

Before she could speak, Collin said softly, "We're in this together. Let's face them together-push me out there."

Linsey hesitated for a moment, then smiled and nodded in agreement.

A surge of warmth coursed through her.

Ella observed with surprise. A small smile touched her lips as Linsey pushed Collin's wheelchair towards the door.

However, her smile quickly faded, replaced by a worried frown.

She recalled Linsey mentioning that her husband was just an average man.

They were faced with the menacing Wade family. Could they truly handle this situation?

Linsey pushed Collin outside, and they were met with the sight of the leader of the men in black furiously berating the

teachers and children cowering in the corner.

"Tell me where that old woman is hiding!" the man with a menacing scar snarled. "If you don't talk, you'll face the consequences!"

Tears of terror streamed down the faces of the children huddled in the corner.

As the men in black moved to advance, Linsey's voice rang out, firm and resolute. "Stop right where you are!"

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Linsey's voice broke the tense silence, causing the scar-faced man to pull back his hand and swivel around.

As he spotted Linsey pushing Collin's wheelchair from afar, his face twisted into a sneer, a harsh laugh escaping his lips.

"Well, well, what have we here?" he scoffed. "A damsel and her crippled companion? Can't you see I'm in the middle of something important? Why the hell are you sticking your noses in? I'm warning you, if you interfere, you'll be sorry."

The scar-faced man's companion peered at the approaching figures, his eyes narrowing. "Boss, that woman looks familiar..."

Recognition dawned quickly. "Hold on a second... isn't that Linsey? She's been all over the news lately. And the guy in the

wheelchair... that's gotta be Collin, the Riley family's eldest son."

The mention of the Riley family name had a visible effect on the scar-faced man. He stiffened, a flicker of uncertainty

crossing his features.

He frowned, muttering under his breath, "What the hell are they doing here? What's their angle?"

Undaunted by their aggressive demeanor, Linsey met their gazes steadily. "What exactly do you think you're accomplishing

by causing this disruption?" she asked calmly.

The scar-faced man plastered a fake smile on his face as he addressed the orphanage staff. "This land," he declared, "belongs to Mr. Wade now. I don't give a damn how you manage it, but you're all moving. Whether you like it or not."

He then turned his attention back to Linsey and Collin. "And you two," he warned, "I suggest you stay out of this.

Otherwise, you'll regret it."

Linsey let out a scoff. "And what if I decide not to leave? Are you going to try and force us? You seem to know who we are, judging by your reaction. I'm well aware of the Wade family's clout, but aren't you worried about the repercussions of making this situation any worse?"

As he realized that Linsey was genuinely prepared to stand against them, the scar-faced man's expression grew darker.

He sneered, his gaze sweeping dismissively over Collin in the wheelchair. "Oh, yes, I know exactly who you are," he taunted.

"Collin, the Riley family's golden boy. But everyone knows you're just a puppet. The Rileys don't give a damn about you.

And you," he said, turning to Linsey. "You're just a helpless little woman who can't do a thing. Let me give you some free

advice. Don't push your luck. Don't think for a second we're afraid to touch you."

The scar-faced man's cronies erupted in a chorus of mocking laughter.

"He's right! You think we give a damn about the Riley family's eldest son? He's just a cripple in a wheelchair, a nobody. The Wade family could squash him like a bug!"

"Hey there, sweetheart, we saw that little stunt you pulled with the Wells family online. Don't get any fancy ideas; just because you managed to handle those pathetic losers doesn't mean you can mess with us. The Wade family is on a whole

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other level."

Linsey's eyes blazed with fury as she listened to their taunts directed at Collin. Fixing the scar-faced man with an icy glare, she calmly raised her phone. "Oh, really?" she said, her voice dangerously low. "Funny you should mention that, because I just happen to have recorded your little performance here today. And with the size of my online following, all it takes is one click, and this video will go viral. Imagine the headlines: 'Wade Family Bullies the Defenseless!' The public will absolutely love that."

Linsey offered a thin smile as she nonchalantly pocketed her phone. "So, why don't you and your buddies have a little think about that? How much damage do you think this will inflict on the Wade family's precious reputation?"

"You bitch!" the scar-faced man roared, his face contorted with rage. "You wouldn't dare! If you cross the Wade family,

you'll regret it. We'll crush you!"