

Zillionaire 361

Chapter 361 Why Are You Crying

The moment Linsey saw Collin's expression, a storm of betrayal swept through her.

Her hands balled into tight fists at her sides, shock etching deep lines into her usually calm face.

The revelation hit her like a freight train.

Her husband, whom she believed was confined to a wheelchair, was back on his feet.

They had shared vows, shared a life. Why had he concealed such a monumental truth?

As she fixed her gaze on Collin, her words dripped with unintended sarcasm.

"Did I ever say you couldn't explain, Collin?" Her voice, usually soft and composed, now carried a sharp edge.

Collin, detecting the ice in Linsey's tone, felt a surge of panic. He grasped her hands with a desperate strength.

"Linsey, believe me, I never intended to keep this from you," he pleaded, his eyes searching hers frantically for some sign of understanding. "There were reasons- compelling reasons."

Under the weight of her stern gaze, Collin, typically sure of himself, faltered, his words tumbling out in a rush.

"After the car accident, the doctors weren't hopeful. They said my legs were beyond repair. But I couldn't accept that fate. So I fought through the pain, attended rehab in secret, all the while digging into who was really behind the accident."

Linsey's face remained impassive, absorbing every word in stony silence.

With a deep, steady breath, Collin revealed the depth of his investigation. "It was Fernanda. She orchestrated everything I kept up the act, letting them think I

was still crippled so neither she nor Huntley would suspect a thing."

Collin rushed to clarify, his voice laced with urgency, fearing Linsey might misinterpret his actions. "Everything I've done was to handle Fernanda and Huntley. It was never my intention to hide things from you deliberately."

He scrutinized Linsey's face, his heart pounding with anticipation as he awaited her reaction.

Linsey met his intense gaze with an unreadable expression, remaining ominously quiet.

As the silence between them grew, Collin's discomfort escalated into torment.

He found himself wishing she would just lash out at him.

Unexpectedly, Linsey averted her eyes, bowing her head slightly. With a gentle plop, a tear escaped, landing on

the back of Collin's hand.

The sensation hit instantly, as if that small bit of skin had been touched by flames.

"Linsey..." Collin's voice cracked, his worry intensifying

Within those brief moments, his mind raced through endless possible reactions from Linsey.

Tears, however, were the last response he had envisioned.

He quickly reached out, cradling her face in his palms and tenderly lifting her gaze to meet his.

The very next instant, he caught sight of her eyes, now shimmering with tears. "Why are you crying? You were just sobbing, and now your eyes are filling with tears all over again."

A stabbing pain clenched his chest, making it hard to breathe.

Peering deeply into Linsey's eyes, his voice turned raspy. "Are you upset because I wasn't honest with you?"

Even as the words left Collin's mouth, a nagging feeling told him that wasn't the real reason.

Linsey's tears continued to stream down her face.

She hiccuped between sobs, struggling to regain her composure. "I-I'm not sure. Just listening to what you endured, it overwhelmed me and brought me to tears."

It was then that Collin truly understood, feeling a prickling behind his own eyes. She wasn't shedding tears of indignation-she was absorbing his anguish as her

own.

His heart churned with a poignant mix of sweetness and sorrow, as he caressed her face, brushing away her tears with a tenderness that belied his rough exterior.

"Please don't cry. It shatters me to see you in such agony. Remember, those torments are long behind us."

In a gentle, calming tone, he added, "I really thought you'd be upset with me."

Linsey met his gaze, her expression one of genuine concern. "I am upset, upset that you weren't honest with me. I even pursued massage therapy to help you heal, only to discover there was nothing wrong with your legs to begin with."

Chapter 362 Here, Have

Some Water

"All the work I put into helping you walk again feels completely pointless now," Linsey said.

Thinking about everything Linsey had done for him, Collin felt a warmth spread through his chest.

"But it wasn't for nothing. You can still give me a massage, can't you?" he responded, trying to lighten the

mood.

Linsey's expression darkened, her patience snapping. "Keep dreaming!"

She wasn't that clueless girl anymore.

Now that Collin's legs were fully functional, continuing to massage him wouldn't be for recovery-it would be for something else entirely.

This shameless man! He must have said that on purpose!

Memories surfaced-Collin deceiving her, pretending to be crippled, making her take the lead during their

encounters.

Heat rushed to her face as irritation surged through her.

She had no intention of staying any longer. Yanking her hand free, she flung the blanket aside and climbed out

bing of bed.

"Where are you going?" Collin asked, watching her.

"Home. Where else?" she snapped.

Still concerned, he offered, "You're not fully healed yet. Let me carry you."

Linsey scoffed, rejecting him outright. "I'm injured, not helpless. I can walk just fine!"

Without another glance, she stormed out of the hospital room.

Collin sighed as he watched her disappearing figure, her defiance clear in every step.

She was still upset.

Running a hand through his hair, he knew he had a long road ahead to make things right.

Back at Vista Villa, Linsey entered the bedroom, her face unreadable, ignoring Collin completely.

But he didn't leave her side. "Sweetheart, it's late. Still busy?" His voice was soft, but she barely reacted.

Eyes on her tablet, she replied flatly, "Mind your own business."

She wasn't really working-just keeping herself occupied. After all, she had rested enough at the hospital

However, Collin wasn't discouraged by her tope.

After a moment of thought, he went to get her a drink. "Here, have some suster," he said, setting the fas
beside her.

Linsey barely glanced at him. "I'm not thirsty."

Collin placed the glass nearby, within her reach.

Undeterred, he asked, "You must be hungry. You were unconscious for hours. You should eat something, What do you feel like having?"

Linsey eyed him skeptically, "You're going to cook?"

Collin hesitated but nodded, "Tell me what you want. I'll learn how to make it, and I promise it'll taste great."

Linsey glanced at his serious face, then smirked and turned away, "Don't bother. You'll just waste food. The maids will have enough trouble cleaning up after you."

Collin was momentarily speechless, recalling the last disaster he caused in the kitchen-the microwave explosion still fresh in his mind.

"Fine, I'll ask them to make something," he said, adjusting his approach.

"I'm not hungry," Linsey answered without emotion.

Though slightly disappointed, Collin didn't give up. "Is the temperature in here alright? I can adjust it if you

need."

Linsey exhaled slowly, resisting the urge to roll her eyes.

Even without looking, she could feel him hovering around her.

Chapter 363 Who Exactly Did This To You

That night, Linsey looked up and, for the first time, truly noticed Collin's towering height.

Whenever he came near, his presence surrounded her entirely.

Ignoring him became an impossible task.

Feeling a mix of annoyance and an unbidden flutter in her heart, Linsey blurted

out, "Collin, could you step out

for a while? I need some space."

Reluctantly, Collin began to protest, feeling an urge to stay and resolve things.

His resolve to reconcile with Linsey was firm.

With a firm push, Linsey ushered Collin towards the door. "Find a different room to sleep in tonight."

The door slammed shut right before Collin.

He lingered outside, releasing a sigh of resignation.

Perhaps a detailed apology letter would suffice?

At that moment, his phone interrupted his thoughts.

"Mr. Riley! Urgent news-Fernanda has been abducted by unknown assailants!"

Collin's face hardened when he heard the news.

A suspect immediately came to mind.

"This has Gorman's fingerprints all over it. What is he plotting now?" Collin murmured.

"Mr. Riley, what should we do next?" his assistant asked over the phone.

His eyes narrowing, Collin's voice deepened, saying, "We cannot allow Fernanda to be taken so easily."

His eyes flicked back to the firmly shut bedroom door, recalling the encounter with Linsey in the hotel lounge.

He vowed silently that anyone endangering Linsey would face severe consequences.

He let out a bitter chuckle before saying firmly, "If Gorman is behind Fernanda's abduction, I'll deal with him

myself."

"Yes, Mr. Riley."

After exiting the hotel, Gorman immediately contacted Danny, his most reliable assistant.

The lingering scent of aphrodisiac was minimal, allowing him to keep his urges at bay for the moment.

Yet, the gash on his shoulder demanded urgent attention.

The stab wound inflicted by Linsey was deep, continuously leaking blood.

Gorman's face grew increasingly pale.

Gorman was drenched in sweat from his ordeal by the time Danny entered the room.

"Boss! What happened to you?" Danny shouted, holding up Gorman as he slumped against the wall.
"Who did this? I'll go after that bastard right now!"

"Shut up," Gorman snapped irritably, taking a deep, shaky breath before rasping, "Let's go. Hurry back."

Without another word, Danny quickly escorted Gorman back to his place.

A private doctor was always on call for Gorman.

Upon their arrival at the villa, the doctor immediately set to work on stopping the bleeding and bandaging Gorman's wounds.

When the doctor removed his shirt, the deep gash on Gorman's shoulder was starkly visible.

"Mr. Green, how did this happen? Who stabbed you?" While tending to the wound with a blend of fear and concern, the doctor remarked, "You were inches from a fatal injury to your heart and lungs! Did you encounter an enemy tonight?"

Danny stood by, a grave expression on his face.

This was the first instance of Gorman suffering such grave injuries since his return to Grester.

The Green family wielded considerable influence in Grester; it was audacious for someone to attack Gorman.

Were they asking for trouble?

Danny pondered why Gorman remained silent about his assailant.

"Boss, who exactly did this to you? Why won't you tell us?" Danny asked.

Chapter 364 I'll Handle Her Myself!

Gorman's gaze darkened dramatically, his voice dropping to an icy whisper. "It's Linsey."

Danny recoiled in disbelief, his face a mask of shock.

"Ms. Brooks? How could she..." he gasped, struggling to piece together the sudden turn of events.

"Wait, didn't she arrange to meet you tonight for a serious discussion? How on earth did things spiral into violence?"

A cold snort escaped Gorman; his eyes were stormy pits of swirling darkness.

"You might want to ask that damned fool, Fernanda." His voice was tinged with venom as he clenched his teeth, his fury palpable. "For the first time, I've been made a complete fool of! That fucking moron actually had the nerve to drug Linsey!"

Danny's eyes widened in shock. "Wait, she was the one who drugged Ms. Brooks? So, did Ms. Brooks get the wrong idea about you?"

When he heard this, Gorman's fury intensified.

He had believed Linsey was softening, possibly considering giving him a shot, but he had been wrong.

Not only that, but the night's disastrous events likely sealed his fate in Linsey's eyes.

She probably couldn't stand him now, and everything he had worked for felt like it had vanished into thin air. Seething, Gorman balled his fists, his voice a growl of command. "Bring me Fernanda. I'll handle her myself!" Danny snapped to attention, urgency in his step as he confirmed, "Got it, boss!"

It was undeniable that a storm was brewing within Gorman.

Fernanda had better brace herself. The worst was yet to come, and it wouldn't be pretty.

Soon, the door creaked open, and Fernanda was ushered in by Danny.

Meanwhile, Gorman had had his wounds hastily bandaged.

He leaned back on a couch, his eyes shut, his expression an unreadable mask of calm.

"Get your hands off me! Who the hell are you? Let me go!" Fernanda's voice, muffled by the cloth over her head, was tinged with raw panic.

Ever since her abduction by Collin, terror had clung to her like a second skin.

Under the weight of relentless questioning, she had cracked, divulging everything to Collin's men.

Little did she expect to be swept up yet again so soon!

This night was turning into her worst nightmare

Finally, the truth was yanked away, and him yes, with a tear, she conserved any afterthoughts as he lounged nonchalantly on the sofa

A wave of relief surged through her she momentarily seemed to be there to see him

He stammered, "Mr Green I almost had a heart attack you are the star"

she clapped a hand over her heart, her eyes widening in relief as she saw Conifers.

Her lips curved into a relieved smile as she spoke, her tone a mixture of gratitude and ducted heatly fit position have to tie me up just to drag me away from danger? I owe you one, though imagine I would have mercy of that insufferable Collin."

As she rambled on, she remained blissfully unaware of the frost creeping into Gorman's gaze

Her laughter faded into a puzzled silence when he cut in, his voice chillingly sharp "Fernanda"

A shiver of apprehension skittered down Fernanda's spine.

She stumbled over her words, eyes wide and searching "Mr. Green, you... What's Gorman's laughter rang out-a dark, unsettling chuckle that made the air feel heavy. He fixed her with a piercing stare and said flatly, "So, you thought it wise to drug Linsey, did you? Tell me, Fernanda Why did you do that?"

Fernanda was caught completely off guard. Without a moment's hesitation, she blurted out, "I did it for you!" Drugging Linsey was practically handing her over to Gorman on a silver platter.

To her astonishment, Gorman's response was devoid of any warmth.

He let out a scoff, the sound rippling through the silence with a mocking edge.

His dark eyes bore into hers with unnerving intensity.

"Fernanda, I am a man who could have any woman I desire. The woman I choose would come willingly and stay loyally by my side. What makes you think you had the right to use such a disgusting tactic for me?"

Chapter 365 Collin Isn't Disabled

Fernanda shivered involuntarily at Gorman's words. "What exactly are you trying to say, Mr. Green?"

Was she mistaken? Did Gorman have no interest in Linsey at all?

Were her actions this evening the cause of his displeasure?

Panic momentarily flickered across Fernanda's face.

With a slight smile, Gorman asked, "How do you intend to make amends with Linsey?"

His breath left him slowly, his face expressionless and frosty. "Linsey has always been dear to me; I would never hurt her. Yet tonight, you chose to drug her, instilling fear of me in her. What do you think your punishment should be?"

Fernanda's whole body shook with fear.

It was unthinkable to her that Gorman would defend Linsey to such lengths!

"You can't blame me, Mr. Green. I was only trying to help you." Biting her lip, Fernanda explained, "I remember you saying to break Linsey and Collin apart so they'd end their marriage. With that in mind, I came up with a plan. It brings you closer to Linsey while pushing them toward a breakup. Don't you think it's perfect?"

Tears nearly spilled over as she caught sight of Gorman's cold expression.

"If I hadn't done this, knowing Collin's stubborn personality, he would never have let Linsey go," she continued.

Gorman's eyes filled with disdain, and his voice dripped with sarcasm. "He is a cripple. How does he deserve to keep her?"

Shocked, Fernanda exclaimed, "That's not it at all. Collin isn't disabled. He has been pretending all these years!"

When he heard this, Gorman's expression turned grim immediately. "You're telling me Collin's been faking his disability?"

The revelation took Gorman by surprise.

So, Collin was not actually disabled.

As Gorman's focus shifted towards Collin, Fernanda breathed a sigh of relief and continued, "I was at Glory Hotel earlier, where I witnessed Collin rushing to Linsey's aid. He was walking perfectly, not using a wheelchair. When I confronted him, he admitted it himself."

Fernanda's voice filled with indignation. "For years, Collin has masqueraded as disabled, a clear testament to his manipulative depths. He's been playing this part to catch me off guard, ready to contend with me and my son over the family fortune. He might already be more powerful than me."

Her anxiety increased the more she spoke "How that Collin Yoows so grow feelings for key bes become a threat in you. Please be careful"

Fernanda offered a reassuring smile, saying, "Believe me, my intentions are to support you The mishap forlorn was just a misjudgment on my part From now on, I'll be more careful"

Gorman was taken aback that Collin's supposed disability was nothing but a sham Had Collin really been exploiting this lie to garner Linsey's sympathy all along? What a despicable man

Yet, Gorman still didn't regard Collin as a significant threat.

"He may not be disabled, but he remains an insignificant fool in my eyes. Gorman said Mandy, "Collin is simply not deserving of Linsey."

Chapter 366 I Won't Do It Again!

Gorman was convinced that only the founder of CR Corporation could truly pose a real threat to him

Gorman's gaze flicked back to Fernanda, his eyes laced with disdain

"You're just as reckless as the rest," he said coldly. "This time, you scared Linsey, and I promised to her that I would make amends. The only way to make it right is by making you pay."

With that, a sly, almost innocent smile curved on Gorman's lips. "I'll take care of you first. Collin can wait"

Fernanda's eyes widened in disbelief. "No, Mr. Green, please!"

Before she could say more, Gorman casually added, "Let's begin by making sure you'll never see your father again."

*

Several bodyguards immediately nodded. 'Understood.*

They stepped toward Fernanda, who was bound and helpless

Fear drained the color from her face.

In frantic panic, Fernanda tried to scramble to her feet, shouting hoarsely, Help Somebody Someone's
ming

= till me!"

But she barely made it a few steps before the bodyguards swiftly closed in easily overpowering her

They pinned her down, her hands restrained, ready to snap her limbs.

Tears streamed down Fernanda's face as she pleaded, her voice quivering with desperation. Spare me! I
swear, I won't do it again I promise!"

Green Pea

Regret gnawed at her-she should never have drugged Lindsey But Gotzman remained unmoved, his face as
impassive as ever

He spoke without emotion, his voice cool and distant. Proceed

Fernanda's eyes were wide with sheer terror, sweat pouring down her face, each drop splashing on the carpet

focus

In that moment, all the grace of a high-society lady vanished, leaving her a broken, dejected figure groveling

In that instant, the band threw her a blow

The man standing before her was far more ruthless and menacing than Colin could ever be

Had she known, she would have preferred facing prison under Collin's hand rather than falling into Gorman's

grip.

Before she could process the thought, a sharp, sickening crack split the air as a bodyguard twisted her wrist.

A scream, raw and agonizing, tore through the room.

The pain was so intense that Fernanda nearly lost consciousness. Her face

paled of color, her body trembling

soaked in cold sweat.

Her hands hung limply, trembling uncontrollably.

"Help... Someone help..." she croaked, her voice barely a whisper.

Fernanda crumpled to the floor, her throat raw from screaming, the excruciating pain overwhelming every

sense.

Gorman watched her suffering, his face impassive, as if he were observing some insignificant spectacle.

"Still awake? Doesn't seem too painful to me," he remarked, a smirk curling at the corner of his lips.
"Why not grab a knife and cut off your hands? At least when Linsey sees you, she might feel better."

In that moment, Fernanda

radiated.

herself at a loss for words, unable to comprehend the cold terror Gorman

He was a living nightmare, a monster born from her deepest fears.

Fernanda wavered on the brink of collapse, her body shaking uncontrollably, desperate to escape the agony. In a voice raw and strained, she shouted, "Gorman! You're a monster! With Linsey's personality, she'd never be drawn to a man like you!"

The moment the words left her lips, Gorman's calm mask shattered.

His expression darkened, his gaze turning cold and unblinking, as if Fernanda

were nothing more than a speck of dust before him.

Linsey would never fall for him?

He would not, could not, accept that.

"Continue," Gorman commanded, his voice as cold as ice. His intent was clear-he meant to end her suffering right there.

But just as a bodyguard moved to carry out his orders, a frantic shout pierced the tense silence.

"Something's wrong! Boss! There's an intruder!!"

Chapter 367 Here's A Piece Of Advice For You

As Gorman's irritation deepened, he shot a fierce glare at the subordinate who had barged in to deliver news. He exclaimed, "Leave now! Can't you see I'm in the middle of something important? Ensure everyone waits outside, no

exceptions!"

The subordinate stood there, his face etched with fear. "Sir, it's just that the person at the door is..."

He got cut off as a bunch of men in black

suits rushed in, surrounding the place.

Rather than reacting with anger, Gorman burst into laughter. "Who's causing trouble now? Who thinks they can just walk into my place? They must have

a death wish."

Just then, a tall figure walked through the crowd of men in black.

Then, Collin walked in, all cool and serious. "It's me, Collin."

As soon as Collin appeared, his entire presence exuded a sharp aura that made people instinctively feel

intimidated.

Gorman's heart skipped a beat, a hint of fear creeping in.

Was this Linsey's husband, Collin?

Realization dawned on him, and a murderous look flickered across Gorman's face.

Without Collin, Gorman was sure he would be the one next to Linsey.

Gorman smirked. "Collin, you got some guts showing up here."

A displeased snort escaped from his chest.

Collin, not missing a beat, locked eyes with Gorman who was trying to appear relaxed on his sofa.
"You've been after my wife, Linsey, more than once. I'm her husband, and I'm not standing by anymore.
Today, we sort this

out."

Gorman laughed dismissively, giving Collin a once-over. "Oh, look who decided to show up! You really think you can just walk in here and confront me? Who do you even think you are?"

In Gorman's eyes, Collin was just the unwanted eldest son of the Riley family. Gorman still had no respect for Collin, even though he wasn't disabled.

The only person who posed a threat to him was the mysterious founder of CR Corporation.

Gorman settled deeper into the sofa, his voice chilling the air. "Here's a piece of advice for you, Collin. Walk away from Linsey while I still have some patience. As long as you quietly divorce her, I won't make things hard

for you. Maybe I even throw you a back

Collie's expression didn't wane ever see theory love you, pas sent to dog herwing ter

Gorman quickly retorted, "That's not going so kaggen Litery caught my eye long batons she met you
You're

the pearooge'

Collia's geze sharpened, his tone turning cold really""

After a brief pause, he added, "Well then, don't hold it against me if things get a bit rough"

With a smirk of amusement, Gorman looked at Colin Seresting, I'm andes to sex what you think you can pull off. Are you thinking of making a move on my swf? You swely done think

Before Gorman could finish his taunt, Collin stepped forward and landed a swift kick on one of Gorman's men saching reator

"God" the man yelled as he crashed to the floor

Gorman was visibly shocked

Had he misjudged Collin? It appeared he was more capable than he had assumed

Chapter 368 You're Digging Your Own Grave!

Fernanda's words echoed in Gorman's mind-Collin had been pretending to be crippled all along. The revelation pressed down on Gorman like a stone.

As he took down one of Gorman's men with brutal precision, Collin surged forward, his eyes locked on his true

target.

Simultaneously, Collin's men clashed fiercely with Gorman's, chaos erupting in every corner of Gorman's opulent villa.

"Have you lost your minds? How dare you cause such uproar in Mr. Green's place!" Gorman's men shouted incredulously, their voices laced with shock and outrage, only to be swiftly silenced by Collin's men's decisive

blows.

The air was thick with tension, the conflict escalating rapidly. Everything unfolded in a blur, causing Gorman's pupils to dilate in shock for a split second.

As Collin's formidable fist descended, Gorman, driven by instinct, attempted to sidestep.

However, the action triggered a stabbing pain in his already wounded shoulder. "Ugh!" he groaned, grimacing as the pain momentarily clouded his senses.

This fleeting hesitation was all Collin needed-his punch connected with devastating precision.

The impact sent Gorman tumbling off the sofa, his body crashing onto the floor with a heavy thud.

Dazed and reeling, he scrambled to regain his footing, his injured shoulder now a mere afterthought amidst the

turmoil.

Cradling his throbbing jaw, he glimpsed fresh blood on his arm.

Fuming with rage, he locked eyes with Collin and hissed through clenched teeth, "You piece of shit, Collin! You really think you can hit me and get away with it? You're digging your own grave!"

Collin met Gorman's glare with cold indifference and threw another unyielding punch, striking him directly in

the face.

Gorman collapsed to the floor, his body refusing to cooperate.

"Boss!" his men exclaimed in shock, rushing forward to form a protective barrier around him.

The double blow not only bruised his body but also his ego.

He blamed the sharp pain in his shoulder for his current plight.

On any other night, Collin would have stood no chance against him.

Enraged to the breaking point, Gorman barked furiously, "Everyone, take him down! Show this fool his place!"

At his command, a wave of his loyal bodyguards flooded the living room, outnumbering Collin's crew.

With a smug grin, Gorman watched the tide turn.

Collin had run out of luck-there was no way out this time.

Despite any skills he might possess, he was on Gorman's territory, surrounded and outsmarted.

Gorman was confident that Collin was fighting a losing battle.

Gorman's men were swiftly closing in, their menacing steps echoing ominously. In

a flurry, Collin's men surged forward, forming a human barrier around him.

"Mr. Riley, be careful!"

Yet, despite their valor, Gorman's forces proved overwhelming.

They descended like a storm, quickly overpowering Collin's men.

"Get your filthy hands off us!" Collin's men grunted as they struggled in vain, their efforts futile against the tightening grip of their adversaries. They could only watch, dismayed, as the enemy encircled Collin.

Standing arrogantly, Gorman taunted him, his voice dripping with disdain. "Collin, kneel now and beg, and perhaps I'll spare your pathetic life."

Yet, Collin's response was a study in cool defiance. He scanned the hostile faces surrounding him with a serene, almost dismissive glance. "It seems you're the one who's mistaken about who should be begging," he retorted sharply, his tone steady.

Gorman was taken aback by Collin's audacity, a wave of frustration washing over him.

That arrogant bastard, Collin-how the hell had he dared to act like he owned the place?

He needed to teach that cocky bastard a lesson he wouldn't forget!

With a malevolent glare, Gorman narrowed his eyes and issued a chilling

command to his men. "Get it done. Just make sure he doesn't black out-I want him awake for every second of it."

Chapter 369 What's This Cowardice

Despite everything, Collin was Linsey's lawfully wedded husband.

Gorman harbored no desire to plant seeds of enduring bitterness within Linsey.

By sparing Collin's life, he could later assert that it was Collin's own perilous choice to be here.

While Gorman was lost in his contemplation of the possible fallout, His men surged forward, a united front intent on subduing Collin.

Yet, Collin was a tempest. His legs moved like pistons, delivering sharp, sweeping kicks that sent Gorman's men tumbling like dominos.

"Ah!"

"Ow!"

Their cries filled the air, a continuous echo of torment rippling across the field.

In the blink of an eye, Collin had neutralized a significant number of Gorman's men, using nothing but the raw power of his limbs.

Throughout this whirlwind of activity, Collin's expression remained eerily serene, his breath as calm as if he were meditating.

Astonishment painted Gorman's features, his eyes widening in disbelief.

How could this be?

How was Collin demonstrating such deadly proficiency?

Was this not the same man dismissed as the incompetent, overlooked eldest son of the Riley family?

From what depths had he dredged up such fearsome prowess?

In truth, Collin had spent years faking a disability to navigate a minefield of dangers silently, all while keeping his senses sharp and his body ready.

Collin had rigorously honed his skills in private, diligently training every single day to ensure he could defend not only himself but also those he cherished from any unforeseen threats.

That evening, he boldly infiltrated Gorman's lavish estate, accompanied by only a handful of men, a testament to his unwavering confidence in his prowess.

Collin never ventured into battle unprepared; Linsey was still at home. He needed to come back and make it up to her.

His eyes, cold and dismissive, swept over Gorman's men, who moaned in pain on the floor.

To Collin, these men were mere trivial chess pieces, barely worthy of his focus.

The handful of Gorman's men who had yet to engage in combat stood frozen, their bodies quivering as they

watched the chaos unfold before them.

Some even began to inch backward, their faces etched with terror-Collin's présence was that intimidating.

Gorman's men consisted of top-tier, extensively trained bodyguards, yet Collin dispatched them with startling

ease.

More impressively, he seemed entirely unfazed by the fray, as though he could continue battling endlessly.

Just who was this formidable man?

As the seconds ticked by, a palpable sense of fear and hesitation began to permeate Gorman's men, signaling their growing apprehension about facing this fearsome adversary.

Watching his men grow uneasy, Gorman yelled at them with a furious scowl, "What's this cowardice? Charge! Do you mean to tell me you can't subdue a single man?"

The thought of the town's ridicule haunted him; the mere whisper of his incompetence would turn Grester's laughter against him.

Compelled by his command, his men rallied and surged forward, their resolve hardened.

Collin, his face etched with contempt, stood unyielding.

In one fluid motion, he lifted his leg and sent the advancing men tumbling with a sweeping kick.

Then, twisting with feline agility, he delivered a crushing punch to another attacker, who thudded against the wall in a heap.

"Damn it!" cursed one of the men, his frustration boiling over as he found no weakness in Collin's guard.

In a moment of desperation, he spotted a wooden stick on the floor.

Seizing it, he swung viciously at Collin's head, driven by blind fury.

"No, stop!" Gorman's voice thundered in a panic.

He had clearly instructed them to spare Collin's life.

Was the man before him deaf to reason?

But his plea hung futile in the air.

With a foreboding calm, Collin's eyes narrowed as he raised his arm, bracing for impact.

The stick crashed against his arm with a resonant sound, echoing the grim reality of the strike.

Chapter 370 The Victor Claims Linsey

Collin emitted a stifled groan, his body quivering as he suddenly broke into a cold

sweat.

His hand gripped the throbbing pain in his arm, yet his eyes remained steely.

With swift motion, Collin's foot connected with the henchman wielding the stick, knocking him to the floor and disarming him.

The chill in Collin's demeanor was unmistakable.

The room's occupants were frozen, taken aback by Collin's daunting aura.

They had not anticipated Collin's resilience, withstanding the wooden stick's strike without a wince.

A mix of fear and regret momentarily washed over the faces of Gorman's crew.

Realizing the danger, they didn't linger, hastily deserting Gorman in their rush to escape.

To them, no employment justified risking their lives.

Gorman found a grim humor in the turn of events.

He had believed that the strike would immobilized Collin.

Witnessing Collin endure without faltering brought a hint of disappointment to Gorman.

Before long, Gorman found himself almost alone, surrounded only by a handful of his most devoted men.

"What's our next move, boss?" asked a worried subordinate.

Gorman hissed in anger, "A complete waste! All of you and not one could subdue Collin."

Fury simmered within Gorman at that moment.

His eyes bore into Collin with venomous intent. "Fine, I'll handle him myself."

Raising a note of caution, the subordinate said, "Boss, remember your shoulder's still not healed."

Gorman waved off the concern with a cold look toward Collin's damaged arm, saying deliberately, "He took a hit from the stick. His arm's clearly broken, completely out of commission. I've got this."

Despite Collin's proven skills, Gorman felt sure of his own abilities, surviving multiple attempts on his life.

He saw blood trickling from Collin's wound, bolstering his confidence.

He was convinced of the uselessness of Collin's arm.

Furthermore, Collin had been engaged in combat for an extended period, which must have drained much of his

energy.

The more Gorman pondered, the firmer his conviction grew that he could overpower Collin

With confidence, he advanced, commenting casually, "Collin, I must say, I do respect your prowess and bravery."

He paused briefly, then offered in a seemingly sincere tone. "What if we settle this with a duel? The victor claims Linsey, and the defeated must leave her alone. Do you agree?"

Collin's expression darkened, his voice resonant as he replied, "Firstly, Linsey isn't an object to be won or lost on a whim. If you truly care for her, you ought to treat her with the dignity she deserves."

Gorman laughed derisively, quick to ridicule.

"Ah, so you now play the nobleman? What use is your so-called honor when you fail to keep Linsey safe?"

With a dismissive sigh and a confident air, he added, "You're hardly fit to be her husband. Were she with me, I'd ensure she lacked for nothing and remained unscathed."