

Zillionaire 271

Chapter 271 You're So

Smart, Sweetheart

Linsey connected the dots with a swift realization. "So, you had Jude bring recording equipment that could link back to us.

It wasn't just to gather clear evidence but also to seize the perfect moment to switch the live feed to the police. This way, they could act immediately and catch them red-handed."

Collin chuckled and affectionately ruffled Linsey's hair. "You're so smart, sweetheart."

Linsey blushed at the compliment but quickly brushed it aside. "You're exaggerating."

Collin planted a kiss on her cheek and continued, "The police have made the arrests, and we have compelling evidence. It

won't be long before your name is cleared for everyone to see."

As Collin predicted, everything unfolded seamlessly.

Word of Kylee's arrest spread like wildfire across the Internet.

A frenzy erupted anew online.

Kylee's staunch supporters stormed social media, furious at the police. "Why did they arrest Kylee? Do the police just do whatever they please?" "This is scandalous! I'm reporting this illegal arrest to the higher authorities." "We need an explanation from the Grester Police Department now!"

"How could they arrest someone as kind as Kylee?"

"I can't begin to imagine how terrified she must be. What could she possibly have done to deserve this?"

"She has no powerful allies or hidden agendas, yet she's constantly facing hurdles."

The overwhelming public reaction forced the police, initially planning a quiet investigation, to disclose the case details.

The revelations sent shockwaves through the online community.

"Wait, so Kylee orchestrated the plagiarism scandal? She put Jude up to this?"

"It wasn't only Jude Todd-Kylee even bribed Cynthia Keller, the designer at CR Corporation, to frame Linsey."

"It's like a twist in a thriller! The real schemer turned out to be the supposedly innocent Kylee."

"Kylee went so far as to bribe Coen, Linsey's boss, to destroy the evidence she had gathered."

"Linsey uncovered their scheme by spotting her signature, thwarting their entire plan. Overwhelmed, Kylee tried to silence

Jude."

"Does that mean she was contemplating murder? Did Kylee actually stoop that low?"

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"Thank goodness the police intervened in time, or Jude might not have made it. While reputations can be mended, a life

once lost is irreplaceable."

"How could Kylee discuss murder so casually? Has she ever been involved in something like this before? It's horrifying."

"This ordeal dragged on for so long, and Kylee orchestrated the whole thing? She's downright malicious!"

"And those mindless fans who attacked Linsey owe her an apology! You really went overboard, idolizing a criminal."

Kylee's career came to a grinding halt.

Production companies and brands previously aligned with Kylee scrambled to cut ties, swiftly terminating their contracts and releasing statements to dissociate from her, while also seeking damages.

The magnitude of the scandal brought unprecedented scrutiny on law enforcement.

Cynthia and Coen, as Kylee's collaborators, were dismissed from CR Corporation. The company's official account made a public apology on Twitter.

"We sincerely apologize to our designer, Linsey Riley. Protecting her was our duty, and we fell short. In the future, we commit to enhanced oversight to ensure this does not occur again..."

The most astonishing part of the apology was the signature at the bottom-it was from the legendary and reclusive

founder of CR Corporation!

Chapter 272 I'm Not All That Special

Everyone was shocked to their core upon discovering who had signed the apology letter.

Nobody could have guessed that Linsey's predicament would attract the attention of CR Corporation's elusive founder.

"Oh my God, am I seeing this right? Did someone at CR make a mistake? Did the founder really step in personally?"

"Is Linsey's issue really that serious?"

"Apparently, you're out of the loop. Linsey first caught the public eye as the creative mind behind actress Kylee's celebrated

dress. As her star began to rise, a senior designer named Jude Todd accused her of plagiarism. Linsey was barred from

defending herself and endured relentless scrutiny from uninformed netizens for weeks. When she finally managed to

collect evidence vindicating herself, it was revealed that Kylee and some of CR Corporation's staff had orchestrated the

whole charade."

"At the very least, CR Corporation's chief owes Linsey a hefty compensation for all this drama."

"It seems the founder is just trying to salvage the company's image."

"But CR Corporation's founder has always shied away from the limelight. Regardless of the controversy, they've never personally intervened before. And now, stepping forward to apologize to a newly recruited designer?"

"None of this makes any sense."

Linsey was just as taken aback.

Several netizens raised a valid point-she was merely a designer. Why would the founder go out of their way to personally apologize to her?

She shared these bewildering thoughts with Collin.

Collin, ever the supportive spouse, brushed it off. "So what? My wife is the most extraordinary person out there. It's about time CR Corporation owned up to their mistake and apologized."

This made Linsey chuckle. "You're going overboard. I'm not all that special."

Yet, Collin's expression remained earnest. "No, I'm serious. You deserve nothing less than absolute respect."

As he spoke, he looked at her with tender eyes, a shadow of regret passing over his face.

Had he known the full extent of Linsey's troubles, he would have intervened much sooner.

Collin was also filled with gratitude-grateful that Linsey had joined his company. He resolved that from this point forward, he would do everything in his power to protect her.

Once everything had calmed down, Linsey was finally able to return to work.

Upon entering the office, she encountered Coen, who was carrying a box filled with his possessions, his face the picture of defeat. It was clear he was leaving the company.

The moment he spotted Linsey, his expression turned sour.

He wrongly assumed she had come to gloat.

As his thoughts spiraled, his anger grew. With a bitter sneer, he said, "Linsey, you really had us all fooled. First, you cozy up to Anthea, and now it turns out you've been in touch with the founder all along I was completely in the dark about all this. Well, I give up. It seems I was just unlucky to cross paths with you."

Coen had once believed he could use Linsey—who appeared to have no influential ties—to advance his own career,

He had gravely misjudged the situation.

Now, no amount of regret could undo his mistakes.

Coen's misplaced sense of righteousness left Linsey completely taken aback.

Chapter 273 You're Taking My Job

"I'm just a designer at CR Corporation. The founder only stepped in because he couldn't stand by and watch something unfair happen. It's not as scandalous as you're making it out to be," Linsey said.

Coen narrowed his eyes. "Oh, Linsey, drop the act. There's no point. If you didn't already know the founder, why would he

personally apologize to you?"

He let out a sharp breath. "For years, no matter how high the stakes or how outrageous the scandals, nothing ever made him step in. But you-just a designer-somehow changed that? What makes you think you're that important?"

Linsey parted her lips, ready to fire back, but after a beat, she shut her mouth. Not worth it.

Noticing Linsey had no intention of continuing the conversation, Coen let out a dry chuckle, feigning indifference. "You probably don't know yet, but word just came down from the top-I've been fired. Which means my position as head of the Fashion Design Department is up for grabs. And guess what? You're taking my job."

He scoffed and strode off without another word.

Linsey stood frozen, eyes wide with the news.

What? She was replacing Coen?

The thought was so absurd she almost convinced herself she had misheard.

Before she could process it, her colleagues surrounded her with excited congratulations.

"Linsey, congrats!"

"I knew you wouldn't be gone for long, Linsey. Someone as talented as you was bound to come back."

"You're treating us to a celebratory dinner tonight!"

Their excitement only deepened her confusion.

She frowned. "What are you all talking about? I don't get it."

A colleague shot her a surprised look. "Wait... you haven't checked the company email yet?"

Linsey hurriedly pulled out her phone and opened her inbox, realizing she might have missed something. At the top was a

company-wide announcement about staff changes. Coen's name had been removed-replaced by hers.

Her breath hitched. She had actually been promoted.

She was the new head of the Fashion Design Department.

The realization hit hard, leaving her stunned.

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Hadn't she just joined CR Corporation not that long ago?

She was barely getting started-how had she already become department head?

Her mind raced as she struggled to make sense of it.

It felt unreal. She refreshed the email over and over, half-convinced it was a mistake.

Maybe it was just a small promotion.

Jumping from junior designer to department head? That was way too much of a leap.

But no matter how many times she refreshed, the email stayed the same.

"Look at her-she's so stunned she can't even talk!"

"Linsey, seriously-congratulations! You've been through so much, but you earned this."

Even now, it didn't feel real.

She muttered, "This is all moving too fast."

Her colleagues laughed. "Come on, Linsey, you're crazy talented. If anyone deserves this, it's you."

"Yeah, just go for it. You've got this."

Linsey let herself relax, a smile tugging at her lips as she nodded. "I will."

She headed back to her desk and sank into her chair.

As department head, she would have to move her things into the manager's

office.

The thought should have excited her, but instead, a new question nagged at her. 今

CR Corporation's president was Dustin-and Dustin happened to be a close friend of Collin's.

Was this promotion really based on merit, or was it a favor from Dustin for Collin's sake?

Chapter 274 Is Collin's Birthday Close

Linsey hesitated, then tapped out a message to Dustin. "Mr. Wade

Soon after, Dustin's call came through.

She moved to the corridor to speak more freely.

Dustin's voice held a note of surprise. "What promotion?"

were you behind my recent promotion?"

A flicker of surprise crossed Linsey's face. He appeared genuinely clueless.

She quickly briefed him on her new position as department head.

Dustin chuckled lightly. "Linsey, do you think I involve myself in such specifics?" After a brief pause, Linsey replied, "Perhaps not."

Dustin added, "Why question it? Are you doubting your skills? I don't manage the small details, but I'm aware our competitors have been eyeing you. If we hadn't promoted you and offered a raise, might you have left us?"

His tone was relaxed. "I believe HR recognized this as well. After all, Linsey- you're a sensation online."

Linsey nodded in understanding. "That makes sense. Thank you, Mr. Wade. I'm sorry to have disturbed you."

Dustin's laughter was warm. "No trouble at all. And since you're Collin's wife, Dustin is fine. If you need anything, just

come directly to me."

"Sure," Linsey agreed.

Dustin added, "Oh, by the way, did you know Collin's birthday is just around the corner?"

Linsey's interest was piqued. "Is Collin's birthday close?"

She had been unaware of Collin's birthday. It was fortunate Dustin mentioned it.

Eagerly, Linsey asked, "Any idea what he might like? I'd like to get him something special."

Dustin's knowing laugh came through. "Collin's a tough one to read. How could I possibly know? But I'm certain he'd treasure anything from you."

After ending the call, Linsey didn't linger in thought. She went straight online to hunt for a gift.

Despite her extensive search, nothing seemed quite right.

Then, an inspiration hit her.

Why not bake a cake for Collin herself?

A homemade gift would surely carry more meaning.

Resolved, Linsey decided to bake a chocolate cake for Collin's birthday, confident he would adore it.

Over the following days, she settled into her new office and adapted smoothly to her role as department head.

During her downtime, she watched tutorial videos on cake baking.

The next morning, Linsey arrived at work early. With no pressing tasks, she

resumed the tutorial video she hadn't finished the night before.

She had to keep this project under wraps-this cake was meant to be a surprise for Collin. She couldn't let him find out.

Collin seemed to always be by her side after work.

That was why she had struggled to find time for the tutorials the previous evening.

With Collin's birthday fast approaching, she needed to master baking quickly.

Chapter 275 I'll Be Waiting At Rayhill Hotel

Linsey was utterly absorbed in a video when the unexpected jangle of her phone made her flinch.

Regaining her composure, she answered the phone.

On the other end, a voice floated through, gentle and soothing, a stark contrast to Collin's typically robust and resonant

tones. This voice was mellower, almost tender.

"Is this Linsey?" the man inquired, the words simple yet somehow stirring a curious warmth in her.

Who was this? The voice was unfamiliar, yet oddly comforting.

"Yeah, that's me. What's this about?" Linsey replied, her voice tinged with a

subtle bewilderment, her brow furrowed slightly in confusion.

From the other side, Gorman's heart swelled with a sudden rush of familiarity and an inexplicable warmth bloomed in his

chest.

He let out a soft chuckle, the sound warm and inviting. "It's been so long. Have you really forgotten me?"

He understood her confusion. After all, during the brief, crucial moments Linsey had saved him, he had been barely

conscious, his world a blur.

It made sense that she wouldn't recognize his voice now.

Yet, he couldn't resist the playful tease, eager to bridge the gap that time had stretched between them.

Linsey's brow furrowed in confusion, her eyes narrowing with a flicker of suspicion.

"Who exactly are you?" she demanded, her voice tinged with skepticism.

She was now utterly convinced that she had no idea who was on the other end of the call.

Gorman, on his side, kept his tone even and patient. "You really want to know who I am?" he teased lightly. "You'll know

soon enough when we meet. Tonight at seven, I'll be waiting at Rayhill Hotel. We can catch up..."

He was cut off abruptly by the stark "beep" of the line going dead, leaving his words hanging in the air.

Gorman gaped at his phone, his face a mix of astonishment and indignation.

Did a woman just hang up on him? Unbelievable. That had never happened to him-not once in his entire damn life.

Meanwhile, Linsey tossed her phone aside and let out a scoff, returning to her video app with a dismissive snicker.

"Where do these scammers get off?" she mused aloud, her tone icy. "They're getting bolder by the day, even daring to target someone like me."

The Rayhill Hotel was known as the pinnacle of luxury in Grester, accessible only to the elite.

Clearly, this scammer hadn't done his homework before trying to pull off his ruse. Linsey paused, a realization slowly creeping upon her.

Could this be that notorious scam where con artists posed as affluent suitors to lure their victims into financial traps?

Scammers put on the perfect act-rich, loving, and trustworthy-until they had a girl wrapped around their finger and her money in their pocket.

The second the girl thought the scammer's love was real and handed over her hard-earned cash, he vanished like a ghost -leaving her broke and betrayed.

That same afternoon, Linsey's phone rang once again.

It was the same number.

Her eyes narrowed, a surge of anger coursing through her veins.

These lowlife scammers had probably tricked tons of people with their lies. It was downright infuriating!

Without a moment's hesitation, Linsey answered the call, her voice laced with icy fury, "Quit calling me, you lying scumbags! Go find another fool to scam! You slimy piece of shit, you really thought I'd fall for this? Not happening! Crawl

back into whatever fucking hole you came from before I report your sorry ass!"

After giving the caller a piece of her mind, she hung up and immediately blocked the number.

On the other end, Gorman stared at his phone's fading screen, engulfed in silence.

Stunned into silence, his subordinates didn't dare to say a word.

After a long hunt, they finally tracked down the woman who had once saved Gorman's life.

They had anticipated a heartfelt reunion, but instead, they had witnessed their boss getting rebuked harshly.

Observing Gorman's prolonged silence, his team felt a growing unease. They worried he might direct his frustration towards them, given the unexpected turn of events.

Chapter 276 Don't

Overthink It

After a prolonged silence, when his subordinates had all but concluded that Gorman would remain quiet, laughter burst forth, filling the room.

His team was taken aback, wondering if they had misheard.

Turning their eyes toward Gorman, lounging on the sofa, they were startled to see him smiling broadly.

What was happening? Had their boss snapped?

He had just been sharply criticized by the person who had saved his life, yet here he was, laughing.

Were they about to bear the brunt of his frustration?

Against their assumptions, Gorman was genuinely cheerful.

After years of traveling the globe, he had finally tracked down the woman who had rescued him all those years ago.

Now that he knew who she was and where she was, he approached her with remarkable patience.

Nevertheless, Gorman hadn't foreseen that Linsey would possess such a strong personality.

Yet, regarding Linsey, Gorman found it effortless to persuade himself, letting her influence his emotions significantly.

The only issue that bothered him was Linsey's immediate dismissal of his invitation.

Was it because he had chosen not to reveal who he was right away?

He had intended it as a surprise.

The more he thought about it, the more it vexed him. He turned to his subordinates and inquired, "Why do you think Linsey blocked my number?"

He felt he had been gentle and patient during their earlier conversation.

The subordinates hesitated, taken aback by the question.

Indeed, a call from an unknown number was typically unwelcome-who wouldn't block that?

Although this thought crossed their minds, expressing it was another matter. Telling the truth could sometimes lead to consequences.

So, one subordinate carefully suggested, "Maybe she was just overwhelmed. We discovered a significant plagiarism scandal involving her recently. That must be putting a lot of pressure on her, so she probably doesn't have time for anything else. Boss, don't overthink it. Linsey isn't upset with you. She's just preoccupied with those issues."

Hearing this, Gorman nodded thoughtfully.

"You make a good point." His brow furrowed as he continued, "What's happening with those troublemakers?"

The negative press surrounding Linsey had deeply troubled him.

How could they malign Linsey in such a manner?

If his focus hadn't been so set on reconnecting with her, he would have already taken steps to teach those individuals the

harsh consequences of crossing Linsey.

One of the subordinates quickly responded, "Linsey's former supervisor and her colleague were both dismissed by CR

Corporation. As for Kylee Russell, she's currently in police custody, awaiting further investigation."

At the mention of that name, Gorman's eyes briefly flashed with revulsion. "Kylee Russell..."

One subordinate, thinking Gorman needed a reminder, started to explain, "She was the one who tried to drug you at the

banquet..."

Before he could finish, Gorman gave him a piercing look. "Enough."

Following that incident, Gorman had decisively sent Kylee packing back to Grester.

Just the thought of her attempt to seduce him was enough to make his stomach turn.

A new thought suddenly struck Gorman, altering his expression.

"By the way, wasn't Kylee quite close to the founder of CR Corporation? Now that she's caught up in this mess, isn't that person going to step in and help her?"

Chapter 277 Would That

Interest You

Gorman's subordinate shook his head, puzzled. "No, maybe Kylee doesn't know the founder of CR Corporation. After all, the founder is an enigma, and very few know what he looks like. How could someone like Kylee have any real contact with

him?"

Gorman nodded subtly.

He had initially pressured Kylee to see if the elusive founder would intervene on her behalf, using this as a tactic to delve into his background.

Now Kylee had almost ruined Linsey's reputation.

Gorman inhaled sharply and declared coldly, "Anyone who has crossed Linsey will not get off easily."

The subordinate lowered his gaze and inquired, "Boss, what's our move?"

Gorman shot him a frosty look, his tone icy. "Do I need to spell it out? Mar Kylee's face so she can never return to her high

-profile celebrity life. As for the others-break a limb or two. Make sure they remember this lesson."

"Yes, boss," the subordinate affirmed.

Having issued his commands, Gorman was now faced with another challenge- how to reconnect with Linsey.

"She's blocked my number. How am I supposed to get close to her now?"

Gorman scowled in contemplation, then a spark of an idea lit up his eyes. "What if

I just send someone to bring her to me?"

The subordinates were taken aback, not anticipating such a bold proposal from their boss.

That plan was clearly fraught with peril.

The subordinate who had spoken responded quickly, "That might not be the best idea. If you force yourself on Linsey,

she'll only resent you more."

Gorman's frown deepened. "Then I..."

Seizing the moment of his boss's uncertainty, the subordinate suggested, "Linsey's promotion just came through. Why not present her with a significant order? She'd surely appreciate that. And it could be a way to exchange contact details under the guise of business discussions."

Gorman listened and grinned with approval. "That sounds like a solid strategy. Let's proceed."

Without hesitation, Gorman set his plan into motion.

Linsey was still at her desk, tackling the backlog of work Coen had left, when her phone rang.

"Hello, Ms. Brooks. I'm calling on behalf of Mr. Gorman Green. He's from a wealthy family in town. We're looking to place

an order worth five million dollars. Would that interest you?"

Five million?

Linsey was taken aback. She composed herself and responded calmly, "What kind of design are you looking for?"

The caller answered with courtesy, "Mr. Green would like to commission an outfit for his fiancée. He prefers to discuss the

details in person at Rayhill Hotel."

It was only then that Linsey registered who the client was.

The Green family in town? She realized she knew little about them.

Detecting her pause, the caller continued, "The meeting needs to be one-on-one.

Mr. Green values privacy, and having extra

people around would only complicate matters."

Linsey's brow furrowed slightly. Something didn't quite feel right.

Sensing her reluctance, the caller quickly assured her, "Linsey, please trust our intentions. If you agree to the meeting,

we'll transfer the deposit immediately. How does five hundred thousand dollars as a down payment sound?"

Linsey was startled by the offer.

The client was not shy about investing in what he wanted.

After pondering for a moment, she agreed. "Alright, send over the details. I'll be there."

After all, this was an affluent family; surely there was no cause for concern.

Moments after the call ended, Linsey's phone buzzed with the details of the meeting.

Chapter 278 Why This

Hotel Again

The message read, "Rayhill Hotel, tonight at 7 o'clock."

"Why this hotel again?" Linsey was visibly baffled.

She recalled the scam call that had directed her to the same location not long before.

Could this really be a coincidence?

Linsey shook her head, letting go of her suspicions for a moment. The client had made a deposit already. If it were a scam,

surely they wouldn't go to such lengths?

Moreover, Rayhill Hotel stood as one of the most opulent in Grester. Surrounded by numerous staff members, she felt

reassured that her safety was hardly at risk.

Nevertheless, Linsey wasn't taking any chances. She packed a few self-defense tools, a wise precaution given her string of

recent mishaps.

She didn't want to get hurt again as Collin's birthday was around the corner.

Once she wrapped up at work, Linsey notified her office of her evening plans before making her way to Rayhill Hotel.

But upon her arrival, the hotel manager halted her progress.

His eyes swept over her with clear disapproval, pinpointing her attire as less than suitable for the luxurious setting.

"Who are you? Are you unaware that our hotel enforces a formal dress code? Do you really think you belong here dressed as you are?" the hotel manager addressed her, disdain evident in his tone.

Caught off guard, Linsey swiftly apologized. "Sorry, I didn't know."

This was her first visit to Rayhill Hotel; the dress code was news to her.

It seemed she would have to return home to change.

At that moment, Gorman's assistant was back on the line, his voice carrying a note of urgency. "Ms. Brooks, have you

arrived?"

The question sparked a flicker of doubt in her mind.

Why did he sound so desperate for her presence?

Shaking off her reservations, Linsey responded, "Sorry, I've been stopped at the entrance. It might take me a little longer."

After a pause, the voice on the other end assured her, "Please wait a moment."

Perhaps she wouldn't need to change after all.

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Chapter 278 Why This Hotel Again

Linsey paused, about to bail a cab for a quick retreat, but chose to wait.

Shortly after, a man in a crisp suit emerged from the hotel.

He recognized Linsey immediately and approached with formal courtesy. "Ms. Brooks, I'm the one who contacted you. Mr. Green awaits your arrival. Please, follow me."

Linsey blurted "Alright."

Without giving it much thought, she followed him inside.

Out of nowhere, someone dashed over and blocked her path once more.

She looked up—it was the hotel manager from earlier.

This time, his haughty demeanor had vanished. Instead, he clutched Linsey's hand and implored with desperation.

Please forgive me! I didn't realize you were an esteemed guest of Mr. Green's! I was completely oblivious to your importance. Please, forgive my mistake just this once-I promise it won't happen again!"

Linsey stood there, dumbfounded, trying to process the sudden shift.

Goomen's assistant frowned deeply and called out to the security personnel behind him, "What are you waiting for?"

Remove him at once"

Almost immediately, two bodyguards approached and seized the hotel manager.

As they pulled him away, his face blanched and he began to shout, drawing the gazes of everyone nearby.

Linsey's frown deepened, her confusion growing "What exactly is happening here?"

Chapter 279 We'll Simply Break One Of His Legs

Danny Spall, Gorman's assistant, addressed Linsey in an unyielding tone. "Ms. Brooks, it's come to my attention that the hotel manager showed you disrespect earlier. Rest assured, he will be disciplined. Let us not dwell on these minor irritants.

Mr. Green is waiting for us upstairs."

Linsey remained rooted in place, her gaze locked on the hotel manager who quivered on the floor, his face etched with fear.

"What do you mean by that?" Linsey's voice was tinged with concern.

The thought of dismissing him seemed too harsh; after all, she had barely been bothered by the encounter.

Instances like this were not unfamiliar to her; she tended to overlook them unless they crossed a line.

She couldn't help but feel that taking action against the manager for such a petty issue was blowing things out of

proportion.

Her shock deepened as Danny replied with chilling calmness, "We'll simply break one of his legs."

"What?" Linsey's voice cracked, her disbelief palpable.

All this because he was a little rude? And now the poor bastard was about to get his leg snapped like a twig?

"What the hell? That's cruel and unnecessary!" Linsey's protest grew louder, her tone fraught with urgency. "He barely did anything, and I couldn't care less-call them off before this goes too far!"

She stood, bewildered by the extreme measures. What was it with these affluent circles and their disproportionate

responses to trivial slights?

Danny regarded Linsey with wide eyes, his expression one of utter surprise. "Ms. Brooks, are you seriously suggesting we

let him go?"

Linsey's patience frayed, and her voice carried a tinge of irritation. "What else could I possibly mean?"

She shook her head, her tone sharpening. "I certainly hope you weren't serious about breaking his leg. That's barbaric- he's a human being, not some disposable plaything."

After a brief pause, Danny's shoulders slumped slightly in submission. "Alright then. If that's what you want, we'll go with

it."

He lifted his hand, signaling his men to release the captive manager. With a stern gaze, he warned, "Remember, Ms. Brooks is a distinguished guest of Mr. Green. Any further disrespect towards her won't be taken lightly."

His voice dropped to a frosty whisper as he snapped at the hotel manager, "Well? What are you waiting for? Thank Ms.

Brooks now!"

The manager shuddered, his voice quivering as he bowed over and over. "Thank you, Ms. Brooks! I swear it won't happen

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again!"

Despite the resolution, Linsey couldn't shake off her discomfort, but she managed a nod. "It's fine. You're free to go."

The manager didn't need telling twice; he nodded vigorously and scurried off, relief palpable in his hurried steps.

Turning his cold gaze away from the retreating figure, Danny faced Linsey again. "Are you happy with how this was handled, Ms. Brooks? Let me know if you need anything else."

"No, that's all," Linsey replied, her voice steadier as she exhaled deeply, trying to calm the storm within.

Danny's smile barely touched the corners of his lips, and it vanished as quickly as it had appeared. "If you would kindly

follow me, Mr. Green has been eagerly awaiting your arrival."

There was an unsettling formality in his tone that sent a wave of unease washing over Linsey.

She couldn't help but feel that she had inadvertently wandered into a nest of vipers.

The meticulousness with which his assistant orchestrated every move did not bode well for the nature of Gorman himself.

What had initially appeared to be a straightforward business proposition was quickly morphing into something far more

sinister.

If they were ruthless enough to break a man's leg over a trivial insult, what lengths would they go to if Gorman's temper

flared against her?

A shiver of apprehension trailed down her spine. Subconsciously, her grip on the pepper spray concealed in her pocket

tightened.

Could she make a swift exit if the situation turned perilous?

Her mind teemed with potential escape routes, yet she maintained a composed facade.

With a practiced air of nonchalance, Linsey slipped her phone from her purse, thumbing through to find Collin's contact.

Her finger hovered over the call button, primed to summon help at the first hint of danger.

Eventually, Danny paused at the entrance to a private room. With a gesture that suggested she was to enter alone, he

stepped aside and said, "Ms. Brooks, please, after you."

His retreat from the doorway underscored the isolation of the meeting ahead.

Chapter 280 Linsey, Will You Marry Me

Linsey took a deep breath, steadying her nerves as she pushed open the door and stepped into the room.

The space was vast and eerily silent, completely empty of any other presence. She paused momentarily, puzzled, before venturing further inside.

Behind her, the door clicked shut with a quiet finality.

As she scanned the room, her gaze landed on a painting hanging on the wall.

At first glance, it struck a chord of familiarity.

Then it dawned on her-it was her own creation!

She had painted it years ago while visiting a quaint fishing village overseas.

She clearly remembered donating the painting to a local elementary school for educational use. How did it end up here?

As she stared at the familiar artwork, waves of past memories engulfed her. Suddenly, a deep voice interrupted her reverie from behind.

"Do you remember now, Linsey?"

Startled, she whirled around to see a man standing there-Gorman.

He was impeccably dressed in a tailored suit, his hair styled to perfection.

Linsey blinked. "Who are you?" There was something vaguely familiar about him, yet she couldn't quite place it.

A gentle smile played on Gorman's lips. "I'm Gorman Green. Many years ago, in that little fishing village, you saved me

when I was hurt. You cared for me for weeks."

Linsey's eyes widened with recognition.

"It was you!" she exclaimed, her voice a mixture of surprise and joy. "You disappeared so suddenly back then. I searched for you for ages. I'm just relieved you're alive. You were in such bad shape-I feared the worst."

A warmth flickered in Gorman's eyes as he took a step closer. "I've been searching for you as well, to properly thank you.

That's why I returned to town. Seeing you again... it means everything to me."

His voice was thick with genuine emotion.

Linsey smiled warmly. "I'm happy to see you too."

After a brief pause, her tone became serious. "But you don't owe me anything. Just knowing you made it was enough for

me."

Linsey had pieced together the puzzle of the night's events.

With a wry chuckle, she softly added, "So, that five-million-dollar deal... that was your way of saying thanks, wasn't it?"

It all clicked for Linsey in that moment. Gorman must be the client.

She didn't wait for him to respond before adding, "I really don't need any form of repayment. If you aren't genuinely interested in my designs, you should cancel the order."

Gorman's eyes met hers, his face a mask of solemnity. Then, with a voice thick with earnestness, he declared, "No. I owe you. You saved my life. Without you, I wouldn't be here. Besides..."

He paused, leaving his deeper feelings unspoken.

Back then, he had been critically injured, convinced he was on the brink of death.

Yet there she was, a complete stranger, dedicating her days and nights to his care, never wavering in her hope for his

recovery.

Linsey remained quiet, perceiving the weight of what he left unsaid. Nonetheless, she gently shook her head. "Mr. Green, I didn't do it for a reward. When I helped you, my only wish was for you to survive. Nothing more."

Gorman moved closer, his determination clear. "Linsey, will you marry me? I want to make you the happiest woman in

Grester."

His unexpected proposal stunned Linsey, almost taking her breath away.