

## **Zillionaire 381**

### Chapter 381 What Took You So Long

Collin was adamant. "Absolutely not. You're staying here. Gorman will find any excuse to have you apply ointment, then he'll exploit the situation to take advantage of you!"

His anger was unmistakable-he would not allow it!

Linsey, amused yet exasperated by his jealousy, thought that jealous men could be quite daunting

She playfully pinched Collin's cheek. "Are you being jealous?"

Collin scowled, and responded, "Of course, I am. You're my wife, and Gorman dares covet you"

"Alright, fine. There are nurses for that. I wouldn't consent to it anyway." Linsey caught the gaze of Denny behind her, who hung on every word. Anxious that Gorman might grow impatient and sue Collin, she reassured Collin, "Just relax. I'll check in and come right back. Trust me this time, and there'll be no hard feelings,

After a lengthy discussion, Linsey managed to convince Collin.

She then proceeded to Gorman's hospital room with Danny,

Upon entering, Linsey was greeted by Gorman's grumbling from the hospital bed. "What took you so long? I was about to reach Frederic if you delayed any further."

Suppressing her annoyance, Linsey responded coolly, "You don't need a lawyer for something like that."

Gorman was just joking, and his mood visibly improved when he saw her.

"Don't be upset, I was only teasing." Gorman grinned and gestured towards the chair beside his bed.  
"Linsey,

come sit here."

Linsey remained standing, her expression stoic. "Just tell me-what do you need?"

Clearly, she was not a nurse or a caregiver.

Could Gorman genuinely expect her to look after him?

Her disinterest was clear, yet Gorman seemed unfazed by it.

He smiled and inquired, "Linsey, has it really been so long that you've forgotten the promises you made to me?"

Still unbothered, Gorman pointed to the medicine on the table next to him. "Could you apply this for me?"

Linsey declined firmly. "No. That's not a good idea. I'm not qualified as a nurse, and lacking the proper skills, I might cause you more harm."

Gorman's expression turned to a frown. "Are you just going to stand there and do nothing"

His frustration grew as he observed her detached demeanor.

Why was Linsey still so distant from him?

In his frustration, Gorman attempted to sit up.

However, in doing so, he inadvertently aggravated his wound.

He gasped sharply, his complexion turning ghostly pale.

Danny, alarmed, called out, "Nurse!"

Nurses flooded into the room to attend to him.

This urgent care was necessary sooner, but Gorman had insisted that Linsey be the one to apply the medicine, which caused the delay.

From a distance, Linsey watched the scene, her expression unchanged as the nurses worked tirelessly.

Soon, the room was permeated with the strong smell of blood.

Catching a glimpse of Gorman, Linsey's frown deepened.

What she saw made her tense up.

A deep gash had split open on his shoulder, blood still flowing freely.

A nurse urgently said, "We need a doctor here-he requires stitches right away!"

For a moment, Linsey was rooted to the spot. How had his injuries become so severe?

Chapter 382 You're Making My Heart Race!

Noticing Linsey's stunned expression, Danny stepped closer and asked in an accusatory tone, "Why do you seem

so surprised, Ms. Brooks? Did you think Mr. Green was exaggerating his pain?"

Linsey hesitated, her face reflecting a storm of mixed emotions. "No, that's not it. I just... didn't realize how

serious his injuries actually were."

"Isn't that you and Collin's doing?" Danny scoffed.

Linsey shot him a sharp look. Her mind flashed back to the recent fight in the Glory Hotel lounge. She had stabbed Gorman, believing at the time it was purely self-defense. She was convinced that it was another of his twisted schemes to trap her.

Only afterward had she discovered that Fernanda, acting alone, had orchestrated the entire setup. Gorman himself had punished Fernanda harshly for stepping out of line.

The more Linsey thought about these events, the more unsettled she felt.

But she struggled to feel any genuine sympathy for Gorman. He had repeatedly schemed to drive her and Collin apart. As far as Linsey was concerned, he had brought this on himself.

Linsey chose to remain silent. Sensing he had pushed his luck far enough, Danny also said nothing more.

If Gorman decided to cause a stir about this later, he would be the one facing the consequences.

Soon after, the doctor arrived, administered anesthesia, and began stitching Gorman's wounds.

Linsey stayed quietly on the sidelines throughout the procedure.

It felt like a long wait, but eventually, the doctor finished and produced several bottles filled with a dark liquid.

"Apply this while the anesthesia is still effective. Be careful not to aggravate his injuries," the doctor advised. A nurse nodded and accepted the medication. Her gaze lingered on Gorman, who lay pale on the hospital bed. By now, many on this floor had heard a lot about Gorman, though few had imagined him to be this young or

attractive in person.

With his well-defined physique, a single glance was enough to make the nurse's heart race.

Clutching the bottle, the nurse felt a thrill of anticipation. Gaining Gorman's favor could lift her from her ordinary life as a nurse to one filled with luxury.

With that thought, she settled beside his bed and carefully began applying the medication to his shoulder

wound.

"Mr. Green, does this hurt? I'll be gentle. Just let me know if you feel any discomfort," she said softly.

Gorman shot her an icy glance. "The anesthesia hasn't worn off yet. Why would it hurt?"

The nurse was momentarily shaken but quickly regained her composure.

At least he had responded to her.

Emboldened, she subtly rested her other hand on his bare abdomen, hoping to charm him. "Mr. Green..."

Linsey watched the scene unfold with an amused expression.

It appeared Gorman was never short on admirers. If this nurse managed to captivate him, perhaps he would stop his relentless pursuit of her.

Before Linsey could give the idea further thought, Gorman suddenly grabbed the nurse's hand and snapped, "Get out!"

His sharp command startled both Linsey and the nurse.

Despite her shock, the nurse recovered quickly and managed a coy smile.

"Oh, Mr. Green, don't be so cold. You're making my heart race! Here, feel it yourself." As she spoke, the nurse fluttered her eyelashes at Gorman and guided his hand toward her chest.

She felt certain that her charm was irresistible to him. But in the very next moment, her confidence shattered.

The instant she touched him, Gorman recoiled, disgust clear on his face. With a forceful shove, he sent her stumbling backward.

Who Dares Claim The Heart Of ...

After three loveless years, Neil's betrayal deeply wounded Katelyn. She wasted

no...

Chapter 383 I Don't Need Anyone's Pity

"Don't touch me! Get out of here!" Gorman shoved himself upright, his face twisted with rage as he roared, "From now on, I don't want to see you in this hospital again!"

The nurse let out a terrified whimper. Terrified, she turned and bolted.

But the sudden movement sent fresh blood seeping through his stitches.

The wound strained against the sutures, on the verge of tearing open.

"Mr. Green!" Danny lunged forward to steady him. "Mr. Green, please lie down! Your wound is opening up again."

Gorman leaned back, his face shadowed, breath still ragged.

"Mr. Green, let me get another nurse to wrap that wound," Danny suggested.

The wound needed more than just stitches and antiseptic-it required proper bandaging, something beyond a quick fix.

To Danny's surprise, Gorman snapped, "Get lost! I don't want any more strangers poking around. Keep them all away from me!"

The thought of another nurse touching him made his skin crawl.

Danny hesitated, eyes flicking to the injury. "Mr. Green, your injury's serious. It needs real care. If we don't do this right, it could get worse."

But Gorman didn't seem to care at all. He acted as though the pain wasn't his to bear.

With a cold snort, Gorman muttered, "So what? It's not like I'm going to die." Through it all, his eyes had been glued to Linsey as he watched her in secret. But not once, from the beginning to the end, had she shown even the slightest concern for him.

A flicker of disappointment flashed across Gorman's eyes, and a bitter laugh escaped his lips.

"Linsey, are you just here to watch me crash and burn? Fine, is that what you want? I don't need anyone's pity."

He shot a fierce glare at Danny. "Get out! All of you, just get out!"

Danny froze, completely baffled by Gorman's sudden demand to be left alone. "Mr. Green, I..."

Danny's voice trailed off as Gorman grabbed a pillow from the bed and hurled it at him.

"Get out!" Gorman roared, his voice thick with anger.

Panicking, Danny shouted, "Mr. Green, be careful with your wound!"

Worried Gorman might act out again, Danny rushed to usher Linsey out. "Alright, Mr. Green, we're leaving Please, just calm down."

As the door to the hospital room clicked shut, Linsey stood frozen in shock, her mind still reeling,

What on earth was happening? Had Gorman completely lost it? She hadn't done anything, yet he acted like she

was there to mock him. It wasn't fair!

Linsey pressed her lips together, frustration bubbling up inside her.



As irritating as Gorman was, she couldn't just walk away.

She was responsible for the wound on his shoulder. If it wasn't treated properly tonight, it could seriously jeopardize his recovery.

And if he died in there, wouldn't that make her a murderer? The thought gnawed at her, unease creeping up

her spine.

She turned to Danny. "What do we do now?"

Linsey stared at Gorman's hospital room door, her expression hardening slightly,

a flicker of concern still

lingering.

"Gorman's wound hasn't been treated properly. If he's left alone in there, something could happen, right?" she

continued.

Danny's face tightened. He glanced at Linsey, noticing her faint worry, but it seemed too staged to him.

He bit his tongue for a moment but couldn't hold back. His voice turned sharp. "Isn't that what you were hoping for?"

Chapter 384 I'm Not As

Frail As You Think

Danny lowered his voice. "I honestly don't get it. Mr. Green is exceptional. Why does he insist on you? If anyone else had hurt him this badly, they'd be facing severe punishment by now. Yet, Mr. Green still favors you."

Linsey distinctly heard Danny grumbling about her and felt momentarily speechless.

It was true, though. She had caused the injury to Gorman's shoulder.

A surge of guilt washed over her.

Just as she opened her mouth to speak, Danny turned abruptly and walked away, perhaps searching for another solution.

Limited by his position, he couldn't openly question his boss's orders. So, despite his worries, there was nothing more he could do.

As she watched Danny walk away, Linsey realized that despite her earlier resolve to stay away from Gorman, she couldn't abandon him.

The severity of Gorman's condition weighed heavily on her mind.

After a brief hesitation, Linsey stepped toward the door and knocked.

When the sound of her knock faded, Gorman's angry voice thundered from inside. "Get lost! Stop bothering me!"

Linsey cleared her throat and stood firm. "Gorman, please calm down. Let me in to take care of your wound. If it's left untreated, it'll only get worse."

The room lapsed into silence.

Meanwhile, a hint of unease crept over Linsey.

Had Gorman collapsed from blood loss?

Before she could speak, the door suddenly swung open, and she was yanked inside.

"Ah!" Linsey gasped, startled. She looked up, and her gaze fell onto Gorman's pale face.

He gripped her wrist tightly and pulled her so close it seemed as if he intended to kiss her. Shocked, Linsey instinctively drew back from him.

As he saw Linsey resisting, Gorman's expression darkened. "Are you trying to run away again? Were you deceiving me earlier?"

With Gorman's hospital gown partly open, Linsey's hand pressed against his chest, unavoidably touching his

bare skin.

"Let go of me," Linsey implored, her expression tense.

Gorman maintained his grip, eyes locked on hers. "Tell me, are you planning to abandon treating my wound?"

"Of course not," Linsey answered, unwavering.

She straightened herself and shifted her attention to the wound on his shoulder. "You've just had stitches, and the anesthesia hasn't worn off completely. How did you even manage to get out of bed?"

Gorman flashed her a smug smile. "I'm not as frail as you think."

Linsey ignored his teasing and pressed firmly. "Get back in bed. I need to take care of your wound."

Whenever Linsey spoke politely, Gorman refused to listen. Yet now, as soon as her voice took on a hint of authority, he suddenly obeyed.

Gorman raised an eyebrow, amused by her insistence. At last, he let go of her hand and returned to the bed. Linsey retrieved the bottles and bandages, then stood before Gorman. She carefully cleaned the wound on his shoulder, then gently applied the medication with a medical swab.

Chapter 385 It's Not Something You Should...

Linsey carefully observed Gorman's face each time she dabbed the medication onto his wound, worried that she might cause him pain.

However, he seemed utterly unbothered. He remained quiet, and his expression was calm and relaxed.

For a moment, Linsey wondered if he had lost his ability to feel pain.

Surely, the anesthesia had worn off by now.

If not, how had he managed to get out of bed and grab her earlier?

Linsey pondered this silently, unaware that Gorman was too distracted to care about his injuries.

His gaze softened as he watched her. Meanwhile, his mind drifted back to the time they spent together in a small fishing village abroad.

Back then, he had been seriously wounded, teetering on the brink of death. Suddenly, a woman who had a good heart appeared at his side and cared for him tirelessly.

Even unconscious, Gorman vividly remembered Linsey's distinctive fragrance. Her scent had captivated his senses, lingering in his memory long afterward.

Now, the woman he had longed for was standing right in front of him.

Emotions stirred deeply within Gorman. He took a deep breath and, without thinking, grasped Linsey's hand. "W-what are you doing?" she asked, startled. She quickly pulled back, creating distance between them.

"I'm... sorry." Gorman let go of her hand, and his expression turned melancholic. "I just remembered when you saved my life. Do you remember it? You took such good care of me and carefully tended my wounds."

The nostalgic look on Gorman's face made Linsey feel slightly uneasy.

She bit her lip and replied rather bluntly, "I don't really remember, Gorman. Honestly, I've saved many people. I'd help anyone who was hurt, even an injured stray. It's not something you should hold onto."

As he heard her words, Gorman's nostalgic expression faded into quiet sadness.

Linsey noticed the sudden shift in his mood, and a small pang of guilt stirred inside her. Had she been harsh? It was only natural for him to feel grateful, given she had saved his life.

Perhaps she should say something kinder to ease the tension.

Just then, Gorman cracked a confident smile. "Linsey, I missed the chance to find you sooner. But now that we're reunited, once you spend more time with me, you'll realize that falling in love with me was inevitable."

Linsey's words of comfort stalled in her throat. She was speechless and felt annoyance surge within her. At this moment, she set aside the medication, grabbed a bandage, and quickly began wrapping his wound.

"While you're here at the hospital, you might want to get your head checked, too. Who knows, maybe I'll end up saving your life again." Linsey finished bandaging the wound, unwilling to stay in the room or continue the conversation. "I'm feeling hungry all of a sudden. I'm going out to get something to eat."

Without waiting for Gorman's reply, she made a quick exit and did not even bother to look back.

Gorman remained seated on the bed, watching her leave with a helpless expression. He let out a wry smile and muttered to himself, "You're worried about your own hunger, but not once did you ask if I was hungry."

Despite the tension between them, the warmth of her care had rekindled something inside him.

Gorman felt a renewed determination to win Linsey over. But this time, he realized he had to take a different approach.

Chapter 386 Their Bond Is Strong

In the days that followed, Linsey took time off from work to stay at the hospital, looking after both Collin and

Gorman.

Collin's arm injury was more serious than they had thought.

To help him recover faster, Linsey asked a maid to teach her how to make chicken

soup,

"That's it, just like that. You're doing great, Mrs. Riley," the maid encouraged, watching from the side.

Linsey flashed her a wry smile. "You're the one who told me what ingredients to use, I didn't do much."

The maid nodded seriously. "Mrs. Riley, it's not about how perfect it turns out. What counts is the care you put into it. Mr. Riley will be really touched when he finds out you made this nutritious soup just for him."

At the words, Linsey felt a warmth spread across her face, and a sweet smile tugged at her lips.

Realizing she was starting to blush, Linsey quickly shook her head.

Even after she was married to Collin for a while, these little gestures still made her feel shy,

When the chicken soup was almost done, Linsey grabbed a thermos and began pouring the soup into it.

But suddenly, her hand slipped, and the hot liquid splashed onto the back of her hand.

The searing pain shot through her skin.

Linsey gasped in pain but managed to steady her hand without dropping anything. "Mrs. Riley!" The maid gasped in shock, quickly reaching out to steady the pot. Once the maid had it safely, Linsey hurried to run her burned hand under cold water.

Within seconds, her skin reddened, and swelling began to form, a clear sign of the burn.

"Mrs. Riley, your hand is burned. You need to apply some ointment right away," the maid said urgently.

Linsey winced in pain and nodded. "Yes."

The maid quickly fetched the burn ointment and carefully applied it to Linsey's hand.

"Your hand is swelling quite a bit," the maid said, her voice tinged with worry. "If Mr. Riley finds out, he'll be really upset."

Linsey quickly reminded her, "I was just about to say-don't tell Collin. I'll keep it hidden."

The maid understood Linsey's intentions and nodded in agreement.

Soon, Linsey left Vista Villa, carrying the chicken soup.

The maid watched as Linsey got into the car and drove off.

"Mrs. Riley is really good to Mr. Riley," she murmured.

Josh nodded. "Yeah, their bond is strong. I just hope they don't have to face any more hardships."

The others, hearing this, quietly agreed.

In the hospital room, Collin was listening to a report from his assistant about the latest developments.

"The collaboration with the Lawson family has been finalized. They're hosting a banquet in a few days and have invited you. Will you be attending?"

Collin immediately felt the urge to decline.

He had never been fond of public events or being in the spotlight.

But then, his thoughts turned to Linsey.



His low-key nature had often caused her to suffer a lot in the past.

If everyone in Grester knew who Linsey's husband really was, maybe they would finally stop bothering her.

With this in mind, Collin quickly changed his decision. "I'll go."

The Lawson family's banquet would be the perfect opportunity to surprise Linsey.

He wanted to reveal the truth about himself to her once and for all.

Just then, a harsh voice called out from outside the hospital room. "Hey, what are you doing lurking outside Mr. Riley's room? Are you eavesdropping?"

Chapter 387 This Is Mr. Riley's Wife!

Linsey was caught off guard. She hadn't expected to be accused of eavesdropping the moment she arrived.

The accusation felt completely unfair.

She was simply entering her husband's hospital room. How could anyone claim she was spying in a place where she had every right to be?

Turning her head, she recognized a familiar face.

Wasn't this the same nurse who had been forcibly removed from Gorman's room just yesterday?

Linsey clearly remembered seeing her pushed to the floor after trying to seduce Gorman.

Before she could say anything, the

scoffed and raised her voice. "What are you staring at?"

Linsey's brow furrowed at the nurse's hostility.

Why was she so irritable this morning?

She couldn't think of anything she had done to provoke the nurse.

At this moment, her gaze landed on the nurse's name tag: Flavia Castillo.

"I wasn't eavesdropping. I was just about to enter the room," Linsey explained calmly.

Flavia narrowed her eyes, unwilling to let it go.

It was impossible that this woman had access to Collin's room.

This woman was in Gorman's room yesterday.

It wasn't surprising that Flavia remembered her so well. Linsey had the kind of beauty that was hard to forget. More than that, she had noticed how different Gorman's demeanor became when Linsey was around- completely unlike how he interacted with anyone else.

Flavia was convinced that her humiliation at Gorman's hands yesterday had been Linsey's fault.

Convinced of her own allure, she believed that Linsey had somehow sabotaged her attempt to get closer to

Gorman.

The thought only fueled her anger.

"Still making excuses?" Flavia sneered and grabbed Linsey's wrist with a harsh grip. "Come with me to the security office!"

Linsey's frown deepened. She tried to pull free, but Flavia only tightened her grasp.

"Let go of me! I already told you-I wasn't eavesdropping." Linsey explained. Why was it so impossible to reason with this woman?

Ignoring Linsey's protests, Flavia yanked her forward. In the process, she carelessly bumped into Linsey's hand, which was still tender and swollen from the burn.

Linsey winced in pain. "Let go!"

Flavia scoffed, her expression laced with contempt. "Drop the act. There's no audience here."

Just as she was about to drag Linsey away, the hospital room door swung open

"Stop!" Collin's assistant stepped out. His expression turned stormy when he saw Flavia gripping Linsey's wrist. "What do you think you're doing?"

Flavia's grip loosened instinctively, and Linsey took the opportunity to step back and gently touched the back of her hand.

Linsey shot Flavia a brief glance before checking the thermos in her other hand.

The chicken soup hadn't spilled. Otherwise, Collin would have gone without his meal.

As she was confronted by Collin's assistant, Flavia's confidence crumbled. She shot a resentful glance at Linsey before quickly turning to address the assistant with forced respect. "I caught this woman lurking

around Mr. Riley's room. I thought she was eavesdropping, so I was about to escort her to the security office."

The assistant's expression hardened, and he sternly said, "What nonsense are you talking about? This is Mr. Riley's wife!"

Flavia's eyes widened in shock. She turned to Linsey, her face frozen in disbelief. But Linsey remained composed, completely unruffled by the accusation.

Collin's wife? That couldn't be possible!

Flavia's mind raced back to yesterday when she had seen Linsey in Gorman's hospital room. She had taken over applying his medication.

Chapter 388 Please, Forgive

Me

"No, that's impossible..." Flavia stammered, her voice laced with disbelief.

To her horror, Collin's assistant raised a hand in a silent, chilling signal. Immediately, two men in black stepped

forward.

"You know what to do. Make sure this nurse never finds work at any hospital again," the assistant ordered

coldly.

Flavia's face drained of color. Panic-stricken, she clasped her hands together in a desperate plea.

"Please! I was wrong! Don't blacklist me! I had no idea... I didn't know she was Mrs. Riley."

Tears spilled down her cheeks as she turned toward Linsey. Her body nearly bowed in supplication. "Mrs. Riley, I'm so sorry! I didn't recognize you. Please, forgive me. It won't happen again!"

Linsey observed Flavia's tear-streaked face and felt a pang of sympathy. She pressed her lips together, then was only doing her job to keep the hospital secure." gently said, "Let her go. She

Upon hearing Linsey's merciful words, the assistant adjusted his stance. "Understood, Mrs. Riley."

The assistant then addressed Flavia. "Consider yourself lucky that Mrs. Riley spoke on your behalf. Don't let this happen again. Leave now and stay out of trouble."

With that, he turned back to Linsey and respectfully opened the hospital room door for her. "Mrs. Riley, please. I'll make sure no one disturbs you again."

Flavia wasted no time. Her face draining of color, she slipped away as quietly as possible. Once she was at a safe distance, she exhaled in relief.

As the events of the day replayed in her mind, humiliation and fury burned hotter than ever.

It turned out that that woman was Collin's wife.

The audacity of her to entangle herself with both Collin and Gorman, two excellent men!

Flavia gritted her teeth, her eyes darkening with malice. She had vowed to make Linsey pay for yesterday's humiliation. Now, after this, she was even more determined.

Her mind spun with possibilities as she began plotting a way to make Linsey regret ever crossing her.

Linsey entered Collin's hospital room, a thermos in her hand.

Collin lay stretched out on the bed, looking completely at ease. The moment he saw her, his face lit up with a warm smile.

III

16:17

"What happened? What was all that noise outside?" he asked with concern.

Linsey walked over to his bedside and set the thermos down on the table. Then, she dismissively said, "It's nothing."

She didn't want to trouble him with the minor confrontation that had just happened.

With practiced ease, she unscrewed the thermos and prepared to serve him a bowl of homemade chicken soup.

But before she could pour it, Collin's expression shifted. He reached out and gently grasped her hand, his eyes locking onto the burn mark on her arm. "How did you get hurt?"

Caught off guard, Linsey hesitated. In her rush to handle the situation with Flavia, she had forgotten to conceal

her injury.

She instinctively tried to pull her hand back, hoping to conceal the burn, but Collin was quicker.

Without touching the wound directly, he secured her wrist and studied her with concern. "Tell me the truth. When and how did this happen?"

Her hand had been fine last night, and nothing had seemed wrong when she left for Vista Villa that morning. Faced with Collin's earnest gaze, Linsey sighed and offered a small, rueful smile. "I burned myself while making the soup. It's really not a big deal. I've already put ointment on it."

mood, Linsey gave

Trying to lighten the her hand a you some soup."

mall shake, subtly hinting him to let go. "I need to serve

But Collin didn't release her. His grip remained firm, his expression filled with concern. "You really don't have to do this. The staff can handle it. There's no need for you to strain yourself."

Chapter 389 I Know You Better Than You think

Collin had initially thought Linsey was simply going back to pack a few things for him.

But to his surprise, she had gone out of her way to make him chicken soup.

The idea of Linsey hurting herself because of him made him feel uneasy.

She had only just recovered from the effects of some harmful medication, and her palm had been cut. Her body was still in the process of healing.

And now this.

Linsey steadied herself and spoke softly. "You can't see it like that. When you care about someone, you want to do things for them. I care about you, so I wanted to help however I could. I couldn't just sit here and do nothing, could I?"

Collin couldn't help but smile at her words. "You don't get it. I actually wish you'd be a little lazier and just do nothing for once. After all, even if you couldn't do anything, I'm more than capable of taking care of you."

"No way, I'm not having that!" Linsey huffed, pulling her hand away and starting to ladle the soup into the bowl. "Let me tell you, I'm aiming to become a world- renowned designer. I'm definitely not someone who sits around doing nothing. Who knows, maybe I'll end up taking care of you one day."

As Linsey poured the delicious chicken soup, the room quickly filled with its savory aroma.

"Enjoy it while it's hot," she said with a smile.

Collin reached for the bowl but didn't drink from it immediately. Instead, he set it down on the table next to

him.

"It's too hot. I'll wait for it to cool a bit," he said.

Then, he gently pulled her down beside him, his gaze falling on the burn on her hand.

"It's still a bit swollen. Are you sure you applied the ointment?" Collin frowned, suspicion flickering in his eyes.

Linsey gave a soft smile. "Of course, a maid helped me with it."

Collin paused for a moment, then said, "Your burn looks pretty bad. You need something that'll do more than just ease the pain. It needs to reduce the swelling, too. The ointment you have at home is probably meant for minor burns."

"It's not that bad," Linsey mumbled, brushing it off.

Collin didn't seem to care about her protests. He called to the assistant standing by the door. "Go to the pharmacy and get burn ointment from the doctor. Tell them it's red, swollen, and stinging."



The assistant nodded. "I'm on it, Mr. Riley."

Linsey blinked, slightly surprised. "How did you know it stings?"

Collin raised an eyebrow and gently brushed her brow with his thumb. "Your brow only furrows when you're in

pain."

Linsey stared at him, astonished. "How is that even possible?"

"Don't believe me?" Collin teased. "Whether you believe it or not, I know you better than you think."

Soon, the assistant returned with the burn ointment.

"The soup should be cool enough now. Go ahead and drink it. I'll take care of the ointment," Linsey said.

Collin didn't give her a chance to argue. He took the ointment from the assistant. "I'll apply it for you."

"Your arm is still injured. Let me do it," Linsey insisted.

Collin unscrewed the ointment cap with ease, using only one hand. "Who was it that said caring for someone means doing things for them? Are you going to deny how I feel about you, my love?"

Linsey was left without words for a moment.

With his uninjured hand, Collin gently applied the ointment to her burn, his touch careful and deliberate.

Every so often, he blew lightly on the burn, as if to ease her discomfort.

"This should make it hurt less," he said.

Linsey watched him, moved by how seriously he was treating her injury. A warmth blossomed in her chest.

Chapter 390 That's Exactly Why You Should Feed Me

By the time Collin finished applying the ointment to Linsey's burn, the chicken soup on the table had cooled slightly

"Alright, time to drink the soup. If it gets any cooler, it won't taste as good. This chicken soup is best when it's hot and fresh," she said.

Linsey placed the ointment to the side, then used her uninjured hand to pick up the bowl of soup and offer it

to Collin.

"Here you go, drink up," she continued.

Collin raised an eyebrow as he took the bowl with one hand.

He froze for a moment, not moving

Linsey suddenly realized and let out a soft laugh. "Oh, right. I didn't think about it. You can only use one hand because of your injury."

She paused for a moment, her voice softening "It's kind of funny, don't you think? My hand's burned, so in a way, we're both hurt."

Collin gazed at her, his eyes filled with warmth. "No wonder we're a perfect match."

Linsey blinked, surprised. She had said it casually, not expecting Collin to take it that way.

Lately, it seemed like romance was all he thought about.

"Alright then." Linsey, feeling a little shy at his words, let her tone shift to something playful.

She reached out to take the bowl from his hands. "I'll hold the bowl for you, and you can drink the soup with the spoon."

But Collin gently pulled the bowl back, refusing to let Linsey take it.

Linsey blinked, confused. "You can't drink with one hand."

Collin nodded seriously. "That's exactly why you should feed me."

Linsey couldn't stop herself from laughing and playfully teased, "I could just hold the bowl for you."

"No way." Collin's face remained serious, as though he were discussing a matter of great importance. "The bowl is too heavy. The spoon is lighter."

What nonsense!

Despite the ridiculousness of it all, Linsey couldn't help but smile warmly.

Linsey hadn't been wrong before.

Collin really was acting quite childish!

She let out a playful sigh. "Alright, since you're injured, I'll give in this time. Consider it me granting one of your little wishes."

Collin grinned and played along. "Thank you, darling, for indulging me. I feel so honored."

His words brought a smile to Linsey's face, and she was more than happy to feed him.

Linsey picked up the spoon, carefully scooping a bit of the chicken soup from the bowl.

The rich aroma of the soup filled the air, with a faint steam rising up from the surface.

Linsey brought the spoon close, blowing gently on the soup before carefully bringing it to Collin's lips. "Be careful, it's hot.\*"

Linsey made sure to handle the spoon with caution, worried the soup might burn him.

Meanwhile, Collin's gaze remained fixed on her face; he was clearly captivated by her.

His attention was far from the soup.

Luckily, Linsey was too focused on feeding him to notice how dazed he looked. After Collin took a couple of sips, Linsey nervously asked, "How does it taste?"

Startled, Collin snapped back to reality and quickly answered, "It's amazing. The soup's rich and full of flavor, the seasoning is perfect, and it's not greasy at all. Honestly, it's better than any chicken soup I've ever had."