

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After

#Chapter 171 - Read Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After Chapter 171

Chapter 171 I Will Never Agree To A Divorce

Linsey was taken aback by the sudden shift in Collin's demeanor. His expression hardened, and he gripped her hand tightly, his voice low and intense. "I will never agree to a divorce," he declared, his eyes burning with a fierce possessiveness.

Linsey winced, a sharp pain shooting through her wrist. "Collin, you're hurting me!"

Collin instantly released her hand, his expression filled with concern. "Shit, Linsey, I'm so sorry! Are you okay?"

He gently examined her wrist, his eyes widening as he saw the angry red marks his grip had left. A wave of regret washed

over him.

"I'm so sorry," he repeated, his voice laced with remorse. "I overreacted."

Seeing the lingering seriousness in Collin's eyes, Linsey felt a pang of sympathy.

Trying to lighten the mood, she gave him a playful smile. "Wow, Collin," she teased. "Why so serious? It was just a joke!"

The tension in Collin's face finally eased a bit. "God, Linsey, I'm so glad it was just a joke..."

He looked up at her, his eyes pleading. "But... can you promise me something?"

he asked, his voice barely above a whisper. "Please, never say the word 'divorce' again. I... I might actually believe you."

Linsey saw a flicker of vulnerability, of fear even, in his eyes, and her heart skipped a beat.

His expression was so... endearing, so unfairly charming.

It struck her that he hadn't shown this vulnerable side when dealing with Dustin earlier. With Dustin, he had been all

sharp edges and cool composure.

"Alright, alright," she said with a resigned smile. "I won't bring it up again."

Internally, she couldn't help but think, "He can really be like a child sometimes. Maybe it's because of all those years of neglect he endured in his cold and distant family."

The thought made her heart ache for him, and she felt a surge of sympathy. She wanted to shower him with love and

kindness.

Within a short time, the entire situation with the orphanage was resolved smoothly,

Ella, the children, and the teachers all moved into the new facility Dustin had arranged. The generous compensation he provided was safely deposited into the orphanage's account.

With the matter settled and peace restored, Linsey finally felt at ease. She returned to work, ready to resume her normal

routine.

However, as she stepped back into the company building, she couldn't help but notice the curious glances from her colleagues.

0.0%

17:21

Chapter 1711 Will Never Agree To A Divorce

She knew that despite clearing her name online, she couldn't escape the

whispers and gossip that inevitably followed a

scandal.

She decided to ignore the stares and focus on her work.

Just then, a voice cut through the air. "Linsey!"

Linsey frowned slightly, a flicker of annoyance crossing her face. She turned to see a vaguely familiar woman approaching

her.

It was none other than Pandora Valdez, one of Cynthia's most devoted followers, who had been practically attached to Cynthia's hip ever since she joined the company.

"Can I help you?" Linsey inquired coolly.

Pandora halted before Linsey, a hesitant expression on her face. She opened and closed her mouth several times, seemingly struggling to find the right words.

"If you don't have anything to say, I'll be going upstairs," Linsey stated flatly.

"Wait! Please don't go!" Pandora blurted out, clutching Linsey's arm with a desperate look. "Linsey, I just wanted to

apologize."

Linsey was momentarily stunned. "Apologize? For what?"

Observing the increasing number of curious onlookers gathering around them, Pandora hesitated briefly before pulling

Linsey aside to a more private corner.

"Linsey, I... well, I saw those awful rumors about you online..." Pandora's face flushed with shame. "I wasn't thinking

clearly at the time and ended up saying some nasty things about you, along with those other people online."

She took a moment before continuing, "But I truly didn't mean any of it. I never actually believed those rumors about you.

And after you released the evidence proving your innocence, I realized how wrong I was. So, I wanted to sincerely apologize

for my behavior."

Seemingly aware of how weak her explanation sounded, Pandora quickly added, "If you're still upset with me, please let me make it up to you. How about I treat you to lunch? Or if there's anything I can do to help, just name it-I'm at your service."

100.0%

Chapter 172 What Happened To Cynthia

It finally clicked for Linsey. Pandora was genuinely here to apologize. And not just apologize, but it seemed she was

determined to make amends.

Could Pandora have genuinely turned over a new leaf?

Linsey, however, remained indifferent. "No need," she said casually. "I have work to do, so I'm leaving."

And with that, she turned to walk away.

To her surprise, Pandora reached out and grabbed her arm again, her face a mask of anxiety. This time, her expression was

so miserable she looked on the verge of tears.

"Linsey, are you really not going to forgive me?"

Linsey couldn't help but chuckle. Was this some kind of guilt trip?

"Apologizing is your prerogative," Linsey replied. "Whether I accept that apology is mine. You can't force my forgiveness,

can you?"

Pandora's eyes welled up, her voice trembling. "If you don't forgive me, are you trying to make me end up like Cynthia?"

Linsey frowned, genuinely confused. "What are you talking about?" she asked. "What happened to Cynthia? And what does

any of this have to do with me?"

Seeing Linsey's bewildered expression, Pandora became convinced she was feigning ignorance. "Linsey, Marisol's and Joanna's reputations are in tatters because they spread those nasty rumors about you online."

Pandora continued, her voice laced with a strange mix of fear and accusation, "And it wasn't just them. Even Cynthia, who's always despised you, joined in on the insults during that whole scandal. Now, all her personal information has been

leaked..."

Pandora's voice trembled with fear. "She's been holed up at home, too afraid to even step outside. Isn't this all some

elaborate revenge plot of yours?"

Linsey stared at Pandora, genuinely surprised.

She hadn't been aware of any of this. No wonder Cynthia hadn't shown her face today- she probably couldn't even bring

herself to come to the office.

Linsey regained her composure, a hint of a smile playing on her lips. "You're suggesting Cynthia simply made a few offhand insults? I highly doubt that. She must have been quite busy stirring the pot. I distinctly remember several online posts claiming to be from my former colleagues. It's quite likely she orchestrated those as well."

Linsey paused briefly, then continued calmly, "If she's hiding at home because people online exposed her lies, that's her own problem, not mine. I certainly didn't instruct anyone to do that. Besides, with the sheer number of people online, do

0.0%

17:21

Chapter 172 What Happened To Cynthia

you honestly believe I could control what they all say and do?"

Pandora's desperation grew as she realized Linsey wasn't going to lift a finger to help. Tears welled up in her eyes. "Linsey, I don't believe for a second that you're not involved in this! You must have hired people to dig up dirt on Cynthia and spread it online. Am I next? Tell me the truth!"

Linsey's patience finally wore thin. She shook off Pandora's hand and snapped, "Let go of me! If someone sees us like this and posts it online, it'll just make things worse."

Pandora froze, her eyes darting nervously. She noticed several people nearby watching them with undisguised curiosity.

Despite her attempt to pull Linsey into a secluded corner, it did little to deter the onlookers' prying eyes and whispers.

Some were even taking out their phones to record the scene. Panic surged through Pandora, and she fled, terrified of becoming further embroiled in the drama.

Online gossip, like wildfire, spread rapidly but died down just as quickly.

Cynthia had become a recluse, hiding in her home for days after being publicly outed as the source of the malicious

rumors about Linsey.

As the online furor subsided, Cynthia tentatively returned to work, attempting to salvage what remained of her reputation.

Linsey paid little attention to Cynthia's return. She had more important things to focus on. However, she made a mental note. If Cynthia tried to cross her again, she wouldn't hesitate to retaliate.

100.0%

Chapter 173 We Have Linsey To Thank For This!

Thankfully, Cynthia seemed to realize she had been thoroughly embarrassed, so she refrained from bothering Linsey in the following days.

This gave Linsey a rare respite from the drama, and her work on the design project proceeded more smoothly than ever

before.

That afternoon, Coen appeared with a grin, announcing, "Team dinner tonight! If you're free, come join us. Let's celebrate Linsey's successful completion of Anthea's order!"

"Awesome!"

"Fantastic! It's been ages since we've had a proper team dinner!"

"We have Linsey to thank for this!"

"Linsey, you're a rockstar! If you snag another big project like this, don't forget to bring me along for the ride!"

Linsey blushed slightly, replying modestly, "Of course, if I need any help, I'll definitely reach out to everyone. Teamwork

makes the dream work!"

When work ended, the group headed to the restaurant together.

As they settled into the private dining room, Linsey suddenly realized something.

She hadn't informed Collin about the dinner plans.

Just then, a colleague eagerly passed her the menu. "Linsey, check out the menu and see what you fancy," she said.

Linsey pulled out her phone. "Go ahead and order," she said. "I need to step out to make a quick call."

Her colleague grinned playfully. "Let me guess, calling the hubby to report in?" she teased. "Go ahead. We'll wait for you to get back before we order."

Linsey smiled at her colleague, rose from her seat, and exited the private dining room. She found a quiet spot in the hallway and dialed Collin's number.

Collin answered almost immediately. "Linsey? What's up? Are you done with work? I can come and get you now," he

offered.

"No, no need to pick me up," Linsey replied quickly. "I just wanted to let you know I might be home a bit late tonight. We're having a team dinner, and I'm already at the restaurant."

"Okay," Collin replied. Then, as if remembering something important, he added, "Remember what you promised me. Don't drink any alcohol tonight."

Linsey was momentarily stunned. Then, a spark of indignation flashed in her eyes. "Are you seriously implying I can't

0.0%

17:21

Chapter 173 We Have Linsey To Thank For This!

handle my liquor? My tolerance isn't that bad. Tonight's dinner is to celebrate finishing Anthea's order. Everyone's going to be in a good mood, so a little drink won't hurt."

Collin, however, couldn't shake the memory of the last time Linsey had a bit too much to drink at home.

The image of her tipsy and carefree, with her guard down, sparked a possessive feeling within him. He didn't want anyone

else to witness that side of her.

Seeing that she wasn't taking him seriously, he let out a scoff. "You might not remember how you acted the last time you had one too many, but I do," he said. "Let me be clear. You're not drinking a single drop of alcohol tonight. If you do, you'll

regret it."

Linsey's eyes widened in disbelief, then narrowed in anger. "Collin, what the hell is that supposed to mean?" she demanded. "Are you planning on threatening me like you do everyone else? Because if you are, I'm done talking to you."

She crossed her arms and pouted, completely unaware of how childish she sounded.

Collin couldn't help but chuckle. "Alright, alright," he said, his voice softening. "Of course, I won't hurt you. I'm just

worried, that's all. I don't want you getting drunk and ending up in some kind of trouble."

Linsey knew he was genuinely concerned.

After a moment of thought, she smiled. "How about you come pick me up later?" she suggested, telling him the name of

the restaurant. "Don't worry, I won't go overboard. But if someone really pushes me to drink, I might not be able to say no."

Collin's eyes glinted dangerously. "Anyone who tries to force my wife to drink will live to regret it."

100.0%

Chapter 174 Come Join Me For A Drink!

Linsey burst into laughter again.

It was a strange but pleasant feeling-being around Collin, even just talking to him, always seemed to lift her spirits.

"Well," she said, finally composing herself. "I should probably head back inside. It's not cool to keep my colleagues waiting"

"Go ahead," Collin replied with a nod. He waited until Linsey ended the call before setting his phone aside.

By the time Linsey returned to the private room, her colleagues had already started eating

Coen spotted her the moment she walked in and waved her over. "Linsey! Come join me for a drink!"

The pungent smell of alcohol wafted towards Linsey as she sat down.

She had only been gone for a few minutes-how much had Coen managed to guzzle down in that short time?

"Linsey, my dear," Coen slurred, a wide grin plastered across his face as he handed a glass of wine to Linsey. "We owe it all

to you for snagging Anthea's deal. This one's for you!"

Linsey eyed the brimming glass, Collin's earlier warning echoing in her mind. "Coen, I don't really drink. Do you mind if I

pass?"

To her surprise, Coen's expression soured instantly. He scowled at her. "Linsey, are you trying to make me look bad?"

Cynthia, never one to miss an opportunity, jumped in with a sneer. "Linsey," she drawled, "you might have landed Anthea's deal, but let's not forget that she only gave us another shot because of Coen. Don't tell me you're taking all the credit?"

Coen's scowl deepened at Cynthia's words.

He slammed his glass down on the table, the liquor sloshing over the rim. "Fine," he spat. "If our precious star designer can't handle a little drink, then forget it."

Linsey shot Cynthia an icy glare. "Coen, that's not what I meant at all."

With a resigned sigh, she picked up the glass and, gritting her teeth, downed the fiery liquid in one gulp.

The potent liquor scorched its way down her throat, and a wave of dizziness washed over her. The room started to tilt.

In the brief moment before the alcohol completely clouded her senses, Linsey had

a sudden realization. Collin was right. She really couldn't hold her liquor.

Thankfully, Coen seemed satisfied with her compliance and didn't push her to drink any more.

After all, Linsey was the department's top designer, and even he had to acknowledge her value-and make concessions accordingly.

Chapter 174 Come Join Me For A Drink!

A short while later, Coen's phone rang.

After a brief conversation, he stood up and addressed the group. "Alright, everyone, enjoy the rest of your evening. The

bill's taken care of. Something's come up, so I have to head out."

The moment Coen left the room, the atmosphere instantly shifted. The tension dissipated, replaced by a sense of relief.

"Woohoo!" someone shouted. "Now that the boss is gone, let's really get this party started!"

"Can you believe he paid the bill before the dinner ends?" another voice chimed in. "Was he afraid we'd order the entire

menu?"

"That cheapskate!" Someone else laughed.

The air in the private room grew heavy with the pungent aroma of alcohol.

Linsey, who had foolishly neglected to eat anything before drinking, quickly felt the alcohol taking its toll. The

overwhelming smell of liquor churned her stomach, making her feel nauseous.

Unable to bear the stifling atmosphere any longer, Linsey quietly excused herself and slipped out of the private room,

seeking refuge in the cool night air.

She found a quiet corner outside the restaurant and stood there, letting the cool night breeze wash over her face as she

tried to regain her composure.

But she didn't feel better. Instead, the fresh air seemed to amplify the effects of the alcohol. Her head spun relentlessly, her eyelids grew heavy, and the world around her swam in and out of focus.

Linsey shook her head, trying to fight off the encroaching drowsiness. Suddenly, a group of thugs appeared, their eyes gleaming with predatory intent.

"Well, hello there, gorgeous. All alone, are we?" One of the men noticed her flushed cheeks and glazed eyes, instantly recognizing her intoxicated state.

"Feeling a little under the weather, sweetheart?" another man sneered, stepping closer.
"Why don't we help you find a nice,
cozy hotel room nearby?"

The men exchanged leering glances, their intentions clear.

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After

Chapter 175 You're So Handsome

By now, Linsey's senses were clouded. Her vision swam, and the figures before her appeared as mere hazy silhouettes.

The last vestiges of her rationality warned her that these men meant her harm.

She frowned, slurring slightly, "Outta my way. I'm going home."

The group of thugs exchanged leering glances and closed in, one of them reaching out to grab her.

Before his hand could reach her, another hand intervened, encircling Linsey's waist protectively.

The newcomer's face was grim as he demanded, "What do you think you're doing?"

Startled, the thugs looked up to see a tall, imposing man holding the clearly inebriated Linsey securely in his arms.

His presence exuded an air of authority, momentarily intimidating them.

But Linsey was breathtakingly beautiful. They hadn't encountered such a stunning woman for ages, and they were

reluctant to let her go without a fight.

Besides, the man was outnumbered. What did they have to fear?

Emboldened, one of the thugs sneered, "We saw her first. Who the hell are you to interfere?"

Collin's expression darkened further when he heard his words. Without a moment's hesitation, he lashed out with his leg,

sending one of the thugs flying.

The thug was propelled backward, landing with a thud on the ground.

The remaining thugs froze, staring at Collin in stunned disbelief.

Collin's eyes narrowed as he let out a chilling laugh. "I'm her husband. If you value your well-being, I suggest you

disappear."

The thugs hadn't anticipated that Linsey was married. Combined with Collin's formidable presence, they decided against further confrontation and slunk away.

Witnessing their hasty retreat, Collin lowered his gaze to the woman in his arms, her cheeks flushed from the alcohol.

"Linsey," he murmured softly.

Just as he had suspected, Linsey merely furrowed her brow slightly and leaned against him, her head bobbing as if she

were on the verge of nodding off. She was clearly intoxicated.

Collin's face hardened with anger. Fortunately, he had sent a car in advance to wait for her, planning to pick her up the moment she emerged.

0.0%

17:22

Chapter 175 You're So Handsome

But she had disregarded his warnings and indulged in alcohol anyway!

The more he dwelled on it, the angrier he grew. He couldn't resist pinching her chin, his voice sharp with displeasure. "Linsey, what did you promise me? You still went ahead and drank? Do you realize you were almost in serious trouble just

now? If I hadn't arrived in time, you..."

He couldn't bear to contemplate the potential consequences.

Just moments ago, he had been in the car and spotted Linsey stumbling out, her face flushed, from a distance.

One glance was all it took to confirm his suspicions; she was undeniably drunk.

He recalled the last time she had indulged in alcohol; she had completely blacked out the following day.

That was why he was currently standing beside her, his legs strong and steady, without the assistance of his wheelchair.

Had Linsey been sober, she would have been utterly astonished by the sight of him standing tall, his legs fully healed.

Linsey's eyes fluttered open, her gaze hazy with intoxication. She hadn't quite grasped what Collin had said, so she simply

stared up at his face for a moment.

Collin faltered, a warmth creeping up his neck under her intense scrutiny.

Just as he was about to speak, she reached up and gently cupped his face in her hands.

"You're so handsome," she murmured, a dreamy sigh escaping her lips.

Collin was taken aback. He hadn't expected such a bold statement from the typically shy Linsey.

It was a simple compliment, devoid of any elaborate flattery, yet it brought a smile to his face.

100.0%

Chapter 176 What's Your

Name

Collin cleared his throat, forcing himself to suppress the smile that threatened to tug at his lips. With a stern expression,

he spoke in a low, controlled voice. "Linsey, don't think a few sweet words can undo what you've done."

But then, Linsey's next words stopped him dead in his tracks.

"Hey, handsome, what's your name?" Linsey asked, her tone full of curiosity.

Collin took a deep breath, struggling to stay composed.

It hit him like a punch-Linsey didn't recognize him at all.

"Linsey, what are you saying? Say that again!" Collin's voice wavered, but he forced himself to stay calm.

This woman wasn't just drunk-she didn't even recognize him anymore.

Collin inhaled sharply, trying to steady himself, but little did he know, Linsey was about to say something that would push

him to the edge.

Linsey's eyes gleamed with admiration as she stared at him, completely captivated. "Handsome, what's your name? Got a girlfriend? What do you think of me? Want to take a chance and date me?"

Collin's barely contained anger finally snapped.

What if he hadn't shown up? Would she have been picking up another guy?

Collin's anger, so close to boiling over, couldn't be held back any longer.

Unaware of the storm building inside him, Linsey giggled, her fingers brushing across his sharp jawline.

"You're so cute," she gushed. "I can totally see us having kids someday. If we have a boy who looks like you, he'd break

hearts. And if it's a girl, she'd be stunning, just like you..."

Collin's blood boiled as she kept talking, his veins pulsing at his temples.

Finally, unable to take it anymore, he gritted his teeth and pulled her into a kiss, stopping her rambling cold.

Collin had only meant to make her stop saying those annoying things.

But the moment his lips met hers, his mind went blank.

Once the kiss started, it spiraled, completely out of his control.

It was hard to tell how long they stayed like that until Linsey started pounding her fists against his chest, desperate to break free. That was when he snapped out of it and pulled back just enough to give her space.

Linsey gasped for air, like she had just been pulled from water, her cheeks flushed bright red.

0.0%

17:51

Chapter 176 What's Your Name

Her lips-rosy and glistening-still held a trace of the kiss.

Collin's gaze darkened as he softly wiped the corner of her mouth with his thumb. Linsey shoved him away with all her might. "Are you trying to suffocate me?" She turned to run, but her legs betrayed her, and she almost collapsed. Collin, thankfully, caught her just in time, lifting her effortlessly into his arms.

"Legs giving out already?" he teased, the memory of the kiss lingering in his thoughts.

Without thinking, Linsey wrapped her arms around his neck, her body trembling from the heat of his breath on her skin.

Soon enough, Collin carried her to the car, settling her inside with surprising ease.

Once seated, Linsey seemed to snap out of her daze, her mind flooding with regret for letting herself fall for his charm.

"You scoundrel! Let me out of this car right now!" she yelled, pounding on the door. "Let me out, or I'll call the police!"

Collin raised an eyebrow, amused by her sudden righteous fury.

"Linsey, remind me-who was it a minute ago, talking about wanting to have kids with me?" he asked, a sly grin tugging at his lips.

He gently pinched her chin, his voice dropping lower. "And now you're calling me a scoundrel? Who's really the scoundrel

here?"

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After

Chapter 177 Don't You Recognize Your Own...

"I am not the scoundrel! You are!" Linsey retorted, her voice thick with drunken defiance.

Collin chuckled, finding her drunken bravado adorable. He reached out and playfully pinched her cheek. "Linsey, come back to reality. Don't you recognize your own husband?"

Linsey furrowed her brow, confusion clouding her features "My husband? When did I get married?"

She swatted his hand away. "You're definitely not my husband."

Collin's eyes narrowed, his voice deepening. "Linsey, I've warned you about this. Don't say things you don't mean."

Linsey's lower lip jutted out in a defiant pout, ready to fire back.

"If you keep spouting nonsense," he murmured, leaning in close. "I'll kiss you."

Linsey's eyes widened in alarm. She clapped her hands over her mouth as if to physically prevent him from stealing

another kiss.

"Scoundrel..." she mumbled, shooting him a venomous glare.

Collin leaned back with a snort.

He couldn't quite decipher whether Linsey was genuinely intoxicated or merely putting on an act.

Even in her supposedly inebriated state, she still seemed remarkably aware of her surroundings. Her cleverness, as always,

shone through.

However, he didn't have the time to ponder her true level of intoxication. Maintaining a neutral expression, he instructed the driver, "Take us home."

"Yes, Mr. Riley," the driver acknowledged.

Collin couldn't suppress the memory of Linsey's last drunken escapade the sheer chaos she had unleashed. A flicker of apprehension ran through him; he hoped she wouldn't cause another scene.

If they were alone, he wouldn't have minded indulging her playful antics.

But not now. They had an audience.

Thankfully, Linsey seemed to calm down during the drive.

The effects of the single drink quickly wore off, and her head soon drooped to the side as she succumbed to sleep.

Collin noticed Linsey's head drooping precariously close to the car window. He gently reached out and guided her head in

seat comfortably against his chest

1753

Chapter 177 Don't You Recognize Your Own Husband

Sound asleep, Linsey instinctively snuggled closer, finding a more comfortable position against him.

A smile touched his lips as he reached for a blanket in the car and draped it over her, ensuring she stayed warm.

Soon, the car arrived at Vista Villa.

Seeing that no one was around, Collin took advantage of the quiet night and opted to leave his wheelchair in the car. He

carefully lifted Linsey, carrying her bridal style from the car into the villa and all the way to her room.

Linsey remained fast asleep, but he moved with utmost care, cautious not to disturb her slumber.

Finally, he laid her gently on the bed and breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

He carefully removed her coat and shoes, then tucked the blanket securely around her.

He lingered by the bed, watching her sleep for a few moments.

He couldn't help but smile again, a warmth spreading through him.

He then turned to leave, his expression a mixture of tenderness and longing.

Suddenly, Linsey stirred, tugging at the collar of her clothes restlessly. "It's so hot..." she mumbled in her sleep.

Collin turned back to see her pulling at her collar, trying to loosen her clothes.

Her skin, usually concealed beneath her clothes, was now exposed to his gaze. Collin's eyes darkened, and his breath

hitched.

He inhaled deeply, returning to the bedside. Fighting back a surge of desire, he carefully adjusted the blanket to cover her properly.

"Stay still, okay?" he murmured softly.

Linsey's eyes fluttered open, her gaze hazy. She reached out, grasping his hand on the blanket, and whispered, "Don't go..."

He gazed intently at her face, flushed from the alcohol, her sweet scent filling his senses.

"What was that?" he asked, his voice a low, tender rumble, as if afraid to startle her.

Recommended for you

Chapter 178 I Want To Be

In Charge

Linsey's eyes, though clouded with alcohol, remained fixed on Collin. She whispered, her voice soft, "Don't leave. Stay with

me."

Her words ignited a spark in Collin, a mixture of desire and frustration. His eyes narrowed, and his voice was low and

husky when he spoke.

"Linsey, do you even realize what you're saying?"

He caught her wrist, his fingers brushing against her soft skin. "Stop this. You're not thinking straight."

Linsey, still under the influence, paused for a moment, her brow furrowed as if trying to decipher his words.

Then, with a serious expression, she declared, "I'm perfectly sober."

Collin's breath hitched. He lowered his gaze and gently caressed her cheek, his palm warm against her skin.

"Linsey, Tell me, who am I?" he asked, his voice barely a whisper.

The moment the question left his lips, Collin's heart pounded with anxiety.

For a terrifying second, he feared she might utter another man's name.

Collin didn't want to think about what he would do if she did.

The seconds stretched into an eternity as he waited for her response.

Finally, Linsey smiled, her dimples deepening, her cheeks flushed.

"Collin, have you been drinking?" she teased, playfully patting his face. "Of course you're Collin."

Collin's grip on her hand tightened, a wave of relief and excitement washing over him.

"And who am I to you?" he pressed, his eyes searching hers.

In that moment, Collin realized the depth of his feelings for her.

He could look at her forever and still want more.

Linsey giggled, wrapping her arms around his neck. Her soft voice tickled his ear as she whispered, "You, Collin Riley, are my husband. So asking you to stay with me tonight is perfectly reasonable!"

She giggled again, her voice playful yet firm. "You have no reason to refuse, and I won't let you."

Collin's eyes darkened. He leaned closer, their breaths mingling, the space between them shrinking.

"Do you really want me to stay, Linsey?" he asked, his voice low and husky. "I'm warning you, if you say yes, there's no going back."

0.0%

17:52

Chapter 178 I Want To Be In Charge

Linsey shook her head firmly. "I won't regret it," she whispered.

As soon as she finished speaking, Collin leaned in and captured her lips in a deep, passionate kiss.

Linsey was momentarily taken aback but quickly closed her eyes, melting into the kiss.

Within seconds, they were both breathless, their chests heaving

Linsey had managed to completely unravel Collin's normally impeccable self- control.

"Linsey..." Collin murmured, his voice husky with desire. "I want you."

But Linsey suddenly turned her head away, stopping him in his tracks. "Wait," she said.

Collin's brow furrowed in concern. He thought she might be having second thoughts.

Before he could speak, however, Linsey surprised him by pushing him onto the bed with unexpected strength.

Collin, sprawled on the bed, was momentarily stunned. Even drunk, she was surprisingly strong.

He looked up at her, a playful grin spreading across her face as she straddled him. "What are you doing?" he asked, a hint

of amusement in his voice.

Linsey leaned down, her expression serious as she tugged on his tie. "I want to be in charge," she declared.

100.0%

Chapter 179 Why Are You Naked

Collin's breath quickened, his gaze locking with Linsey's. His voice came out hoarse. "Cut it out, Linsey."

He reached out, intending to pull her back down to him.

But Linsey wasn't backing down. In a flash, she yanked off his tie, bound his hands to the headboard, and, with a serious look, declared, "Don't move."

Collin almost burst into laughter at her boldness. He watched her as she inspected the knot she had tied, satisfaction written all over her face, then ripped open his shirt with surprising boldness.

For a moment, he chose not to break free from the loose knot, more intrigued by her mischief than anything.

He couldn't help but watch, amused, as Linsey fumbled through her playful rebellion.

Slowly, Collin realized he had completely misjudged her.

Her movements were clumsy, far from graceful, yet he couldn't look away. He was drawn deeper into the moment, his gaze darkening with intensity.

"You've a good body, honey," Linsey teased, her fingers trailing over his abs. But when she looked up, she met his burning

stare.

Her heart skipped a beat, and the teasing smile slipped from her lips.

For some reason, a wave of regret washed over her.

She let out an awkward laugh, quickly releasing him and taking a step back.

But in a flash, Collin broke free from the tie and pulled her back into his arms with ease.

Linsey let out a startled cry as the world tilted, and she found herself pinned beneath him.

"Collin, what are you doing?" she asked, her voice trembling with nerves, her tongue darting out to wet her lips without

thinking.

His eyes, dark and intent, fixated on her slightly damp, rosy lips.

A sly, almost dangerous smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. "You started this, Linsey, so now you have to finish it."

Before she could respond, his lips crashed against hers again, stopping her words before they could leave her mouth.

What came next was a blur—a night of unrestrained, fiery passion that neither of them could pull away from.

The faint morning sunlight crept through the window, casting a soft glow over the disheveled bed.

0.0%

17:52

Chapter 179 Why Are You Naked

A shrill ringtone sliced through the stillness. Linsey groggily opened her eyes, her head pounding as she fumbled for her

phone.

But instead of her phone, her hand met the warmth of a firm, bare chest.

Her eyes snapped open in shock, locking onto Collin's bare torso.

What shocked her even more were the marks scattered across his skin-marks that made her cheeks flush and her heart

skip a beat.

"Ah!" Linsey gasped, a startled scream escaping her lips.

Collin stirred beside her, his voice rough with sleep as he caught her flailing hand. "What's wrong?"

Linsey tried to pull her hand away, but it wouldn't budge, her face burning with a mix of embarrassment and confusion.

"Why are you naked?" she blurted out before she could stop herself.

They had only just started sharing a room, and now he had the nerve to sleep without clothes?

Collin raised an eyebrow, his gaze flicking briefly to her collarbone. "You're not wearing anything, either."

Linsey's eyes widened in shock. She glanced down, her heart lurching when she realized she was just as bare.

The marks on her body stood out even more vividly than his.

Her mind went blank. Panicking, she grabbed the blanket and wrapped it tightly around herself. "Don't look! Close your eyes!" she pleaded, her voice frantic.

Collin propped himself up on one arm, resting his head in his hand, watching her with a hint of amusement.

"I've already seen everything. Isn't it a little late to be covering up now?" he teased.

His words sent a rush of vivid images through Linsey's mind, making her pulse spike.

100.0%

Chapter 180 You Don't Even Remember This

A wave of crimson flooded Linsey's cheeks as a gasp escaped her lips. She stared at Collin, speechless, her mind reeling.

She had slept with Collin last night... The thought hung heavy in the air, unspoken but undeniable.

Why did she have to drink?

Despite the evidence before her, Linsey still struggled to comprehend the situation. It felt surreal, like a bad dream.

Her voice trembled as she finally broke the silence. "Collin," she whispered. "Last night... what exactly happened?"

Collin's eyes narrowed slightly, a flicker of frustration crossing his features. "Linsey," he said, his voice laced with disbelief.

"You don't remember? Again? You don't even remember this?"

Linsey bit her lip, feeling a wave of shame wash over her. "I really don't," she admitted, her voice barely a whisper. "That's

why I'm asking you to tell me what happened."

She paused, trying to piece together the fragments of her memory. "I remember going to the dinner party," she continued, "and having a bit to drink-just one glass! And then... everything goes blank."

Collin leaned forward, his voice low and deliberate. "After you got drunk, Linsey, you clung to me, wouldn't let go, teased me relentlessly, demanded I be your boyfriend, and even started talking about having kids with me."

Linsey's eyes widened in horror, her face burning with shame. She couldn't believe she had acted so outrageously, so shamelessly! The earth could just swallow her whole.

"I brought you home," Collin continued, his voice steady and unwavering. "But you wouldn't let me leave. You tied me up

with my tie and insisted on taking charge."

A hint of amusement flickered in his eyes, as if he were secretly relishing her embarrassment.

Linsey was mortified. "I did all that?" she whispered, her voice filled with disbelief. "I was that out of control?"

Had the stress of work and exhaustion really pushed her to that extreme?

A faint memory flickered in her mind—a silk tie, expertly knotted...

Linsey wanted to protest, to claim innocence, but her eyes fell on the telltale marks on Collin's body—the scratches on his

chest, the red marks on his wrists where she had bound him. Her resolve crumbled.

Collin's gaze locked with hers, his expression unreadable. "You really don't remember any of it?" he asked, his voice low and steady.

Linsey desperately tried to recall the events of last night, but all she could conjure were fragmented images, fleeting

glimpses of a lost reality.

But then, a chilling thought struck her. If she hadn't initiated it, how could she have sex with Collin, with his limited

0.0%

17:52

Chapter 180 You Don't Even Remember This

mobility?

The realization filled her with a wave of self-disgust.

She must have been utterly shameless, completely uninhibited by alcohol, to have been intimate with him against his will

last night.

Linsey felt a wave of nausea wash over her. How could she have taken advantage of Collin in such a vulnerable state? How

could she have been so cruel?

It should have been a mutual decision!

For a moment, Linsey felt unsure how to look Collin in the eye.

After a brief pause, Linsey inhaled deeply and declared earnestly, "Don't worry. Even though I don't remember everything

clearly, I won't shy away from this. I'll make it up to you."

Collin's anxiety dissipated upon hearing her words.

He had anticipated Linsey to be upset or even distraught, but her unexpected reaction caught him completely off guard.

Collin found the situation rather amusing.

"Tell me, how exactly do you intend to make it up to me?" Collin's voice was steady, but a playful lilt laced his words. "Linsey, you were quite unrestrained last night. I couldn't rein you in at all."

"Okay, okay!" Linsey squeezed her eyes shut, overwhelmed with embarrassment. Then, regaining her composure, she declared, "Just tell me what you want me to do, and I'll do it."

Recommended for you