

Zillionaire 241

Chapter 241 Collin, Just Be Quiet

Linsey tore Collin's collar, leaving it casually undone.

Collin, seated in his wheelchair, momentarily stiffened. He stared at Linsey, his eyes reflecting astonishment at her

unexpected move.

Catching the look of surprise on his face, Linsey hesitated, her lips just inches

from his. In a soft murmur, she asked, "What's going on? Your turn to be distracted?"

Collin's response was gentle. "I just don't want to make you uncomfortable," he said, even as his arms encircled Linsey's

waist, holding her close.

A slight frown crossed Linsey's face. She wasn't in the mood for serious conversations.

"Collin, just be quiet," she instructed, pressing her finger against his lips to silence further discussion.

"You just need to

follow my lead from here."

Decidedly, Linsey wanted to demonstrate that their last moment of intimacy was more than just a fluke fueled by alcohol.

She was genuinely fond of him and eager to bridge the gap between them.

Collin caught his breath, a quiet "okay" escaping his lips.

Eventually, Linsey was so exhausted she fell into a deep sleep, collapsing in Collin's arms as her consciousness faded away.

Collin held her close, striving to regulate his own breathing.

Once he was certain Linsey was asleep, he carefully stood up from his wheelchair. He cradled her gently and placed her on

the bed, taking care to tuck her in with tenderness.

Sitting beside the bed, Collin softly stroked Linsey's sweaty, tangled hair.

His thoughts churned as he reflected on the recent events.

Linsey's bold move had not quenched his desire; rather, it had magnified the longing within him.

He had to maintain the pretense of his disability in Linsey's presence, which meant letting her lead while he restrained his

own impulses.

With a resigned sigh, Collin acknowledged that his only immediate relief was a cold shower.

In all his twenty-some years, Collin had never felt so unsettled.

He mused that if Dustin ever discovered what had occurred, he would likely tease him for years to come.

After his cold shower, Collin felt his restlessness abate.

He lay down quietly beside Linsey.

Just then, Linsey murmured in her sleep, "Mmm, cold."

Collin paused, then without hesitation, drew Linsey close into his arms, wrapping the blanket tightly around them.

Instinctively, Linsey snuggled into Collin's broad chest and settled back into a peaceful slumber.

Collin watched over Linsey's sleeping face, his longing to stand strong before her growing even more.

He yearned to hold her openly, to offer her a sense of complete security.

However, danger still loomed around them.

To protect Linsey, he could not afford any rash actions.

Collin tightened his embrace, silently vowing to clear all hurdles swiftly.

No matter what, he had to find that woman before Gorman could.

Elsewhere, a tall, handsome man stood on the balcony of a luxurious villa, his gaze lost in the distance, stirred by deep

emotions.

He slowly lowered his head to gaze at the butterfly pendant in his hand, his warm fingertips gently tracing its contours.

This man was Gorman, the very person who had Collin on high alert.

Chapter 242 I Won't Let You Slip Away Again

In this moment, Gorman held the butterfly pendant in his hand, his features softening into an unusual gentleness.

Memories flooded his thoughts, replaying a sequence he had envisioned countless times before.

It was during a perilous time when he was pursued by enemies, narrowly escaping with his life. Wounded and teetering on the edge of collapse, he found refuge in a quaint fishing village.

As his blood loss worsened, Gorman's consciousness began to wane.

He found himself collapsing weakly on the beach, where the waves gently washed over him, sweeping away the traces of

crimson.

Just when Gorman was about to relinquish hope, a figure blurred by his failing vision materialized before him.

This woman rescued him, diligently caring for his wounds and urging him to cling to life.

She became a beacon of hope, offering him a renewed chance at survival.

Shortly thereafter, his loyal aides whisked him away in secrecy.

Upon his return to the village, the woman had vanished.

The only trace she left was a hint that she was a foreign tourist, with a butterfly pendant as the sole remnant of her

presence.

For years, Gorman scoured the globe in search of her, to no avail.

However, this time, he had stumbled upon a crucial clue.

With this thought, a smile crept across his face.

The woman he sought hailed from Grester.

Pulling a photograph from his pocket, he gazed at the image of a woman with a gentle smile and an elegant air.

"Linsey, I've finally found you," Gorman whispered softly. "This time, I won't let you slip away again."

Meanwhile, Linsey was ensnared by a dream recalling distant past events.

At that time, she was meandering through a small fishing village overseas, seeking inspiration amid nature's embrace.

One crisp morning, she stumbled upon a shocking sight-a man sprawled on the desolate shore, his body marred by blood.

Alarmed, Linsey didn't hesitate, she dragged the man to safety.

Frantically checking his breathing, she found it barely perceptible. Time was running out, and immediate action was

crucial.

Linsey quickly dialed for help on her phone, but the remote location meant no ambulance could arrive swiftly.

Worse still, the local villagers cautioned her against intervening.

"This man has lost so much blood and has been out in the sea all night. He won't make it. Don't waste your efforts."

"Yeah, we've had unexpected deaths here before. We're used to it."

But Linsey couldn't stand the thought of letting a life fade away before her eyes. She took the injured man to her rented

accommodation within the village and scavenged for medicines to halt the bleeding.

With limited resources at her disposal, she managed to stem the flow of blood, but then the man developed a severe fever.

With no medical help nearby, Linsey found herself improvising ways to lower his fever, remaining by his bedside through

several sleepless nights.

She sensed that the man was aware, that he could hear her.

So, Linsey whispered words of encouragement, urging him to persevere.

Perhaps it was destined, but the man clung to life, and gradually, his fever began to subside.

A few days later, Linsey heard rumors of a doctor visiting near the village. Seizing the opportunity, she gathered some gifts and approached the doctor, pleading for his assistance.

She spent the entire day convincing the doctor to help.

Eventually, likely worn down by her persistence, the doctor agreed to assist.

However, when they returned to her place, Linsey was stunned to discover that the man had disappeared.

Her neighbors informed her that he had been taken away.

Despite her best efforts to gather more information, Linsey found herself at a dead end. Without knowing his identity or

name, she had no choice but to relinquish her search.

Chapter 243 I'm Completely Drained

The next morning, Linsey woke up with her mind still in a haze.

She puzzled over a dream, an old memory that had surfaced unexpectedly.

Why had it appeared now after so much time?

Linsey touched her forehead, feeling a mild ache.

Perhaps her tiredness from last night was to blame.

As she opened her mouth, a strong thirst hit her, and she longed for a drink, of water.

Without thinking, she attempted to rise, only to find she was still wrapped in the arms of the man behind her.

She shifted gently, and Collin, who had been holding her, stirred awake.

"Hmm? Up so early? Don't you want to sleep more?" Collin's voice was husky, his tone teasing. "I thought last night's

exhaustion would make you sleep in."

His words triggered her memory of last night, and warmth spread across her cheeks.

She had not expected to take such initiative with Collin, especially when they were both wide awake.

At that moment, Linsey felt completely drained, ready to drop back into sleep. Yet, she didn't want to seem frail in front of Collin. She clenched her teeth and declared, "I'm not that frail. Let me go!"

Collin raised an eyebrow, his amusement clear.

He glanced briefly at the marks on her neck, his eyes darkening, then he released her.

Linsey tried to stand, but her legs failed her, and she nearly collapsed.

She cried out and fell back onto the bed.

Collin reacted swiftly, pulling her back into his arms.

"Collin, you're too heavy! Let go of me!" Linsey protested, her brow furrowed.

She tried to wriggle free, but then stopped abruptly.

Linsey looked up into Collin's surprised face. "Collin! You..."

He inhaled deeply and gently stroked her cheek.

The awkwardness that had flickered across his face vanished, replaced by a soft chuckle. "What's the issue?"

"How can you even ask?" Linsey frowned at him. "After we stayed up so late, and you're still like this... Aren't you

insatiable?"

Instead of showing any embarrassment, Collin pressed down more boldly, his gaze intense as he looked into Linsey's eyes.

"Honey, I'm a grown man; this is a natural reaction," he said calmly. "Besides, since we got married, our intimate moments have been few and far between. Did you really think last night's brief encounter would be enough for me?"

Linsey was so taken aback by Collin's blunt reasoning that she was momentarily speechless. After a brief pause, she surrendered. "Collin, please let go. I'm completely drained."

She thought back to yesterday, the sight of his wheelchair, and suddenly, she couldn't bear to look at it.

And truthfully, taking the initiative even once had been utterly exhausting.

Collin's laughter broke through her thoughts, his hand slowly trailing down from Linsey's ear.

"It's okay. Believe it or not, I can handle things this time, so you won't need to make any effort," he said.

Linsey's eyes widened in surprise, and she shot back, "Why didn't you say something so crucial earlier?"

She had been so worn out last night all because of him! This infuriating man.

Chapter 244 It's Okay To

Lean On Me Sometimes

Seeing Linsey so indignant, Collin paused and awkwardly rubbed his nose. "You seemed really into everything last night, so

I held back from saying anything to keep the vibe," he said.

Linsey fixed Collin with a glare, her frustration reaching a peak. "Collin, you're unbelievable! How can you act this way?"

Unbeknownst to Linsey, her anger had little effect on Collin.

Collin responded with a slight smirk and a raised eyebrow.

Irritated and embarrassed, Linsey raised her hand and slapped Collin's cheek sharply.

Realizing she was genuinely upset, Collin softened his approach. After a moment of reflection, he spoke gently. "Alright, I

you need." admit I was wrong. I'm here to make things right. Just let me know what

Linsey huffed sharply. "Collin, you're really terrible."

Her anger flared, and she bit down hard on Collin's shoulder.

Collin winced, a soft groan escaping him.

Startled by his reaction, Linsey quickly pulled back, concerned she might have inflicted serious harm.

"Did I bite too hard? Is it bleeding?" She inspected Collin's shoulder, relieved to see only a faint bite mark.

It was barely noticeable, especially compared to the more pronounced marks from last night.

Collin's gaze darkened, and he lowered his voice. "The shoulder's fine, but there's another place that's hurting."

Linsey froze, suddenly catching his drift. Her face turned bright red as she looked down. She quickly turned away, biting her lip. Despite herself, she accused him. "Collin, how are you so... vigorous? It's like you're not even disabled."

Collin smiled and leaned in close, as if teasing her with a kiss. "Find out for yourself."

"Collin, you jerk. You..." Before Linsey could finish, Collin's kiss enveloped her, cutting off her protest.

They lingered in bed a bit longer.

Eventually, Linsey felt so drained that she couldn't even lift her finger. Only then did Collin release her.

"Collin! I'm starving! Let me go!"

After they prepared for the day and made their way downstairs, Linsey felt unsteady on her feet.

It was a good thing she was on vacation.

In her current state, she doubted she could manage a full day at work.

By the time they sat down to eat, it was already noon, thanks to their prolonged morning distraction.

During the meal, Collin noticed Linsey looked exhausted and offered gently, "Let me feed you."

Linsey shook her head. "No, I'm fine. I'm not that weak."

She reached for the knife and fork.

But suddenly, her grip failed, and the utensils clattered to the floor.

The noise made Linsey flinch, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

Collin gave her a soft smile and took her hand. "Linsey, it's okay to lean on me sometimes."

Her eyes shimmered with mixed emotions, but she remained silent.

Collin fetched fresh utensils and tenderly offered her a bite. "Come on, try some."

Chapter 245 It Concerns Your Wife

Fortunately, the dining room was empty, sparing Linsey any curious stares. Though she was a tad shy, her hunger took over, and she opened her mouth to accept a bite.

After their meal, Collin, all smiles, extended an invitation. "Let me show you around the island. You're on vacation; feel

free to stay as long as you wish."

Linsey nodded, her worries melting away. "Okay."

Relishing a rare moment of tranquility after months of nonstop work, she felt at peace.

Their leisurely island tour was abruptly interrupted when Collin's phone rang.

He answered it, and the voice of his subordinate, thick with urgency, cut through. "Mr. Riley, we have a situation!"

The grave tone made Collin furrow his brows. He glanced at Linsey, who returned his look with a worried gaze. "What's

going on?" he asked, voice low.

After a hesitant pause, the subordinate divulged. "It concerns your wife."

Quickly, he added more details.

Linsey watched as Collin's face cloud over.

"Why are you just telling me now?" Collin demanded, his voice sharp with irritation.

The subordinate's frustration mirrored his own. "The focus was on the Gorman case, and we missed the developments with your wife. Mr. Riley, your guidance is needed."

Taking a deep breath to quell his rising anger, Collin prepared to respond but paused upon seeing Linsey's anxious

expression.

He pressed his lips together, pushing down his fury, and spoke quickly. "Understood. Let's discuss when I return."

After he hung up, Linsey, sensing the tension, asked with a frown, "What's wrong?"

She had seldom seen Collin this somber.

He gazed at her, her face a picture of innocence, and hesitated to weigh her down with the heavy news.

The issue was still up in the air-sharing it now would only stir unnecessary worry.

"It's nothing serious, just a small hiccup at work. I might need to go back for a while," Collin replied as he tried to keep his voice even. "Don't worry, I'll return to you once everything is sorted out."

But Linsey was resolute. "If you're leaving, then we're leaving together. Collin, I want to accompany you."

Collin felt uneasy at the thought of leaving her behind too.

Yet, the unfolding crisis in Grester lingered in his mind...

He fell silent, pondering for a moment before taking her hand firmly. "Then you must promise me-once we're back, stay close. It could get dangerous."

Linsey laughed lightly. "You worry too much. I'm not a child, and besides, I've been living in Grester for years. How bad could it possibly be?" Collin's eyes briefly betrayed his concern. "Alright, let's go then." Soon after, they were aboard a helicopter, heading back to Grester. Upon landing, they moved to get into a car bound for Vista Villa. Suddenly, a large crowd burst from around the corner. Someone yelled with excitement. "Over here! Linsey is here!"

Caught off guard, Linsey and Collin found themselves encircled.

The crowd's leader glared at Linsey, fury written all over his face. "Linsey, you shameless plagiarist! You almost destroyed Kylee's career! We're here for Kylee and Jude!"

With that, the crowd surged forward, and several people pushed Linsey to the ground.

Chapter 246 See If You're Prepared For The...

Linsey barely had time to react before she found herself hitting the ground with a thud.

As she looked up in alarm, she noticed several figures rushing towards her.

With a sharp intake of breath, she closed her eyes tight and lifted her arms to protect her head.

At that moment, just as a fist was about to strike her, a firm grip halted the attacker's wrist.

"Ah!" the attacker yelped in pain as Collin flung him aside.

"Linsey." Collin turned towards her, extending a hand to help her up. "Are you okay? Did they hurt you?"

Worry etched his features, his tone laced with concern.

Taking a deep breath, Linsey managed to compose herself and shook her head. "I'm fine, really."

The attackers hadn't anticipated Linsey having a protector.

"Oh, now I see-you're Linsey's husband." The leader of the group said in a mocking tone, "A cripple and a shameless

woman-what a match."

Laughter erupted from the group.

"A cripple and a disgrace, perfect together!"

"Who else would marry Linsey if not someone fooled by her shamelessness?"

Collin's face darkened with each insult thrown at Linsey. His voice chilled to a frosty timbre. "Say that again. I dare you.

See if you're prepared for the consequences."

Unfazed, the leader of the group crossed her arms and smirked confidently.

"I'm a staunch Kylee supporter. I'm Allie from the wealthy Smith family in town. Do you really think I'm scared of you?" Allie Smith scoffed, scrutinizing Collin with disdain before glaring at Linsey, "A cripple from the Riley family and a

plagiarist for a designer-what threat do you pose to me?"

With a sneer, Allie continued, "Since you insist on defending Linsey, you'll get no sympathy from us!"

She then rallied the crowd of Kylee fans. "Everyone, Linsey almost ruined Kylee's career! We can't let her walk free! A dishonest designer like her will only continue to cause harm! And this man, defending a known plagiarist-he's no better!"

Her words whipped the crowd into a frenzy.

To them, this wasn't just an attack on Linsey; it was a defense of their idol.

They were righting a wrong, convinced their actions were justified.

Without hesitation, they picked up rotten vegetables and whatever trash they could find, launching them at Linsey and Collin

Collin's face was a mask of resolve as he wrapped his arms around Linsey, shielding her from the onslaught.

"Collin!" Linsey protested, trying to cover him instead.

Her mind was a whirlwind of confusion.

Why were they labeling her a plagiarist? She had compiled all the necessary

evidence. Coen had even vowed to assist in

dearing her name...

What was happening?

The situation quickly escalated into chaos.

But suddenly, Collin's reinforcements arrived.

Upon seeing Collin and Linsey cornered, they blanched with shock.

"Stop!"

Collin's assistant's commanding voice sliced through the tumult as he rushed in with a formidable team of bodyguards forming a protective circle around Linsey and Collin.

Chapter 247 You're Not To

Blame Here

The crowd of fans was utterly shocked by the sudden, dramatic scene unfolding before them.

Each person, one after another, froze in fear. They stopped abruptly, too scared to make a rash move.

Allie gaped in disbelief at what was happening.

"What's going on here? Wasn't it rumored that Collin, Linsey's husband, was scorned by the Riley family and nothing more than a worthless man? How does he command such a large following?" she muttered under her breath.

Before she could grasp the situation, others urgently dragged her away, scrambling for safety.

"Allie, we need to run! They've brought a crowd-we can't take them on!"

Allie had no choice but to join the fleeing masses, her heart pounding with panic.

Seeing this, Collin let out a relieved breath. He tenderly let go of Linsey and quickly checked on her.

"Linsey, are you alright?"

"Did anyone hurt you?"

Linsey, tears staining her cheeks, got up from where she was shielded in Collin's arms. Noticing his tousled appearance, she felt a pang of sorrow.

"I'm okay. You shielded me through it all. But you took so many blows-aren't you in pain?" she responded.

Collin offered a faint smile, his relief evident as he saw her unscathed.

"Protecting you is what matters to me. I'm a man; things like this don't bother me much. You're my wife. I couldn't just stand by and watch you get hurt. That wouldn't make me much of a husband."

Linsey's eyes welled up with tears of guilt.

She lowered her gaze and whispered, "Collin, I'm so sorry. I've been keeping secrets from you. Those people were after me. I thought I could manage on my own, but it escalated beyond what I anticipated, and now you're injured because of me.

This is all my fault."

Collin shook his head gently, his hand softly caressing Linsey's cheek. "You're not to blame here. You are the victim. Don't

carry the burden of others' actions."

He paused briefly, then continued, "You should head back in the car. I'll send some men with you to ensure your safety. I'm

here for you, so don't worry."

Linsey frowned, her hand reaching out to grasp Collin's arm instinctively. "Won't you come back with me?"

Collin winced in pain at her touch but regained his composure quickly.

In a calm, steady tone, he replied, "You're in trouble. Those people intend to harm you. I need to secure your safety first before I can relax. We must resolve this issue quickly. Now that they've escalated things, I won't let them get away with

hurting you."

"But..." Linsey began to object, but Collin took her hand gently.

Their fingers intertwined, and the warmth from his touch spread through her skin, warming her heart.

"That's enough, Linsey. Trust me to handle this, okay?" Collin's gaze captured hers, filled with deep tenderness and unwavering resolve.

Linsey bit her lip, her mind swirling with thoughts.

She did trust Collin.

With the situation already out of hand, any further delays would only complicate things further. It made sense to heed his

advice for now.

"I understand," she said softly, giving a small nod as she followed his men to the

car.

Collin stood firm, his eyes lingering on the car as it merged with the traffic and vanished from sight.

A moment later, he suddenly clutched at his arm, wincing as a suppressed groan of pain escaped him.

Chapter 248 It's A Trivial Injury

"Mr. Riley! What happened to you?" Collin's assistant noticed the pallor on his face and stepped forward quickly, concern

etching his features.

Collin frowned as he shifted his arm awkwardly. "It's nothing to worry about. Just got nicked by a rock, so it's a bit tender."

The assistant's face grew solemn as he inspected the injury.

"This could be a minor fracture," he stated with concern. "We need to get you to a hospital immediately."

Collin waved off the concern with a shake of his head. "It's a trivial injury. We've got urgent matters to attend to, and I

don't have time for the hospital right now."

He took a casual look at his arm, feeling a dull ache. "I've handled far worse on my own. This isn't much. Just get someone

to wrap it up. We need to focus on sorting out Linsey's issue first."

He gave a subtle nod, signaling his team member to push his wheelchair.

The ruse of disability was a burden. Had he not been feigning, he might have better protected Linsey.

He made a silent vow to one day stand unaided before Linsey, strong and dependable.

The assistant paused, tempted to argue, but Collin's icy stare silenced him.

"Understood," the assistant responded.

Having known Collin's fearless ascent to power, he and his colleagues were aware of his relentless spirit.

Their concern was palpable, yet their attempts to persuade him were always in vain.

At that moment, Linsey came to the assistant's mind.

She might be the only one who could sway Mr. Riley.

Regrettably, Linsey was not there to make her case.

With a resigned shake of his head, the assistant sighed deeply.

Soon, Collin and his assistant made their way to the car.

The assistant fetched a first-aid kit from the vehicle and pulled out a bandage.

Once settled inside, Collin nonchalantly slipped off his jacket and began deftly wrapping his arm.

It wasn't until Collin removed his shirt that the subordinate caught sight of the extensive injuries on his back-wounds of varying sizes, all incurred while shielding Linsey.

The sight of these severe scars left the assistant stunned.

The ferocity of the attack by those crazed fans was shocking-weren't they terrified of legal repercussions?

"Mr. Riley, those attackers crossed a line. It's fortunate you were there to guard Mrs. Riley. The thought of her being injured

is unthinkable..."

The assistant's words mirrored Collin's own trepidations.

Had he not been at Linsey's side, she could have sustained serious injuries.

A flicker of rage crossed Collin's eyes; he vowed silently not to let the aggressors off easily.

Nonetheless, Collin's voice remained steady as he spoke. "Those assailants aren't mere fans. How else could they have

located us?"

With a narrowing of his eyes and a sneer, he added, "It seems we have a traitor among us."

The assistant reacted with alarm. "A traitor? I assure you, I'll get to the bottom of this."

Collin acknowledged with a nod. "Drive on. We need to confront Jude Todd, the designer who's accusing Linsey of

plagiarism."

"Yes, Mr. Riley."

Chapter 249 Your Talent

Truly Deserves Recogniti.....

On the other side, Jude, the designer Collin had been looking for, sat leisurely sipping coffee with Cynthia.

Cynthia smiled with gratitude. "Thank you so much, Jude. You've really helped me out this time by giving me the chance to part ways with Linsey."

"There's no need for formalities, we've been friends since school." Brightly, Jude responded, "I owe you thanks as well. Without our collaboration, I wouldn't have regained my popularity so swiftly. The buzz from Kylee and Linsey has attracted quite a few new clients."

Cynthia chuckled softly. "Well done! Your talent truly deserves recognition."

However, Jude's expression turned to one of concern. He paused before speaking. "But, we both know Linsey didn't plagiarize my work. I uploaded the piece on the official website using some hacking tricks and even changed the timestamp in the backend. It won't stand up to detailed scrutiny. Are you sure Linsey won't come back at us with evidence?"

Jude's frown deepened. "If Linsey manages to counterattack, the netizens will turn against me, and I could lose everything

I've worked for."

Cynthia dismissed the concern with a wave of her hand. "Don't fret about it. Linsey won't get the chance to fight back. She's already crossed Kylee, and even Coen from our company helped us obliterate any evidence she might have had. Soon, Linsey will be ousted from CR Corporation and left with no footing in the design industry."

Reassured by Cynthia's confident tone, Jude felt a little more at ease. "Alright, that puts my mind at ease," he said.

They soon parted ways, and Jude headed out of the cafe.

Suddenly, a car pulled up, blocking his way.

His eyes widened in surprise, not just at the interruption but because the vehicle was a rare, luxury model.

The car door swung open, and a man in a black suit emerged. He was Collin's assistant.

"Are you the designer Jude Todd?" he asked in a stern voice.

Jude, taken aback, replied instinctively, "Yes, that's me. Who are you?"

Without allowing her to finish, the assistant interjected, "We've been looking for you. Our boss would like a word."

Jude felt a wave of unease wash over him. His eyes flickered to the luxury car behind the man.

Whoever owned that kind of vehicle had to be a big shot in Grester.

"Can I ask why your boss wants to talk to me?" Jude's voice was steady, but a tight knot was forming in his stomach.

Had he offended someone powerful without realizing it?

The assistant curled his lips into a cold smirk. "It's about Linsey. Our boss has a few questions for you."

The mention of Linsey sent a chill down Jude's spine. His expression hardened in an instant. "I'm not going with you," he stated firmly. "You have no right to take me anywhere. If you don't move, I'll call the police."

The assistant said nothing. Instead, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a stack of photographs.

"Jude, we just want to have a simple conversation. If you're so unwilling, maybe these photos will change your mind."

Jude scoffed. As if a few photos could intimidate him.

Still, his eyes instinctively darted to the images the assistant was holding out.

The moment he saw them, his breath caught in his throat. His eyes widened in sheer disbelief.

"How... how did you get these?" His voice trembled as he stared at the pictures, his hands shaking.

He looked up at the assistant, his face drained of color, terror gripping him like a vice.

Chapter 250 I'll Clear Linsey's Name!

Collin's assistant said nothing. He only gave Jude a cold, piercing stare, silently pressuring him to get in the car.

Jude, shaken by the photos, had no choice but to comply.

his breath caught. A man sat across from him, his presence The door slammed shut behind him. As he lifted his gaze commanding and unreadable. The dim interior cast shadows over his face, but his eyes burned with intensity.

"Tell me, who ordered you to frame Linsey?"

The man's voice was steady, unhurried. He remained in the shadows, making it impossible for Jude to see his face clearly. But that didn't matter. The weight of his presence was suffocating.

Jude's pulse hammered in his ears. He struggled to maintain his composure, forcing an air of confusion. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Collin let out a quiet, mocking laugh. "Is that so?" He leaned back, his tone as cold as the air in the car.
"Alright, since you

don't understand, I won't press you."

Jude exhaled, relief flickering across his face.

It lasted only a second. Collin's voice cut through the silence again, measured and deliberate. "If you won't talk about Linsey, let's discuss something else."

A file landed in Jude's lap.

"You were a well-known designer five years ago. Had a bit of fame." Collin paused, his gaze unwavering.
"But what most people don't know is that every one of your so-called masterpieces came from someone else's hands. Your ghost designer,

Sarai Natt."

Jude's breath hitched. His fingers twitched against the file. His throat felt dry. "W- what are you saying?"
His voice barely

held steady.

Collin didn't blink. "Sarai came from nothing. A sick mother. Hospital bills piling up. You saw her talent, her potential, and you took advantage of it. You made her work for you while you took all the credit."

Jude's face paled.

Collin continued, his tone sharp, "Then she wised up. Realized what a mistake she'd made. She wanted out. Even thought

about telling the truth."

Collin's gaze sharpened as Jude's face lost all color. "You were afraid the truth would ruin your reputation. So, you pushed Sarai off that building and left her in a vegetative state. She hasn't woken up since. Without her, your work fell flat, and your fame faded."

He drummed his fingers against his leg. "Am I wrong, Jude?"

As his words settled in, his assistant flung the photos onto the floor in front of Jude.

They showed Sarai, unmoving in a hospital bed.

Jude's breath hitched. His pulse pounded. This couldn't be happening. No one was supposed to know.

He wanted to deny it, to fight back. But the moment he opened the file Collin handed him, the last of his resistance

crumbled.

Collin's voice stayed level. "This is enough to lock you up for life, isn't it?"

Jude shattered. His hands clawed at his hair as he broke into sobs. "I-I was wrong! I didn't know... The thing with Linsey-

I had no choice! Someone put me up to this!"

Collin didn't flinch. "You already know what you have to do."

Jude barely hesitated. He swallowed hard and nodded. "Okay! I'll talk! I'll clear Linsey's name!"

