

Zillionaire 351

Chapter 351 I'm So Disappointed, Gorman

Fernanda claimed she could handle Linsey, yet she resorted to drugging her? The audacity was shocking.

Gorman's mood was darkening by the minute.

As a man of power and influence, he had countless of ways to get a woman.

However, Linsey was different. She had once saved his life, making it imperative for him to ensure her safety above all.

A shadowy figure caught his eye on the sofa.

"Linsey?" he called out.

Believing it to be Linsey, he hurried over to check

But within moments, the sound of rapid footsteps broke the silence

In an instant, someone attacked from behind

With swift reflexes, Gorman turned around, seizing the attacker's wrist, poised to counterattack.

A sharp yelp of pain halted his actions. "Linsey! Is that you?"

With a silent glare, Linsey fixed her eyes on Gorman.

Her face was red and she breathed heavily.

She struggled to maintain her composure, fighting the rising heat within, determined to resist the drug's overpowering

effects.

Realizing she had been drugged, Linsey suspected Fernanda would soon send

someone.

Cleverly, she placed a pillow on the sofa to look like someone was resting, while she hid in a corner, gripping a knife, ready to strike.

Her plan was to attack anyone who approached the sofa.

However, her frail condition slowed her down, leading to her swift capture.

"Gorman, you bastard!" Linsey's voice was rough with anger.

It turned out Gorman was the mastermind!

Lately, he had been quiet, leading her to believe his fiancée had influenced him positively.

Unexpectedly, he had been conspiring with Fernanda to undermine her all along! The more she pondered over his betrayal, the fiercer her anger grew. "You won't get away with this!"

With a fierce grip, she thrust the fruit knife toward Gorman again, unyielding in her determination.

"Please, Linsey, try to stay calm!" Gorman's quick reflexes came into play as he caught her hand, effortlessly stopping the

knife from reaching him.

The sight of Linsey's tear-filled eyes and her anguished face stirred a deep pain within him.

Fernanda, that damned fool!

He had said he wanted to be with Linsey, but not by using such deceitful tactics.

Gorman believed in winning a woman's heart genuinely, ensuring she came to him willingly.

His strong hand held her wrist gently, careful not to cause pain.

"You've got it all wrong, Linsey. I didn't drug you."

"Back off! I've had enough of your lies!" Linsey's voice was fraught with emotion. She knew she had to fight back with all

her might, or it would be too late.

Her eyes burned with bitterness as she confronted him. "I'm so disappointed, Gorman. After I saved your life, this is how

you repay me?"

A wave of remorse washed over Gorman. His face grew solemn as he insisted, "I swear, I didn't..."

Then, a faint scent of blood mingled with the scent caught his attention.

He paused, quickly seeing the blood seeping from her palm.

His heart skipped a beat, and he immediately took her hand, disregarding the knife still in her grasp.

"Linsey, you're injured! We need to take care of this right away," Gorman said, concern etching his features.

Chapter 352 Please, Calm

Down!

Startled, Linsey quickly yanked the knife from Gorman's shoulder and stepped back, her heart pounding in her chest.

Soon after, the wound on Gorman's shoulder worsened, bleeding more freely.

Panic washed over Linsey's features as her eyes widened.

She had hurt someone...

With this awareness, her grip on the fruit knife faltered, and a slight tremor ran through her hand.

Drops of bright red blood fell from the knife's sharp tip, tracing a trembling path downward.

Tension gripped Linsey, she struggled to swallow, her breaths sharp and shallow, frozen in place.

Yet, to defend herself, she summoned a shaky calm and through clenched teeth, she warned firmly, "Gorman, let me go

now, or it won't end with your shoulder."

Her fingers tightened around the knife's handle again.

Gorman, pale from blood loss, managed a weak smile, his eyes still soft.

"Linsey, I'll let you go, of course. But we need to tend to your hand first; I can't relax otherwise."

Linsey couldn't hear him at this moment.

To her, it seemed Gorman was merely finding excuses to detain her.

"Cut the crap!" Linsey shouted hoarsely.

Gorman maintained his steady gaze, then unexpectedly moved toward her.

Linsey's heart began to race wildly.

Her gaze dropped to the still-bleeding wound on Gorman's shoulder, her expression torn with conflict.

Suddenly, Linsey directed the knife toward her own neck with decisive resolve.

Gorman's face darkened instantly at her drastic move.

This bold move effectively kept him at bay.

"Linsey! Please, calm down!"

Tension marked Gorman's voice.

A wave of relief washed over Linsey as she realized her threat had taken effect.

"I'm not backing down, Gorman. You won't win. I won't betray Collin."

Gorman's eyes flashed with anger as he heard her words.

How could Linsey devote herself to a man who couldn't even walk?

Jealousy and bitterness clouded Gorman's face as his mood soured.

He looked at her intently and asked softly, "Do you really need to reject me this harshly, Linsey?"

An unsettling idea then flickered across Gorman's mind.

Would Linsey reconsider her feelings if he claimed her tonight?

This notion quickly took hold, growing uncontrollable in his mind.

Linsey noticed a menacing spark in Gorman's eyes, sending a shiver of dread through her.

At that moment, Linsey's bodyguard returned from shopping at the mall.

As he approached the banquet hall, a waiter, following Fernanda's instructions, intercepted him.

"Hand me the clothes, and I'll ensure Linsey gets them."

The bodyguard's brow creased with suspicion.

"No, it's important that I deliver them directly to her."

He brushed past the waiter without waiting for a reply.

But as he approached the lounge, Fernanda's people blocked his way, already prepared for his arrival.

"Best not take matters into your own hands. Stay out of trouble," Fernanda warned coldly.

The bodyguard's gaze hardened. "I must speak with Linsey. Where is she?"

With a sly grin, Fernanda responded, hinting at more than she said, "You're eager

to see Linsey? Are you sure she's even

available to meet with you?"

Chapter 353 Sadly, You're

Too Late

Linsey's bodyguard looked troubled and firmly warned, "Think twice before you set up Mrs. Riley. Mr. Riley won't take kindly to any mischief against her!"

Fernanda responded with a mocking smile, "Oh, you think Collin is someone powerful? A useless cripple, nothing more. That's what he is."

Fernanda spoke each word slowly, adding, "Even if Collin appeared right this moment, it would make no difference to me."

Suddenly, a chilling voice cut through. "Really?"

Fernanda was startled when she heard the voice.

Collin! How did he get here so quickly?

Fernanda's gaze shot upwards, shock and disbelief widening her eyes, her pupils shrinking in an instant.

"You!"

She stared blankly in the direction of Collin's approach, momentarily questioning if it was a hallucination.

Could it really be him?

There he was, walking towards her, flanked by towering bodyguards.

He was not on his wheelchair. How was he able to walk?

Fernanda couldn't look away as he stopped right in front of her.

"How can this be? Your legs..." Fernanda gasped, staring at Collin standing tall. "This is impossible. Absolutely impossible. The accident left you broken, the doctors said you'd never walk again..."

In that moment, understanding dawned on Fernanda.

A look of betrayal flashed across her face as she realized the deception, shouting with newfound clarity, "So this was your play! Pretending to be disabled all these years!"

Meanwhile, Collin remained unmoved by Fernanda's emotional accusations.

To protect his grandmother and others, he had pretended to be disabled all these years.

Collin had vowed repeatedly, driven by his love for Linsey, to protect her no matter the cost.

Revealing his secret would make Linsey a target, as she was his most evident vulnerability.

Yet, he could no longer maintain the facade today.

Linsey's safety was at stake.

Facing the upset Fernanda, Collin asked, his voice chilling, "Where's Linsey?"

He had returned to Vista Villa, expecting Linsey to join him for dinner as usual.

He had waited for a long time, but there was no sign of Linsey, nor any calls or messages from her.

A sense of unease grew when Collin found her phone switched off.

His fears deepened about Linsey's safety, prompting him to hasten his search. Fernanda's actions only deepened his suspicions that Linsey was in trouble.

"You still haven't answered my question," Fernanda insisted, clearly dissatisfied.

This wretched man had been pretending to be disabled all along.

What was he truly after?

Collin had no patience for Fernanda's trivial banter.

He coldly ordered, "Move aside!"

The defiance in Collin's eyes sparked a smug triumph in Fernanda as she taunted, "Collin, I see you've come for Linsey Sadly, you're too late."

Her voice dripping with mockery, Fernanda continued, "Just so you know, your

beloved wife is currently in another man's embrace, and she..."

She couldn't finish her sentence, as Collin's hand swiftly reached out and clenched tightly around her throat!

Chapter 354 If You Don't

Talk, You Die

Fernanda choked out a muffled groan, gasping for air.

"Ah! L-let me go." She wheezed, her face gradually turning red.

Collin's eyes burned with fury, his murderous intent unmistakable. "Where is Linsey?" His voice was ice-cold, terrifying enough to send chills down her spine. "If you don't talk, you die."

Fear flooded Fernanda's eyes.

Looking at the sheer rage in Collin's expression, she finally understood-he would kill her without hesitation.

Panicked, she thrashed against his grip and blurted, "I'll tell you! I'll tell you everything!"

Collin loosened his hold just enough for her to speak.

"She's... She's in lounge 3093 upstairs..."

The moment the words left her lips, Collin released her and rushed off without a second glance.

Fernanda collapsed to the floor, clutching her bruised throat, tears streaking down her face.

Collin... He was a demon in human form.

She watched him and his men disappear, the suffocating pressure of his presence still lingering in the air.

Collin and his team reached the lounge and kicked the door open without hesitation.

"Linsey!"

The moment they stormed inside, a thick, overpowering fragrance filled the air. Collin's expression darkened. The scent-it had an aphrodisiac effect.

Realization struck him like lightning. No wonder Fernanda had said those things.

Linsey had been drugged. This was a setup.

His chest tightened with panic.

Pushing forward, he scanned the room and immediately froze. A large, stark bloodstain near the sofa caught his eye.

His heart pounded violently,

"Linsey!"

His frantic voice echoed through the room as his gaze darted around in desperation.

The fear clawing at his chest was unbearable.

A faint sound came from one direction.

Collin turned sharply and rushed toward the bathroom. There, huddled in the corner, was Linsey.

"Linsey!" His breath hitched, his heart squeezing at the sight of her.

He strode over and crouched beside her, his gaze locked onto her trembling form.

Blood-too much blood. Her clothes were stained with it, and worse, fresh crimson still dripped from her hand, clenched tightly around the handle of a knife.

a wave

A metallic tang filled the air, sending a wave of dread through him.

His fingers trembled as he reached out and placed a hand on her shoulder.

The moment she felt his touch, Linsey flinched violently.

"Let go of me! Don't touch me!" Her voice was raw, laced with terror, her entire body struggling instinctively.

Collin felt as if a thousand needles were stabbing into his throat.

He sucked in a breath, then spoke, his voice gentle yet firm. "Linsey, it's me. I'm here."

Upon hearing this, Linsey, who had been fighting so desperately, suddenly froze. Slowly, she lifted her head, her red, tear-filled eyes locking onto his.

"Collin?" She hesitated, her gaze dazed, as if she couldn't trust what she was seeing.

But the moment reality sank in, she let the knife slip from her fingers and threw herself into Collin's arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

Chapter 355 We're Going To The Hospital Now!

"Collin, you're finally here!" Linsey's voice trembled with relief, her eyes wide with lingering fear. "I was so scared....I

thought I'd never see you again... Oh, Collin, I'm so glad you're here."

Collin wrapped his arms around her shivering form, his gaze shadowed by a torrent of sorrow.

"I'm so sorry I wasn't here sooner," he murmured, his voice a soft caress against

her ear.

He tenderly brushed a stray lock of hair from Linsey's forehead. "I should have been here," he remarked, his tone laced

with guilt.

Linsey clung to him, her tears silent but persistent, soaking the collar of his shirt.

Collin shifted slightly, his concern palpable as he noticed her clenched fist. "Linsey, what happened to your hand?"

Her grip tightened, her voice rough with despair. "I was drugged... I had to stay awake. I cut my palm with a knife to keep

from passing out."

Rage flared in Collin's eyes; he wished he could tear Fernanda to bits.

He regretted ever letting Linsey get involved with Fernanda's birthday preparations.

But regrets had to wait-Linsey needed him now, more than ever.

"Hold on, Linsey. We're getting you to a hospital right now," he said.

With a surge of protective urgency, Collin lifted her in his arms and strode swiftly out of the lounge.

Linsey leaned weakly against Collin, the familiar scent of him weaving through her senses, soothing her frayed nerves. Her eyelids fluttered gently, her voice a fragile whisper. "Collin..."

His name escaped her lips, wrapping her in a blanket of safety.

Collin's brow furrowed deeply as he looked down at her, his concern mounting when he saw her pupils start to dilate.

"Linsey, stay with me! We're going to the hospital now!" he insisted, his voice laced with urgency.

Despite her efforts, Linsey's exhaustion deepened, her eyelids growing unbearably heavy.

Resistance fading, she succumbed to the darkness, slipping into unconsciousness.

Her thoughts swirled into a fog, obscuring the surprising fact that Collin, usually bound to his wheelchair, was now walking with firm, urgent steps.

Right now, explanations would have to wait-keeping Linsey safe was his only priority.

Holding her protectively, Collin hastened through the opulent lower corridors of the banquet hall.

As they maneuvered past, he noted fernanda and her cronies, now subdued and secured by his men, their schemes

thwarted.

When Fernanda saw Collin stride in with the unconscious Linsey in his arms, her disbelief was palpable.

Her eyes darted to Linsey's attire, scrutinizing every inch.

Despite the blood stains smearing her clothes, there were no signs of disarray or removal.

"You got her back so fast?" Fernanda scoffed, bitterness dripping from her voice. "What, did Mr. Green not put up a fight?"

What the hell?

Wasn't Gorman dying to get his hands on Linsey?

Fernanda herself had delivered Linsey, drugged and vulnerable, straight into Gorman's hands.

Any man, driven by base desires, would have seized

How could his plans have crumbled?

e opportunity,

"Mr. Green?" Collin's voice was low, dangerous. "Which Mr. Green are you referring to?"

Fernanda's laugh was cold, scornful. "Who else but Gorman Green?"

A shadow fell over Collin's features, his brow furrowing in a stormy frown.

The night's twisted events were indeed tracing back to Gorman.

A troubling thought crossed his mind-did Gorman know that he was the elusive founder of CR Corporation?

Unperturbed by Collin's mounting anger, Fernanda taunted him further. "Collin, don't fool yourself into thinking it's all

good because you saved Linsey today. Gorman isn't playing around-he wants her, and he's not afraid to do whatever it

takes to get her. And with the Green family's clout in town, Linsey doesn't stand a chance of getting away."

Chapter 356 Gorman Has Started Targeting Linsey

Fernanda paused, then sneered at Collin, eyeing his perfectly healthy legs with

scorn.

"You think just because you're not a cripple means you can outmaneuver Gorman? Capturing me changes nothing. Just wait until Gorman steal Linsey

from you!"

Her laughter then echoed wildly around them.

Collin's expression hardened as he tightened his hold on Linsey. He turned to his assistant and instructed, "Escort her back

for an intensive interrogation."

"Understood," the assistant responded, nodding respectfully.

At the assistant's gesture, the bodyguards hastened to lift Fernanda, preparing to take her out.

Interrogation?

Fear surged through Fernanda as she cried out, "Collin! How can you treat me like this? I'm your stepmother! How can you

treat me this way? Won't your father have something to say about this? And don't forget Ivy-she won't take kindly to this

either!"

Collin had once endured Fernanda and Huntley's antics for the sake of family peace.

Their petty tricks and constant insults had been ignored.

However, their persistent targeting of Linsey was too much for him to bear.

They had blatantly violated his ultimate limit.

Thus, Collin's patience had worn thin.

"Consider how you'll justify tonight's events," Collin said in a frosty tone.

With a discreet nod, he signaled his assistant to remove Fernanda at once. Later, at a private hospital, Dominic burst through the doors, agitated by the unfolding events.

His expression turned cold when he saw Collin approaching with Linsey in his

arms.

"Have you lost your senses?" Dominic eyed Collin's legs. "Isn't it risky for you to wander around so openly?"

While Dominic was gripped by panic, Collin's attention was solely on Linsey, cradled unconscious in his arms.

"Gorman has started targeting Linsey," Collin said, his expression dark.

As he mentioned Gorman, a surge of anger clouded his face.

It was only then that Dominic noticed Linsey, his shock clear at the sight of her blood-soaked clothes.

What in the world happened to Linsey?" Dominic exclaimed.

Charly, the urgency of the situation had made Collin abandon his usual caution.

What did he just say?

Was it Gorman who harmed Linsey?

Dominic's face mirrored his disbelief. "Gorman did this?"

Looking earnestly at Collin, Dominic questioned, "Has he discovered who you really are?"

Without responding, Collin proceeded into Dominic's office, Linsey still in his arms.

"There's no time to discuss this right now. Linsey's been drugged, and she needs immediate detoxification. She's also got a wound on her hand that I managed to clean, but it's still dirty and might become infected. You need to bandage it quickly."

Dominic entered behind him, shutting the door with caution.

It was evident that Collin only grew talkative when discussing Linsey.

Normally, he was a man of few words.

"Got it!" Aware of Collin's growing impatience, which could soon turn to anger, Dominic quickly grabbed the medical supplies needed to tend to Linsey.

Chapter 357 She's Truly Extraordinary

"What the hell happened to give Linsey such a deep wound on her palm? That son of a bitch Gorman! He's a total asshole -truly the scum of the earth!" Dominic clenched his fists, his voice dripping with fury.

Collin lingered in the silence, his words coming out in a quiet, almost haunting tone. "Linsey was drugged. She sliced her palm with a knife just to keep herself conscious."

Dominic's eyes widened in shock as he heard this.

As he absorbed the gravity of Linsey's actions, his respect for her grew immensely.

She was clearly no ordinary woman!

After running a blood test on Linsey, Dominic exhaled a long sigh of relief when he reviewed the results.

"Thankfully, the drug's toxins have largely cleared from her system. It must have required unbelievable fortitude to fight through this," he remarked, his voice laden with admiration.

Handing the report to Collin, Dominic added slowly, "She's truly extraordinary. Most people wouldn't have had the strength

to endure such an ordeal."

Collin accepted the report, his expression a mix of pain and regret as he gazed at Linsey.

He had vowed to protect her, to shield her from harm, yet here she was, getting injured again.

The reality struck with a ruthless force, leaving a bitter ache behind.

As he looked at Linsey lying on the hospital bed, her eyes clenched shut and her complexion ghostly pale, Collin's heart ached with a fierce desire to swap places and bear the agony on her behalf.

After Linsey's examination concluded, she was relocated to a quiet, private hospital room.

Collin remained glued to her bedside, refusing to leave her side for even a second.

He watched intently as the pallor of her face faded away, replaced by a gradual flush of life, eager not to miss the moment her eyes fluttered open.

As the hours slipped by unmarked, his assistant materialized at the door of the hospital room, breaking the silence with a

low urgency.

"Mr. Riley, I have urgent news."

Casting one lingering look at Linsey, Collin stepped outside, his movements deliberate and gentle to avoid disturbing her peaceful slumber.

He softly clicked the door shut behind him. "What's the situation?" he inquired, his voice a controlled calm.

He had commanded that Fernanda be detained and interrogated to unearth the events of that fateful night.

"Fernanda finally let it all out, confessing every last detail," the assistant informed him. "Apparently, Gorman's interest in your wife has morphed into something disturbingly obsessive. He went to Fernanda a few days back, promising to free Huntley if she helped him in sowing discord between you and your wife, hoping it would lead to a divorce."

The assistant paused, the weight of the next revelation hanging in the air. "However, it seems Gorman is still in the dark

about who you really are."

Fernanda's confession painted a clear picture—Gorman thought Linsey would be his for the taking, believing Collin was

nothing more than the crippled failure Grester's rumors made him out to be.

A deep crease formed on Collin's brow. "If he's not after Linsey because of me, then what's his deal?"

In a sudden burst of realization, the assistant gasped, breaking the tense silence. "Mr. Riley, could it be that the woman

Gorman has been tirelessly seeking... is your wife? His obsession has been unyielding, and if she's the one, he won't back

down easily."

Collin's expression grew stormier, the pieces of the puzzle clicking into place in the most unsettling way.

It turned out Linsey was the exact woman Gorman had been looking for all this time.

"I don't care what it takes-I'm gonna make that bastard Gorman pay for every damn thing he's done!" Collin declared

firmly.

Other things could burn for all he cared.

Linsey's safety was the only thing on his mind.

As time slipped by, Linsey was violently torn from the grip of a horrifying nightmare.

Her eyes snapped open, the dilated pupils quivering as they struggled to adjust.

After a breathless moment, her gaze finally steadied on the stark white ceiling above.

Confusion clouded her mind, her pulse racing. Where on earth was she?

Chapter 358 It's Gorman

A wave of confusion washed over Linsey, quickly followed by an overwhelming

sense of fear-the kind that only the

unknown could bring.

Her lips trembled as she whispered, barely audible, "Collin..."

Since she had just emerged from a long, dark blur of unconsciousness, her voice was fragile, like a breath caught in the

wind.

Yet, even from the doorway, Collin heard the faintest sound.

Without a second thought, he rushed to her side. "Linsey."

As he reached her bedside and saw she was conscious, a spark of joy flickered in his eyes-fleeting but unmistakable.

"Collin!"

Linsey's eyes filled with tears. Without a second thought, she stretched her arms toward him, craving his touch, his

comfort.

Collin didn't hesitate. His strong hands gently lifted her, pulling her into his arms. The moment she settled against him, quiet sobs escaped her, breaking free.

It was only in his embrace that Linsey finally allowed herself to release the fear she had been holding in for so long.

"Collin, I was so frightened... honestly, I was terrified!" Her voice cracked, the sobs making her words barely audible.

But Collin understood her in ways words couldn't capture.

His gaze softened as he lowered it, his hand moving tenderly over her fragile back, his warmth a quiet comfort. "Don't be

scared. I'm here. It's all over now. You're safe with me."

Each of Linsey's broken sobs pierced Collin's heart-sharp and unrelenting, like a thousand tiny daggers.

He pulled her in tighter, unwilling to let her go.

Slowly, the storm inside her began to quiet.

She lifted her head from his chest, her breath unsteady as she sniffled.

Collin reached for a few tissues and gently wiped the tears from her flushed face.

Linsey looked up at him, a flush of embarrassment creeping over her. "Sorry, I got carried away."

Collin's brow furrowed, but he said nothing. Instead, he raised his hand and tenderly traced his thumb along the corner of

her swollen eye.

"Linsey, don't ever say sorry to me, alright?" His low voice wrapped around her like a soft blanket, each word intentional, each one filled with care. "I'm your husband. With me, you don't have to hold back. And after what you've been through..."

Linsey noticed his sudden silence and turned to him, confusion flickering in her eyes.

Her heart fluttered.

In his gaze, she saw something that struck her a deep pain, a regret too heavy to bear.

For a moment, fear gripped her, and she quickly tried to comfort him instead "It's okay. I'm alright now."

It was rare for her to see him like this-so vulnerable.

Collin's lips curled into a faint smile, a quiet gesture of reassurance, as he moved to pour her a glass of water. "Here, have

some water."

After the drink, Linsey felt a sense of calm wash over her.

But soon, her thoughts drifted back to the events in the hotel lounge, the fear still lingering like a shadow.

Yet curiosity tugged at her, prompting her to ask, "How did you know something was wrong?"

Collin's voice was calm, but there was a sharp edge to it. "I waited at home for you, but you never came back. I called, but there was no answer. That's when I started to worry. I headed to the hotel, and as soon as I got there, I saw Fernanda stopping my men from searching for you. That's when I knew something was wrong."

He exhaled sharply, his voice turning icy. "I knew Fernanda was up to something. But I never imagined she'd have the nerve to target you again."

Linsey's face hardened. After a brief pause, she couldn't hold back. "Fernanda couldn't have planned all of this on her own. Someone had to be pulling the strings, and that person is..."

She opened her mouth to say Gorman's name but faltered, weighing his influence in Grester.

"I know," Collin interrupted, his tone dark. "It's Gorman."

Chapter 359 You're The Only One For Me

"Rest assured, Linsey. Gorman won't get away with this," Collin said bluntly.

Linsey's lips tightened, her worry clearly etched on her face.

"But Gorman holds significant influence as a Green. Opposing him could have dire consequences for us," she said, gripping

Collin's hand. "We mustn't be rash."

Collin felt a pang in his heart as he realized she was still concerned about the consequences.

Looking deeply into her eyes, he whispered, "Regardless of who he is, Linsey, I'm committed to making things right for you."

Do you honestly believe I'll just sit idly by? That I'm incapable of defending my own wife?"

With a helpless sigh, Linsey murmured, "It's your safety that concerns me."

In silence, Collin balled his fists, a surge of resolve stopping him from holding back any longer.

"Linsey, I need to tell you..."

However, his words were cut off by a sharp call from outside the hospital room.

"Who's out there?"

The sharp call from his assistant snapped Collin to attention.

"What's going on?" As he protected Linsey, Collin faced the door with a piercing look.

The assistant entered, looking uneasy. "Sir, I thought I saw someone near the hallway's end."

"You saw someone?" Collin questioned, his expression darkening.

The assistant faltered. "Perhaps I was mistaken."

Considering the hospital's bustling activity, Collin decided to let go of his suspicions. However, he swiftly added a

precaution. "Double the security in this area."

The assistant responded with a nod, "Right away, Mr. Riley."

A troubling thought crossed Linsey's mind at that moment.

Was the figure possibly Gorman?

Earlier that day in the hotel lounge.

"Stay back!" With a firm grip on the knife, Linsey issued a stern warning to Gorman as he moved closer.

of Me

Her complexion had turned ghostly, a clear sign of her panic and dread.

During her desperate attempt to back away, Linsey tripped and tumbled to the floor, the knife skittering away from her

grasp.

"Linsey!" In his alarm, Gorman's first instinct was to rush to her aid.

"Don't come any closer" The strain in Linsey's voice was evident, her words barely

a whisper as she teetered on the edge of despair.

With eyes brimming with tears, she shot Gorman a pleading look. "Gorman, don't push me to despise you.... Stay away from

1. me. Don't come any closer!"

Gorman stopped in his tracks, frozen.

The sight of Linsey's evident fright and resistance cut through him, wrenching his heart.

"Do you truly despise me that much?" he asked, his voice thick with sorrow.

Linsey took a deep breath, striving to stay calm. Pondering Gorman's question for

a brief moment, she replied, "If you walk

away now, there will be no hard feelings..."

Her gaze fixed on him intensely, she continued, "Trust me on this. Walk away now, and you'll have my thanks. Gorman, don't be so relentless. With everything you have, you could easily find someone far more suitable than me."

A heavy silence fell for a moment before Gorman chuckled softly. "Linsey, why can't you see? You're the only one for me."

Linsey's response was a stunned silence. She stared at him, her face a mix of conflict and a faint glimmer of hope that he might yet reveal a sliver of decency.

A subtle fragrance filled the space between them.

Gorman felt turned on as he breathed in.

Aware that lingering was no longer an option, Gorman knew it was time to leave.

Chapter 360 Are Your Legs

Healed

Gorman straightened his posture and spoke calmly. "Linsey, believe it or not, this wasn't my intention. I'll make things

right."

With that, he turned and walked away without a second glance.

Linsey stood frozen, caught off guard by his sudden departure.

A wave of relief washed over her, but her body was still too weak to escape.

Not knowing if Gorman would come back, she tightened her grip on the kitchen knife and slowly made her way to the

bathroom.

Collin arrived later and saved her.

To be honest, Linsey hadn't expected it.

Gorman had spent so much time trying to tear her and Collin apart, yet in the moment that truly mattered, he had left

without hesitation.

Had her words finally reached him?

"Linsey, what's wrong?" Collin's voice pulled her from her thoughts.

She blinked and spoke softly. "Collin, I never got the chance to tell you... I actually met Gorman years ago. He was badly injured, and I helped him. That's all. But for some reason, he's been obsessed with me ever since."

She paused, unsure of how to continue. "And... Back in the lounge, I had no choice. I had to defend myself. I stabbed him. You always said Gorman was dangerous. Now that I've hurt him, he might come after me." Her voice dropped to a whisper.

Collin gently ran his fingers through her hair, his voice steady and reassuring. "Don't worry. I won't let him lay a hand on

you again."

Lowering his gaze, he took her hand. "Dominic said you're fine, but I won't feel at ease until we're home. Let's go."

Linsey didn't argue-she had no desire to stay in the hospital any longer.

But just as she looked away, something caught her attention.

She turned back to Collin, her eyes narrowing. "Collin... Where's your wheelchair?"

Collin froze. It hit him then-he had been so focused on rescuing her that he had completely dropped the act.

He had planned to tell her everything, but now that she was asking, an uneasy feeling twisted in his chest.

His lips parted, but the words refused to come out.

Linsey stared at him, unblinking.

Then, a hazy memory surfaced.

Back in the lounge bathroom, she had seen Collin rushing toward her-walking.

At the time, she had been too out of it to process what she was seeing.

Even earlier, groggy from waking up, she hadn't noticed anything unusual.

But now that she was fully aware, the tension in his face sent a shocking thought spiraling through her mind.

"Are your legs healed?" Her voice barely made a sound.

She lowered her gaze, staring at his legs as if the answer lay there.

It didn't make sense.

Shaking her head, she mumbled to herself, "That's impossible. I saw you in a wheelchair this morning. And now, you're just walking? Are you kidding me? Have you been lying to me this whole time?" She lifted her eyes to his, waiting-

needing an answer.

Collin took a slow breath, knowing there was no more hiding. "Let me explain, Lindsey."