

## **Zillionaire 331**

### Chapter 331 How About We

#### Shower Together

Collin's gaze was intense, laced with a possessiveness that seemed almost palpable.

Linsey knew that look all too well.

She instinctively glanced down at herself, realizing the towel had loosened as she moved.

Her chest was exposed, the soft curves visible, carrying a quiet, unspoken allure. Linsey froze, her cheeks flushing deeper, a wave of embarrassment hitting her.

Didn't Collin understand boundaries?

Just as she prepared to speak up, she saw him turn his head away.

For a brief moment, Linsey wondered if Collin had changed, but then his husky voice cut through her thoughts. "Don't worry, I'm here with you. Go ahead and change so you don't catch a cold."

Collin's effort to stay calm unexpectedly made Linsey feel a warmth she hadn't expected.

In moments like these, his priority was always her comfort.

A small smile tugged at her lips, but she quickly noticed that Collin's shirt was drenched too.

Linsey said, "It's my fault your clothes are wet. You should change too."

After a thoughtful pause, she suggested, "I didn't stay in the bath long, and I didn't rinse properly. How about we shower together?"

Her words caught Collin by surprise.

He raised an eyebrow, a teasing note in his voice as he asked, "Are you sure about that?"

Linsey tilted his chin up with confidence. "What's there to doubt?"

Why was he hesitating now?

This wasn't like him.

Linsey gently pinched Collin's chin and whispered playfully, "Come on, darling, don't you want me?"

The heat within Collin flared up at once, sparked by her touch.

His voice grew tense. "Of course I do, but you've had a long day. I'm concerned about you."

Linsey laughed softly. "I'm not made of glass."

With a confident smile, she leaned in closer, her breath warm against his ear as she whispered teasingly, "Darling, since

you want me, let's not waste time."

Collin's gaze darkened. "You asked for it."

In the next instant, Collin pulled her into his arms, cupped her chin, and kissed her with an intensity that left no room for

hesitation.

Soon, the sound of running water filled the bathroom.

Their breaths intertwined, and through the misty glass, their silhouettes blurred into one.

The water kept flowing, and their silhouettes remained intertwined, as if they had been tangled up like that all night.

The next morning, as Collin was pouring milk for Linsey, she suddenly sneezed, her voice breaking the stillness.

Collin immediately handed her a tissue, a frown forming on his face. "Did you catch a cold? It's my fault for keeping you up

so late last night..."

Linsey's eyes widened in shock and she quickly pressed her hand to his mouth. "Shh! Don't say things like that."

She glanced over her shoulder to make sure no one was listening, relieved to see the staff busy in the kitchen.

If anyone had overheard Collin, she would never be able to show her face again! How could he be so shameless?

Linsey glared at him, quickly pulling her hand away from his mouth and stuffing a piece of bread in instead.

"Enough. Just eat. I'm fine," she said firmly.

Seeing the glint in her eyes, Collin wisely stayed quiet.

While they ate, Josh approached and gave a slight bow. "There's someone at the door."

"Who is it?" Collin asked, looking up.

Josh hesitated for a moment, then replied, "It's Fernanda."

Chapter 332 I've Come To Apologize To You, Linsey

Collin's face clouded over, a shadow of displeasure etching his features sharply.

"What the hell is Fernanda doing here?" he growled, his voice tinged with annoyance.

The Riley family were not frequent visitors; their appearances were as rare as a blue moon. So, the timing of this visit puzzled him.

Given that Huntley caused such chaos and ended up behind bars, it made sense for Fernanda to feel even more resentment

toward him.

She must be up to no good this time.

Collin was quick to decide, his voice firm and unwavering. "Send her away. We won't see her today," he commanded.

Josh paused, his expression uneasy, before he added a crucial piece of information, "Sir, it appears she has come to speak

about your grandmother."

At the mention of Ivy, Collin's scowl deepened, his brow furrowing in concern. He hesitated, visibly torn.

Linsey, observing his troubled expression, remembered that Ivy had been overseas receiving medical treatment for several

years.

"Did something happen to Ivy?" Linsey's voice broke through the tense silence, laced with genuine worry. "Perhaps we

should let Fernanda in and hear what she has to say."

With a soothing tone, Linsey tried to alleviate his fears. "Don't worry. With all of us here, she wouldn't dare cause any

mischief," she assured him, her eyes locking with his in a silent promise of support.

She knew all too well the lingering distrust Collin harbored towards Fernanda and Huntley, a remnant of a bitter past where they had set her up.

With a tender squeeze of her hand, Collin met her gaze. "Thank you, Linsey."

Linsey offered a warm smile, her voice gentle. "Your grandma is my family too. I truly care about her well-being."

Collin's features softened visibly at her heartfelt words. He nodded slowly, then turned toward Josh. "Let Fernanda in."

It wasn't long before Fernanda showed up, something clutched in her hands.

Linsey couldn't help but notice the shift in Fernanda's demeanor; her usual haughtiness had melted away, replaced by a humble, almost pleading posture.

"Collin, Linsey, you're still at breakfast? I hope I'm not intruding?" Fernanda offered them a tentative smile, her voice laced with caution.

Linsey remained silent, observing. Collin, however, responded with cool detachment, "Fernanda, let's cut to the chase."

Fernanda's attempt at warmth failed, her smile twisting into a strained grimace as she fought to maintain her composure.

With a forced cheerfulness, she finally spoke. "Actually, I've come to apologize to you, Linsey."

Linsey blinked in surprise, her gaze shifting to Fernanda with a mix of confusion and curiosity.

Apologize? That was the last thing she had expected.

Fernanda went on, her voice thick with earnest emotion, "I failed as a mother, and my son's actions are a testament to that

failure. Now that he's behind bars, it might just be the opportunity he needs to change his course."

She paused for a moment, her eyes searching Linsey's face as she presented the gift she had brought with her.

"Linsey, I brought you something," she said, her tone hopeful. "I'm truly here to apologize, and I sincerely hope you'll accept this as a token of my remorse."

Linsey's response was swift and unwavering. "No, thank

It had been a while since the incident, and Fernanda's sudden apology now seemed like nothing more than a belated attempt to ease her own conscience.

If Fernanda hadn't brought it up, Linsey might have buried the memory in the farthest corners of her mind.

Unfazed, Fernanda smiled warmly and unveiled her gift. "This is the latest model from a renowned designer," she remarked, pulling the sleek handbag from her tote. "I'm sure it will suit your taste."

She knew well that such luxury items were the envy of many, and she hoped the allure of the handbag would soften Linsey's resolve.

Knowing she was an orphan with humble beginnings, Fernanda assumed Linsey had never had the luxury of owning such a fine piece.

Perhaps, she thought disdainfully, this gift would be a first for her.

As expected, Linsey's eyes widened slightly at the sight of the designer handbag,

a flicker of surprise crossing her features.

Chapter 333 You're Being

So Generous!

"Fernanda, you're being so generous! I never expected you to give such an expensive bag." Linsey remarked, unable to hide

her curiosity.

Fernanda responded smoothly, "It was quite a task to get my hands on it. But if you like it, Linsey, I can introduce you to

some affluent women who have more of these brands. You could pick whatever you like."

After a brief pause, she added, "And since your marriage to Collin, you haven't been very active in the social scene. This

might be a perfect opportunity for you."

Fernanda was sure Linsey would be eager to accept the tempting offer.

But Linsey's reply was calm and composed. "No, thank you. I don't need it."

Once again, Fernanda's face tightened at the unexpected rejection. "Are you sure about this? Linsey, you really shouldn't

overlook something so important. This is a rare chance. If you come with me, the elite circles will recognize you as Collin's

wife."

Linsey raised an eyebrow and replied, "Is that so? But I don't need the approval of high society. As long as my husband

acknowledges me as his wife, that's enough for me."

Fernanda's frustration grew. Facing rejection again, she could barely contain her anger.

This couple truly seemed perfect for each other.

Linsey deserved to live a life full of struggle with the disabled Collin.

Fernanda fumed with resentment.

But then, she recalled Gorman's instructions.

A brief moment of hesitation flickered in Fernanda's eyes.

In order to get Gorman to release her son from prison, she needed to find a way to bring Linsey to him, no matter how

much she despised her.

Taking a slow breath, Fernanda shifted her approach, pretending to be vulnerable. "Well, I may not mean much to you, but we are still family. And with Ivy returning soon, we'll need to have a family gathering, don't you think?"

Collin's brow furrowed at Fernanda's words. His eyes narrowed as he asked in a quiet voice, "Why is Grandma coming back

now?"

Ivy was still supposed to be recovering at the overseas sanatorium.

Fernanda forced a smile, her tone carefully neutral. "Ivy's health has gotten a lot better. It's time for her to come home. She's so happy about your marriage and can't wait to meet her granddaughter-in-law."

With a deep sigh, Fernanda continued, "By the way, Ivy's birthday is just around the corner. We have to host a grand celebration for her. I'm sure you wouldn't want to miss it, right?"

Naturally, since it involved his grandmother, Collin couldn't refuse, "I'll be there for Grandma's birthday."

Fernanda gave a satisfied smile before her gaze shifted to Linsey with a more calculating look. "Since we're talking about Ivy's birthday, there's something I'd like to ask of you, Linsey. Would you be willing to help me with it?"

Linsey nodded softly, her tone polite. "Of course. Just tell me what you need."

Fernanda sighed lightly, "Planning a birthday celebration isn't easy. There's so much to organize and so many guests to

entertain."

As she spoke, a hint of sorrow crossed her features. "At the moment, it's just me and Collin's father in the family. He's not

the most detail-oriented, and I can't handle everything by myself."

Chapter 334 Do You Think Ivy Will Accept Me

Linsey quickly caught on to Fernanda's underlying motives.

As expected, Fernanda hesitated before asking, "Linsey, I was hoping you could lend me a hand? After all, you're Ivy's granddaughter-in-law."

Linsey was ready to agree right away. It felt like her responsibility as part of the family to assist with something for Collin's grandmother.

But before she could give her answer, Collin stepped in with a firm interruption. "Linsey hasn't been feeling well recently, and she's swamped with work. She simply doesn't have the time."

Without missing a beat, Collin ignored the growing irritation on Fernanda's face and added, "If you're struggling, you can always ask a few trusted staff members from Grandma's. They've been with her for years and know her preferences well."

Linsey's gaze shifted, her thoughts in turmoil.

She understood that Collin was just trying to protect her from overdoing it.

But Ivy had always been the one who treated Collin with the most kindness in the Riley family, and Linsey couldn't ignore

that. She knew she had to make an effort for her sake.

Without saying another word, Linsey reached out, gently taking Collin's hand. "Let me do this," she murmured.

Collin's eyes met hers, and in that instant, he understood everything. Her determination was clear in the depth of her gaze.

He paused for a moment, then sighed quietly, his expression softening. "Alright," he agreed, his voice tinged with

reluctance.

Collin had known Linsey too well. He understood that, no matter how much he tried to protect her, she would never turn down an opportunity to help when it concerned Ivy, especially with her kind nature.

But his concern for her well-being remained.

"Take a few people with you," Collin suggested, his voice steady but firm. "They'll help out when needed. And if anyone

gives you trouble, don't hesitate to handle it."

His words were not only a piece of advice but also a silent challenge to Fernanda, whose authority he clearly didn't respect.

Fernanda, visibly displeased but unable to express it openly, quickly made her exit from Vista Villa, realizing she had no

leverage left in the conversation.

The tension between them hung in the air as she left, her mind already plotting the next move.

As soon as Fernanda got into her car, her demeanor shifted dramatically. She seethed, muttering under her breath, "That ungrateful Collin! We've given him far too much leniency, and now he dares to challenge me? If he keeps this up, he'll

have no one to blame but himself when I start playing hardball!"

A cold, calculating look crossed her face as her carefully laid plans came to the forefront of her mind.

Once Fernanda was gone, Linsey felt a slight relief, as though a burden had been lifted from her chest.

Even though she was well aware of the scheming that surrounded her, it was still hard for her to stay entirely composed.

With Ivy's birthday just around the corner, Linsey couldn't help but feel a growing sense of unease creeping in.

"By the way, Collin, once Ivy returns to the country, shouldn't we pay her a visit?" Linsey asked, a little concerned.

She couldn't imagine waiting until Ivy's birthday to meet her for the first time.

"Of course," Collin responded. "As soon as I hear Grandma's back, I'll take you to see her."

After a beat, he added reassuringly, "Don't worry, Grandma lives alone, separate from the others."

Linsey nodded, though a tinge of worry lingered. "I just can't help but worry... Do you think Ivy will accept me?"

Suddenly, an idea struck her, and she took Collin's hands in hers. "Tell me, what kind of girls does Ivy like?"

Chapter 335 You're Everything To Me

Collin couldn't help but chuckle as he saw Linsey's serious expression.

Linsey pouted, her voice playful yet insistent. "Collin, stop laughing! I'm trying to be serious here!"

"Okay, okay," he said, wiping away the amusement from his face. "But you really don't need to worry. You're incredible, and my grandma will see that. She'll love you."

Linsey felt even more uneasy at his carefree words. "You're brushing it off too lightly," she said, shaking her head. "That's not an answer-it's like you're not saying anything at all."

Collin squeezed her hand, his gaze steady as he looked into her eyes. His voice softened, sincere and clear. "Linsey, let me make it simple. I love you. You're everything to me. And Grandma has told me countless times that as long as I'm happy with the woman I choose, she'll accept her too."

Linsey hadn't expected him to slip in a heartfelt confession at a moment like this.

Her face warmed instantly, her cheeks blooming with a soft pink hue. She looked away, suddenly shy, needing a few moments to steady herself.

After a beat, she cleared her throat and tried to regain her usual composure.

"Alright, I'll take your word for it," she said, feigning nonchalance. Then, with a thoughtful tilt of her head, she added, "Since it's my first time meeting your grandma, I should bring a gift, right? It'd be rude to show up empty-handed."

She patted Collin's arm lightly, flashing him a determined smile. "So, tell me what does Ivy like? I want to be prepared."

Collin hesitated, thinking it over. After a pause, he said slowly, "Actually, when it comes to gifts... Grandma's never been interested in gold or jewelry. She prefers..."

His voice trailed off, and a flicker of hesitation crossed his face.

Linsey, noticing the unusual look on Collin's face, leaned in curiously. "What is it? Just tell me already!"

Before Collin could respond, his assistant blurted out, unable to hold back. "Mrs. Riley, Mr. Riley's grandmother's biggest wish has always been for him to settle down and have children-so she can finally hold her great-grandkids."

Linsey felt her entire face heat up. "C-children..."

So that was what this was about! No wonder Collin looked so uncomfortable.

Collin's expression darkened as he shot the assistant a sharp look. "You talk too much. Go receive your punishment."

Linsey smacked his hand lightly, rolling her eyes. "Oh, stop it! What's wrong with someone else saying what you were too embarrassed to admit?"

Collin's lips pressed into a thin line.

"I guess that makes sense. That's probably the most natural wish for someone her age," Linsey murmured, lost in thought

"Besides..."

Her mind drifted back to last night-the heat of the bathroom, the way Collin had held her, the breathless moments

between them.

She leaned in, her voice dropping to a teasing whisper. "We weren't exactly careful, were we? Maybe Ivy's wish will come true sooner than expected."

They hadn't talked about contraception, hadn't even considered it in the heat of the moment.

And really, they were young, healthy.

It was only a matter of time.

Collin arched an eyebrow, a mischievous smirk tugging at his lips. His voice dropped to a low murmur. "That might not be enough, sweetheart. Don't you think we should put in a little more effort to make Grandma's wish come true? So tonight..."

Linsey let out a quiet laugh, shaking her head at his audacity.

Without hesitation, she reached over and gave his leg a firm pinch.

That man-always looking for an opportunity to stir up trouble.

Chapter 336 There's A Massive Project On The...

Collin narrowed his eyes subtly, a hint of mischief playing at the edges of his gaze. "Did Dominic ever mention that I can

still feel something in my legs?"

"That's right," Linsey responded, her voice laced with a smug confidence as she shook her head slightly. "That's precisely why I gave your leg a firm pinch. It doesn't hurt all that much, does it? Are you really going to hold a grudge over such a trivial pain?"

A soft chuckle escaped Collin. "It might not hurt much," he admitted. "But you have no idea how dangerous that move

could have been."

Linsey's brow creased in confusion, her curiosity piqued. "What's so dangerous about it?"

In that moment, a familiar spark of desire flickered in Collin's eyes, momentarily intensifying as he watched her.

Linsey, catching the shift in his expression, hastily withdrew her hand.

"Alright, I've been chatting away here, and now I'm going to be late for work," she stammered, a flush of embarrassment coloring her cheeks as she recalled the events of last night. With a hurried excuse, she rushed off.

From his wheelchair, Collin watched Linsey's hurried departure, a wistful smile tugging at his lips. There was a touch of

helplessness in his expression.

Did she think she could stir him up and escape without facing what she had started?

He would make sure to find the perfect moment to show her exactly what happened when she played with fire.

Linsey's absence left a hollow feeling in Collin, making breakfast the last thing on his mind.

He signaled to the servants, his voice firm yet indifferent, instructing them to clear the table. Pivoting his wheelchair, he made his way toward the sanctuary of his study to immerse himself in work.

Just as he reached the doorway, his phone erupted into a series of urgent rings. Dustin was calling.

Collin pressed the phone to his ear and was immediately met with Dustin's voice, crackling with an unusual fervor.

"Collin! You won't believe this-there's a massive project on the table! Can you make it to the office right now?"

His words tumbled out in a rush, underscored by breathless enthusiasm. After a sharp inhale, he pressed on. "It's

important that you take care of this yourself today. We don't have time to waste- hurry up!"

Dustin's demeanor, often playful, concealed his true seriousness when it came to their business.

It was this very reliability that had earned him Collin's unwavering trust in managing the CR Corporation's public affairs.

Sensing the critical nature of the call, Collin didn't probe for more details. With resolve, he responded, "Alright, I'm on my

way."

Convinced by Dustin's urgency, Collin knew it had to be a matter of significant consequence.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Linsey made her way to the firm.

Just as she was about to step into her office, a colleague intercepted her with a brisk stride. "Linsey, there's a high-profile client waiting in your office. He seems like a big deal and only want to talk to you."

A high-profile client?

Linsey furrowed her brows in confusion; she hadn't scheduled any meetings with significant clients recently.

As she placed her bag down, she queried, "Do you have any clue who he might be?"

The colleague shrugged, a clueless expression painted on her face. "No idea."

There was a brief pause before the colleague leaned in, voice dropping to a hushed whisper. "But just so you know, it's a major client, Linsey. You could be looking at a sweet bonus coming your way! Plus, someone caught a glimpse of them him.

Despite the sunglasses, he managed to look quite stunning!"

Linsey chuckled, shaking her head slightly.

She pondered whether to commend her colleague for her work-focused attitude or to seize the moment for a serious

discussion.

It was no surprise she was a designer at CR Corporation; not only were her skills sharp, but her keen eye for aesthetics was unmistakable-clearly someone who appreciated good looks.

Rubbing her chin thoughtfully, Linsey mused aloud, "That's intriguing. I haven't taken on any big client orders recently, especially not any dashing gentlemen. Who on earth could he be?"

Chapter 337 Is That How

You Dee Me

Right now, overthinking wasn't an option.

Meeting a major client demanded flawless etiquette-Linsey was representing CR Corporation, and there was no room for

mistakes.

Wasting no time, she instructed someone to prepare coffee, then hurried to her office.

As she stepped inside, she immediately noticed a man seated behind the desk, his back turned to her.

Even from this angle, his height was striking.

There was something about his posture-poised, effortless-that exuded authority.

And his suit? Impeccably high-end.

But none of that explained why he was casually sitting in her chair.

Linsey's brow tensed as she swallowed her irritation. Keeping her tone crisp and professional, she said, "Hello. I understand

you're here to discuss a collaboration. May I know who I'm speaking with?"

The moment the words left her mouth, the chair spun around in one smooth motion.

Gorman met her gaze with a playful smile, the corner of his lips quirking up. "Linsey, has it really been that long? You've

already forgotten me?"

With an exaggerated sigh, he placed a hand over his chest as if wounded. "Ouch. You really broke my heart."

The instant Linsey recognized him, her expression darkened. Her voice sharpened. "What are you doing here?"

Her gaze swept over him from head to toe.

He had the audacity to stroll into her office like he owned the place, making himself comfortable in her chair? Unbelievable.

"You're not welcome here. Leave." Linsey's expression hardened as she pointed to the door.

Gorman, unfazed, kept his easy smile. "Is this really how you treat clients? I have to say, I expected better."

Linsey clenched her jaw, forcing herself to stay composed. Her words came slow and measured. "If someone walks in with

an actual business proposal, I'm more than happy to hear them out. But you? I don't even have to ask-1 already know

you're up to something."

Gorman's smile faltered, his expression darkening. His brow creased as he leveled a sharp glare at her. "What? You really think I came here just to stir up trouble? Is that how you see me?"

There was genuine confusion in his voice, as if he couldn't quite grasp why Linsey was treating him this way.

Linsey met his gaze head-on, unwavering. "Gorman, let's be real-aren't you just here to cause trouble?"

She crossed her arms, impatience creeping into her voice. "Everyone in town knows you've always been at odds with our

firm. If someone sees you in my office, what exactly am I supposed to say? You're clearly trying to stir something up."

Gorman listened, then let out a slow, knowing smile. Instead of standing, he leaned back in her chair, settling in even more.

"The employees here don't even know who I am," he said smoothly. "So what's there to worry about?"

Linsey didn't waver. Her tone sharpened. "Gorman, I'm telling you one last time- leave. If you don't, I'll call security to

escort you out."

For the first time, Gorman's smile slipped.

A flicker of something-hurt, maybe-passed through his eyes before he masked it.

His voice carried a quiet accusation.

"Linsey, do you really have to be this heartless toward me?"

Chapter 338 I'm Your

Client Now

Linsey's voice was crisp and unwavering. "Gorman, let's be clear-we never had a relationship to begin with, so let's not pretend otherwise. If anything, I'd appreciate it if you stop pestering me."

Her firm rejection hit Gorman like a blow.

Back in that quiet fishing village abroad, she hadn't been this distant.....

It hadn't been that long, yet now she looked at him as if he were nothing more than a stranger-maybe even an enemy. Did she have any idea how much he had endured just to find her? How many obstacles he had fought through over the years just to stand in front of her again?

Gorman let out a slow smirk, though his eyes remained unreadable. "No relationship, huh?"

He turned the words over in his mind, letting the cold edge of them sink in.

"How can you say we have no relationship?" Gorman's gaze held hers, steady and unrelenting. "Like it or not, I'm your client now. Before I even stepped into this office, I signed a contract with your company-one that guarantees I get a designer I'm completely satisfied with."

His eyes never left her face. "And the only designer who meets my standards... is you, Linsey. Are you really going to back out now?"

Linsey's stomach twisted. CR Corporation had strict policies on client assignments-backing out wasn't an option.

And Gorman wasn't someone she could simply pass off to a colleague.

"Fine. What do you want?" Her jaw tightened.

No matter what Gorman wanted, Linsey had no intention of showing him an ounce of kindness.

Suddenly, he pushed himself up from the chair, closing the distance between them in just a few strides.

"What do I want? What could I possibly want?" His laugh was low, almost amused. "Naturally, there are a few things I need to discuss with you."

Linsey's body tensed. Instinctively, she stepped back, her expression guarded. "If it's about the design, I'll hear you out. But if it's anything beyond that, don't waste your breath."

As she moved, her fingers slipped into her handbag, ready to defend herself if necessary.

Gorman's eyes flickered. He had caught every movement.

If he wanted to, subduing her would be effortless.

But Gorman had no interest in forcing Linsey's hand.

What he wanted was for her to fall for him willingly.

Resorting to force had never been his style.

So, he stopped, his tone softening. "Relax. I'm only here to discuss the design."

His gaze swept over the office before he added casually, "But this isn't exactly an ideal place for a conversation. Why don't

we go somewhere else?"

Linsey hesitated. She didn't like the idea, but leaving with him was better than letting him linger in her office any longer. "Fine. We can go out, but I'm choosing the place."

Gorman didn't hesitate. "No problem."

He counted it as their first official date, and he was more than happy to let Linsey take the lead.

For now, they had a temporary truce.

Linsey quickly pulled out her phone, booked a table at a nearby café, then gestured for Gorman to follow. As they stepped out of her office, the workspace buzzed with colleagues engrossed in their tasks.

Keeping a low profile, Linsey led him down a quieter corridor, sticking close to the wall to avoid running into anyone she

knew.

Her overly cautious behavior brought a smirk to Gorman's lips.

Was he really that much of a walking scandal?

Still, watching this side of Linsey—so careful, so intent on avoiding attention—was oddly amusing.

What surprised her most was how cooperative he was. No teasing, no unnecessary comments. Just silence as he followed

her lead

Finally, she stopped in front of a rarely used elevator.

Taking this route would drop them off directly in the underground parking lot, letting them leave unnoticed.

She was still running through the plan in her head when the elevator doors slid open-Dustin stepped out.

Chapter 339 Shut Up!

Was it really Dustin?

Linsey froze, caught off guard. She hadn't expected to run into him here.

She quickly turned around and looked for a place to hide. Unfortunately, she bumped right into Gorman behind her.

Gorman caught her by the waist to steady her. With eyebrows arched, he offered a teasing smile. "What's this? In a hurry to

get close to me?"

"Don't flatter yourself!" Linsey snapped and quickly pushed him toward a corner to hide.

She felt a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach.

Of all the times and places, why did she have to run into Dustin now?

If he saw her with another man, he would probably rush to tell Collin.

Just last night, Collin had warned her about Gorman.

Yet here she was, standing with Gorman right in front of Dustin...

No matter how many explanations she came up with, she was certain Collin wouldn't believe any of them.

"Linsey, have you finally realized how amazing I am?" Gorman, lost in his own delusions, gazed down at Linsey with a smug grin. "Since you've come around, why don't you divorce your husband today?"

Linsey bit her lip, speechless.

At that moment, she felt more inclined to call an ambulance for Gorman than the police. She doubted his brain was still

functioning properly!

The more she thought about it, the more annoyed she became. Unable to hold back, she stomped on his foot.

"Ow..." Gorman gasped, taken aback by her response.

"Who's there?" called Dustin from the elevator entrance. His voice echoed as he heard the commotion from around the

corner.

Linsey was panic-stricken, her eyes darting around for an escape.

To her dismay, she realized that in her haste, she had driven Gorman into a narrow dead-end with no way out.

She felt trapped.

Running into Dustin was awkward enough, but this situation made it worse.

Hidden away in a corner with Gorman, Linsey was certain Dustin would assume the worst.

Gorman recognized the voice at once. It belonged to Dustin, the heir to the Wade family and acting CEO of CR Corporation.

"So, it's him," Gorman murmured with a low chuckle.

He glanced at Linsey, her anxiety palpable.

Was she really that afraid of Dustin, just because she was with him? The thought amused him.

"Relax. It's just CR Corporation. I don't take them too seriously. Since we're stuck here, why don't you join me at Green Group? It would make things easier, wouldn't it?"

She was probably worried about being seen with him by the acting CEO of CR Corporation, given that he was their

competitor.

While most people here might not recognize him, Dustin definitely would.

No wonder Linsey was so nervous. Her job at CR Corporation meant everything to her.

Gorman could easily offer her a position at Green Group. He was willing to give her any role she wanted.

Linsey, however, was at her breaking point.

Couldn't he see how desperate she was? Yet he kept rambling, completely oblivious.

Without thinking, Linsey clamped a hand over his mouth and shot him a sharp glare. "Shhh! Shut up!"

Chapter 340 Let's Not

Twist The Story

A flicker of surprise crossed Gorman's face.

The moment Linsey's hand covered his mouth, a familiar scent wrapped around him-subtle yet unmistakable.

That long-lost fragrance pulled him straight back to the days when Linsey had cared for him in that quiet fishing village.

He remained unnervingly still, making no sound.

Yet beneath his calm exterior, he was waiting-anticipating.

If Dustin saw them, maybe Linsey wouldn't have to stay chained to CR Corporation.

And really, what was so special about this company? Sooner or later, he would take down CR Corporation.

Just as Dustin was about to step forward, Collin's voice rang out behind him.

"Dustin, didn't you say you had something urgent to discuss? What's got your attention now?"

Dustin spun around and spotted Collin standing at the far end of the elevator corridor.

Unlike usual, Collin wasn't in his wheelchair today. He had dressed for mobility, exuding an air of authority and

composure.

To someone unfamiliar with him, he wouldn't seem like the same man typically confined to a wheelchair.

The sight of Collin instantly pulled Dustin back to reality-reminding him why he was here in the first place.

Dustin quickly dismissed the faint noise he had heard and strode toward Collin. "You're here at last. Let's get to the meeting room upstairs," Dustin said.

Without another word, the two men walked off together.

The moment their footsteps faded, the tension in Linsey's body unraveled. She exhaled slowly, her shoulders finally

relaxing.

But as her nerves settled, a lingering thought nagged at her.

Something felt off. That voice-Collin's voice-she was sure of it.

But she hadn't heard the familiar sound of his wheelchair.

After spending so much time with Collin, Linsey knew the distinct sound of his wheelchair.

If it had really been him, there was no way he would have gone out without it. Frowning, she hesitated before instinctively leaning forward to peek down the hall.

Caterers at that the hem

10 bating shattered her fram of thought

\*\* 40 around shocking him a sharp share if you don't quit your numenes and stop harassing ms, deine me to 40 in te est quis

tawa pred mnmareve, his lips cuting mis a playfu smirk. Linery, let's not twist the story You were the une Hiew reach at me But Are you really going to deny 117 \*imacy suffered as the memory of her bumping into lum Rashed Dirough her mind She couldn't refute him, but the sheer smugness in his tone made her bleed bail MfGorman hadn't visited her office, she wouldn't have been so flustered in the first place.

Bet arguing with him was pointless he enjoyed provoking her far too much Axhaling sharply Linsey made up her mind. She needed to get this walking disaster out of the company before he cal

an even bigger scene

She had barely managed to avoid Dustin earlier. If she lingered any longer, she might run into someone is MAS explaining herself would be impossible.

With that in mind, Linsey cautiously peeked around the corner, scanning the area. By the time she looked, Dustin was already gone.

She never noticed the fleeting moment when Collin had been walking without his wheelchair