

## **Zillionaire 211**

### Chapter 211 I'm Not Moving Until You Forgiv...

Linsey's teeth sank into Collin's arm, breaking the skin with a sharp sting. Blood welled up almost immediately.

She tasted it, her eyes widening in shock, before quickly pulling away. The mark she left behind-bloodied and raw-was

undeniable.

Her chest tightened; she was torn between confusion and something darker.

Why didn't he pull away? Was he numb? Was he really okay with this?

Collin inhaled slowly, his gaze drifting to the mark on his arm. A quiet chuckle escaped him, followed by a low, teasing

voice. "So, how's that? Feel better? If not, I can let you take a few more bites until you're done with your anger."

Linsey stared at him, incredulous, but his face remained as composed as ever. After a long silence, she blurted, "Collin, are

you out of your mind? I bit you so hard you're bleeding, and you still won't let go?"

Collin's voice was steady, unwavering. "I'm not letting go, no matter what. Linsey, please don't be angry. I can't picture my life without you."

Her gaze flickered to his arm, blood staining his skin. "You're bleeding," she said sharply.

He shrugged it off, unfazed. "I knew."

She tried to pull away again, but his grip only tightened, unyielding. Her eyes widened in disbelief, and her teeth clenched.

"Collin, you're bleeding! Let go of me, and I'll take you inside to get that dressed."

He stared at her, unblinking, his resolve unwavering. "I'm not moving until you forgive me. Besides, now you can stay here

with me and enjoy the view of the garden."

"You..." She fumed, momentarily speechless, the anger simmering inside her.

But as his blood continued to seep out, her worry crept in, slowly overwhelming her.

Sighing in frustration, she closed her eyes, giving in.

She couldn't help but wonder why she was always so soft when it came to him.

"Fine, I won't run off. Let go, and I'll take care of your wound," she said, taking a slow, controlled breath.

But Collin didn't budge. He was too afraid that if he let go, she might slip away again.

If this misunderstanding wasn't cleared up tonight, he feared she might never speak to him again.

Linsey waited, counting the seconds before frustration began to edge into her voice. "Collin, are you going to let go or not?"

"Will you run off again?" he asked, his voice low.

"No, I won't!" Linsey bit out, her tone almost amused by her own exasperation. "You may enjoy lying here staring at the

stars, but I'm not that patient."

He clenched his jaw, then released her, his concern growing that she might catch a cold from lying on the damp grass.

Without a word, Linsey sat up quickly, her movements sharp and purposeful.

When she looked back at him, their eyes locked for a moment. She noticed the cautious uncertainty in his expression.

She didn't leave as she could have. Instead, she helped him to his feet, guiding him back to his wheelchair with gentle

assurance.

"Let's go inside and get that cleaned up," she said, her voice calmer now.

By the time she wheeled him into the living room, her nerves had settled, though the weight of the evening still hung in

the air.

She retrieved the first aid kit, her hands steady as she carefully examined the wound on his arm.

It wasn't until she had the wound in front of her that she realized how badly she had bitten him.

A knot of unease twisted in her chest. Her anger had been overwhelming, and in the heat of the moment, she had put

everything into that bite.

The bite was deeper than she thought. It made sense now why the blood kept coming.

As she carefully cleaned the wound, she felt a subtle shift-his eyes were on her.

For a split second, she froze, caught off guard. Quickly, she turned her attention back to his arm, feeling the heat rise to

her face.

Chapter 212 I Won't Do

Business With Them

After dressing Collin's wound, Linsey studied his face, searching for any sign of discomfort.

Was he some kind of painless miracle? The cut had been deep, and the blood loss should have made him wince, but

instead, he barely flinched.

He only let out a soft breath, as though it were nothing. Caught in her thoughts, she stared at him.

Collin noticed her gaze and, with a subtle smile, asked, "What's going on, Linsey?"

She blinked, snapping back to reality, and raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure nothing's off with how you feel pain?"

He took a brief pause before answering, his voice steady. "I've been through worse. This is nothing."

As he spoke, she couldn't help but recall the rough treatment he had endured from his family. It made sense now-his pain

tolerance was extraordinary. A wave of sympathy washed over her.

After a moment, she glanced around, changing the subject. "Where's Kylee?"

Collin responded casually, "She complained about her leg hurting, so I had someone take her to the hospital."

He hesitated for a beat before adding, "She won't be back tonight."

Linsey froze, surprised. "Why not?"

"I made other arrangements for her," he said, his tone serious as he met her gaze. "Linsey, please don't misunderstand. I

promise, I'll stay away from Kylee from now on. Can you stop being angry with me?"

Before Linsey could respond, he quickly added, "It's not just Kylee. I'll keep my distance from all other women, too."

A playful grin tugged at his lips as he continued, "From now on, only you, Linsey, get to be close to me."

Linsey found herself frozen for a moment, captivated by the warmth of his smile.

Although Collin's words echoed what Felix had once said, there was a sharp contrast. Back then, when Felix had learned of

her concerns, he hadn't comforted her. Instead, he had blamed her for being unreasonable.

But Collin... Collin didn't judge her or dismiss her feelings. He made her a promise-one that felt both sincere and unwavering.

An unfamiliar emotion stirred within her chest.

Her heart began to race, despite herself.

"Then... what about your work? You'll always have female business partners,

won't you?" she asked, her curiosity getting the better of her.

Without hesitation, he answered, "I won't do business with them."

His response caught her off guard, and before she could stop herself, she burst into laughter, amused by his unexpected

answer.

Collin watched her laugh, unsure of the reason, and felt a flicker of confusion. Yet, beneath it, a wave of relief washed over

him.

"What's funny?" he asked, pausing as a slight frown creased his brow. "You don't believe me?"

Before she could respond, he pulled his phone from his pocket. "I'll call right now and cancel every partnership with my

female clients."

Linsey froze, startled by the seriousness in his tone. She quickly reached out to stop him. "Collin, you're kidding, right?"

But Collin remained unfazed, his expression resolute. "Linsey, I'm not kidding."

"Alright, alright," she said with a sigh, giving in. "Fine, I believe you. Just drop the drama."

She shoved the phone back into his pocket, feeling a mix of frustration and amusement. "Collin, I'm starting to think

you're a little out of your mind sometimes."

Her brow furrowed. "This is between us. There's no need to drag other people into

it. And the whole 'staying away from all

women' thing? It's over the top."

She then added, "Besides, how could you just cancel business deals over

something so small? Your partners haven't done

anything wrong. If you start backing out of deals like this, who's going to want to

work with you next time? Collin, don't

you care how this might affect your reputation?"

Chapter 213 I Promise It Won't Happen Again

Collin looked at Linsey with an intensity that made her heart race, his hands gently cradling her face. "Linsey, compared to you, everything else is nothing-my reputation, my business, all of it. I'd give it all up I'd give it all up if it meant you'd

believe me. If you still don't trust me..."

Before he could finish, Linsey, fearing he might do something drastic to prove his point, quickly pressed her palm to his

mouth. "Okay, okay. I believe you."

His eyes lit up with relief and joy. He gently took her hand away and, with a surprised smile, asked, "Really? Linsey, you

actually believe me?"

Collin's hopeful gaze made Linsey's heart ache, softening her resolve.

She took a deep breath, reminding herself to stay firm. She couldn't let herself forgive him so easily.

She had been hurt before, and she couldn't afford to let history repeat itself.

After a brief pause, she spoke, her voice steady. "Collin, I'll let this slide-for now. But if you ever put me in a position to



doubt you again, I won't be so forgiving."

Collin's grip on her hand tightened, his voice sincere. "I promise it won't happen again."

Linsey studied his face for a moment. Then, despite herself, a smile tugged at her lips.

Her smile eased the tension between them. Grinning, he pulled her into a comforting embrace.

The misunderstanding was behind them, and once again, they felt like the loving couple they were meant to be.

Meanwhile, Kylee was on her way to the hospital with one of Collin's subordinates.

After a thorough check-up, the doctor reassured her that there was nothing physically wrong with her leg.

Kylee was fully aware that her injury was a fabrication to manipulate Collin, though it hadn't worked.

Once her visit was over, she climbed into the car, the driver already waiting.

Kylee had planned to focus on driving a wedge between Collin and Linsey when she saw them later.

But now, she was thrown off course when she noticed the car veering away from the familiar route to Vista Villa.

Her brows furrowed as she questioned, "What's going on? Aren't we supposed to head back to Vista Villa? Where are we going?"

The driver, calm and composed, met her gaze through the rearview mirror. "Miss Russell, Mr. Riley has arranged for you to stay at a five-star hotel. It's more secure, offers excellent service, and will be more comfortable than Vista Villa."

Kylee's lips pressed into a thin line, irritation flaring inside her.

What did a luxury hotel matter, no matter how fancy it was? It wasn't what she wanted.

Kylee's mind spun in confusion. Why would Collin change his mind so suddenly? They had already agreed she would stay at Vista Villa for a few days. Something didn't add up.

"Did Collin really tell you to take me to a hotel?" she asked, disbelief creeping into her voice. "No way, Collin wouldn't do this to me! This wasn't his idea, right?"

Then, realization hit her, and a cold, seething thought ran through her mind.

"It must be that bitch Linsey who turned Collin against me. She must've twisted his mind-that's why he's doing this!

Damn you, Linsey!"

A dark glint flashed in Kylee's eyes, and a wave of vengeful thoughts clouded her judgment.

Kylee's fingers shook as she hurriedly dialed Collin's number, only to watch the call fail.

Panic gripped her chest, and without thinking, she opened WhatsApp to send him a message-only to freeze when she saw

that Collin had blocked her.

Her heart pounded as the weight of the situation crashed down on her. For the first time, she felt truly uneasy.

Chapter 214 Can We Put

This Behind Us

"Collin, you can't just shut me out like this!" Kylee murmured to herself.

She had come back to the country for one reason-she had crossed Gorman in the worst way imaginable.

The only person with enough power to stand up to him was Collin. He was her last chance at fixing this disaster.

If Collin turned his back on her now, she was finished.

Panic coiled in her chest, tightening with every second. She lunged forward, gripping the arm of Collin's subordinate in the

front seat. "Call Collin. Right now!" Her voice shook with urgency.

The subordinate didn't even blink. His tone stayed level, almost indifferent. "Miss Russell, if you have something to say, I

can pass it along to Mr. Riley."

Kylee's eyes widened, shock tightening her chest. "What's that supposed to mean? Are you saying Collin's shutting me out

for good? We've been friends for years! He wouldn't just cut me off like this!"

But the subordinate didn't so much as flinch. His tone remained flat, unwavering. "I'm just following Mr. Riley's

instructions. If you refuse to cooperate, you'll only make things harder for both of us."

Frustration burned in her chest, but she bit back her anger.

This subordinate had been by Collin's side for years. Crossing him would only slam the door shut on her last chance.

She drew in a slow, measured breath, forcing herself to keep her voice steady. "I understand."

Kylee fell silent, forcing herself to stop protesting as the subordinate drove her to the hotel. But a sharp glint of malice

flickered in her eyes.

"This had to be Linsey's doing. While I was away, that scheming bitch must have filled Collin's head with lies. That's why

he is shutting her out. Linsey, you'd better watch yourself," Kylee thought bitterly as her fingers curled into fists.

The next morning, Linsey arrived at work like any other day. But the moment she stepped into the office, Coen was already striding toward her, irritation clear on his face. "Linsey, why are you so late today?"

She blinked, caught off guard. Late? This was the same time she always came in.

Before she could get a word in, Coen said impatiently, "Just put your things down and get to the reception room. Now. Miss Russell is waiting."

Linsey barely had time to process before the pieces clicked into place.

After yesterday's mess at Vista Villa, Collin had arranged another place for Kylee to stay.

And now, Kylee was probably here to replace her with another designer in the company.

A dull ache settled in Linsey's chest. She had poured so much into this design-so close to finishing, just a little more to go.

But there was nothing she could do. She would just have to move on to the next

one.

"Got it," she said, keeping her voice even. Then, without wasting another second, she headed for the reception room.

Linsey braced herself before stepping inside, fully expecting hostility from Kylee.

But the moment she opened the door, she was caught off guard. Kylee rose to her feet with a warm smile, as if they were

old friends.

"Linsey, there you are!" Before Linsey could react, Kylee reached for her hand, gripping it with practiced ease. "I owe you an apology," she said, her voice dripping with sincerity. "I'm really sorry if my carelessness upset you yesterday." Linsey hesitated, momentarily thrown by the sudden shift in demeanor.

Kylee's smile softened, her voice turning almost pleading. "I hope there are no hard feelings. I've known Collin for years, so of course I lean on him sometimes. I never meant for you to misunderstand our relationship."

She gave Linsey's hand a gentle squeeze. "Can we put this behind us?"

Kylee's words were so warm, so flawlessly delivered, that Linsey couldn't find a single crack in them.

A tangle of emotions stirred inside her. Maybe Kylee really was being sincere.

She pressed her lips together, turning it over in her mind. Holding a grudge over something so minor- wouldn't that be

petty?

After all, Collin and Kylee had been friends for years.

Linsey exhaled quietly, letting her shoulders ease. "Kylee, I overreacted

yesterday. Collin already explained everything to me, so don't worry. I'm not upset

with either of you."

Her voice softened as she met Kylee's gaze.

Chapter 215 I'll Give This Design My All

Kylee sighed with relief and then hesitantly asked, "Since you've forgiven me, can we proceed with the collaborative design we initially agreed on, right?"

Linsey was genuinely taken aback by this.

It surprised her that Kylee was ready to move past their previous disagreements and still wanted her to design the gown. "Do you really still want me to design for you, Kylee?" Linsey inquired.

With a gentle smile, Kylee responded warmly, "I know Collin well. He's a good person, so I'm willing to trust you as well. Personal issues shouldn't affect our professional work, right?"

This made Linsey feel even more remorseful.

She had been unsettled by how close Kylee and Collin appeared just last night, yet here was Kylee, exhibiting such magnanimity and professionalism. No wonder she was a star.

A pang of guilt struck Linsey, and she nodded earnestly.

"Don't worry. Your trust in me won't be misplaced. I'll give this design my all," Linsey assured Kylee.

"I have faith in you," Kylee said, encouraging her with a smile.

They continued to discuss the design specifics for some time.

Soon after, Linsey rose to leave.

As the door to the reception room shut, Kylee's warm smile disappeared instantly.

Her face turned stone cold, her eyes flaring with open malice and hatred.

"Linsey," she muttered through clenched teeth.

Taking a deep breath, she picked up a sterilized hand towel and began meticulously cleaning her hands.

"Dealing with you disgusts me," Kylee sneered.

Once done, she threw the towel into the trash with a sharp, disdainful gesture, as though she were discarding Linsey

herself.

Recalling Linsey's earnest reply, she twisted her lips into a scornful sneer. "Linsey, your naivety borders on stupidity," she said with a chilly laugh. "Do you consider yourself a renowned designer? Do you actually believe I respect your skills?"

Her eyes narrowed menacingly, a calculating expression flickering across her face.

"Linsey, just you wait. This time, you'll endure severe consequences and realize what it means to vie with me over a man."

Linsey was unexpectedly pleased to find that Kylee was still open to collaboration.

Determined to prove herself, Linsey decided to invest extra effort to perfect her design.

Thus, she began to work extended hours and, within two days, finished the initial draft.

Upon submitting the draft to Kylee, she promptly received a positive response. With the draft approved, Linsey was ready to start on the final product.

Her plan was to collaborate with several skilled colleagues as she had previously. However, when she approached Coen for assistance, he outright declined.

"Linsey, working with Kylee differs from our previous project with Anthea," Coen explained gravely. "The gown Kylee will debut at her first public appearance since returning from abroad must remain strictly confidential."

He continued, "Should this design leak and be disseminated by those with hidden agendas, it could damage both her image. and our reputation. Therefore, you must handle the completion of this gown independently. Do you understand?"

Chapter 216 What Are You Doing Here



Coen glanced at Linsey, then paused as if recalling something. "It's not easy making the dress on your own, but Kylee gave us plenty of time. You don't need to stress. You'll have more than enough time to finish it."

Considering Kylee's superstar status, Linsey figured that made sense. She sighed, still hesitant. "What about my other work?" "I'll take care of everything," Coen immediately assured her. "Just focus on Kylee's dress for the next few days."

His reassurance eased her worries.

For the next week, Linsey spent nearly every waking hour in the studio, cutting fabric and refining details. More often than not, she worked straight through meals, completely absorbed.

Each day, it was Collin's calls that pulled her away from her work, reminding her to take a break.

After several more days of meticulous work, Linsey finally completed the dress.

She stepped back and took in the finished design. A deep sense of accomplishment settled over her.

With Kylee's red carpet event approaching, she couldn't help but hope for a chance to see the dress in action. The thought sent a thrill of excitement through Linsey.

As the night stretched on, her colleagues began leaving one by one.

"Linsey, it's getting late. You should head home," a colleague called from the doorway.

Linsey nodded. Then, she carefully draped a protective cloth over the mannequin before locking it inside the glass cabinet.

The company provided secure storage for valuable designs, and she made sure the lock was fastened properly.

An hour after Linsey left, a shadowy figure slipped into the studio.

It was Cynthia. She had been keeping a low profile for some time not because she had changed her ways, but because she was waiting for the perfect moment to act on Kylee's plan.

That moment had finally arrived. The very night Linsey completed the dress, Cynthia decided to make her move.

She navigated the dimly lit studio with ease and headed straight for the glass cabinet. With a spare key she had stolen from

Coen, she quietly unlocked it.

As the door clicked open, her breath hitched.

"How is this possible?" she whispered, her eyes wide in disbelief. "Linsey had created a masterpiece all by herself..."

Cynthia clenched her fists, her eyes burning with jealousy.

The thought of Linsey gaining recognition for this dress made her stomach twist with rage.

No. She couldn't let that happen.

Cynthia's gaze darkened as an idea took shape. A slow, triumphant laugh escaped her lips.

"Linsey, it doesn't matter how good your design is. You're going to fail soon enough." A smirk curled at the corners of her mouth.

While waiting for a ride outside the company building, Linsey shivered as a sudden sneeze escaped her.

The cold night air bit at her skin as she hurriedly opened her ride-hailing app.

"It's too late. I can't find a ride," she muttered, frustration creeping in.

Collin had told her before that if she ever got stuck like this, she could call him, and he would come pick her up.

But she didn't want to bother him.

As she stood there hesitating, a car pulled up in front of her.

The window rolled down, and Linsey's breath caught. A familiar face stared back at her.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, startled.

Chapter 217 Is Collin Really

That Difficult

The person in the car was none other than Dustin.

Upon seeing Linsey, he raised an eyebrow in surprise and glanced at the

company building behind her. "What are you doing

here so late?"

Linsey, not giving it much thought, replied, "I just got off work."

When he heard this, Dustin's surprise deepened. "You work at CR Corporation? In what role?"

He joked, "With your looks, you could be a receptionist."

But how could he not know about this? He frequented CR Corporation so regularly, it seemed unlikely he hadn't noticed

Linsey.

Fight the urge to roll her eyes at him, Linsey said, "I'm a designer in the Fashion Design Department."

A designer, really?

Dustin's expression transformed into one of admiration.

Securing a designer position at CR Corporation required notable talent or a well- established reputation.

He had pegged Linsey as an ordinary individual, yet here she was, revealing her significant accomplishments.

"You're really good at keeping secrets, aren't you?" He chuckled.

Linsey felt slightly uncomfortable with Dustin's lighthearted teasing.

She responded calmly, "If there's nothing else, I'll be on my way."

As she turned to leave, Dustin quickly called out, "Wait."

Linsey turned around, puzzled.

"Look, it's late, and finding a cab might be tough. Can I give you a ride home? It isn't safe for a woman to be out alone at

this hour," Dustin offered.

The thought was tempting to Linsey.

Indeed, cabs were scarce.

But... she hesitated as she looked at Dustin.

Her trust in him wasn't fully established yet.

Her reluctance was clear, and Dustin responded with a light laugh. "I'm friends with Collin. What's there to worry about? If it really bothers you, call him right now and check."

Dustin's earnestness made Linsey reconsider her initial doubts.

He was acquainted with Collin and had even assisted her previously with an issue concerning the orphanage.

Considering his apparent wealth, perhaps he had even supported Collin in settling a substantial debt with CR Corporation.

After a moment of contemplation, Linsey relaxed.

It was clear from Dustin's demeanor that he wasn't the type to hassle someone he considered ordinary.

She softened her expression and said quietly, "Thank you."

Linsey opened the passenger door and slid into the car.

As Dustin started the engine, he chuckled. "Perfect timing. I've got something to discuss with Collin tonight. I'll make sure you get home safely, and then we'll see how he can still challenge me after that."

Hearing this, Linsey was momentarily taken aback and asked curiously, "Challenge you? Is Collin really that difficult? I find

that hard to believe."

Dustin clicked his tongue. "You've only been married a short while, so you probably haven't seen all his moods. Collin can be unpredictable. If you say the wrong thing, it might turn really awkward."

Seeing Dustin so earnest, Linsey found it a bit strange.

"That doesn't seem quite right. But you're a member of the Wade family, and you manage certain affairs for CR Corporation. Why would you need to be so cautious around Collin?" she blurted out.

Dustin nearly choked, coughing as he almost bit his tongue in surprise.

He was just making conversation and nearly revealed too much.

Chapter 218 He Won't Behave Like That Again

Dustin cleared his throat and sighed. "Well, you know Collin's early car accident left him with a disability, and his family's cold treatment has certainly shaped his somber personality. We should be more understanding and not hold trivial grudges,

right?"

Linsey was taken aback by Dustin's insightful comments.

Previously, she had pegged Dustin as a mere playboy who spent his time flirting.

Now, she saw him in a new light.

Dustin had proven himself a loyal friend, standing by Collin even in tough times.

Collin was fortunate to have such a reliable friend like Dustin.

After a pause, Linsey reassured him, "Don't worry. He won't behave like that again. I'll remind him to be nicer to you."

Dustin raised an eyebrow. "So, Collin listens to you?"

"Of course, I'm his wife. Who else would he listen to?" she responded confidently. Dustin was taken aback. He knew Collin wasn't one to be easily influenced.

Yet, given Collin's deep care for Linsey, Dustin wondered how far Collin might go to please her.

"You should keep an eye on him to ensure he doesn't inadvertently offend anyone in business. Given his delicate position within the Riley family and the effort he's put into his career, he can't afford any missteps due to his temper," Dustin advised pragmatically.

Linsey agreed, "You're right. I'll handle it."

Shortly thereafter, Dustin's car arrived at Vista Villa.

Dustin exited the car swiftly and walked briskly towards the entrance without waiting for Linsey.

Upon spotting Josh, he immediately asked, "Josh, is Collin in the study? I need to talk to him."

Josh, accustomed to Dustin's relaxed demeanor, nodded and answered, "He's in the kitchen, cooking."

"What?!" Dustin exclaimed, so startled he thought he might have misheard. "Are you telling me Collin is cooking? Seriously?"

Linsey, who was a few steps behind, overheard and added, "Really? Why would Collin decide to start cooking all of a

sudden?"

Josh offered Linsey a warm smile and explained, "Mr. Riley knows you've been overwhelmed with work recently, so he wanted to make something to help boost your energy."

Despite the sincerity in Josh's voice, Dustin was skeptical.

Collin's recent actions had been unusually considerate towards Linsey. It seemed every unusual thing he did was for her

benefit.

Dustin marveled to himself at this change. Collin had been single for many years, but since falling for Linsey, he had

devoted himself completely to her.

Curiosity getting the better of him, Dustin marched towards the kitchen, muttering, "Collin hardly ever cooks. I have to see

what he's managed to prepare."



Linsey, hearing Dustin's remarks, also grew curious.

She realized she had never actually tasted anything made by Collin before.

However, before they could reach the kitchen, a sudden, startling explosion echoed from within.

## Chapter 219 Why Did The Microwave Explode

Linsey and Dustin recoiled in shock.

"Collin!" Linsey rushed past Dustin and darted into the kitchen.

Upon entering, she was met with the aftermath of a microwave explosion, its contents strewn all over.

Near the chaos, Collin sat in his wheelchair, his expression one of sheer astonishment, obviously unprepared for the appliance's meltdown.

Without giving the ruined microwave a second glance, Linsey hurried to Collin, gently laying a hand on his shoulder, her

voice laced with concern. "Are you okay? Did you get hurt?"

"I'm fine," Collin responded, his gaze locked on the cookbook in his lap,

bewildered. "Why did the microwave explode?"

Relieved to hear Collin was uninjured, Linsey let out a sigh of relief.

She turned back to the microwave, spotted the egg remnants, and quickly pieced

it together. "Eggs in their shells can't go in.

the microwave. They burst due to the pressure inside."

Collin's frown deepened. "I just wanted to make you dinner, you've been so busy lately."

"It looks like something went wrong with the process; that's why it blew up," Linsey reasoned.

Collin looked as if he had been wronged. He hesitated, then announced, "Wait here, I'll try to make something else."

"No, let's not." Linsey quickly intervened. "Cooking should be left to those who know how. If you keep this up, you'll only

create more mess for us to clean."

As she spoke, she affectionately ruffled Collin's hair, teasing him. "Looks like there are things you can't master after all. That makes me feel a little better about my own skills!"

Collin managed a small smile at Linsey's playful jab.

"You're right. I shouldn't make more work for everyone," he conceded, looking down at his stained clothes. "I'll go change."

"Alright," Linsey said softly.

Just then, a click sounded at the kitchen door.

Collin was about to navigate his wheelchair when he spotted Dustin at the doorway, taking a photo with his phone.

Upon meeting Collin's gaze, Dustin quickly attempted to hide his phone, a mischievous grin spreading across his face.

"Dustin, what are you up to?" Collin asked, clearly annoyed.

"Hey, don't look at me like that! I wasn't doing anything," Dustin protested loudly.

He felt a twinge of annoyance. Linsey had assured him during their car ride that Collin wasn't as difficult as he seemed. Yet here was Collin, treating him with the same old disdain.

Dustin silently lamented to himself how Collin always seemed to treat him differently. He wished Linsey could see this disparity, as Collin was never as nice to him as he was to her.

Collin narrowed his eyes and wheeled closer, fixing Dustin with a stern look. "I saw you taking a picture. Delete it now, or don't blame me if I get really upset."

Dustin's eyes flickered around as he scrambled for a way out of the confrontation.

He had always seen Collin as the composed, untouchable one.

This disheveled, agitated version of Collin was new to him.

Reflecting on the photo he had captured, Dustin felt a strong urge to keep it.

It was a snapshot of a rare, unguarded moment.

Perhaps, he mused, this photo could serve as playful leverage against Collin in the future.

## Chapter 220 You Look Really Handsome In This...

Dustin playfully teased, "Collin, it's your first time cooking, a moment to remember. I'm just capturing it for you!"

However, Collin was not buying it. His displeasure deepened with each passing moment.

Indeed, it was his first attempt at cooking, but he had failed spectacularly, embarrassing himself in front of Linsey. What was there really to celebrate?

Dustin appeared intent on provoking him.

The more Collin dwelled on it, the angrier he got.

Just as he was about to snap, Linsey, who was right beside him, casually asked, "Mr. Wade, can I see the photo you just

took?"

Hearing Linsey's voice calmed Collin immediately.

He looked over at Linsey, filled with curiosity, and the demand to delete the photo he had been about to make was quickly

retracted.

Without any hesitation, Dustin eagerly showed Linsey the photo on his phone.

"See? I'm pretty good at this, right? The lighting, the composition-everyone would agree they're great."

Linsey examined the photo. It showed Collin looking less reserved and more naturally disheveled, which added warmth and

charm to his appearance.

She thought Collin looked even more handsome in the kitchen than usual.

Smiling, she mused, "Is this what they mean by 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder'?"

The more Linsey viewed the photo, the more she liked it.

She soon realized she had no photos of Collin on her phone.

"Mr. Wade, could you send me this photo to keep?" she requested.

Linsey felt a twinge of regret for not having captured any moments with Collin herself.

She had no photos of him, nor any of them together.

Dustin readily agreed, "Of course! Let's exchange numbers on WhatsApp."

Seeing them exchange contact information made Collin unexpectedly jealous.

Dustin's cheeky smile was beginning to irritate him.

What was he still doing here anyway?

Collin grasped Linsey's wrist, his expression troubled as he murmured, "Linsey, there's no need for that. I can take plenty

of photos for you."

Linsey blinked and responded with a smile, "Alright, make sure to take more of me later on."

Collin exhaled in relief, poised to suggest she shouldn't add Dustin on WhatsApp. However, they had already connected on

the app.

Dustin noticed a look of resignation on Collin's face and suppressed a chuckle.

"You look really handsome in this one." Linsey opened the photo, saved it, then showed it to Collin.

"Look, Mr. Wade's skills in candid photography are quite impressive. It's thanks to him we have this memorable photo." Linsey smiled, tucked her phone away, and declared earnestly, "I'm going to keep this photo secure. Even if I switch phones.

later, I can't let it get lost."