

Zillionaire 541

Chapter 541 What Kind Of Surprise Are You Planning

Linsey burst into laughter. "What? I'm just looking around. Nothing really caught my eye."

She then continued. "You and Dustin had it right. The guy running CR Corporation has his own agenda. Turns out I was worried over nothing."

With a gentle gesture, Collin lifted his hand to tousle Linsey's hair, his voice filled with warmth. "It's perfectly

normal to feel a bit uneasy since you work at CR Corporation. Remember, I told you that just to help calm your

nerves, so it wouldn't throw off your day."

Linsey gave a nod of understanding. "I get it now."

Turning her attention back to her laptop, she scrolled through the screen with

ease.

As she read online accolades celebrating the CR Corporation's founder, she found herself agreeing. "The person

behind CR Corporation really is remarkable-intelligent, well-planned, philanthropic, yet so down-to-earth."

While the Internet was abuzz with speculations about the appearance of the CR Corporation's founder, Linsey's eyes shimmered with intrigue. "I've heard rumors that the founder is married. Wonder if that's true?"

Caught off guard by the conversation, Collin, who was actually the founder of CR Corporation, momentarily lost

his composure.

Narrowing his eyes slightly, his voice carried a hint of envy. "Why? Are you upset that he got married?"

Linsey turned to look at Collin, immediately noticing his jealous tone. "Oh, please, it's just curiosity."

Collin huffed, his words drawn out. "You went all out praising the founder a moment ago. Those compliments

were even more lavish than any you've given me, and I'm your husband."

Linsey let out a playful sigh and shot Collin a teasing look. "Being a bit dramatic, aren't you?"

For Collin, her tone was clearly teasing rather than complaining.

Darkening his gaze, Collin leaned in close, his breath whispering across Linsey's skin, eliciting a small shiver

from her.

"That tickles!" Linsey giggled, pulling back slightly. "I think it's time for dinner. Shall we?"

Attempting to rise, she felt Collin's gentle resistance as he tugged her back down. "There's something important I need to share," Collin said with gravity.

Linsey's eyes widened in curiosity. "Oh? What's on your mind?"

In the depth of Linsey's eyes, Collin saw a reflection of tenderness, softening his resolve.

His days had been crammed with negotiations involving the Burke Group and other firms, and vigilance against the Lawson Group's schemes had consumed his spare moments.

Caught up in everything, he realized he had unintentionally pushed Linsey aside while she was still recovering

at home.

A twinge of remorse struck him.

Meanwhile, he thought back to the custom engagement ring he had ordered from a well-known designer in the

nearby city.

Even during his rushed visit, he had managed to sort out most of the details with the designer.

Recent updates from the designer assured him that the ring's creation was progressing well, and it would soon

be ready.

His plan was unfolding: he would reveal his secret identity and propose to Linsey during the CR Corporation's annual gathering.

Pondering these thoughts, Collin said softly, "In ten days, I have a special surprise planned for you."

Her face lighting up, Linsey inquired eagerly, "A surprise? What kind of surprise are you planning?*

Chapter 542 Do You Miss Seeing Me Jealous

As Linsey expressed her thoughts, her frustration was noticeable. "You were planning to surprise me in ten days, so why bring it up now? Do you enjoy seeing me anxious about the wait?"

Collin responded with a grin, "I thought you'd appreciate having something to anticipate, plus a little time to

get ready."

Linsey remained skeptical. She had been strategizing the perfect moment to share news of her pregnancy with

Collin.

Yet here he was, delighting in keeping her on edge with his surprises!

Despite her annoyance, a warmth began to spread within her.

Considering this, Linsey came up with a plan. "Well, if you're setting up a surprise for me in ten days, expect

one from me too."

Collin took her words lightly, guessing she might just be thinking of buying him a present. "Sounds great, let's both eagerly await the day," he replied casually.

A gleam of excitement shone in Linsey's eyes, her happiness evident. "Sounds perfect."

Together, they stood up to make their way to the restaurant for dinner.

A thought struck Linsey suddenly.

"Hold on, isn't our firm's annual gala also in ten days?" she asked, eyeing Collin curiously.

Collin caught Linsey's probing look and felt a twinge of nerves.

Knowing Linsey's astuteness, he worried she might connect the dots and realize he was behind CR Corporation.

This possibility made Collin slightly anxious.

Attempting to hide his unease, he casually remarked, "Really? What a coincidence!"

"Absolutely!" Linsey confirmed after glancing at her phone. "It's set for ten days from now, our gala."

She then wore a ponderous look, eyeing Collin with raised eyebrows. "You know, Collin, you're acting quite

mysterious..."

Collin, typically calm, found himself momentarily breathless. "What do you mean?"

He wondered if Linsey had pieced together his secret.

Perhaps it was time to come clean.

Chapter 543 Where's Carol

Linsey chuckled at Collin's affectionate words but quickly put on a serious face. "You're lying, Last time we visited your grandmother, she told me herself that you've always been possessive since you were little, always hogging her attention."

Collin was caught off guard, surprised that Linsey remembered such trivial details. After a brief pause, he smirked. "Grandma enjoys her solitude now. If I go bothering, her, she'll probably kick me out. So, I have no choice but to spend all my time with my dear wife instead, hoping she won't get tired of me."

Linsey raised an eyebrow, amused. "Collin, you're getting better at sweet-talking, Who's been coaching you?"

She playfully pinched his lips.

When they first met, he had been aloof and distant, hard to approach.

But as time passed, she had gradually uncovered Collin's softer, more playful side.

Laughing and chatting, they strolled into the restaurant, their easygoing chemistry so infectious that even the passersby couldn't help but smile.

Meanwhile, at Grester Airport, Jeffery hurried out of the car, his gaze sweeping across the terminal until he spotted two familiar figures.

Cruz and Myla looked slightly weary, followed by their assistants carrying their luggage.

Taking a deep breath, Jeffery approached. "Dad, Mom."

Myla studied him for a few seconds, her elegant and composed expression tinged with concern. "Jeffery, you've lost a lot of weight."

At her words, the exhaustion Jeffery had been suppressing almost overwhelmed him. "Mom..."

Before he could say more, Cruz interjected in his usual firm tone. "Alright, let's head home first. Your mother is tired and needs to rest."

Jeffery nodded. "The car is outside. Let's go."

As they settled into the vehicle, the ride back was quiet.

Cruz, aware of Myla's presence, merely shot Jeffery a sharp warning glance-one that said everything without

words.

Jeffery didn't need to be told what was coming next.

Unlike his mother's gentle nature, his father had always been strict, and once they were home, he knew he wouldn't be spared.

When they arrived at the Lawson family's villa, Cruz carefully helped his wife out of the car "We' kome

said.

The household staff had already gathered at the entrance. "Welcome home, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson they weat

in unison.

As Myla stepped inside, she glanced around and noticed someone missing "Jeffery, where's Card

She hesitated, then smiled. "Ah, it's late-she must be asleep already,"

Jeffery, standing behind her, stiffened slightly, pressing his lips together. He didn't dare tell her the truth Caro hadn't been home for days.

Since she ran out of the police station earlier that day, Jeffery had sent people to find her, but she had yet to be

located.

Between handling the company's affairs and picking up his parents from the airport, he hadn't had time to search for her.

Since his mother had assumed Carol was resting, Jeffery let her believe it.

At least for now, it was better than causing a commotion in the middle of the night.

After freshening up, Myla retired early, exhausted from the long journey.

Immediately her door closed, Myla turned to Jeffery with a cold, unreadable expression

As soon as they entered the study, Cruz shut the door behind them and moved to

his desk. His stern gaze bore into Jeffery. "Kneel," he commanded.

Chapter 544 Are You Blaming Me For Your...

Jeffery took a deep breath, his chest rising and falling heavily. Without another word, he stepped forward and dropped to his knees. "Dad..."

Cruz cut him off sharply. "Tell me, what's going on with those factories?"

Jeffery's expression darkened. After a brief silence, he spoke slowly. "The general manager in charge of factory procurement, Leon Walsh, embezzled funds meant for equipment purchases. Because of that, we didn't have enough money to acquire the necessary machinery. To cover it up, his subordinates kept submitting falsified documents, manipulating figures to make everything seem normal..."

He trailed off, unable to continue.

Cruz scoffed, his voice dripping with disdain. "Impressive, isn't it? One man covering for another, a whole group covering for each other. When did the firm become a nest of corruption?"

His piercing gaze fell on Jeffery, who remained kneeling. "And you, as CEO, failed to detect such a massive issue?" Jeffery clenched his jaw, frustration bubbling inside him. "Dad, most of the management team has been with

you

for years. I trusted them because they were your people. That's why I let my guard down."

Cruz's expression turned even colder. "Jeffery! Are you blaming me for your failure?"

Jeffery's heart skipped a beat. He quickly shook his head. "That's not what I

meant!"

Cruz narrowed his eyes. "When did you become so skilled at shifting responsibility? Have you forgotten everything I taught you?"

Jeffery tightened his fists but knew arguing was pointless. "I was wrong, Dad. I'm already doing everything I can

to fix this."

Looking up, he quickly added, "I had secured a partnership with CR Corporation. Its founder Mr. Riley personally admired you. Even though they've canceled the deal, there's still a chance to salvage it."

Cruz immediately saw where this was going. "Oh? So you've already made plans for me. You want me to step in and convince Mr. Riley?"

Jeffery's urgency grew. "Dad, the Lawson Group is Grandpa and your legacy! And this issue isn't just about the factories. The real problem started when Carol unknowingly offended one of CR Corporation's designers. That's why Mr. Riley cut ties with us."

Cruz frowned. "A designer?"

Jeffery nodded. "Yes, the one who caused a scene during Carol's birthday party- Linsey. And there might be some deeper connection between her and Mr. Riley."

Cruz's patience wore thin. His brows knitted together in irritation. "Stop looking for shortcuts. Your focus should be on fixing the company, not speculating about irrelevant relationships."

Jeffery hesitated, then nodded obediently. "I understand. I just want to find a way

to regain CR Corporation's trust. If we can restore that partnership, resolving the company's internal crisis will be much easier."

Chapter 545 We'll Proceed

With Your Plan

Cruz let out a weary sigh and talk to his chair

"Do you think Mr. Riley is naive? With our company facing a factory flown wab moltige does, to you really believe they'd consider renewing our partnership at such a critical time?"

Jeffery remained firm. "I'm certain Linsey has a special connection with Mr. Key Card and I wronged her last night; it was our fault if we personally apologize and offer compensation, then, we can ask her to help mediate with Mr. Riley,"

Cruz rubbed his temples, his disappointment evident. "You ignored the need for a plug valve now, but suddenly, when you need her, you think it's the right time? Don't you see how ludicrous that is?"

"Dad! We have no other choice!" Jeffery pressed, desperate for his father's support. "You can't approach Mr. Riley directly, Linsey is our only way in. If this can restore the firm, I'm willing to do whatever it takes—even risk my life for it!"

"Enough with the reckless talk! If your mother hears you, she'll worry herself sick." For the first time that evening, Jeffery allowed himself a small smile.

His father's words meant he had agreed.

"Dad, trust me. Give me another chance, and I promise to be more cautious. His voice was firm, resolute

Cruz studied him in silence before finally nodding. "Alright. We'll proceed with your plan."

Jeffery and Carol were his only children. Carol, naturally rebellious, had no interest in business.

Moreover, with her heart condition, Cruz and Myla never pushed her too hard. Still, they were family.

Cruz and Myla were healthy and strong enough to support them, and the Lawson Group belonged to their children—not distant relatives who were eyeing it like vultures.

That day, Linsey finally returned to work.

Her colleagues in the Fashion Design Department welcomed her warmly, even bringing her snacks to help her regain her energy.

Touched by their kindness, Linsey thanked them, accepting everything with a grateful smile.

Just as she sat down, her phone rang. The number was unfamiliar. "Hello?"

A soft, elegant voice responded, "Hello, Ms. Brooks. I'm Myla Lawson. I've heard you're an outstanding designer at CR Corporation. I was wondering if you could create a few gowns for me?"

Linsey felt an unexpected warmth at the woman's gentle tone. She instinctively smiled. "Hello, Ms. Lawson. I'd be happy to. Would you like to discuss the details over the phone?"

Myla chuckled apologetically. "I just returned from abroad last night and I'm still adjusting to the time difference. Would you mind meeting in person? I've reserved a private room at a restaurant."

"Of course. Just send me the address, and I'll be there shortly."

Chapter 546 We'll Settle That Tonight

"Alright, thank you, Ms. Brooks" Myla sent Linsey the restaurant location and the V room number

After ending the call, Linsey hesitated. She had agreed too quickly without even writing this down

Strangely, something about Myla's voice felt familiar. It was an odd feeling, one that made her trust her.

Still, caution was necessary. After a brief moment of thought, Linsey dialed Collin

He picked up almost immediately. "Sweetheart, what's up?"

Linsey spoke softly. "I'm about to meet a client, but I have never met her before. Can you send a couple of your men to accompany me?"

Without hesitation, Collin agreed. "Of course. I'll arrange it now and have a car pick you up new you firm

"Thank you, darling." Linsey blew him a kiss over the phone.

Collin chuckled. "Be careful. And call me if anything happens. Also, that kiss doesn't count-wel settle that tonight."

Shortly after they hung up, Linsey received a text from Collin's men. "Mrs. Riley, we're waiting for you at the café entrance in the business park."

After replying, she quickly gathered her things and left for the meeting

At the restaurant, Linsey and her two escorts followed the waiter to the designated VIP room.

As she pushed the door open, her eyes immediately landed on three people seated inside.

One of them was Jeffery-the same man she had spoken to on the phone just yesterday.

Her expression darkened instantly. Without a second thought, she turned on her heels to leave.

"Linsey! Wait!" Jeffery was startled by her reaction and quickly moved to block her exit.

He was too focused on her to notice that the two people sitting beside him-his parents were equally stunned Before Jeffery could reach her, Linsey's security detail stepped in, stopping him in his tracks.

"Mr. Lawson, please step back."

With their protection, Linsey steadied herself. She took a deep breath, then met Jeffery's gaze. "Jeffery, what exactly do you want? I told you yesterday-I won't plead with our boss for you."

This arrogant, insistent man had already harassed her over the phone, and now he had gone as far as tricking

her into a meeting?

Jeffery's expression darkened. "You"

Before he could finish, Myla abruptly stood up from the table.

"Jeffery, step aside!" Myla's eyes were locked on Linsey, wide with disbelief, shimmering with onshed tears.

Linsey also froze in shock.

Why did this woman look so much like her?

Jeffery, now pushed back a few steps, looked at his mother in confusion. "Mom? What's wrong?"

His mother didn't answer. She simply stared at Linsey, overcome with emotion.

And then, suddenly, it hit him. Jeffery's gaze darted between Linsey and Myla, his expression shifting from confusion to sheer shock.

She had seemed vaguely familiar when he first met Linsey. But now, seeing them side by side, he realized she looked exactly like his mother.

Chapter 547 I Grew Up In An Orphanage

At that time, or stayed www, dewy darex by the merge purs

11 mars beside Mys, gerly antiding A Rand, wira sombed signty team shock my zambet from

My's eyelashes fivelayed as she wronged to a hex comysove sement, the wate and wiped sway the tears posting as the cornes of keys.

"My apologies," Myla sah, her we here wereby as the wind her way ex

it was odd. Why had she reacted so wrongly? te won't stoal for scareers to solde eden

Linsey blinked, still dazed, trying to gather her thoughts, "It's at gede unzurei

She had also been taken ab

This encounter was even more shocking the when she had first sem pelery & Cad's brity pay

She and Jeffery did share some similarities, but after seeing him a few times, she had easy noticed fer differences.

But this woman... Linsey wasn't just looking at a resemblance. Their facial features, demeanor, even their aure

it was uncanny

No wonder all four of them had been frozen in silence.

Cruz, a man who had weathered many storms, deared his throat and, in a rare show of politeness, said, "Ms. Brooks, I'm Jeffery's father-Cruz Lawson"

Linsey nodded. "Hello, Mr. Lawson."

Cruz hesitated briefly before speaking "Ms. Brooks, may I ask about your

parents? You look remarkably like my wife. Could we meet your parents? Perhaps there's a famihal connection we aren't aware of"

Beside him, Myla nodded gently in agreement.

Linsey paused before responding calmly, "I'm sorry, but I don't have parents. I grew up in an orphanage."

A stunned silence followed.

Jeffery, caught completely off guard, blurted out, "You were an orphan?"

Even the usually gentle Myla frowned slightly and pinched Jeffery's arm. "Be quiet!"

Jeffery inhaled sharply and muttered a quick apology. "I'm sorry."

Linsey had never seen Jeffery so subdued before. It was almost amusing.

But she wasn't bothered by his reaction. "It's alright. You were was just stating a fact."

Jeffery awkwardly adjusted his tone. "I just meant... I'm amazed someone as young as you could reach such a position..."

He trailed off, unsure how to phrase it. However, Linsey understood what he meant.

She smiled faintly, "I don't have an impressive family background. Everything I've achieved, I did on my own. So, you can stop speculating about my connection to our founder. I've never met him. And besides-I'm already married."

Myla listened intently, her gaze softening

Poor child,

The moment Linsey mentioned she was married, Myla instinctively asked, "What kind of person is your husband? Does he treat you well?"

As soon as the words left her mouth, she realized that she overstepped.

They had only just met today.

Linsey noticed the flicker of regret in Myla's eyes and offered a reassuring smile. "Thank you for your concern, Mrs. Lawson. My husband treats me very well, and we love each other deeply."

Chapter 548 Linsey, May I Call You That

Upon hearing Linsey's response, Myla felt an unexpected sense of relief.

Still, a hint of worry lingered.

Linsey had no family to rely on, and if her husband didn't treat her well, what would she do?

Cruz, noticing his wife's growing fondness for Linsey, suggested, "Why don't we sit down and talk?"

Myla smiled warmly and took Linsey's hand in an affectionate gesture. "Ms. Brooks, would you mind sitting

next to me?"

Linsey had already formed a good impression of Myla, so she didn't hesitate. "Of course, I don't mind."

With that, they took their seats at the dining table-Myla and Linsey in the center, with Jeffery and Cruz on

either side.

Cruz signaled for a waiter. "Could you bring us the menu again?"

At the same time, he turned to the two men accompanying Linsey and gestured toward the nearby sofa.

Linsey's security detail nodded in acknowledgment, understanding the underlying message-stay quiet and

remain on standby.

Once the menu arrived, Cruz handed it to Linsey. "Here, Ms. Brooks. See if there's anything you'd like."

Linsey hesitated slightly, feeling a bit overwhelmed. These were two of the most influential figures in Grester, and they were treating her with such warmth and attention. It was a little disorienting. Still, she had enough experience to keep her composure.

"Thank you, Mr. Lawson. I'm not picky-anything is fine," she said politely.

If Collin and Dolores were here, they would surely argue that she was quite particular about food.

Myla flipped open the menu and looked at Linsey with a soft smile. "Linsey, may I call you that?"

Linsey nodded. "Of course."

"Good. Then there's no need to call me Mrs. Lawson. Just call me Myla. And don't hold back-order whatever you like."

Linsey couldn't refuse any longer. "Alright," she agreed, finally taking the menu more seriously.

The Lawson family had invited her here, likely because of the collaboration between CR Corporation and Lawson

While she genuinely liked Myla, she couldn't afford to let her guard down too soon.

At the very least, she needed a good meal to keep her energy up for whatever conversation lay ahead.

As Linsey browsed the menu, Myla watched her closely,

Sometimes, feelings were unexplainable. The more she observed Linsey, the more she found herself drawn to everything about this young woman.

She felt an instinctive urge to care for her.

To an outsider, it might seem like she was sizing Linsey up as a potential daughter-in-law for Jeffery. But deep down, Myla knew the truth. She wasn't thinking of Linsey as a future daughter-in-law. She was thinking of her as a daughter.

The realization made Myla's heart skip a beat.

That was impossible, wasn't it?

Her breath hitched for a moment.

Linsey, noticing the shift in her expression, immediately asked, "Myla, do you feel okay?"

Cruz also looked over with concern. "Are you still tired from the trip?"

Myla blinked and quickly regained her composure. "No, no, I'm fine," she replied with a reassuring smile.

She had just let her thoughts wander too far.

How could Linsey possibly be her daughter?

She and Cruz only had Jeffery and Carol. A third child was simply impossible.

Chapter 549 Jeffery, Shut up!

As the dishes were served, Myla warmly placed some food on Linsey's plate, occasionally asking about her dietary preferences.

Linsey felt a bit puzzled by Myla's kindness but accepted it with grace, offering her thanks.

After some thought, she speculated that Myla might simply feel a sense of kinship due to their striking resemblance.

It wasn't unusual for two unrelated people to share similar features.

Only today did Linsey finally understand why she bore a slight resemblance to Jeffery.

It was because of Myla, his mother.

Deciding not to overthink it, Linsey quietly focused on enjoying her meal.

Not long after, Jeffery set down his fork.

He wiped his mouth, then exchanged a subtle glance with his father.

Cruz, who had been expecting this moment, nodded slightly, signaling Jeffery to proceed.

"Ms. Brooks..." Jeffery began, his tone measured.

Linsey's eyes flickered slightly. She had sensed that Jeffery had something on his mind.

Setting down her utensils, she met his gaze. "What do you want to talk about, Mr. Lawson?"

Jeffery leaned forward slightly. "Earlier, you mentioned that you've never met the founder. I believe you, but are you truly unaware of the influence you have over his decisions?"

Linsey raised an amused brow.

"Why would you think that?" she asked, her voice laced with curiosity. "I'm just a junior designer at CR Corporation, recently given a minor leadership role in fashion design. I have a superior who oversees everything, and far above that, the founder himself. How could I possibly influence his decisions?"

She let her words settle for a moment before her polite smile faded, her tone turning calm and direct.

"Mr. Lawson, I understand that you want me to persuade the founder to resume collaboration with your firm. But isn't it common knowledge in town that Lawson Group is currently facing serious internal risks?"

Jeffery's expression darkened at her bluntness.

Linsey, however, remained unfazed. Even with Myla and Cruz present, she had no intention of mincing words.

"Frankly, anyone choosing to partner with Lawson Group at this moment would be taking a significant risk," Linsey continued.

"Linsey!" Jeffery abruptly stood up, his sudden outburst startling even Myla.

His expression was taut with frustration as he pointed at her. "Our family invited you to dinner, yet you sit here acting ungrateful, speaking so disrespectfully despite our goodwill!"

A cold sneer curled his lips, his gaze sharp and accusing "With how fearless you are, who would believe you don't have powerful backing?"

Before Linsey could respond, Myla's voice cut through the tension. "Jeffery, shut up!"

Linsey blinked in surprise. She hadn't expected Myla to defend her.

Wasn't the Lawson family supposed to be united in persuading her to save their firm?

Chapter 550 You're Even Sharper Than I Thought

Linsey was curious about Myla's reaction, but her face remained unreadable.

Jeffery, however, noticed the subtle displeasure in his mother's expression and begrudgingly held back any

further harsh words.

He understood that Myla clearly favored Linsey, and it wouldn't be wise to provoke her unhappiness.

At that moment, Cruz, who had remained silent until now, finally spoke. "Ms. Brooks, I understand your perspective. We invited you here today with sincerity, hoping you might be willing to assist us."

Linsey turned her gaze to the famously stern chairman of Lawson Group.

It was well known that he had gradually stepped back from the company last year, entrusting most affairs to Jeffery while traveling the world with his wife, Myla.

He appeared to be a man deeply devoted to his wife, which left Linsey with a favorable impression of him.

"Mr. Lawson, please go ahead," she said politely.

Clearly, his previous statement had been incomplete.

As the chairman of Lawson Group, Cruz was undoubtedly more composed and pragmatic than Jeffery, who had taken over midstream.

Cruz gave a small nod and continued, "We didn't arrange this meeting to unfairly ask you to persuade the founder to resume our partnership. Instead, we've prepared a comprehensive proposal, which we hope to present directly to him."

Linsey furrowed her brow slightly. "Mr. Lawson, it's not that I don't want to help. But since joining CR Corporation, I've never had the opportunity to meet the founder. If you wish to present your plan, you should approach someone closer to them."

Jeffery's eyes flickered upon realization. "Linsey, do you know Dustin Wade? He's the public face of CR Corporation."

A few days ago, when he had visited CR Corporation in search of Collin, it was Dustin who had met him.

At the time, Jeffery had subtly probed him, suggesting that Linsey might be the reason CR Corporation had severed ties with Lawson Group.

And Dustin hadn't denied it.

This implied that, at the very least, Dustin knew Linsey well.

However, there was also the possibility that Dustin had merely used Linsey as a convenient excuse.

Dustin? Several thoughts flashed through Linsey's mind in those few seconds.

Why was Jeffery suddenly bringing him up?

She was well aware that Dustin was the public face of CR Corporation, but she failed to see what he had to do

with today's discussion.

Maintaining her composure, she replied evenly, "Mr. Wade is one of the key figures in our company. What exactly are you implying, Mr. Lawson?"

Jeffery studied her for a long moment before a smirk tugged at the corner of his lips. "Linsey, you're even sharper than I thought. You always speak with such precision. You never answer directly yet leave no room for anyone to challenge you."

Linsey's expression remained neutral. "I only answered as truthfully as I could. As an employee of CR Corporation, of course, I know Mr. Wade."

"You know that's not what I meant," Jeffery said, his voice laced with curiosity as his gaze locked onto hers, searching for any reaction.