

Zillionaire 391

Chapter 391 I Haven't Forgotten My Promise To...

Linsey listened, and a smile of satisfaction spread across her face. "I'm glad you

like it. I really put a lot of effort into getting this recipe just right."

Collin offered a subtle smile and glanced at the thermos on the table. "It's

excellent. I could honestly drink all of this chicken soup."

"Sure, why not? It's all yours. If you like it that much, I'll prepare some more for you tomorrow," Linsey responded with a wide smile.

When he heard this, Collin's expression showed a hint of concern. "Your hand is injured. I don't want you to

overdo it."

"Chicken soup is perfect for your recovery. I'll ask the maid to make it and bring it over tomorrow," Linsey

conceded.

This way, he could enjoy the soup without her risking further injury.

With that settled, Linsey continued to feed Collin the chicken soup. Before they knew it, the thermos was

almost empty.

Next door, Gorman had been eagerly waiting for Linsey since the morning. But as noon passed, she still hadn't

shown up.

Annoyed, Gorman called over Danny. "Where's Linsey? Why hasn't she shown up yet?"

Danny hesitated for a brief moment, then explained, "Boss, Ms. Brooks left early this morning but returned around ten. Since then, she's been in the room next door..."

Gorman checked the time, and his expression darkened. It was nearly one in the afternoon.

Linsey had promised to care for him until he recovered, yet she was spending all her time with Collin.

The more he thought about it, the more his irritation grew.

"Go and bring Linsey here," he ordered, his voice cold. "If she's forgotten, remind her of her commitment to me."

"Yes, Mr. Green." Danny nodded and hurried out.

Upon reaching Collin's room, he was immediately blocked by Collin's bodyguard.

"Sorry, they're busy right now. Please don't disturb them," he stated firmly.

Undeterred, Danny stepped forward and pushed past him. "Step aside."

Caught off guard, the bodyguard stumbled back. Disbelief flashed across his face as Danny shoved past him.

Clearly, Gorman's people were just as audacious as he was.

Before the bodyguard could react, Danny had already pushed open the door.

"Ms. Brooks!" he called out as he stepped inside. The rich aroma of chicken soup immediately surrounded him,

a stark contrast to the sterile air in Gorman's room.

The warm, relaxed atmosphere shattered in an instant.

Collin's expression tensed visibly. The moment he recognized the intruder as one

of Gorman's men, his annoyance deepened.

"What do you want?" he asked irritably.

Linsey glanced up, concern flickering in her eyes. "Is something wrong?"

Danny disregarded their actions and stated bluntly, "Mr. Green is asking for you, Ms. Brooks. He wanted to

remind you of your promise."

Linsey remained composed, though irritation flickered in her eyes. "I haven't forgotten my promise to Gorman. I agreed to care for him while he was in the hospital. But he's recovering well now. There's no need for me to

sit around."

She had already tended to his initial medical needs, and his recovery was going well.

Furthermore, she had been visiting him daily. But now that he had an entire medical team caring for him, her presence was no longer needed.

Meanwhile, as Collin's wife, she had her own responsibilities to manage. It only made sense for her to prioritize

her time here.

After all, Gorman's recovery no longer depended on her.

Chapter 392 Why Does Collin Get Chicken Soup

Upon hearing Linsey's words, Danny paused for a brief moment before maintaining his composed demeanor. "Ms. Brooks, Mr. Green isn't feeling well and has requested your presence."

Linsey met his gaze with unwavering resolve. "If he's unwell, he should consult a doctor. This is a hospital, isn't it? He has access to specialists. I'm not a doctor. Why summon me?"

Danny faltered, momentarily at a loss for words.

Seeing his silence, Linsey sighed, her patience wearing thin. "Tell Gorman to wait.

I'll come once I've finished serving my husband some chicken soup."

"Understood," Danny said stiffly before turning to leave.

Upon returning, he relayed the message to Gorman.

Hearing that Linsey was busy feeding Collin chicken soup only deepened Gorman's frustration. His mood.

soured instantly.

"Why does Collin get chicken soup?" he seethed.

The question burned in Gorman's mind. He recalled a time in a small fishing village abroad-injured, in pain, waiting for the chicken soup Linsey had promised.

The thought was infuriating. Why did he always seem to lose to Collin?

Sensing his boss's growing frustration, Danny bowed his head, not daring to say a word

Time stretched until Linsey finally arrived, her steps steady and measured. She stopped in front of him and asked irritably, "What's wrong with you?"

Gorman exhaled heavily. "My heart..."

"Gorman, if you're not going to talk sense, I'm leaving."

Realizing she was serious, Gorman quickly spoke up, his voice tinged with jealousy. "Why does Collin get chicken soup, and I don't? Have you forgotten that I'm also a patient?"

Linsey met his gaze and replied matter-of-factly, "Collin is my husband, so of course, I take care of him. You, on the other hand, have an entire team looking after you. Can't one of them make you some chicken soup?"

Gorman latched onto a single phrase: "Collin is my husband."

The words stoked the anger simmering in his chest. His jaw tightened, and he lashed out, "Linsey, are you trying to drive me mad?"

Linsey offered a measured smile. "You're overthinking things, Gorman I have no intention of spurtting you. I genuinely hope you recover soon."

If he got better sooner, she wouldn't have to deal with him any longer.

Unfortunately for her, he didn't see through her real intentions Instead, he mistook her words for genuine

concern.

The next second, his mood lifted, and a satisfied smile spread across his face. "Alright. With you taking care of me, I'll be back on my feet in no time."

He wanted Linsey to see that he was much stronger than Collin. After an arm injury, Colin had grown weak

Gorman, on the other hand, had taken a stab wound to the shoulder, suffered significant blood loss, and endured countless stitches.

Unlike fragile Collin, he was built to withstand anything

As she saw Gorman's mood improve, Linsey's own demeanor relaxed slightly. She stepped closer and eyed Gorman's shoulder. "Did it hurt last night? The doctor said the pain might worsen at night."

At her words, Gorman's expression softened, and his eyes locked onto hers.

He was certain now. She still cared. Otherwise, why would she remember the doctor's exact words?

Chapter 393 My Shoulder Is Killing Me!

Gorman swiftly adopted a look of distress, unabashedly displaying his vulnerability.

"My shoulder is killing me! It's been like this since last night. I can only stay flat on my back, completely immobilized. I haven't been able to sleep for nights."

In that instant, Gorman's usual boasting about his strength slipped from his memory.

He was aware that he couldn't always appear invincible in front of the woman he admired.

At times, a touch of vulnerability could indeed win Linsey's compassion.

And Gorman's assumption proved correct.

Linsey, observing the dark circles beneath his eyes, believed his claim.

She had personally seen the severity of his injuries, and the doctor had indeed warned that the pain might intensify during the night.

The thought that she had inadvertently caused Gorman's injuries made Linsey feel increasingly remorseful.

"Why not try to get some rest during the daytime?" Linsey suggested gently.

Gorman shook his head. "Daytime rest isn't possible. That's when

you visit."

Linsey pursed her lips and swiftly steered the conversation elsewhere. "Wasn't today scheduled for a dressing change on your wound? Have you had a nurse look at it?"

Gorman hesitated. "I wasn't aware of that."

Linsey found herself at a loss for words.

She didn't buy his excuse.

Surely, if he hadn't remembered, his assistant would have reminded him.

It seemed he preferred not to have a nurse's assistance.

Realizing this, Linsey chose not to press further. "I'll take care of changing your dressing myself."

She had done it before, after all.

Gorman's face lit up with a grateful smile. "Thank you."

Linsey approached the table and rifled through the contents of the medicine bag. "You're out of medicine. I'll go to the pharmacy and get some more. Wait here."

Gorman, feeling uneasy about her leaving, said, "Have one of my men handle it.*

"No worries. I'm familiar with what's needed. I'll return shortly." With that, Linsey exited the room.

She preferred the errand over staying alone with Gorman.

Soon, Linsey reached the pharmacy.

"Hello, I need to pick up medications for Gorman Green," Linsey said, presenting the prescription

Flavia, filling in for a coworker, looked up and recognized Linsey.

She had been reassigned here after being expelled from Collin's room.

Seeing Linsey again was the last thing she had expected!

Beneath her mask, Flavia's lips curled into a grimace, her eyes reflecting deep resentment.

"Alright," she said in a low voice, taking the prescription and glancing at the list of medications.

These were all for treating Gorman's external injuries.

Flavia thought bitterly of Linsey's audacity. As Collin's supposed wife, here she was, entangled with Gorman!

How could she juggle two men like that?

Flavia, who had once vied unsuccessfully for Gorman's attention and suffered ridicule, felt this was utterly

unfair.

With her teeth clenched, Flavia resolved to make Linsey regret her actions.

A mischievous plan formed in her mind, bringing a crafty smile to her lips.

As she prepared the medications, Flavia seized an opportunity when Linsey looked away to switch the label on one of the bottles.

"Linsey, this will bring you trouble," Flavia muttered under her breath.

Chapter 394 Do You Want

Me To Die

Even after Linsey collected the medicine, she didn't realize the nurse at the window was actually Flavia.

When she returned, Linsey began changing Gorman's bandages.

With her experience from last time, she handled it much more smoothly this time around.

Gorman rested against the headboard, a soft smile on his lips as he couldn't seem to tear his eyes away from

her.

As he watched her tend to his wounds so carefully, his mood lifted even more.

He was certain that, sooner or later, Linsey would recognize his good qualities and fall for him.

Time seemed to drag on.

Linsey had already applied more than half of the medicine to Gorman's wound when, without warning, his expression shifted. A sharp pain shot through the wound, quickly escalating.

In just moments, the searing pain dulled into an ache so intense it was almost unbearable.

"Linsey!" Gorman couldn't hold back anymore. He yanked Linsey's wrist, snatching the medicine from her hand.

Startled, Linsey looked up, her eyes widening as she saw Gorman's face drain of color, his forehead slick with

cold sweat.

Panic surged within her as she saw the distress on his face. "Gorman, what's happening?"

Gorman struggled to stay conscious, his gaze locking onto the bottle in his hand. His fingers trembled as he noticed the raised letters on the label-less bottle-this wasn't the right medication!

His eyes widened in shock, a surge of anger and despair flooding his chest.

With a violent throw, Gorman hurled the bottle to the floor, his voice breaking with fury. "Linsey! Do you want

me to die?"

Linsey stood frozen, her heart racing as confusion washed over her. She tried to make sense of the chaos

unfolding.

She could only watch in helpless panic as Gorman's face paled further, his features contorting in pain.

It was as if a thousand blades were twisting inside his wound.

"It's not me! I didn't know..." Linsey cried out, reaching out in an attempt to comfort him.

"Get lost!" Gorman's eyes burned with deep disappointment as he shoved her aside, his strength taking her by

surprise.

He had thought Linsey truly cared for him.

But never in his worst thoughts had he imagined she would tamper with his medication.

Had her hatred for him truly sunk this low?

The next moment, a wave of pain hit him, bending him over.

A mouthful of blood spilled from his lips, splattering onto the floor in a gruesome sight.

"Gorman!" Linsey's voice trembled with fear as she cried out.

Hearing the chaos, Danny burst into the room. Upon seeing the scene, he shoved Linsey aside.

"What did you do to Mr. Green?" Danny demanded, his face draining of color in fear.

Before Linsey could respond, Danny rushed to Gorman's side, trying to steady him. "Mr. Green!"

Danny turned and yelled toward the door, "Someone! Call for a doctor!"

A moment later, Gorman vomited another large spurt of blood, collapsing unconscious onto the bed.

"Mr. Green!" Danny called out, desperately trying to rouse him.

But Gorman remained completely unresponsive, lost in a deep, lifeless coma.

Linsey's heart raced wildly in her chest, her face twisted in worry as she stared at Gorman, whose pale complexion was nothing short of terrifying.

Her mind was a whirlwind of panic and disbelief.

How had this happened? How could Gorman suddenly vomit blood and collapse into a coma?

The ringing in her ears drowned everything out, and a wave of anxious heat spread across her face.

Chapter 395 It Was You!

Danny quickly called for assistance, and together, they helped him out of the hospital room.

As he moved past Linsey, who stood frozen in shock, Danny shot her a glare filled with resentment before shoving her aside.

"Move!" he snapped.

Jolted from her thoughts, Linsey stumbled backward, and her body collided painfully against the cold, hard edge of the hospital bed. A sharp sting shot through her leg, but there was no time to dwell on it.

Pushing past the pain, she rushed after them, desperate to understand what was happening.

Amid the chaos, Gorman was wheeled into the emergency room.

Outside, Danny lingered, his face filled with anxiety as he stared at the sealed doors.

Suddenly, he spun toward her, his eyes blazing with accusation.

"It's you! You're the one who harmed Mr. Green!" Danny stormed toward her, his fury barely contained.

Had they not been within the hospital walls, he might have acted on his impulse and strangled her right then

and there.

Gorman had always treated her with kindness. Yet this was how she repaid him? With betrayal?

Linsey stood frozen, paralyzed by helplessness.

Yes, she had administered the medication, but the reaction had been completely unexpected. She never meant for this to happen.

"I..." Linsey began, but Danny cut her off, his glare sharp and unyielding.

"Enough! I don't need your fake remorse! I'm not Mr. Green, and I won't fall for your act. Save your excuses for when he wakes up!"

His words silenced Linsey.

The hours that followed were agonizing. She stood alongside Danny, waiting for any word from the emergency

room.

With each passing moment, her anxiety deepened. She needed answers, and she needed them fast. She never meant to hurt Gorman. But until he regained consciousness, no one would believe her. The wait felt endless. Then, at last, the light above the emergency room door flickered off.

The doors swung open, and the doctor stepped out with a grim expression. "How could you be so careless with a patient's care? How did you allow someone with bad intentions to apply poison to Mr. Green's wounds?"

"Poison?" Danny's eyes widened in shock

Linsey stiffened. "That's impossible! I need the same medicine as before when I changed German's bandages"

The doctor's frown deepened. "We ran tests. His wounds were treated with poison if he hadn't gotten medical

attention on time, he wouldn't have survived."

Danny's face burned with fury. He jabbed a finger at Linsey and shouted, "It was you! I always knew you were spiteful! How could Mr. Green ever care about someone like you?"

Panic shot through Linsey. She shook her head, her hands flying up in protest. "No, it wasn't me! I had no reason to hurt Gorman! I ran out of medicine, so I went to the pharmacy for more. A nurse gave it to me"

Before Danny could retaliate, a nurse stormed over. "How dare you throw false accusations at that staff? Every medication in our pharmacy is strictly regulated. There's no way any of it was poisoned. You're just trying to cover up your own mistake!"

Chapter 396 I Demand A Full Investigation.

Linsey froze as the nurse approached, her heart hammering in her chest. It was Flavia, the same woman she had seen earlier near Collin's hospital room.

A chill crawled down her spine, and an inexplicable sense of foreboding washed over her.

Then, it hit her.

Her mind flashed back to the pharmacy. The nurse who had handed her the medicine through the window... It

had been Flavia.

A realization dawned on Linsey. She pointed at Flavia and declared, "It was you! You gave me that medicine.

You set me up!"

Flavia smirked, but she quickly masked it with a wounded expression. "What are you talking about? You just said a nurse at the pharmacy gave it to you, and now you're accusing me? Which part of your story is even true?"

At Flavia's words, Danny's expression darkened. Suspicion thickened in the air.

Linsey took a slow, steady breath, fully aware that the situation was tipping against her. She met Danny's eyes and firmly requested, "I demand a full investigation. I had no intention of harming-"

"Enough!"

ny snapped, his face rigid with anger. "You and Collin planned this together! First, you made Mr. Green wait, knowing he'd grow impatient. Then, you comforted him just enough to earn his trust. That's when you switched his medicine. It was all part of your scheme!"

Linsey's chest tightened. "I told you I didn't!"

But he wasn't listening. With jaw clenched, he gestured for Gorman's bodyguards to arrest Linsey.

Just then, a cold, familiar voice sliced through the tension. "I dare anyone to try." The room fell into stunned silence. Every head turned. Collin strode in with his men. Without hesitation, he stepped in front of Linsey, shielding her.

The shift was immediate. The men who had been ready to seize Linsey faltered and instinctively stepped back.

Danny narrowed his eyes, resentment flashing across his face.

Collin cast a sharp, warning glance around the room, then turned back to Linsey. His eyes held a mix of in and regret.

Without a word, he lifted his hand and gently caressed her cold cheek.

"Are you alright? Did they hurt you?" he asked, his voice low and edged with concern.

A lump formed in Linsey's throat. A storm of emotions swirled inside her, but she forced them down. Pressing her lips together, she shook her head and murmured, "I'm fine."

But Collin wasn't convinced. His brow furrowed, his worry deepening. He had only been gone a short while, and she had been dragged into chaos already.

"Don't worry. I'm here," Collin reassured her while holding her hand.

Watching their intimate exchange, Danny grew even more frustrated. Unable to contain his anger, he scoffed sharply, "Linsey, you really are something. Mr. Green was hurt because of you, yet here you are, acting all lovey-dovey with Collin without a shred of guilt."

Danny's mocking voice made Collin's brow furrow in frustration. Slowly, he turned and locked his cold gaze

onto Danny.

But Danny didn't flinch and instead met Colin's stare head-on.

Like Gorman, he believed that even though Collin wasn't a cripple, he still wasn't a match for Gorman in terms

of ability.

"Collin, Linsey harmed Mr. Green. As her husband, you can't escape responsibility. The Green family won't let you off easy!" Danny paused, letting the weight of his words settle, then continued, "But if you hand Linsey over to us, we might reconsider involving your family."

Chapter 397 His Condition

Is Critical

Without a moment's hesitation, Collin declared, "Linsey would never do anything

to hurt anyone

Linsey lifted her gaze to meet his, her eyes brimming with washed tears.

How could he trust her so easily

He hadn't even grasped the full scope of the situation, yet he was so certain that she wasn't involved

Moved by his unwavering belief in her, Linsey gently squeezed Collin's hand in return

Denny, irritation evident in his voice, interjected, "It was Linsey who personally changed Mr. Green's dressing. The doctor confirmed that poison was applied to his wound. At that time, only Mr. Green and Linsey were in the room. Who else could it have been?"

With a sharp glance in Linsey's direction, Danny continued, "Collin, I think you and Linsey are in cahoots! You're trying to harm Mr. Green"

Danny raised his hand again. "Guys, arrest Linsey and Collin! Take them for questioning!"

At that moment, a nurse stepped out of the emergency room. She turned to face Danny. "Mr. Green is awake. He's regained some consciousness."

Before Danny could even begin to feel relief, the nurse continued, "Mr. Green specifically said that no one is to touch Linsey. He also insists on leaving the hospital immediately."

Danny's eyes widened in disbelief, his expression hardening with resentment as he turned his gaze toward

Linsey,

He couldn't believe that, even now, Gorman was still determined to protect her.

In a low, tense voice, Danny asked, "How is Mr. Green doing now?"

The doctor responded solemnly, "His condition is critical."

With no time to spare on Linsey, Danny quickly ordered, "Let's make

arrangements for Mr. Green to leave immediately."

Moments later, a hospital bed on wheels emerged from the emergency room.

Danny rushed over and found Gorman lying faintly on the bed.

"Mr. Green, we're leaving now," Danny said, his tone cautious, aware that Gorman might still be able to hear

him.

Gorman, barely conscious, gave a slight nod, his eyes remaining closed.

As the bed was pushed past Linsey and Collin, Gorman seemed to sense something, his eyelids fluttering open

just a bit.

Through his blurred vision, Gorman caught sight of Linsey and Collin in an intimate embrace, as if nothing could ever come between them.

A bitter, self-deprecating smile tugged at the corners of his mouth.

As Gorman was wheeled away by his crew, a wave of discomfort washed over Linsey's chest.

She inhaled deeply and murmured, "I never imagined something like this could happen."

Collin placed a gentle hand on the top of her head, his voice soft yet steady. "Gorman has a lot of enemies. You're not to blame for what's happened today."

He gave her a reassuring glance. "I'll make sure everything is investigated thoroughly. There's no need to worry.

it'll be fine."

Linsey nodded, her eyes still slightly swollen and red, but she forced a small, grateful smile.

As he saw Linsey like this, Collin's heart tightened with concern.

Without hesitation, he reached out and gently drew her into his arms, his voice soothing and low, "I'm here. I'll stay with you."

Not far off, hidden in the shadows, Flavia watched the scene unfold, fury building inside her.

Damn Linsey.

She had assumed that after today, Linsey would end up behind bars.

But to her surprise, Linsey emerged unscathed, not only defended by Collin but

also by Gorman, despite everything that had happened.

Flavia's anger surged as she clenched her fists, unable to bear the sight for another second.

Determined to leave, she spun on her heel, but was suddenly stopped by Collin's assistant who appeared out of nowhere. "You again?" he demanded, his tone sharp. "Explain yourself! What are you doing sneaking around

here?"

Chapter 398 I Was Just Passing By

Flavia jumped, her face paling instantly as panic set in.

When she recognized the man in front of her as Collin's assistant, a wave of panic washed over her.

She couldn't bring herself to meet his eyes, her gaze darting nervously to the floor. "I... I was just passing by."

Her voice barely above a whisper, her head bowed in a defensive posture.

The weight of her words felt too light to be believable, even to her. The thought of getting caught now, with everything that had transpired, made her stomach churn.

The looming presence of Collin's trust in Linsey only deepened her unease.

Flavia's mind raced, her desire to flee growing stronger by the second.

"Please, I need to get through. I have other patients to attend to," she said, her voice wavering as she tried to maintain a sense of calm.

The assistant's gaze sharpened, a sense of unease creeping over him. Something wasn't quite right.

With Flavia's mask covering most of her face, he didn't immediately recognize her as the same nurse who had blocked Linsey outside Collin's ward earlier that day.

"You've been acting strangely," he said, his voice stern. "What exactly are you doing here?"

His tone grew more intense, and his posture remained firm as he stood in her way, unwilling to let her go without an explanation.

Flavia flinched at his demanding tone, her body stiffening in fear. Her face flushed with panic, and her eyes welled up, betraying her growing distress.

"Why are you treating me like this? I was just walking by!" Flavia protested,

quickly adopting a victimized tone. She wasted no time in playing the innocent card, hoping to deflect suspicion.

Not far off, Linsey and Collin heard the raised voices and approached to see what was happening.

"What's going on?" Linsey asked, her eyes scanning the scene.

The assistant didn't break his intense gaze from Flavia. "Mr. Riley, Mrs. Riley, I noticed this woman acting unusually, almost as if she were eavesdropping or watching us."

Flavia snapped back, her voice sharp, "I was not! You're making things up!"

Linsey took a moment to study Flavia's face, and as soon as their eyes met, she recognized the nurse from

earlier.

"It's her! The nurse who gave me the medication from the pharmacy earlier!" Linsey exclaimed, pointing at

Flavia.

As soon as Collin heard this, his face hardened, a look of menace washing over him.

Flavia, realizing she was in danger, quickly tried to make her escape.

But the assistant was quicker, grabbing her wrist and stopping her in her tracks. "So, it was you who tried to harm Mrs. Riley!" he snapped, his grip tightening.

In one swift motion, he ripped Flavia's mask off, revealing her face. Recognition dawned in his eyes as he stared at her. "It's you again!"

Linsey narrowed her eyes, a frown crossing her face as she watched Flavia's panicked reaction. "So, you're the nurse Gorman kicked out of the ward a few days ago, and the one who accused me of eavesdropping outside Collin's room this morning. You've been holding a grudge all this time, haven't you? You intentionally swapped Gorman's medication with poison, didn't you?"

Before Flavia could react, Collin's expression grew dark with anger.

"The disturbance at the door this morning was caused by this fool," Collin said, his eyes narrowing as he glared at his assistant. "Why wasn't I notified immediately when my wife was in trouble?"

"My apologies, Mr. Riley. That was entirely my fault," the assistant said, bowing his head in regret.

Linsey, however, gently took Collin's hand and spoke up for the assistant. "It's okay. This morning wasn't important at all. I didn't think much of it. Who would've known this nurse was holding onto such bitterness toward me?"

Flavia, seeing Linsey's calm demeanor, felt her frustration intensify.

Flavia shot Linsey a venomous glare, discarding any pretense, and spat out, "Linsey! You shameless bitch! You deserve this! This is your karma for being a two-timer!"

Chapter 399 We Should

Leave This To Gorman's...

The sound of Collin's assistant's hand meeting Flavia's cheek echoed sharply. "Keep your mouth shut!" he

snapped.

Collin instructed, "Gag her."

"Right away, Mr. Riley." The assistant acted swiftly, pulling out a cloth and stuffing

it into Flavia's mouth,

effectively silencing her cries.

Linsey let out a weary sigh.

It seemed Flavia had attempted to climb the social ladder using Gorman, and failing that, she turned her

bitterness towards Linsey.

"Mr. Riley, Mrs. Riley, what are our next steps with her?" the assistant asked. Unsure, Linsey glanced at Collin, waiting for his decision.

Holding Linsey's hand reassuringly, Collin contemplated briefly before answering, "We should leave this to

Gorman's assistant."

The assistant paused, then asked, "Shouldn't we take her to the police instead?"

Collin responded with measured calm, "Directly involving the police without Gorman's team might suggest

we're trying to cover for Linsey by scapegoating Flavia."

He continued after a moment, "Given Gorman's current state, drifting in and out of consciousness and unable

to manage his affairs, his assistant is effectively in charge. Let's hand her to him; he's well-equipped to conduct a thorough interrogation. He's even more motivated than us to unearth the true instigator, considering

Gorman's grave injuries."

Linsey gave a nod of agreement. She offered a faint smile and murmured softly, "You always see the bigger picture. Once Gorman's associates link her directly to the wrongdoing, they'll ensure she spends the rest of her

life in jail."

Flavia felt a chill as Linsey's calm gaze settled on her.

She began to struggle desperately, her eyes filled with terror and remorse.

No, a lifetime behind bars was not what she envisioned!

Still so young, she couldn't stand the idea of being locked forever.

Flavia's muffled whimpers slipped through the gag, her eyes begging for mercy, but her voice remained unheard.

Marrying into wealth and becoming a wealthy wife was still her dream. Going to prison was out of the question!

In desperation, Flavia's eyes turned to Linsey, filled with a silent plea for mercy

She begged silently, her gaze imploring She vowed to never repeat her mistake

It was only now that the full extent of her regret hit Flavia.

She realized too late that setting Linsey up had been a grave mistake.

Words of apology would no longer suffice.

Linsey observed Flavia with a detached expression and said firmly, "Take her to Gorman's assistant now

Having been repeatedly targeted by Flavia, Linsey felt no inclination to offer leniency.

The incident earlier in the day was something Linsey could easily brush off, as it had meant nothing to her

However, the afternoon's events were serious-Flavia had almost caused someone's death.

Although Linsey was not fond of Gorman, she had never wished harm upon him.

"Understood, Mrs. Riley," the assistant replied, forcefully pulling Flavia away.

With Flavia's guilt confirmed, Linsey allowed herself a moment of relief. Yet, even so, her heart remained heavy.

Although she was innocent, Linsey had unknowingly applied a poisonous substance to Gorman's injury, a fact she struggled to accept.

"I wonder how Gorman is holding up now?" Linsey asked, her voice tinged with

guilt. "His injury was already severe, and the poison only worsened it..."

Chapter 400 This Isn't Your Fault

Collin noticed the concern in Linsey's eyes, and for a moment, a pang of jealousy hit him.

But he quickly shook off the feeling.

He knew Linsey's compassionate nature well, and after everything that had happened, it was only natural she

would be worried, regardless of who was involved.

She cared deeply for others.

With that thought in mind, Collin gently placed a hand on her head in a comforting gesture, his voice soft and

reassuring. "Don't worry. I'll make sure someone is keeping a close eye on Gorman. We'll be informed as soon

as there's any update. And I'll have someone analyze the poison immediately, so we can find an antidote and

help Gorman recover."

Linsey gave a slight nod, though her expression was still tinged with worry. "Alright."

For now, there was little more they could do, but Collin was determined to take every step necessary to resolve

this.

The next morning, Collin came to Linsey with some reassuring news.

"The team I sent to investigate just reported back. Gorman made it through the night and is no longer in immediate danger. However, the toxins in his system can't be flushed out immediately-he'll need time to

recover."

Linsey exhaled in relief, her shoulders relaxing. "That's such a relief," she murmured.

She had already caused Gorman pain once by accident, and she didn't want to make the same mistake again.

After a brief pause, Linsey gathered her thoughts and asked, "Which hospital is Gorman in now?"

She bit her lip slightly, deciding it was best to be transparent with Collin.

"I still want to go see him in person," Linsey said quietly, determination in her voice.

Collin looked at her for a moment, then let out a soft sigh. After a pause, he decided to be upfront with her.

"He was transferred to a private hospital owned by his family," he replied..

He then added, "If you want to visit him, I'll go with you."

Linsey glanced at Collin's arm, still wrapped in bandages, and shook her head. "You should stay and rest. I'll go by myself. I feel partly responsible for what happened. I want to apologize to him directly. If I had been more cautious, I might have realized sooner that the medicine was poisoned."

Collin gently cupped her face, his touch tender, his voice soothing "Linsey, this

isn't your fault. Don't blame yourself so much."

Linsey gave him a small, reassuring smile. "I'll be okay."

That afternoon, as Collin was in the hospital room, handling work matters with his

team, Linsey made her way to the Green family's private hospital.

Before she left, Collin had informed her of Gorman's room number.

However, as soon as she got near, Danny stepped in her way.

"What brings you here?" he asked, his tone far more curt than before.

Linsey glanced at the door of the room, then spoke softly. "I heard Gorman regained consciousness, and I

wanted to check on him."

"I'm afraid Mr. Green doesn't wish to see you," Danny replied coldly.

His tone was harsh, and he sneered as he spoke, his words laced with sarcasm.

"I don't get it, Ms. Brooks. You used to avoid Mr. Green at all costs, and even

when you cared for him, you did it with clear reluctance. Now that he's on his own, you're supposed to be relieved. So, what's this? Here to gloat?"

and even

Linsey was taken aback, her thoughts briefly scattered by the accusation.

After a beat, she steadied herself, meeting his gaze firmly. "I genuinely care about Gorman. It's not what you

think."

Danny let out a bitter laugh. "Mr. Green doesn't need your so-called care. Just leave already. Go back and enjoy your perfect life with your husband."