

## **Zillionaire 341**

Chapter 341 In My Eyes,

You're Different

Finally, Linsey and Gorman arrived at the café near the company.

"This place hardly meets my standards, and the traffic noise is just too much. It's hardly fitting for someone of my stature to be here," Gorman, visibly unimpressed, remarked just as Linsey settled into her seat.

Linsey took a deep breath and tried her best to keep her cool. "I'm sorry, but I'm a designer, not your personal assistant. If you're here to discuss business, please have a seat. Otherwise, there's no need to waste each other's time."

Noticing Linsey's unbothered demeanor, Gorman quickly dropped his fussiness and took a seat. "Let's get to the point. I came here to discuss a potential collaboration."

With a thick of mystery, he produced a design sketch and presented it to Linsey. "Have a look. This is the concept I want to bring to life."

Linsey eyed him with slight surprise, not expecting him to come prepared. She had assumed he was here merely to cause a disturbance.

Seeing his serious approach to the design changed her mind. Without that, she turned her attention to the sketch.

The instant she saw it, Linsey was taken aback. The sketch showcased a wedding dress of exquisite design, brimming with unique and thoughtful elements. Clearly, a ton of effort had been put into it.

However, she could tell that the artist wasn't a professional. Many ideas seemed more like rough drafts.

Nonetheless, for someone outside the profession, this was an impressive start.

This time, I'm not asking you to invent something new," Gorman stated earnestly. "I need your expertise to refine this ketch and craft the final product. I'll supply all the materials needed for the wedding dress."

insey blinked. "Our company has plenty of resources, so materials are not an issue. Besides, the production costs already over material preparation."

No. I won't use anything from your firm." Gorman smirked and continued, "As you've said, I'm your competitor. I refuse to se your supplies."

insey paused for a brief moment. "If that's the case, why come to me? I work for CR Corporation."

orman leaned forward and locked eyes with Linsey. Then, with an amused expression, he stated, "In my eyes, you're fferent."

nsey rolled her eyes, deciding to ignore Gorman's frequent sweet talks. She believed that someone as influential as orman couldn't really be interested in her.

He probably had hidden motives or was merely talking nonsense.

however, she recalled the time when Gorman first called her to discuss a collaboration. He had mentioned it was for his incée.

14:42

ira Dillerent

That meant he had a fiancée, right?

"This wedding dress is for your fiancée, isn't it? I'll need her measurements to accurately recreate the design Linsey pointed out.

On one level, this was essential for the design process, but on another, it served as a subtle remind

She wanted to make it clear that since he was engaged, he should focus on his upcoming wedding and marriage life, rather than pursuing her. Both their lives would be so much more peaceful that way.

Being a part of the influential Green family, Gorman wielded considerable power.

Although Linsey found him annoying, she was aware she had to tread carefully around him.

She didn't want him to forget that she had once saved his life, which could potentially complicate matters further.

This was the reason Linsey had tolerated Gorman's behavior until now. She just hoped he would realize the reality of their situation soon.

Chapter 342 The Esteemed

Guest Is Inside

Gorman froze for a brief moment, then regarded Linsey with a depth in his eyes that hinted at more than casual interest. He had been searching for her all over the world for years.

Again and again, he had made silent promises to himself. Once he found her, he would make her the happiest woman alive.

To achieve this, he had personally drawn up the design for an exceptionally beautiful wedding dress.

But reality was harsh.

When Gorman finally located Linsey, his heart leapt with joy. However, she was guarded around him, and to his dismay,

another man had already captured her heart and swept her away.

Despite his regret and resentment, Gorman knew he must keep his emotions in check. He had to remain composed.

With enough patience, he was convinced he could eventually charm Linsey away from Collin.

Gorman held onto his thought. He knew better than to voice his true feelings, so he instead advised, "You don't need to

worry about the measurements just yet. Let's proceed according to the plan." Linsey's brow furrowed. "Without the measurements, the dress will have issues." "You're the designer. These problems are yours to fix. All I want is a flawless result. Do a good job, and I'll make sure your effort doesn't go unnoticed. I'll even throw in a bonus on top of the original price," Gorman declared with conviction.

Linsey hesitated for a moment, then nodded. "Alright."

She planned to start with a standard size and tailor it once Gorman supplied the exact measurements. After all, Gorman

was paying well.

For the sake of the money, Linsey was willing to be a little more patient with him.

"That said, your design still has some flaws. I might make a few adjustments. I'll keep you updated on my ideas and get your input along the way," Linsey informed him.

"That sounds good. You're the expert, after all. I trust your expertise and craftsmanship," Gorman replied with a serene

smile.

This wedding dress was made for her in the first place. With her input in the design, it could only become even better.

Just then, Gorman's phone buzzed. He glanced at the message, and his relaxed demeanor vanished in an instant. His eyes

narrowed, and a sharp, dangerous glint flickered in his gaze.

"Linsey, I have something to take care of. I'll leave the design to you." Gorman

stood up and walked out without waiting for her response.

Linsey was momentarily taken aback. But before she could process what Gorman had said, he was already gone. She raised

an eyebrow. She had expected him to be as difficult as ever, yet he had taken the design discussion seriously. She had been hearing

se abruptly

Although slightly perplexed, Linsey chose not to dwell on it. Without a word, she took Gorman's design and headed back to her company to begin the revisions.

Meanwhile, in the executive meeting room at CR Corporation, Dustin was still catching his breath after hurrying upstairs.

He motioned toward the meeting room and said in a low voice, "The esteemed guest is inside. Stay calm when you mor

him."

Aware of Dustin's tendency to embellish, Colin didn't take his warning seriously and simply responded, "Gora"

He had encountered many supposed luminaries before.

As he pushed open the meeting room door, Collin's gaze landed on the man seated inside

The man stood as soon as the door opened, and his gaze settled on Collin. With a warm, friendly demeanor, he said, "So you're the founder of CR Corporation. I've heard a lot about you. It's a pleasure to finally meet you in person."

Collin's gaze flickered as he studied the man. There was something familiar about him. It felt like he had seen him

somewhere before, but he couldn't quite place where.

Chapter 343 Jeffery Has A Younger Sister

Dustin quickly stepped forward and introduced the man. "Boss, this is Jeffery Lawson I mentioned earlier."

The Lawson family was once a name of prestige and influence.

But more than twenty years ago, a major incident had shaken their foundation. From that point on, they had faded from the public eye and rarely appeared under their family name.

Collin greeted him with a polite smile. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Lawson. Your family has kept a low profile for years, never once engaging with any company in town. So, what brings you here today?"

With a subtle yet sincere smile, Jeffery answered, "I'm here to discuss a potential collaboration."

Collin recognized Jeffery's sincerity and gestured toward the seats. "Please, have a seat, Mr. Lawson."

Once everyone was seated, the conversation began.

Jeffery wasted no time and went straight to the point. "I've heard that your medical division has developed a

groundbreaking drug for heart disease. Is that true?"

CR Corporation had expanded into multiple industries over the years, but its medical division was particularly known for

pushing the boundaries of innovation.

Collin had personally invested substantial resources into heart disease research, driven by one reason above all-ivy's

condition.

CR Corporation had indeed recently developed a specialized drug for treating heart disease.

Jeffery's knowledge of such details was hardly surprising, given the Lawson family's vast network.

"Yes, that's correct.," Collin answered without hesitation.

A flicker of relief crossed Jeffery's face. "I urge you to fast-track the development

of this project. I'm willing to invest

whatever it takes."

Collin had no reason to turn down such a significant offer.

A partnership with the Lawson family would be a major advantage for CR Corporation.

It would also help ease the pressure from competitors like the Green Group.

With both parties in agreement, the discussion moved along seamlessly. They worked through the finer details of their

partnership, and before long, the contract was signed, sealing the deal.

It wasn't until Jeffery had left that Dustin finally let out his pent-up excitement.

"Collin, do you believe me now? I told you this was a big deal!" Dustin clicked his tongue in satisfaction.

"This time, it's all

thanks to me. We just secured a partnership with the Lawson family. As the mastermind behind the scenes, you owe me a big thank-you!"

"Of course. You'll get what's due to you," Collin responded, his eyebrows raised in amusement. He paused for a brief moment, then asked, "By the way, how did you come across Jeffery?"

After all, a collaboration with the Lawson family was no small feat.

Dustin shot Collin a knowing look and seized the chance to tease him. "You've been buried in work for years, and lately, it's all about your wife. You haven't exactly kept up with the latest gossip."



Collin returned his gaze steadily. "Get to the point"

Dustin smirked but didn't push further. "Jeffery has a younger sister. She's been doted on since the day she was born. Unfortunately, she has a congenital heart condition. As her brother, Jeffery would do anything to find a cure for her." Recommended for you

Help, My Tycoon Husband Refu...

Chapter 344 He Resembles Linsey A Little

Dustin stroked his chin, curiosity sparking in his eyes. "Jeffery's quite the looker. Almost as much as me. That family must

have some strong genes. I can't wait to see his sister. Bet she's a stunner. What do you think, Collin?"

Collin barely spared him a glance. "I'm not interested in other women."

Dustin let out a chuckle and shook his head. "Oh, I knew it. Your heart belongs only to your dear wife."

At the mention of Linsey, Collin's expression softened into a quiet smile. Then, as if a thought struck him, he frowned.

He placed a hand on Dustin's shoulder. "Now that I think about it, when I saw Jeffery earlier, something about him felt familiar. He resembles Linsey a little, especially the eyes."

Dustin blinked in surprise and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. The more he considered it, the more intriguing it became.

"You're right! Now that you mention it, there is a resemblance. Their eyes are nearly identical!" He shot Collin a playful

look and continued, "Linsey was raised in an orphanage. What if she's the Lawson family's long-lost illegitimate daughter? I mean, how else do you explain the similarity?"

Collin remained unconvinced. "You're letting your imagination run wild again. We both know that Cruz and his wife have

always been devoted to each other. There's no way he have a child with another woman."

He let the words settle before fixing Dustin with a steady look. "We just sealed a deal with the Lawson family. Watch what

you say. The last thing we need is trouble."

Dustin's expression turned serious, and he fell silent. His words had been nothing more than a joke. Even if he wanted to, he wouldn't dare say them in front of Jeffery.

They let the topic drop.

"All right. Let's focus on our collaboration with the Lawson family," said Collin.

Dustin nodded and brushed aside the earlier conversation.

Collin didn't dwell on it either.

After all, the world was full of look-alikes.

The resemblance between Linsey and Jeffery could very well be just a coincidence.

Maybe Jeffery simply took after his sister more.

And everyone in Grester knew the Lawsons had only two children-Jeffery and his sister.

There was no long-lost child.

Linsey had nothing to do with the Lawson family.

Ateanwhile, Linsey returned to her company, clutching Gorman's wedding dress sketches. Once inside, she immediately focused on bringing them to life.

Each sketch was intricate. The details were delicate and required careful attention.

Once she finalized the design, she intended to use the exquisite materials Gorman had provided to craft the actual wedding

gown

Linsey worked diligently until the end of the day.

Just then, her phone rang. An unfamiliar number flashed on the screen.

Keeping her eyes fixed on the sketches, Linsey answered the call. "Hello?"

"Linsey, are you still busy at work? Are you free tonight? If you are, could you drop by Ivy's? We need to discuss the

arrangements for her birthday party."

"Absolutely, Fernanda," Linsey replied without hesitation. "I'll head over right after work."

Having committed herself to helping with the preparations, Linsey was determined to fulfill her role with care.

Chapter 345 You Must Be Mistaken!

After work, Linsey swung by Vista Villa to pick up the bodyguard Collin had assigned to her.

As Linsey arrived at Ivy's residence, Fernanda stepped out with a bright smile, her enthusiasm almost overbearing

"Linsey, you've arrived." Fernanda reached forward as if to take Linsey's hand, but before she could, a tall, imposing bodyguard moved swiftly between them, blocking her path.

"Mrs. Riley." His voice was calm but firm.

Fernanda's smile wavered, a flicker of displeasure flashing in her eyes.

Even a bodyguard dared to stand in her way now.

Collin was getting bolder by the day.

A flicker of resentment darkened Fernanda's gaze.

If she wanted her plan to go smoothly, this bodyguard needed to be dealt with.

"Linsey, bringing protection like this-so cautious," Fernanda said. "I only invited you to talk about the birthday banquet, not to hurt you."

She then changed the topic and smiled warmly. "You probably haven't eaten yet. The kitchen's already prepared something. Why don't we sit down for a meal?"

Linsey's voice stayed cool. "That won't be necessary, Fernanda. Let's get straight to the point. The sooner we're done, the sooner I can go home and rest."

Fernanda hesitated before forcing a pleasant smile. "Why the rush? There's plenty of space here-you could stay the night."

Linsey let out a soft, knowing laugh. "Collin and I just got married. We're still in our honeymoon phase. I can't exactly spend the night away, can I? I'm sure you, of all people, would understand."

Fernanda's smile stiffened. Her plan had fallen through, but she had no choice but to go along with it.

As Fernanda led Linsey into the living room, she wore a warm smile. "You have

an impeccable eye for design. I trust you'll make Ivy's birthday banquet unforgettable."

She gestured to a nearby servant. "Bring Linsey some coffee."

At the same time, a subtle flicker in her eyes sent an unspoken command.

The servant bowed and stepped away.

The bodyguard behind Linsey caught the exchange. His gaze sharpened, tracking the servant's movements.

Without hesitation, he followed one sharp glance confirmed his suspicion the servant was tampering with the coffee

"What do you think you're doing? His voice was ice-cold this grip was swift and firm as he caught her wrist

The servant yelped started. She quickly masked her panic, forcing a confused expression. "What are you talking about? Fm

Just making coffee

The commotion immediately drew Linsey and Fernanda's attention.

Fernanda's tone turned sharp "What's going on?"

Linsey's pulse quickened, her expression darkening

Collin had personally assigned this bodyguard to ensure her safety, and Linsey had no reason to doubt him.

The moment he grabbed the servant's wrist, a warning prickled at the back of her mind. Something was off.

And she was right. The bodyguard turned to Linsey, his voice calm but firm. "Mrs. Riley, I just saw this servant add

something to your coffee. It looked highly suspicious."

Linsey shot up from her seat. "What?"

Fernanda gasped, her expression a mask of disbelief. "That's absurd! My servants would never do such a thing. You must

be mistaken!"

The bodyguard didn't flinch. "I know what I saw."

With a swift twist of the servant's wrist, he forced her fingers open.

A tiny object slipped from her grasp, hitting the floor with a soft clink.

Chapter 346 Did Fernanda Give You Any Trouble

Quick to act, Linsey moved forward and retrieved the object.

Upon examining it more closely, she paused, uncertainty flickering across her face.

"It appears to be a sugar packet," she said.

Her bodyguard knit his brows, growing more suspicious.

Could this really be what it seemed?

Fernanda offered a reassuring smile. "Yeah, it's just sugar. I prefer my coffee sweet."

After a brief pause and a deep sigh, Fernanda's eyes met Linsey's, filled with a hint of sadness. "I'm truly trying to reconcile with you, Linsey, but it feels like you're always on the defensive."

Before Linsey had the chance to reply, Fernanda cast a stern glance towards her aide. "While I get why you might distrust me, it's unfair to let your bodyguard hurt my servant."

The bodyguard quickly released the servant's wrist, his face clouding over with frustration.

At that moment, the servant winced in pain and addressed Fernanda, "Mrs. Riley, I'm alright..."

As she noticed the swelling on the servant's wrist, guilt washed over Linsey. "Please forgive us; it was all a misunderstanding," Linsey said sincerely.

With a forgiving smile, Fernanda dismissed the concern. "Think nothing of it."

She gestured for someone to assist the servant with her injury.

Afterward, Fernanda gracefully brought a cup of coffee to the sofa.

'Linsey, you really don't need to be so guarded around me."

With a serene smile, she added, "Collin is well aware that I invited you tonight. Anything untoward happening to you would clearly implicate me."

Linsey felt slightly awkward.

Her wariness towards Fernanda wasn't unfounded, given the historical animosity between the Riley family and her own.

The threat they posed had almost resulted in serious injury to her.

No one in her shoes would easily lower their defenses.

"I get what you're saying, Fernanda," Linsey said, her voice soft as she pursed her lips.

Following this, she and Fernanda planned the details for the forthcoming birthday celebration.

The rest of Linsey's visit passed without incident.

Under the cover of night, Linsey made her way back to Vista Villa.



At the entrance, Collin was there to greet her. "Everything okay? Did Fernanda give you any trouble?"

Approaching him, Linsey interlaced her fingers with his.

"Not really," she replied, her voice uncertain, betraying a hint of doubt.

Collin noticed her unease and his expression grew concerned. "Is something bothering you?"

As they stepped inside, Linsey shared the details of the evening's events at Ivy's home.

She lowered her voice, saying. "It was probably because you had instructed your bodyguard to stay alert. His heightened vigilance might have led to the misunderstanding."

After a brief pause, Linsey continued, "I'm not blaming you or him, though. I appreciate how you and your bodyguard looks out for me. I just hope we can avoid any unnecessary conflicts."

She let out a soft sigh and then continued, "With Ivy's birthday party approaching,

it would upset her to see us at odds with your family."

Upon hearing her words, Collin was deeply moved.

No matter what, she always thought about others.

ie held her hand a little tighter and said softly, "When it comes to your safety, it's always better to be too careful than to ake a risk."

Chapter 347 You Have A

Keen Nose

Linsey chuckled softly at Collin's words.

Collin's voice remained steady. "Since you brought it up, I'll make it official. From now on, that bodyguard will stay back and only intervene when you give the word."

Linsey found the arrangement reasonable and nodded. "Sounds good."

She leaned in, her cheek brushing against his as she whispered, "You spoil me, you know that?"

Over the next few days, Linsey made frequent trips to Ivy's place, helping Fernanda fine-tune the details for the birthday

banquet.

Everything was coming together smoothly.

That afternoon, Fernanda called. "Linsey, the hotel just reached out. The venue is fully set up. Let's go take a look."

"Sure," Linsey agreed, her voice steady.

Moments later, she arrived at the hotel with her bodyguard.

At the entrance to the banquet hall, Linsey turned to the bodyguard. "Wait here. I'll be back in a minute."

"Yes, Mrs. Riley," the bodyguard replied with a nod, staying behind as Linsey stepped inside.

As soon as she entered, Linsey spotted Fernanda nearby.

"Mrs. Riley, is there anything you'd like to change? We can make adjustments right away," the hotel manager said to Fernanda, his voice laced with politeness. Linsey strode over. "Fernanda."

Fernanda greeted her with a warm smile, looping her arm through Linsey's. "Take a look-what do you think?"

Linsey's gaze swept across the hall. "It looks good at first glance, but I'll need to take a closer look."

Noticing Fernanda's unusually affectionate tone, the hotel manager hesitated before cautiously asking, "And you are..."

Fernanda's smile remained steady. "This is my eldest son's wife, Linsey. She's overseeing all the arrangements for Ivy's

birthday banquet."

The manager's expression brightened. With a deep bow, he greeted Linsey with respect. "Ah, Mrs. Riley! It's a pleasure to meet you. I'm Clint Figueroa, the manager of Glory Hotel. Please, feel free to call me Clint."

With that, Clint gestured for them to follow. "Allow me to walk you through the setup."

Linsey nodded with a courteous, trusting smile where necessary.

Linsey nodded enthusiastically at each of her remarks. Of course, Mrs. Riley We'll implement these changes immediately to

ensure the setting is perfect for the event."

Though Linsey was already accustomed to the manager's excessive flattery, she chose to let it go.

haly, One led them to a guest lounge.

gee stroked these lounges with everything your guests might need. Should anyone feel overwhelmed or perhaps a little se per they have a comfretable place to relax

Disy scanned the room, then paused her eyes narrowing as she inhaled deeply "I smell something unusual."

Cure let out a soft laugh, dearly pleased 3 you have a teen nose. We've set up aromatherapy to help our guests unwind

and create a calming atmosphere"

de he spoke, he elegantly poured two cups of coffee, offering them with a courteous smile.

As is a premium, imported bend-smooth, rich, and aromate. Please, do try it.

We'll be serving it in every lounge."

sey took the cup with a polte ned. "Thank you"

She lifted the cup to her lips, taking a small sip, then hesitated.

Imported coffee

Nothing about it stood out if anything, it had a faintly sour aftertaste.

Just as she was about to inquire, Fermanda's sudden, startled cry interrupted her

thoughts

## Chapter 348 Make Sure You Keep Quiet About Tonight

As Linsey glanced over, she noticed Clint's grip faltering. The coffee cascaded onto Fernanda's outfit, creating a noticeable

stain.

Startled, Clint exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Riley, this is all my fault! Please accept my deepest apologies!"

With a sigh, Fernanda responded, "That's fine, just help me clean this up."

Turning to Linsey, she instructed, "Stay here, Linsey. I'll be back shortly."

"Okay." Linsey simply nodded, her mind elsewhere.

Once they left, Linsey chose not to continue drinking her coffee but instead took

the opportunity to scrutinize the lounge's elaborate decor.

The success of Ivy's birthday celebration hinged on flawless details.

But as she surveyed the room, Linsey sensed that something was amiss.

She cleared her throat, suddenly feeling an inexplicable dryness in her mouth.

Dizziness began to cloud her thoughts...

Her brow creased with concern.

She quickly realized something was terribly wrong.

Piecing together the evening's events, she felt a surge of apprehension.

She hastened towards the exit.

To her dismay, she discovered the lounge door was locked!

Her eyes widened in shock.

It must be Fernanda's doing!

In frustration, Linsey attempted to open the locked door.

It remained firmly shut....

Meanwhile, Fernanda and Clint had moved some distance away.

Fernanda, now in a fresh outfit, lamented the loss of her designer suit used as a diversion to mislead Linsey.

With a stern look, Fernanda halted and instructed Clint, "You may leave now. Make sure you keep quiet about tonight. You'll be compensated, don't worry."

Even when Clint was alone, Fernanda still felt annoyed due to her ruined attire.

coffee stains had marred it irreparably

This was all Linsey's fault!

Frustration colored Fernanda's mood.

Yet, recalling Linsey confined to the lounge brought a sense of victory

Her recent efforts to disarm Linsey hadn't been futile after all.

Fernanda knew too well: a heart too tender made for easy prey.

With a sly grin, she muttered, "Linsey should be trapped by now. What comes next..."

Her lips twisted into a scornful sneer.

Gorman wanted Linsey to divorce Collin so he could have her.

But in Fernanda's eyes, Gorman couldn't possibly truly like Linsey.

To Fernanda, Gorman's interest was purely physical, and he only wanted to sleep with her.

With the stage perfectly set, there was no chance Gorman would miss this opportunity.

Securing Linsey would ensure Gorman upheld his end of the bargain-to free her

son.

At that moment, her thoughts drifted to Collin, oblivious to the unfolding betrayal. "Poor Collin, utterly clueless that his beloved wife would end up with another man."

Fernanda didn't care about Collin at all, nor was she afraid of any consequences.

After all, what could a powerless cripple like Collin do against the influential Gorman?

Emboldened by her thoughts, Fernanda's confidence soared.

She then took out her phone and sent a message to Gorman.

"Mr. Green, all is in place. Linsey awaits you at the Glory Hotel, lounge 3093."

Chapter 350 Are You Questioning My Abilities

Fernanda lingered by the lounge door, her eyes darting over every corner. She couldn't shake the worry that Linsey might slip away unnoticed.

After a moment's hesitation, Fernanda summoned a hotel attendant, slipping him some cash.

"Head outside the banquet hall," Fernanda directed. "Look for a man in black with a scar on his face. Tell him Linsey's

dress got ruined by coffee and ask him to run to the mall and get a replacement."

The attendant nodded, his face blank. "Understood."

The excuse would buy her time, enough to pull the bodyguard away, at least for a while.

By the time the bodyguard caught on and came back, Gorman would probably have had his way with Linsey.

Sure enough, once Collin's bodyguard was distracted, it wasn't long before Gorman appeared.



The moment he caught sight of Fernanda, he approached quickly, his voice filled with urgency. "Have you seen Linsey?"

Fernanda's eyes narrowed at his impatience, a flicker of disdain creeping up.

What was so captivating about Linsey?

How did she manage to capture both Collin's and Gorman's attention so completely?

She was like a siren, weaving her spell on every man she met.

Fernanda silently judged her, but her smile remained sweet, a mask of politeness.

She gestured toward the lounge, her finger tracing an arc in the air as she whispered to Gorman, "Mr. Green, I've got a little

surprise waiting for you. I hope you'll enjoy it."

With that, Fernanda gave him a knowing smile and added, "But I wonder... once it's all said and done, will you really keep

your word and free Huntley?"

Gorman, assuming she was talking about arranging a meeting with Linsey, chuckled, his tone laid-back. "Are you questioning my abilities?"

"No, no, of course not," Fernanda quickly reassured him, her voice dripping with praise. "Mr. Green, your influence

stretches across all of Grester. Whatever you wish to do is naturally within your reach."

She flashed him another smile and continued, "Don't worry about meeting Linsey. I've taken care of everything. No one will get in your way, and I'm sure you'll be pleased."

After speaking, Fernanda turned and walked away, not bothering to linger.

Now, all she had to do was wait for Gorman to succeed and keep his promise.

Maybe, when the time was right, she could even bring that worthless man, Collin, into the mix...

The thought of Collin's reaction when he found out his beloved wife had been unfaithful made her smile.

Once Fernanda was gone, Gorman felt a sudden wave of nervousness.

His eyes locked on the door of the lounge, his heartbeat quickening

All his efforts over the past few days hadn't been for nothing-Linsey was finally ready to come back to him and start over.

Gorman couldn't stop the excitement bubbling inside him. As long as Linsey was willing to be with him, he would cherish

her and make her the happiest woman alive.

But in that moment, his emotions began to swirl uncontrollably.

He took a deep breath, trying to steady himself, and slowly pushed open the lounge door.

To his surprise, the room was pitch black-not at all the kind of place where someone would be waiting

Gorman's brow furrowed in confusion as he stepped inside.

Could Fernanda be playing games with him?

"The audacity!"

The excitement in Gorman's eyes quickly morphed into a sharp, menacing glare.

Just as anger began to surge, a strange scent floated through the air.

In an instant, he recognized it-a potent aphrodisiac, unmistakable in its intensity.

Years of surviving assassination attempts and devious traps had taught him to recognize such tactics quickly.

It didn't take him long to connect the dots.

Was this the "surprise" Fernanda had hinted at?