

## **Zillionaire 291**

### Chapter 291 How About A

#### Kiss First

Annoyance washed over Linsey immediately. "Collin! Why must you act so childish?" she exclaimed.

Unperturbed by her chiding, Collin only shrugged. To him, what harm was there in being a tad childish with his wife?

However, noticing her growing irritation, he teased, "If you're dying of curiosity, I might consider divulging my secrets. How about a kiss first? Then, I'll unveil any secret you wish to unravel."

With a dismissive snort, Linsey turned away, her lips curling into a defiant pout. "I've lost all interest in your childish games," she declared, sure she had predicted Collin's typical antics.

"Is that so?" Collin's words floated lazily through the air, his tone teasing, pulling at her resolve.

Despite her curiosity, Linsey maintained a steely posture, her arms folded tightly. "Indeed, I have no desire to know. Spare

me your secrets."

Collin, his back to her, could still picture the spirited fire in her eyes; it endeared her even more to him and warmed his

heart.

Time passed, and they reached their home.

Linsey, weary from their day's adventures, quickly freshened up and collapsed into bed, her body sinking deeply into the comforting embrace of their sheets.

Later, when Collin wrapped up his remaining work and joined her in the quiet of the night, he overheard her talking in her sleep. "Collin... what wish did you make... you infuriating man, always hiding things..." she muttered, her words tangled in

the threads of her dreams.

Collin was surprised at first, and his initial shock soon morphed into a tender smile, his eyes sparkling with affection.

Unbeknownst to him, his wish had infiltrated her dreams, an indication that his words had resonated deeply within her.

Collin eased himself onto the seat beside her resting form, inching closer until his breath was a whisper against her ear. "Linsey," he murmured with heartfelt sincerity, "my only wish is to spend eternity by your side."

The old clock in the living room chose that exact moment to toll midnight, its deep chimes echoing through the silence like

a solemn vow

Holding his breath, Collin brushed a soft, affectionate kiss against Linsey's forehead, sealing his whispered confession.

The sun rose, and Linsey faced another day at work, her desk a mountain of pending assignments and unread emails.

Her phone broke the morning's routine with its shrill ring, flashing an unknown number across its screen.

A flicker of anxiety danced through her veins-her mind flashing back to the disturbing calls from Gorman.

With a steadying breath, Linsey gathered her courage and answered, her voice a silent presence on the line.

A moment passed before a voice, unexpectedly gentle, filled the void.

"Linsey, how have you been holding up?"

Linsey's voice rippled with genuine surprise. "Kane, what a shock to hear from you!"

Kane Davidson's laughter resonated warmly through the phone. "I know, it's been ages," he said. "I was hoping you'd be free this weekend. We are getting together for a little college reunion."

Linsey paused, a flood of memories from her university days washing over her.

She had been stretched thin back then, barely scraping by financially and juggling several jobs, which had left her scant

time to bond with her peers.

Moreover, a few of her classmates had always seemed inexplicably hostile towards her.

Considering that, why would she spend her time on a reunion that sparked no joy in her heart?

"I might have prior commitments this weekend," Linsey responded, her tone courteous yet distant, as she subtly declined

the invitation.

Kane's sigh came through the line, tinged with disappointment. "Linsey, you've been keeping yourself quite busy lately. I

just got off the phone with Shari-she jumped at the chance to come. She's really looking forward to seeing you."

At the mention of Shari Bates, Linsey's eyebrows shot up in astonishment. "Shari? Wait, when did she return? And she's really attending the reunion?"

Chapter 292 You Look Stunning

Linsey thought back to her university days. Of all her classmates, the only one she had truly bonded with was her

roommate, Shari.

Shari was soft-spoken and a little reserved, but when it came to design, she had a natural gift.

After graduation, she got married and moved abroad. Eventually, their messages slowed, then stopped.

From what Linsey had heard, Shari was doing just fine.

She had never felt particularly attached to her other old classmates, but she felt an urge to see Shari again.

"Alright, I'll go," Linsey said.

Kane's face lit up. "Saturday at seven, Freyview Grand Hotel. Don't be late, Linsey!"

That evening, after work, Linsey sifted through her things until she found her university graduation album.

As she flipped through the pages, her gaze lingered on old photos of her and Shari. A familiar ache of nostalgia settled in

her chest.

Collin wheeled into the room, his tone light. "What's got you so focused?"

She glanced up and held out a few pictures.

"Just looking at my old roommate. We were pretty tight in college." Her voice softened. "There's a reunion this weekend,

and I have no clue what to wear."

A thought sparked, and she turned to him with a grin. "Why don't you help me pick? I'm hopeless at this."

Collin arched a brow but nodded. "Alright. Let's see what we're working with."

Without missing a beat, Collin pulled out his phone and placed a call. "Send over a selection of the newest dresses."

Linsey's head snapped up. "Wait-seriously? That's not necessary."

He leaned back, completely unfazed. "Of course it is. You're my wife. You have to turn heads at that reunion. Otherwise,

people might start rumors that I can't even buy you a decent dress."

She let out a dramatic sigh but couldn't hide the amused glint in her eyes.

The call was already made, so there was no point in protesting. She might as well go along with it.

Not long after, a delivery arrived-several elegant, high-end dresses laid out like they belonged in a fashion show.

Linsey slipped into a sleek black evening gown first. Studying her reflection in the mirror, she pressed her lips together, a

flicker of doubt crossing her face.

"This feels a little too formal," Linsey murmured, adjusting the fabric. Collin, watching from the side, crossed his arms. "Try another one."

She slipped into a white dress next and gave it a once-over. "Too plain." After she cycled through two more that didn't feel right, frustration crept in. Collin caught the way she hesitated. He studied the remaining options, then pulled one from the rack and handed it to her. "Try this."

Linsey took it and blinked in surprise-it was red.

She ran her fingers over the fabric, hesitating. "Isn't this a little... bold?"

It was just a college reunion. Did she really need to go all out?

Collin raised an eyebrow, his tone easy. "Don't write it off just yet. Try it on first."

Linsey let out a small sigh but took the dress and headed to change.

The red gown flared at the skirt, its fabric flowing with an almost theatrical elegance. As she slipped it on, she shifted uncomfortably, not quite used to something so bold.

Carefully lifting the hem, she stepped out, suddenly aware of how the dress clung to her. She met Collin's gaze, her voice. quieter than before. "Well? Does it look okay?"

Their eyes met, and in his deep gaze, she caught something unmistakable- admiration.

"It looks incredible," Collin said, his voice steady but firm. "It's definitely the one. You look stunning."

Chapter 293 Have You Ever Considered Becoming A...

When she heard Collin compliment her, Linsey's cheeks warmed. She suddenly felt too shy to meet his eyes.

"You barely glanced at me before saying I looks good. Feels like you're just saying it to say it." Linsey pouted, letting out a small huff before turning to the mirror.

As soon as her reflection came into view, she went still.

The bold red dress made her skin seem even more luminous, her features striking in a way she hadn't noticed before. For

a fleeting second, she felt like she was glowing-like the kind of girl people couldn't help but notice.

Was that really her?

Linsey gaped at her reflection, hardly recognizing herself.

She had never dared to wear something this bold, this attention-grabbing.

It took Collin's offhand suggestion for her to realize just how effortlessly red suited her.

Every detail of the dress was meticulous, the kind of craftsmanship only a professional could pull off.

Linsey's instincts took over before she even noticed-her trained eye tracing the fine details, assessing the artistry behind

every stitch.

"Collin," she murmured, almost to herself, "you might know me better than I do."

She turned to him, her voice laced with curiosity and excitement.

"How do you do it?" Linsey paused, a thought flickering across her mind. "Oh! You helped me tweak that design draft not long ago. And now, you've picked out a dress that suits me perfectly..."

Her eyes brightened as she smiled. "Collin, have you ever considered becoming a designer? Or maybe a design consultant?

With your eye for detail, you'd be amazing at it."

If Dustin were here, he would probably be doubled over laughing.

Collin wasn't just good at fashion-he was the founder of CR Corporation, the driving force behind the latest trends. His

influence stretched far beyond clothing, earning him recognition across multiple industries.

As the founder of CR Corporation, of course, his sense of style was impeccable. That was a given.

Yet, in front of Linsey, Collin stayed humble. "No matter what anyone else thinks, I just want to be your personal designer."



His voice was low and steady, threaded with sincerity. His gaze never wavered.

A warmth spread through her, equal parts flustered and shy.

Linsey stiffened for a moment before heat rushed to her cheeks again.

She quickly looked away, mumbling. "You're getting way too good at sweet talking. Who've you been practicing on?"

Collin chuckled, his eyes shining with amusement. "I'm telling the truth. Why do I sound like I'm just playing around to

you?"

Linsey tilted her chin, pretending to be unimpressed. "Well, I'm not the type to fall for sweet talk alone. If you really mean it, then prove it-design something new for me every single day. No repeats. That's the only way you can call yourself my personal designer."

"Alright," Collin agreed without a second thought

Linsey had only been teasing. She hadn't expected him to take it literally.

Designing something new every day was not only exhausting but also financially ridiculous-it was completely unrealistic.

Without a second thought, Linsey headed into the bathroom to change out of the dress.

She had no idea that the moment Collin wheeled himself out of the room, he was already giving orders. "Set everything up," he instructed, his voice firm. "I want a dedicated design channel for Linsey. From now on, she gets exclusive, custom-made

pieces-top priority."

His assistant froze. For a second, he wondered if he had misheard.

#### Chapter 294 Is Something Wrong With The Food

To his assistant, Collin had always been a strictly professional, no-nonsense leader.

Yet, lately, he seemed to be making an awful lot of exceptions-for his wife.

And now, he was launching an entire exclusive design line just for Linsey.

A grand gesture, to say the least.

Still, no matter how shocked the assistant was, he didn't dare to question him.

"Yes, Mr. Riley," the assistant replied.

It was obvious-Collin wasn't just willing to go the extra mile for his wife. He was willing to go as far as it took. As his

assistant, all he could do was silently wish them well.

After she tried on the dress, Linsey's stomach started to growl.

Collin and Linsey made their way to the dining room for dinner.

"I know you've had a long day, so I had the kitchen prepare some of your favorite dishes. Eat up," Collin said softly.

Linsey smiled. "It's only the first day of the workweek."

Collin returned the smile. "I don't know why, but it feels like you've lost a little weight since you came back."

As he spoke, he scooped some food onto Linsey's plate.

Without hesitation, she took a bite.

A sudden wave of nausea hit Linsey, rising sharply from her stomach.

She frowned, trying to push it down, but the discomfort only intensified.

"Linsey, what's wrong?" Collin immediately noticed the change. He set his utensils down, his gaze full of concern.

Josh also looked worried. "Is something wrong with the food? Should we have it remade?"

Linsey opened her mouth to respond, but the nausea swelled up again.

She couldn't hold it back. She jumped to her feet and rushed to the bathroom, barely making it to the sink before she began gagging.

Collin's face tightened with alarm. He quickly wheeled over and gently patted her back, trying to soothe her.

Linsey kept dry heaving, her face growing pale.

"Get the car! We're going to the hospital!" Collin instructed his assistant, his voice edged with urgency.

Linsey rinsed her mouth, still feeling weak. "It's nothing. I probably just haven't been getting enough rest lately."

She had recently become department head and was still adjusting to the overwhelming workload, which had been stressing

her out.

"No matter what, we're getting you checked. It could be a stomach issue," Collin insisted.

Seeing the determination in his eyes, Linsey couldn't help but laugh softly.

She was about to speak when Josh suddenly blurted out, his voice filled with excitement, "Could it be that you're pregnant,

Mrs. Riley?"

Josh's words left both Linsey and Collin frozen.

Collin's expression shifted, uncertainty flickering across his face.

To be honest, he had never seriously imagined himself as a father.

But now, the idea of a child carrying Linsey's blood-maybe even looking like her-stirred a surprising sense of anticipation.

A child? Their child?

Linsey's eyes widened. "No way, that's impossible, right?"

She and Collin had always been careful.

With so many people around, Linsey felt too embarrassed to voice her thoughts.

Josh, however, was insistent. "Mrs. Riley, it's very possible. When my wife was pregnant, she had morning sickness just

like this. You really should take it seriously."

Linsey felt a little dazed. She turned slowly to Collin, who looked equally stunned.

After a brief silence, Linsey murmured, "Let's go to the hospital and get checked. That's the only way to know for sure."

Taking a steadying breath, she started to step forward when Collin suddenly reached out and took her hand.

Chapter 295 Why Did You

Call Me Here

Linsey turned, locking eyes with Collin's intense stare.

"You're still not well. Stop pushing yourself-sit down and rest," he suggested.

Then, without breaking his gaze, he issued a sharp order to his assistant. "Call Dominic. I don't care what he's doing-tell him to get here now. If he stalls, I'll handle it myself."

"Got it, Mr. Riley." The assistant didn't hesitate, disappearing to carry out the command.

Linsey let out a small laugh, shaking her head. "Collin, you're being dramatic. It's just a stomachache-I'm not about to collapse."

But the unwavering seriousness in his eyes stole any fight she had left. With a quiet sigh, she sank onto the sofa, doing as

he asked.

Neither of them went back to the dining table.

The unexpected revelation had stolen their appetites, leaving behind only a heavy mix of anticipation and unease.

As they waited for Dominic's arrival, Linsey's thoughts drifted to a possibility she hadn't dared consider before-she might be carrying Collin's child. A gentle warmth spread through her chest at the thought.

Without realizing it, she lowered her gaze, resting a hand on her stomach.

She had grown up without parents, without family.

The idea of having a child had never felt real to her-had never even crossed her mind.

But now... if she really was expecting, would it be a boy or a girl?

A soft smile tugged at her lips.

She had always longed for a warm, complete family. Could that dream really be unfolding so soon?

Time crawled by. Just as Collin was about to call Dominic for the third time, the door swung open, and the man strode in,

his voice edged with urgency.

"What happened? Is someone hurt?"

Dominic's mind jumped to the worst-had something happened to Linsey?

But that didn't seem likely. If she were in serious danger, Collin wouldn't still be sitting there. He would have already abandoned the wheelchair and carried her to the hospital himself.

Dominic ran through every worst-case scenario as he stepped into the living room. His gaze landed on Linsey, seated on the sofa with Collin right beside her, their hands tightly intertwined.

They looked tense.

But at first glance, nothing seemed obviously wrong.

His frown deepened.

"Why did you call me here?" He shot Collin a questioning look before turning to Linsey. "You look fine-healthy, even.

You're not sick, are you?"

Collin didn't take his eyes off her. "She felt sick at dinner. Josh suspects it might be morning sickness, so I need you to

confirm if she's pregnant."

"Pregnant?" Dominic blinked in surprise. "Did you even get a pregnancy test?"

Collin's expression darkened. "A pregnancy test?"

That reaction told Dominic everything he needed to know.

He exhaled sharply, rubbing his temples. "You two really know how to make

things difficult. Dragging me all the way here

without even checking first-unbelievable."

Linsey opened her mouth, then shut it. What was she even supposed to say to that?

Linsey had never dealt with something like this before. The thought hadn't even crossed her mind.

A little flustered, she forced a small smile. "I'll have someone pick one up right away."

"No need. I'm pretty sure I have one here." Dominic was already digging through his medical kit. A moment later, he pulled

out a pregnancy test. "Good thing it's not expired. Here, take it."

Linsey hesitated as she took it, nerves creeping up her spine. Her eyes flickered

to Collin, uncertainty clouding her

expression. "I'll... I'll go now," she murmured.

Chapter 296 Collin, I'm Not Pregnant



"Go ahead," Collin said softly, reaching out to gently squeeze Linsey's hand, trying to offer comfort.

Linsey nodded, clutching the pregnancy test as she made her way to the bathroom.

As Collin's gaze followed her, Dominic pressed his lips together, sensing the tension. He tried to reassure him. "Alright, we

won't know anything until she takes the test. Just relax."

Collin, however, couldn't tear his eyes away. After a moment, he took a deep breath, his voice low and filled with concern.

"I'm just worried about Linsey's health."

Time seemed to stretch on. One minute passed, then another.

Unable to stand the waiting, Collin wheeled himself to the bathroom door and Locked softly, his brow furrowed.

Why was it taking so long? Had something gone wrong?

Collin's anxiety was palpable, and Dominic let out a helpless sigh.

Worry was clearly clouding Collin's judgment.

Just as Collin's impatience peaked, Linsey finally opened the door, barely a second after the knock.

"How did it go?" Collin asked, his voice tinged with concern.

Linsey's face was tight with tension as she held up the pregnancy test for him to

see.

As he saw the troubled look on her face, Collin's heart tightened in his chest. "Collin, I'm not pregnant."

With those words, Collin finally noticed the single line on the test-it was negative.

Linsey's face reflected a mixture of emotions, hard to pinpoint.

When she first suspected she might be pregnant, there had been a glimmer of hope, however fleeting.

But it was much ado about nothing.

Dominic's voice cut through the silence, calm and reassuring. "If it's not pregnancy, then it's probably just a mild stomach issue."

Linsey nodded, the weight lifting a little. "I haven't been sleeping well, and dinner was too greasy. That's probably what made me feel sick."

Josh quickly intervened. "I'll have the kitchen whip up something lighter for you."

He silently regretted mentioning pregnancy earlier. If he hadn't, none of this confusion would have happened.

He had gotten both Linsey's and Collin's hopes up, only to have them dashed.

Dominic, unaffected by the couple's emotional turmoil, handed Linsey some stomach medicine, then quietly gathered his

medical kit and left.

Later that evening, Linsey ate a simple meal, took the medicine Dominic had prescribed, and went to her room to freshen

up and rest.

As she settled into bed, Collin gently tucked the covers around her.

Looking up at him, Linsey whispered softly, "Collin, I'm so sorry."

Collin furrowed his brow. "Why are you apologizing?"

Linsey buried her face in the blanket, her voice barely audible. "I'm not pregnant. Are you disappointed? You seemed like you really wanted a child."

Collin raised an eyebrow, a small glimmer of amusement in his eyes. He gently brushed a few stray hairs from her cheek,

his voice warm. "You've got it all wrong. I don't even like kids."

Linsey's eyes widened in surprise. "Really? Are you just saying that to make me feel better?"

Seeing her disbelief, Collin let out a soft sigh and explained patiently, "I don't like kids, but I wouldn't mind having one.

with you. The thought of a child who takes after you makes it... a lot less unappealing."

He took a moment before continuing, his tone serious. "But pregnancy isn't easy. I've heard it's uncomfortable for most of

those nine months. I don't want you to go through that. Honestly, I don't see this as bad news. If anything, I feel a little

relieved."

Linsey looked at him, and after seeing the honesty in his eyes, she finally understood.

If that was how he truly felt, then that was all that mattered.

Collin watched Linsey's gentle, calm expression, and something in his chest

softened. With a smile, he asked, "How about

you? Is having a child something you want?"

Chapter 297 Pursue This

Lead

Linsey paused, her thoughts swirling before she spoke. "I prefer to take things as they come," she said, her voice tinged

with a mix of resolve and wistfulness. "I've always dreamed of a warm, loving family. But right now, our priority is to work

hard and save enough to create a nurturing environment for our future child."

Her eyes glimmered with the light of hopeful anticipation. "I want our child to be welcomed into a world filled with joy,

not to endure hardships with us."

Collin wanted to assure her that with his wealth and connections, their future child would never struggle financially and

could enjoy a comfortable life without them working so tirelessly.

Yet, he withheld the full extent of his assurances, not ready to disclose everything. Instead, he gave her a reassuring nod,

clasped her hand gently, and affirmed, "Alright, we'll work hard together, side by side."

As the days unfolded, Linsey stuck to her regular schedule at work.

However, Collin made it a point to call her during her breaks, always punctual, to remind her about her medication.

"Alright, no worries. I'll take it after I eat," Linsey responded, her voice light and thankful, as she ended the call with a

smile.

A nearby colleague, overhearing the exchange, couldn't resist a playful tease. "Linsey, you and your husband really have a

strong bond. You're here at work, and he still makes it a point to call you every day just to talk."

With a helpless chuckle, Linsey clarified, "It's not quite like that. I've been under the weather lately, so he's just making

sure I remember to take my medicine."

Her married colleagues, listening in, couldn't hide their envy at such attentive

care.

"Linsey, you have no idea how fortunate you are. When I was ill, my husband barely glanced my way, not a single hint of

concern."

"Tell me about it! Once, I came home with a fever after pulling a double shift, and there he was, expecting dinner. I was so

close to losing it with him."

"That's precisely why we think your husband is such a gem!"

Linsey sat there, her expression one of complete astonishment, as she absorbed the stark differences in their marital

experiences.

It was only then did she realize of how compassionate and attentive Collin truly

was.

A newfound appreciation for him blossomed within her, and she made a silent pledge to cherish and appreciate him even

more.

Unbeknownst to Linsey, however, their casual lunchtime banter was being discreetly recorded by someone nearby.

Once Linsey and her colleagues dispersed, the mysterious person discreetly exited, promptly forwarding the recording to

their boss.

At the summit of Green Group, in its polished top-floor conference room.

"Mr. Green, over the past few years, CR Corporation's expansion in Grester has been nothing short of phenomenal. Their

reach is almost nationwide now-a stunning achievement for a company that's relatively new to the scene."

Danny continued, his tone a mix of respect and concern, "As a fast-growing titan, they've not only overtaken us in the

design industry but are also venturing into cutting-edge territories like artificial intelligence. If we don't act soon, we'll be

utterly eclipsed by CR Corporation."

With a serious expression, Danny handed over the report in the meeting.

Gorman's face clouded over with concern as he listened. "I've had you on this case for months, yet you still haven't

identified their founder?" he questioned, his voice tinged with irritation.

Danny shook his head, his expression somber. However, a flicker of remembrance sparked in his eyes.

"Actually, Mr. Green, something did come up recently. At an auction in town, it's rumored that the founder of CR

Corporation acquired an extravagant necklace for his wife. This lead could help us unravel the identity of the founder," he

revealed.

Gorman's response was calm and measured. "Pursue this lead. Ensure the information is precise and obtained swiftly."

As Danny shifted the briefing to other aspects concerning the Green Group, Gorman's focus started to drift.

Suddenly, a buzz from his phone snagged his attention with a new notification.

Chapter 298 He's Not Worthy Of Linsey

Gorman unlocked his phone and read the message, his face hardening. He signaled Danny to stop.

Danny fell silent immediately.

As he scanned the message, his expression darkened further.

"Mr. Green, is everything okay?" Danny asked, noticing the shift in his demeanor.

It was unusual for Gorman to look so rattled.



In a sharp tone, Gorman muttered, "That Collin guy is completely incompetent! He

can't even take good care of Linsey, and now she's sick because of him."

"Huh?" Danny was taken aback, clearly confused by the sudden change in direction.

What was going on? Just moments ago, they had been deep in a business discussion. How had the conversation veered

toward Linsey?

Gorman's eyes remained fixed on the message from his informant, his frustration mounting.

He had used his influence within CR Corporation to covertly monitor Linsey, making sure he was always in the loop about

her whereabouts and activities.

It was through this network that he learned of her sudden illness.

The more Gorman thought about it, the more a sense of injustice swelled within him.

"If Linsey had married me, none of this would've happened. She wouldn't have to endure this kind of hardship. She could've been living a life of luxury as the wife of the Green family," he murmured.

Collin, a loser, couldn't manage his own responsibilities and pushed Linsey to the brink, ruining her health in the process.

What a disgrace of a man.

Gorman's face twisted with resentment. "Damn Collin, he's not worthy of Linsey."

His eyes blazed with resolve as he clenched his jaw. "I need to find a way to get Linsey away from him, and fast."

It was clear there could be no more waiting.

He had to move quickly.

At CR Corporation, Linsey suddenly sneezed twice, a shiver running down her back.

She grabbed a tissue to wipe her nose, then rose to close the window in her office.

The air was growing colder, and she couldn't afford to catch a cold now.

Her stomach issues had already been troubling Collin enough.

If she ended up sick on top of that, he would probably make a big deal out of it again.

Just then, her phone buzzed with a new notification.

Opening it, she saw that Kane had added her to a group chat about a reunion happening this weekend.

As soon as Linsey entered the group, several messages popped up, each one more eager than the last.

"Linsey, long time no see! How have you been?"

"I heard you got promoted to department head-impressive!"

"You're so young, already a supervisor. Meanwhile, we're still stuck in the trenches."

"Since you're a supervisor now, helping us get jobs at CR should be a breeze, right? We did study the same major after all."

"How's the pay at CR Corporation? Maybe I should think about applying for a designer role there."

"With Linsey at CR, why settle for a designer position? You should aim for team leader!"

Seeing the messages, Linsey responded with a detached calm.

Though they were her former classmates, she wasn't particularly close to any of them, and wasn't keen on getting involved

in their small talk.

She replied briefly with a polite comment. "You all have great potential. I'm sure you'll all do well wherever you end up.

"Wow, what a smooth response-no wonder you're in management now," one of them teased.

The group chat continued to feel lighthearted.

Then, out of nowhere, a sharp comment appeared.

"Linsey, you were so average in school. Who would've thought that after marrying your husband, you'd end up so far ahead

of all of us? Looks like you really hit the jackpot. I'm honestly jealous of you!"

Chapter 299 Will Your Husband Be Joining Us

As soon as someone brought up Linsey's husband, a palpable tension swept through the group chat, leaving an awkward

silence in its wake.

Every member of the chat knew that Linsey had tied the knot with Collin, the Riley family's eldest son, a family steeped in prestige and whispers. Wasn't it widely whispered that Collin bore a disability?

Indeed, the rumor circle churned with speculation that marrying someone with a disability was an act of utter madness.

The consensus behind closed doors was that Linsey's motivations were purely financial, seeking Collin's substantial wealth.

Beneath the surface, there was an unspoken disdain for her choice, though nobody would dare voice their contempt aloud.

After all, who was eager to play with fire?

Linsey's expression tightened, her brow creasing subtly as she picked up on the undercurrents of provocation swirling

around her.

Her eyes flicked to the name on the comment-Beth Barnes, a former college classmate who had always had a grudge against her.

True to form, Beth tagged Linsey directly into the conversation.

"Linsey, just a heads-up for this weekend's reunion-we're encouraged to bring our partners. Will your husband be joining

us?"

Merely seconds later, she feigned an apology, masking her true intentions with a veneer of contrition.

"Oh, right, I almost forgot. Your husband, Collin, is confined to a wheelchair, isn't he? Unfortunately, he probably won't be

able to join us for the reunion. You must have a lot on your plate. We're old classmates, after all-would you like me to suggest a reputable orthopedic specialist for Collin?"

As she read Beth's message, a shadow fell over Linsey's face.

She fumed at the veiled mockery in Beth's words. Without hesitating, Linsey's fingers flew across the keyboard, her

response sharp as a tack.

"Thanks, but no thanks. If you're really in the mood to recommend doctors, perhaps a neurologist would be more appropriate for you-someone to address that relentless gossiping habit you've nursed since college."

Beth's reply came swiftly, her words tinged with fury. "Linsey, what exactly are you insinuating? Are you suggesting there's something wrong with my brain?"

Linsey offered a chilly smirk, her words slicing through the tension. "I didn't say a word about your brain. But it seems you're quick to confess. Really, if there's an issue, seeking treatment might be wise."

Beth, seething with anger, managed to type out another message. "Linsey, how dare you speak to me that way?"

Remaining calm, Linsey replied, "Just looking out for you since we're old classmates. Or did I strike a nerve? Is there really

a problem?"

Beth was so agitated; her response was almost frantic. "Linsey! You..."

It was then that Kane, sensing the escalating tension, decided to step in. "Come on, Beth, let's leave it there for now. We're

all old classmates, and it's been years since we last reconnected. Let's keep this reunion pleasant."

With a sigh, Beth relented, her voice tinged with resignation. "Okay, for the sake of old times and Kane, I'll let it slide."

Shifting the conversation, Linsey asked, "By the way, I was just looking through our group members. Isn't Shari in the

group yet?"

Kane, scratching his head, replied, "No, she hasn't clicked accept on my invite. Maybe she's swamped with other things."

Before Linsey could ponder further, Beth cut in with another sly remark. "Weren't you and Shari inseparable back in school? After all this time, I'm surprised you haven't kept in touch."

Linsey's confusion was palpable, her forehead creasing in irritation.

Did Beth really have to pry into every little thing, like it was her personal mission?

"Life's been hectic for all of us; staying connected isn't always feasible. Is that so hard to understand?" Linsey retorted.

Beth's next words made Linsey's irritation bloom into a scowl.

"Really, Linsey, it's like you're totally clueless about Shari's situation, isn't it?"

Chapter 300 You Guys Are

Too Kind

Linsey stood rooted to the spot, her heart pounding in her chest. What on earth had happened to Shari?

Without giving her a moment to think, Beth blurted out the news. "She's gotten divorced. Her husband left her high and dry, and now she's juggling life as a single mom, barely scraping by. Ugh, what if she's only coming to the reunion to squeeze some money out of us?"

The news hit Linsey like a ton of bricks. Shari was divorced and struggling?

A pang tightened in her chest at the thought of what Shari was going through. When Shari left for another country after graduation, their connection faded away. In Linsey's mind, Shari was living the dream overseas, happy and content. But the truth turned out to be nothing like what she had pictured.

Despite Beth's reputation for being blunt, she wasn't known to fabricate stories, especially not in front of their old

classmates.

Linsey was disturbed by the revelations, her interest in the ongoing group chat dwindling. She couldn't bear the thought of prying eyes and wagging tongues dissecting Shari's misfortunes any further.

Beth, seemingly oblivious to Linsey's discomfort, tapped out another message with a feigned look of concern. "Just a friendly warning, Linsey-keep your guard up. If Shari clings to you, you might just find yourself in deep trouble."

Linsey felt a rush of concern wash over her; she couldn't just sit back and watch from the sidelines, not when it came to

Shari's plight.

The first step, though, was to reconnect with Shari to gauge her current state-only then could she effectively offer her

support.

With a sense of urgency, Linsey reached out to Kane in a private message. "Hey, do you happen to have Shari's contact info? Could you send it over to me, please?" she typed, her fingers moving swiftly across the keyboard.

Kane responded promptly, providing a phone number along with a cautionary note, "Here's Shari's new number. I've tried reaching her a few times myself, but she seldom answers. She's probably overwhelmed-juggling work and her kid, and

on

top of that, she's tangled in a messy legal battle with her ex-husband."

A pang of empathy struck Linsey as she digested Kane's words. She thanked him and saved the number with a heavy heart.

Her initial impulse was to call Shari right away, but she paused, her thumb hovering over the dial button.



Memories of their college days flashed through her mind-how close she and Shari had been, and how Shari had always been someone who prided herself on her independence, quiet yet stubborn to the core,

Linsey knew that if Shari hadn't reached out for help, it was because she chose not to.

The thought of calling out of the blue made Linsey second-guess herself. Shari might not even welcome her intervention.

Perhaps it might be wiser to wait for the upcoming reunion to speak to Shari in person, where she could assess the

situation firsthand.

With that thought simmering in her mind, Linsey bit her lip pensively, gently setting her phone aside as she steeled herself.

No matter the consequences, she was resolute in her decision to support Shari.

For now, she would bide her time until the reunion to see her again.

The day of the college reunion arrived sooner than expected, casting its spell over the Freyview Grand Hotel.

Draped in the striking red dress that Collin had thoughtfully selected for her, Linsey adorned herself with just a touch of makeup, enhancing her natural beauty rather than overshadowing it.

As soon as she crossed the threshold of the private room, a wave of nostalgia hit her. The room buzzed with the chatter of familiar faces.

"Is that... Linsey?" a former classmate gasped, the first to recognize her amidst the crowd.

Her words acted like a magnet, drawing all attention towards Linsey. A chorus of awe followed.

"Oh my God, Linsey, you look absolutely stunning!"

"See? The right outfit really does make a world of difference. You always kept it simple back in college, but now... You could have easily been the belle of the campus!"

"Yeah! And to think you dropped out of the campus beauty contest back then. What a loss..."

Amidst the shower of compliments, Linsey's laughter bubbled up, light and airy. "You guys are too kind," she responded with a playful roll of her eyes, her cheeks tinted with a bashful pink.