

Zillionaire 631

Chapter 631 Are You Out Of Your Damn Mind

Collin slowly shook his head from side to side and said in a raspy voice, "At this point, the proposal, my intentions... it's all irrelevant. Honesty is what Linsey values most in a partner, and I fell short from the very beginning. Our marriage is inevitably headed for divorce."

"What are you thinking of doing once the divorce is finalized?" asked Dustin.

Grasping his glass firmly, Collin responded decisively, "I'll do everything in my power to win her back."

Collin then gulped down his wine in one swift motion.

Dustin arched an eyebrow and said, "If you're serious about winning her over, you might want to ease up on

the drinking. Turning up tomorrow reeking of alcohol isn't exactly going to leave a good impression.*

At that, Collin's demeanor changed for the better. "You have a point!" he exclaimed, putting down his glass.

"I'll book a room at the hotel next door and..."

Before Collin could continue, Dustin intervened, grabbing his arm. "Hold on, let me get you some water first to help you sober up. You've had quite a bit to drink, and jumping into a shower could be dangerous."

"Yes, I know." Collin gave him a dismissive look. "I'm not as drunk as you think." Dustin paused, momentarily at a loss for words.

He then recalled Collin's high tolerance and conceded that perhaps he was being overly cautious.

As Collin walked away, Dustin texted Dominic, saying, "Collin has finally left the bar. Nothing motivates him like the fear of offending Linsey with the smell of alcohol."

Dominic, having just completed a surgery, responded with calm assurance, "Collin would endure any hardship for Linsey. Just make sure he stays safe."

Once he slipped his phone back into his pocket, Dustin got ready to head out of the bar.

Given everything Collin was dealing with, the atmosphere wasn't exactly suited for unwinding.

Then, just as he turned, something caught his eye—a figure cornered by a group of men near the back of the

room.

"Come on, Ms. Davidson, just have one drink with us! It's a small price for a big investment in your company?"

"Ms. Davidson, you are stunning. Why resist making your life easier? Join me, and you'll have no worries ever again!"

With a strained smile, Dolores replied, "I appreciate the compliment, but I'm here strictly for business. Sign with us, and I promise your investment will double within three months."

"Your promises of profit don't sway us."

"That's right. What we really care about is you, Ms. Davidson."

As the words left their mouths, the men began closing the distance between themselves and Dolores.

Dolores attempted to slip away, but they blocked her path.

"Where do you think you're going? You approached us, so play by our rules,"

The moment Dolores sensed danger, she started to fight back. "Let me go! If you don't back off now, you're

going to regret it!"

Under normal circumstances, Dolores would never have dealt with such shady people. Her current situation made her regret her decision deeply.

"Regret it? And what exactly are you going to do to me? I'd love to see you try!"

With a crude laugh, the sleazy lead man lifted his hand, aiming to slip it beneath Dolores' collar.

Dolores' eyes flew open in alarm as she braced herself to fight back, fully prepared to get hurt if that was what

it took.

Just then, an unexpected intervention occurred. A firm grip seized the man's wrist, twisting it sharply.

A snap followed by a cry of pain filled the air.

"Argh, that hurts! Who do you think you are? Are you out of your damn mind?" the sleazy man shouted, writhing in pain.

Chapter 632 Is Your Company Facing...

"Who the hell are you to interrupt us?"

The men's heads whipped around to see Dustin, whose smile was laced with threat. "Perhaps you should question your own sanity."

"M-Mr. Wade..."

"Mr. Wade, long time no see. How are things?"

"Oh, come on, our friend was only messing around. No need to take it seriously, Mr. Wade."

Recognition dawned on the men's faces, replacing arrogance with fear.

Dolores, perched on the sofa, was in shock. She never imagined Dustin would show up, especially not to save

her in such a timely manner.

Dustin's expression hardened, his tone chilling as he instructed, "Get out. I don't want to catch sight of you

around here again."

"Of course, Mr. Wade, we're on our way out!"

The men quickly made their exit, their demeanor sheepish and defeated.

Dolores finally shook off the shock and hurriedly called out, her voice edged with urgency, "Wait! Why are you all walking away? We haven't even finished talking about our collaboration yet!"

Dustin turned to her, his look one of utter astonishment.

"What deal? Those men were never here to conduct business. They were preying on you," Dustin explained, frustration filled his voice. "Everyone in town knows that they are rich assholes. What made you think they'd be

potential partners?"

Faced with Dustin's baffled stare, Dolores found herself at a loss for words.

Dolores was well aware of the questionable nature of those men, yet she saw it as her final opportunity to

rescue her failing business.

Dustin noticed her silence and suspected there was more to her story.

He squinted slightly, leaned forward, and asked quietly, "Is your company facing difficulties?"

Dolores reacted with shock, her eyes widening. "How did you..."

Dustin let out a quiet chuckle and said in a low, amused tone, "Did you honestly believe I'm just some spoiled playboy? If I didn't have a bit of sense, how would I be trusted to run a company on behalf of the CR

Corporation's founder?"

At his words, Dolores remembered a conversation with Linsey a few days prior. Her face hardened as she retorted, "Oh, so you're still pretending to be on Collin's side? Don't bother—I already know the whole truth. You and Collin are nothing but liars, the both of you! He is absolutely untrustworthy! I can't believe I ever put my faith in either of you!"

Dustin, caught off guard, paused before responding.

"Hold on," he interjected. "I've neither lied to you. How do you label me as a liar?"

Dolores looked at him intently and said, articulating each word, "Collin has been deceiving Linsey for ages. You're his friend; surely, you were in on it. Why wouldn't I reprimand you? Can you honestly claim you weren't involved in his lies?"

"I..." Dustin faltered, momentarily speechless.

Indeed, he had helped suppress facts for Collin and couldn't outright deny it.

Dolores let out a harsh snort and said, "You and Collin are cut from the same cloth! I can't believe how badly I misjudged you!"

Dustin took a moment to gather himself. "Alright, I admit it-I helped Collin keep those things from Linsey. But like you said, I was only the accomplice, not the one calling the shots, right?"

Dustin pointed a finger at Dolores and added, "And let's not forget, I just pulled you out of trouble. Doesn't that earn me a little credit to make up for my so-called mistake?"

Chapter 633 Lend Me Some Money

At that moment, a bar waiter approached hesitantly, interjecting, "I'm sorry to disturb you, but could I have a

word?"

Both Dolores and Dustin turned their frowns towards him.

"What seems to be the problem?" Dustin asked, his annoyance clear as he was mid-explanation.

At the same time, Dolores stood with her hands planted firmly on her hips, her entire posture radiating cold

indifference.

The waiter, nervously pointing towards a nearby table overflowing with empty bottles, explained, "Your companions left in a rush and didn't settle their bill. It seems we missed stopping them. Thankfully, you're still

here."

Dolores's eyes bulged in astonishment. "They left without paying?"

Dustin let out a chuckle and said, "Unbelievable. A bunch of jerks, hitting the bar and then vanishing without paying the bill."

He then teasingly glanced at Dolores, whose face was beginning to cloud over. "Looks like you're stuck with the bill for those scoundrels, Ms. Davidson. Rough night, isn't it?"

Taking a deep breath to calm herself, Dolores pressed her lips together in annoyance. Abruptly, she held out

her hand to Dustin and said, "Lend me some money."

"What?" Dustin, caught off guard, scrutinized her. "You're not serious, are you? Surely you can cover this."

Dolores stayed silent, though a flicker of embarrassment crept across her face. Noting her discomfort, Dustin ceased his teasing, quickly withdrawing his wallet and handing some cash to the waiter. "Keep the extra," he said casually.

"No, I insist on getting the change," Dolores said firmly, extending her hand towards the waiter to ensure she

received every penny.

Dustin was left speechless, recalling that Dolores hadn't always been so frugal.

Dolores noticed his stare and explained with composure, "Remember, I'm just borrowing it. I'll settle with you

later."

The waiter promptly handed back the change to Dolores.

Dolores tucked the money away with deliberate care, and the sight of her guarded manner pulled a quiet smile

from Dustin.

However, Dustin's smile soon disappeared, replaced by a grave look. "Dolores, is your company facing difficulties?"

"Stop speculating." Dolores responded, attempting to leave.

Dustin caught her wrist firmly, preventing her escape. "You nearly avoided discussing it earlier. If there weren't issues, you wouldn't be negotiating with those types of people. It's ironic, isn't it? You criticize us for secrecy towards Linsey, yet here you are, concealing your own problems."

Dolores's face mirrored the complexity of her emotions.

The following morning was bright and clear as Gorman drove Linsey to the courthouse.

"I could have come on my own," Linsey said as she unfastened her seatbelt and turned toward Gorman in the driver's seat. "Your back's still hurt, but you insisted on bringing me here anyway."

Gorman returned her gaze tenderly and replied, "On a day as important as this, I wouldn't miss being by your

side."

Aware that Linsey was still cautious of his romantic intentions, Gorman quickly changed the subject.

He said, "Besides, you saw it yourself. Ever since last night, the Lawson family's been desperate to get to you. My men could hardly keep them away. If you showed up alone, they'd track you down without a doubt. But with me here, and my team, we can keep them at a distance for now."

Chapter 634 Shall We Head

Over

When she heard Gorman's words, Linsey's face became a mask of cool detachment. "Just let the Lawson family be. Reconnecting with them brings me no happiness. They should give up while they can."

She waited for a moment before speaking again, her tone steady and even. "To be honest, I've spent over twenty years living like this, and it's become the only life I know. There's really no reason to go back to the people who gave birth to me, not when they were the ones who turned their backs on my well-being"

Gorman's gaze was filled with empathy as he reassured her. "Linsey, I'll make sure the Lawson family doesn't disturb your peace."

A faint smile touched Linsey's lips. "Thank you for that."

She then leaned over to grab some papers from the back seat. "We should get going."

Linsey stepped out of the car, and Gorman followed close behind.

A few others from the cars behind them got out as well.

Danny handed Gorman an umbrella, which Gorman promptly opened over Linsey to protect her from the sun.

Looking up at him, Linsey said, "Gorman, you seem to have forgotten you're still recovering from your injury."

Gorman responded with a gentle laugh, "Don't worry about me. I can handle a little soreness."

To Collin, observing from a short distance, their exchange seemed deeply personal, almost like that of a couple.

Jealousy tightened Collin's hands into fists, his gaze darkening.

Dustin, standing beside him, whispered, "Collin, try to soften your expression. Remember, it's a long time ahead. Don't ruin any remaining good will Linsey might feel towards you today."

Collin exhaled slowly and nodded in acknowledgment.

When Linsey noticed Collin waiting at the courthouse entrance, her face

momentarily lost its composure, her

heart rate spiking with a mix of sorrow and discomfort.

Gorman, ever attentive, noticed the subtle shift in Linsey's demeanor, and a surge of anger sparked in his eyes.

Gorman was disappointed to realize that Linsey still harbored feelings for Collin after all this time.

However, Gorman quickly composed himself and offered a reassuring smile, understanding Linsey's deep

emotional ties.

More than that, he held a quiet certainty that the day would come when every memory of Collin would fade from her heart, leaving nothing behind but him at the center of her world.

"Shall we head over Gorman suggested softly

jolted back to the present, Linsey averted her gaze and proceeded in silence

She halted a few steps from Collin, finding herself unable to bridge the gap. Though they were once deeply connected, now an

mountable distance lay between them.

Linsey raised her eyes, her heart fluttering as her gaze locked with Collin's, momentarily leaving her breathless.

At last, Dustin spoke up with a bright grin, cutting through the quiet. "Hey there, Linsey. It's been a while, hasn't it? How've things been on your end?"**

With a courteous smile, Linsey responded to Dustin, "Thank you, Dustin, I'm doing well"

Collin opened his mouth to speak, but before he could form words, Linsey interjected coldly, "Collin, do you have all the documents we need?*

A faint shiver passed through his eyes, stung by the cold space she now kept between them.

A wave of sorrow washed over him, rendering him speechless and overwhelmed by the emotional gulf between

them.

Chapter 635 Gorman, Wait For Me Outside

Seeing Collin's expression, Dustin let out a quiet sigh and quickly said, "Everything's ready, Collin caught a slight cold and still has a sore throat."

Linsey's eyes shifted at his words.

She looked closely at Collin. He looked thinner, worn down. It hadn't even been that long since they last met,

but he already seemed different.

He tried to keep a calm face, but Linsey could still sense the quiet changes behind his mask.

She had loved him for too long not to notice.

With effort, she pulled her gaze away and forced herself not to look at him again.

"Let's head in," Gorman said with a smile, acting as if Collin and Dustin weren't even there.

Linsey gave a small nod and walked ahead. Gorman folded the umbrella and followed closely behind, never leaving her side.

Collin and Dustin stayed where they were.

"Snap out of it, Collin," Dustin said, a little helpless.

Collin shut his eyes for a moment, then opened them slowly. "Go back to the company. There's a big meeting

this morning."

Dustin blinked. "But you—"

"I'm fine. I'll come after I finish the procedures. I've already made up my mind. If I keep dragging this out, it'll only make things harder for Linsey. I know what I need to do."

Dustin didn't argue. He gave a small nod. "Alright. I'll wait for you at the office." When Collin finally stepped in, Linsey was already sitting in front of the judge. The judge noticed him and cast a knowing glance at Gorman, who was seated next to Linsey.

Gorman caught the look easily. With a smirk, he raised his voice and said, "Mr. Riley, you've misled Linsey for so long. It's dishonest from the start. She married you without knowing the truth. If we're being technical,

that's marriage fraud, isn't it?"

Linsey's face darkened. She turned to him and said, "Gorman, wait for me outside."

He hesitated. "Linsey, I—"

But her cold stare silenced him.

He gave in, lowering his voice. "Call me if you need anything."

"I will," she replied softly.

Gorman didn't even glance at Collin as he walked out.

Linsey handed the documents to the judge. "We've both agreed to the divorce. I have no objections. Thank you."

Collin stared at her. She looked calm, but to him, she was drifting further and further away.

He drew in a slow breath, placed his own papers on the table, and said quietly, "I have no objections either."

His words hit Linsey like needles. Her heart tightened.

She bowed her head, clenched her fists, and fought back the tears.

The judge took both their documents and completed the process.

Then he looked at them and said, "Everything's finalized. Do either of you have questions?"

Linsey stood up quickly. Her face was tense. She shook her head and turned to leave.

Just then, she felt a familiar warmth wrap around her wrist-Collin's touch. It was dry and steady, yet full of emotion. Her hand trembled from the sudden wave of feeling.

Chapter 636 I Want To

Leave Grester

Linsey's breath quickened all of a sudden. She turned sharply, her body reacting on instinct, trying to pull away.

But before she could struggle further, Collin let go. His eyes dropped to her right hand. "Is your hand better now?" he asked quietly.

At that simple question, all the anger, all the words Linsey had bottled up, scattered like dust in the wind.

A wave of sadness rose in her chest. She turned her face away, blinking back tears. "I'm perfectly fine," she said,

her voice tight with emotion.

Collin didn't seem to notice the strain in her tone. A small sigh slipped from his lips, and a faint smile tugged

at the corners of his mouth. "That's good," he murmured.

Then, slowly and carefully, he added, "Take care of yourself, Linsey. I heard you resigned. Whether you keep working in design or choose something else... I wish you well."

No matter how hard she tried, Linsey couldn't hold her tears back anymore.

She looked at him through her tears and said softly, "You too."

Then she turned and walked away, without a pause, without looking back.

Collin stood frozen, staring in the direction she had gone. Even long after she stepped into Gorman's car and disappeared down the street, he didn't move.

It wasn't until several other couples arrived to file for divorce that Collin finally pulled himself together and walked out, his steps heavy and slow.

Inside his car, he reached into his pocket and carefully pulled out a small, elegant box.

Opening it, he revealed a pair of wedding rings-delicate, beautifully crafted, nestled together.

He stared at them blankly. A single tear slid down his cheek and landed on the rings, its trace glistening on the

metal.

Suddenly, his breath hitched, and a choked gasp escaped him as sorrow washed over his face.

His hand trembled as he lifted the male ring from the box. He silently slipped it onto his left ring finger.

Then he raised his hand and placed a gentle, solemn kiss on the ring.

He didn't care how long it would take-he would wait for her. He would wait however long she needed.

In Gorman's car, Linsey sat in silence, tears already streaming down her face.

Gorman clenched the steering wheel, his jaw tight as he fought back his frustration. Still, he forced his voice to stay gentle. "Linsey... Please don't cry."

She clutched at her chest, the pain too much to contain. Her sobs came in quiet waves, shaking her shoulders.

Gorman's heart ached at the sight of her.

He took a deep breath and muttered, "You know what? I'm going back to beat Collin up."

Linsey grabbed his sleeve, startled. "What are you saying?" she choked out. Gorman met her red, swollen eyes and said with quiet intensity, "Everything I've said to you, I meant it. I would never lie to you, Linsey."

She looked at him for a long moment, as if searching for something in his gaze. Then her voice came soft and low. "Gorman... Are you still planning to leave Grester?"

His expression shifted in surprise, but he quickly answered without a second thought. "No. I'm not going anywhere. I said that before because I was angry. I don't want to leave you."

Linsey turned away slightly, her voice barely above a whisper. "But I want to leave Grester."

Gorman froze. Disbelief spread across his face. "What did you just say?"

Linsey's voice was steady this time. "I want to leave Grester. I want to leave this place and never come back."

Chapter 637 I Meant Dolores

Four years had flown by in the blink of an eye, and at Grester Airport, a tall, slender woman stepped out with quiet grace, pulling a suitcase behind her. Her dark sunglasses hid most of her tiny face, and her wavy hair framed her striking features.

As she walked, she pulled out her phone, ready to call someone.

Next to her, a passerby was scrolling through social media. The voice from a video drifted toward her. "Dolores Davidson, CEO of the Davidson Group, has officially invited world-famous designer Aurora

Bright to represent the company in Grester's quadrennial design competition. Aurora has been thriving overseas recently, and many are eager to see what surprises she'll bring this time..."

The passerby mumbled under his breath, "Is she really that great? Would be funny if she flopped at a local

contest."

The woman raised an eyebrow at that but said nothing.

Just then, her call connected. A warm voice came through the receiver. "Linsey, have you landed? The driver I arranged hasn't picked you up yet. Oh, and I changed your hotel. The one I booked before didn't have any decent suites, so I upgraded it. I sent the new check-in info. The driver will take you straight there."

Linsey glanced away from the passerby and spoke gently. "There was no need to do that. I would've been fine

staying anywhere."

Gorman let out a soft chuckle. "I know you're not picky. But this competition matters. A better place might help you relax and focus."

He paused, then continued with a teasing tone, "Besides, Zander has never stayed in a small room before. I

doubt he'd take it well, so I went ahead and changed it."

Linsey gave it a quick thought and didn't argue. She said, concern evident in her voice, "How's Zenia doing now?

She still had a bit of a fever when I left. I wouldn't have rushed off like that if not for the competition."

"She's doing better now, don't worry. I'm watching her closely. Once she's fully recovered, I'll bring her to see

you," Gorman replied gently.

Linsey smiled. "No need. I'll return right after the competition. I won't be staying long."

Gorman suddenly asked, "What if you meet someone important in Grester? Won't you want to stay a few more days?"

Linsey froze. A familiar figure flashed through her mind before she could stop it. "I'm not going to see Collin," she blurted out.

There was a pause on Gorman's end. The silence stretched for a moment.

Then his voice came, low and calm. "Linsey... I meant Dolores."

Her expression stiffened, and her eyes flickered with frustration.

She didn't understand why Collin had come to mind so quickly.

"Um..." She bit her lip, unsure what to say.

"Mommy!" A soft little voice called out from behind her.

Linsey turned and saw Zander Brooks riding toward her on a motorized suitcase,

with her assistant, Caylee

Garrett, following behind.

Chapter 638 Gorman Will

Take Good Care Of Her

Zander stopped in front of Linsey, steady and calm. He adjusted the oversized sunglasses on his small face, then looked up at her. "Mommy, why do you look sad? Are you worried about Zenia?"

Linsey blinked, pulled herself back, and forced a gentle smile. "Yes, I'm just a little worried about her."

Zander gave it some serious thought, then nodded with confidence. "Don't worry, Mommy. Gorman will take good care of her."

On the other end of the call, Gorman heard the child's voice. He lowered his eyes, hiding the flicker of anger

behind them.

"Linsey, you can stay in Grester a few more days. Dolores has been working there for years. She's only met the kids a few times. This is a good chance for her to bond with them. At most, I'll bring Zenia to join you within a week." His tone was calm and casual.

This time, Linsey didn't argue. "Alright. Once Zander and I are settled, I'll text you. Please take care of Zenia.*

After ending the call, she let out a quiet sigh.

She couldn't understand why, even after all these years, Collin would still drift into her thoughts from time to

time.

Caylee noticed the shift in her mood. "Linsey, are you feeling okay?"

Linsey curved her lips into a smile. "I'm fine. Let's go."

Meanwhile, at the other side of the airport, Collin stood tall and cold, his aura sharp and distant.

Passersby were drawn to his striking looks-but quickly turned away, unsettled by the chill in his presence.

"Collin!" Dustin rushed over, slightly out of breath. His men followed behind him. "Sorry, the traffic was bad. I didn't expect you back so soon."

Collin handed his luggage to a nearby staffer. "It's fine," he said coolly.

Dustin glanced at Collin's expression-calm, yet unreadable.

On the drive over, he had learned that Collin's trip was meant to last a month. But Collin had worked nonstop to finish early, cutting it short by over a week.

The branch staff were at their breaking point. Several managers had secretly complained to Dustin, saying they couldn't keep up with Collin's pace. They also said they could pass out from exhaustion if he stayed any longer.

Of course, Dustin kept those words to himself. After four years, he had grown used to it.

Ever since Linsey left Grester quietly, Collin hadn't been the same. Or maybe, he had simply returned to who he used to be-like after the accident, when he was stuck in a wheelchair.

But this version of Collin felt even colder than before.

"Let's head home, Collin. You should get some rest and recover from the flight," Dustin said.

Collin shook his head. "No. Straight to the company. Call a senior management meeting."

Dustin paused, wanting to argue. But he didn't. What was the point?

He had tried countless times over the years. Collin never listened.

Sometimes, Dustin thought-maybe only Linsey could get through to him.

As that thought crossed his mind, he noticed that Collin suddenly came to a stop.

Chapter 639 Linsey Is Back!

Dustin was about to ask what was wrong when Collin suddenly exclaimed, full of excitement, "Linsey is back!"

Before Dustin could respond, Collin took off running.

The sudden outburst left Dustin frozen in place. He stared after Collin, who was already sprinting across the terminal.

For a few seconds, Dustin couldn't believe what he had just heard-Linsey was back?

His eyes widened in shock. Then he turned to his equally stunned subordinates and yelled, "What are you waiting for? Follow him!"

"Oh-right!"

Collin hadn't felt this alive in years. His chest surged with emotion.

His eyes were locked on a figure in the distance, one that looked so much like her.

He ran faster, closing the gap with every step.

The sound of his own breath thundered in his ears. Everything else faded. All he could feel was his racing heartbeat.

Finally, he reached out, touched the person's shoulder, and called, "Linsey!"

The figure turned. Their eyes met. But in that instant, Collin's joy froze. "You..." His body stiffened. The light in his eyes faded, just like that. The young girl looked up, cheeks slightly pink. "Sir? Can I help you?"

Collin quickly withdrew his hand, awkward and quiet.

Dustin arrived just in time to see the disappointment on Collin's face.

He paused, puzzled, then turned to the girl-and instantly understood. She did resemble Linsey a bit, from

behind at least.

"Sorry, we thought you were someone else," Dustin said politely, stepping in since Collin remained silent.

The girl smiled shyly, her gaze still lingering on Collin.

After a short pause, she pulled out her phone and said bravely, "Sir, could I have your contact? I just arrived in

Grester, and I'll be here for a while."

Dustin stayed quiet, sensing what was happening.

Collin looked at her briefly, his voice low. "Sorry. I'm married."

Only then did the girl notice the ring on his finger. She gave a graceful smile. "I didn't see it earlier. That's alright. I hope you and your wife stay happy."

She picked up her luggage and walked away after that.

Collin stood still, his expression unreadable. After a while, he gave a bitter laugh, voice hoarse. "My love is

missing."

Dustin couldn't bear to see him like that. "Well, people get mixed up all the time at busy airports, right?"

Collin didn't answer. His left hand curled slightly, and his thumb slowly brushed over his wedding ring.

In that quiet moment, the truth hit him again-Linsey had been gone for four years.

Meanwhile, Gorman had booked Linsey a hotel near the design competition venue. It was also just a short drive

to Dolores's company.

Once they arrived, Linsey asked the staff to take their luggage to the room. Then she took Zander and Caylee

out to eat.

"Let's eat first. After lunch, we'll rest for a bit. Then this afternoon, we'll go see Dolores," she said gently to Zander as they sat at the table.

Chapter 640 Welcome

Home

Zander was eating with full enthusiasm, shoveling one bite after another into his mouth without pause.

When he heard Linsey's words, his eyes sparkled. "Is it that tall and cool Dolores we met before?"

Linsey smiled warmly. "Yes, that's her. Dolores and I grew up together. We're very, very close. I've missed her

a lot."

Zander blinked at her, his voice full of innocent sincerity. "Then, Mommy, if you miss her so much, we can just

live in Grester forever! Gorman can bring Zenia here too!"

Linsey's smile faltered. A trace of discomfort crept into her voice as she gently refused, "No, sweetheart. We

still have to go back."

"But you grew up here," Zander said seriously, his little face full of conviction.

Linsey froze for a second. The light in her eyes dimmed ever so slightly.

Yes, this was the city she came from. But it was also the place that left the deepest scars on her heart.

Truthfully, if not for the sake of promoting Dolores' fashion brand, she wouldn't have returned to Grester at all.

Sensing the sudden heaviness in the air, Caylee quickly stepped in to change the subject. "Linsey, the design competition organizers just sent over the final event schedule. I'll go through it with you once we're back in the

room."

Snapping out of her thoughts, Linsey gave a soft smile and nodded. "Alright. Thank you for always staying on

top of things."

"It's nothing." Caylee said in a cheerful tone, eager to lift Linsey's mood. She picked up some food and placed it on Linsey's plate. "Try this one! I had a bite earlier, and it's really good."

"Thank you. But you should eat too. Don't just worry about me."

Their meal didn't last much longer, and soon the three of them made their way up to their suite on the top

floor.

Linsey stood by the door, holding Zander's hand, while Caylee stepped forward to unlock it.

Caylee blinked in mock confusion. "Huh? That's odd..."

She turned toward Linsey. "It won't open."

Frowning slightly, Linsey reached out for the card. "Let me try."

Caylee handed it over, then stepped aside and scooped Zander up in her arms.

Linsey gave it another go. This time, a short beep sounded, and the lock dicket open smoothly. She looked back at Caylee, puzzled. "No problem at all."

She pushed the door open and stepped inside.

As Linsey flipped on the lights, Caylee discreetly covered Zander's ears.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang overhead. Startled, Linsey gasped as confetti burst from above, gently showering down on her, The lights brightened, and a lively chorus rang out. "Welcome home, Linsey

Linsey's eyes widened in disbelief, then she broke into a surprised laugh. "Dolores

Dolores dropped what she was holding and rushed over, throwing her arms around Linsey in a tight king

"Linsey! Do you know how long I've waited for this moment?" Her voice trembled as tears spilled down her cheeks. "You've been gone from Grester for four years. It felt like forever!*

Linsey was both touched and amused. She gently wiped the tears from Dolores' face and smiled teasingly. "Dolores, I can't believe you're crying. The last time I saw you cry was probably back when we graduated from college, wasn't it?"