

## **Zillionaire 661**

Chapter 661 They're Faster

Than The Machine

Linsey kept her focus sharp, her gaze fixed on every precise movement of the needle. There was no hesitation, no wasted motion-just the smooth, practiced rhythm of someone deeply familiar with the craft.

"That's odd. The competition staff gave every contestant a sewing machine for their station, didn't they? Aren't

machines supposed to be quicker than hand stitching? So why is that designer choosing to sew everything by

hand?" Dustin whispered, rubbing his chin in puzzlement.

Without taking his eyes off the screen, Collin responded coldly, "They're faster than the machine."

That statement landed like a thunderclap.

Dustin blinked in disbelief, watching the footage again. Her fingers moved with such velocity that the needle

appeared to vanish and reappear in entirely new places. He could barely follow her movements.

Beside him, Collin let a few seconds pass before speaking again. "And their hand-stitching has a flow to it-a softness that machines can't replicate."

Right then, a vivid image began to take shape across the dyed fabric.

After securing the final stitch, Linsey swiftly shifted to the next area, needle already poised for her next move.

"That designer's flying through this... This is unreal!"

"Tell me there's anyone else in the industry today who can hand-stitch like that. Actually-never mind. I doubt there is."

"They've got great detail, too. That figure really pops. Though, the body looks a bit off."

"Yeah, the proportions feel a little stretched. The length throws off the balance horizontally."

"Hold up-look! That's another figure. This time, it's a girl with braided hair!"

"The way they stitched the braids... it's so precise. They didn't miss a single detail."

"Is it just me, or is their right hand starting to tremble? They might be pushing themselves too hard."

"They've stitched in a little boy on a skateboard now!"

"No way-did they really finish all three figures in under ten minutes? And you can actually make out their shapes clearly!"

"Looks like the shirt's dry already. Is it warmer inside their booth or something?"

Comments on the livestream flooded in, especially as the camera remained focused on Linsey's station. Her segment had quickly climbed to the top of the platform's trending streams.

Once she completed stitching the three figures, Linsey shifted her focus to the sides of the T-shirt she had trimmed, carefully beginning to sew them back together.

Before that, though, she made precise waistline modifications-rolling the fabric inward on both sides to create a cinched silhouette. The lower she worked, the more exaggerated the curve became.

After securing the shape, she changed to a softer-toned thread and began stitching the sides with careful

precision.

Originally cut for an adult male, the T-shirt now appeared more fitted and cropped, thanks to the waist

alteration.

What once looked oddly spaced now snapped into visual balance-the three embroidered figures fell perfectly into alignment with the new shape.

Watching this unfold, Dustin-who had earlier dismissed the designer as sluggish- was left dumbfounded.

"They knew the shirt would shorten after the waist was taken in," he said, astonished. "That's why they made

the figures elongated in the first place!"

At that, Collin allowed a subtle smile to appear. "Didn't you just say they were drifting off and wasting time?"

A sheepish laugh escaped Dustin. "Turns out they were just planning every detail from the get-go."

His tone had shifted entirely, now filled with genuine respect. "Whoever this designer is, they're brilliant. Even if they don't take first, second place is guaranteed."

Collin's brow lifted slightly as he turned toward him. "And what makes you so sure they won't win it all?"

Chapter 662 Aren't Those

Standout Features

Dustin was at Collin's words, a flicker of disbelief crossing his face. "Wait, Collin- Arthur is our designer. Shouldn't we be asking him all the way

Confidence returned quickly as Dustin continued, "And besides, Arthur's work speaks for itself. It's refined, sophisticated. Contestant No. 3 might be creative, sure, but nothing they've done stands out as groundbreaking."

Ostin didn't reply right away. A few quiet moments passed before he finally said, "They took a plain white T-shirt, dyed it by hand, embroidered three figures, and reshaped the silhouette entirely. Aren't those standout

Dyeing and stitching might not appear to be methods in a fashion design competition, but there was no denying that the visual impact they created still played an essential role in the world of fashion design.

The simplicity of Collin's response left Dustin at a loss for words.

With a new lens on the competition, he couldn't help but glance back at Arthur's work-and for the first time, it felt underwhelming

CR Corporation already stood at the top of the industry. Dozens of companies at the event depended on its influence just to stay afloat.

Given its status, CR Corporation had no real need to battle it out in a public design contest. Brand recognition was never a problem, and they didn't need the exposure the rankings promised.

But Collin had his reasons.

By hosting a design competition that brought together several companies, CR Corporation aimed to elevate its global standing through a process marked by precision and high standards. If Arthur, the designer representing CR Corporation, managed to win today's contest, it would not only promote the brand but also boost its prestige and draw in potential partnerships with other firms.

It was a calculated play-one that carried little risk.

But if another company's designer walked away with the trophy, CR Corporation would have to surrender a portion of those hard-won benefits.

Meanwhile, back at the event, Linsey hadn't slowed down one bit. Her vision was still unfolding

Not long ago, she had asked the staff member to turn up the heat inside her booth.

Now, despite the shirt being nearly dry, sweat clung to her skin and dizziness crept in like a slow tide.

At the same time, a stinging pain began pulsing through her right wrist.

Drawing in a steady breath, Linsey tried to regain focus.

Every step she had taken so far demanded precision-one wrong move, and the whole design could unravel.

A part of her questioned whether the concept had been too ambitious from the

start.

That hesitation had been why she stood still so long in the beginning, caught between risk and resolve.

Still, she didn't let that stop her for long.

Lifting the wide collar, she located its midpoint, pinched it upward to form a fluid ripple, and fastened it neatly

with silver chain buttons.

Next, she reached

the scissors and sliced the left sleeve with a deliberately uneven cut, bold and sharp.

With that, the once-standard shirt now bore the silhouette of a stylish one-shoulder top.

Repurposing the discarded sleeve, she trimmed it down and reshaped the fabric into a diamond, creating a

sleek finish for the new neckline

Searching through the material box, Linsey pulled out scraps of lace and bits of denim.

After sizing them with careful snips, she secured the pieces to the garment using adhesive, layering them over the dyed fabric.

The blend of delicate and rigid fabrics produced a bold contrast that gave the decorative details a captivating edge.

"How is Contestant No. 3 doing this so fast? Every time I glance away, the whole thing's evolved again. I can't even tell how they're transforming it that quickly

Chapter 663 Who's Linsey

"What a gorgeous top! Who would've guessed a basic white tee could turn into something this eye-catching?"

"Every detail is just so refined. From the way the colors blend to how the fabric was shaped. Contestant No. 3 clearly knows what they're doing. The precision in every cut and stitch is next-level."

"Contestant No. 5, right there in the center, has solid technique and a polished style, but the design lacks the spark and originality that's coming through in Contestant No. 3's work."

"To be honest, when the competition first started, I didn't think Contestant No. 3 had much talent, but now I see things differently. If we were allowed to cast a vote, mine would go to Contestant No. 3 without question!"

"Wait a second-I think I've figured it out. Contestant No. 3 has to be Arthur! Only someone with his level of experience could pull off something so unexpected and bold."

"You know what? The way those lines are sketched... it kind of reminds me of Linsey's design style."

"Who's Linsey?"

"Oh, I remember! Linsey used to lead the Fashion Design Department at CR Corporation four years ago. But no way it's her. She vanished from the scene a long time ago. And honestly, whoever this designer is, they're clearly more advanced than

she ever was."

"Okay, but let's not jump to conclusions. Arthur's right-handed, and Contestant No. 3 has been working left-handed the

entire time. Plus, Linsey's not a lefty either. It doesn't add up. No one just

vanishes for years and suddenly resurfaces at a top-tier event like this."

While speculation ran wild in the live chat, the audience inside the venue couldn't look away from Linsey's screen-and

neither could the judges. Every eye was glued to her booth.

Lost in the moment like everyone else, the host was abruptly pulled back by the director's voice crackling in her earpiece.

She straightened, quickly grabbed the mic, and announced with poise, "Designers, there are only ten minutes remaining."

Following her cue, hands across every screen moved faster, pushing hard to complete the final details.

In contrast, Linsey began to ease her pace, as if resisting the rush surrounding her.

With deliberate care, she placed the completed T-shirt onto the display rack, aligning it perfectly within the camera's frame.

Bending her head, she slowly peeled off her gloves, the motion stiff and strained.

A glance at her wrist revealed red swelling, prompting a subtle crease of concern in her brow.

The buzzer sounded moments later, signaling the end of the competition. A nearby staff member handed her a microphone.

Just then, the host's voice floated into her booth from outside the stage. "The competition has officially ended. Now, we'll

invite each designer to walk us through the concept behind their work."



Before the host could introduce Contestant No. 1, one of the judges raised a hand and interjected, "If possible, I'd like to

Once the settings were confirmed, she tested it with a few words. A husky male voice echoed back, just as planned.

Chapter 664 Wasn't Your Dyeing Attempt Less Th...

"Are you prepared, Contestant No. 3?" asked the host.

Linsey, slipping her gloves back on and grasping the microphone, responded affirmatively, "Yes, I'm ready."

A resolute sparkle emerged in Linsey's eyes as she concluded her statement.

The competition gathered a host of skilled designers from diverse firms, pushing Linsey to deliver her best performance to

vie for the championship.

She was aware that clinching the top spot was crucial for the Davidson Group to overshadow even the CR Corporation in the race for premier brand exposure due to existing contracts.

Linsey knew the moment wouldn't last forever, and if the Davidson Group wanted a place in Grester, she had to act fast before CR Corporation took over everything.

Despite Dolores's suggestion to target a more conservative second or third place, Linsey was not about to settle.

Her resolve was firm: to claim the championship for herself and for Dolores.

Gathering her thoughts, Linsey began her presentation with measured words, saying, "Our theme for today is emotions. To me, the profound bond of love shared between a mother and her children stands paramount. Hence, my design today

radiates warmth and comfort."

As her hand caressed a T-shirt displayed on the rack, she explained, "I started with a plain white T-shirt and imbued it with a spectrum of gentle colors. These hues mimic the serene light of a clear day, fostering a welcoming and calm atmosphere."

As she made her point, a confrontational tone cut through from the judges' panel. "Wasn't your dyeing attempt less than successful? There's a glaring dark spot on the lower right side of the T-shirt from your wet gloves-it really stands out!"

Julie Webster narrowed her eyes just a touch at the remark, casting a cool glance at Andy Lambert, the one who had interrupted. In a steady voice, she said, "Andy, it might be better if you waited. Contestant No. 3 is still in the middle of their presentation. You'll have time for questions once they're done."

From her position, Linsey recognized that Julie was the judge who had earlier encouraged her to go first.

With a smile and a composed demeanor, Linsey responded, "True, there was a little accident with the dye. My gloves bled into the light dye in the bucket. But I believe this imperfection adds a unique twist to my design, rather than detracting

from it."

She paused briefly, then gestured towards the stained area on the T-shirt, continuing, "Imagine this scene-a family enjoying a picnic in a park under the bright sunlight. This dark patch here? It's like the moist earth following a spring rain."

As he listened, Andy's face twisted into a more derisive expression, but before he could resume his criticism, Linsey interjected. "My original plan was to keep the T-shirt in lighter tones throughout. Yet, introducing this darker element

inadvertently gave the design a richer contrast."

Linsey gave the rack a spin, revealing the T-shirt's back to the room. "When I saw the gloves had left marks on the front, I grabbed the shirt right away. The back didn't catch any of that dark pigment. Unlike the front, where bold colors clash and blend, the back is covered in gentle tones. Don't you think it feels like it's missing a bit of contrast?"

Chapter 665 Could You Expand On That

Linsey's laughter filled the air, her voice raspy yet warm with remembrance. This dark patch actually accentuates the lighter shades around it, making them appear even softer and brighter."

After a pause, she continued, "Emotionally, it symbolizes the lingering sadness of a mother's past experiences. Yet, surrounded by her children, her spirits are lifted, much like the predominant light hues in my design-both sunny and

warm."

Andy clenched his jaw. His voice was laced with irritation as he said, "Earlier, you said this patch wasn't merely a stain.

Now it signifies sadness? Doesn't that seem contradictory?"

Linsey responded instantly, her voice steady, "Who ever said that sadness must be negative?"

This took Andy by surprise.

Patently, Linsey elaborated, "The reason we hold the present so close is because we've known what it feels like to hurt.

When we have our loved ones beside us, even the hardest moments from the past can't take away the light that lies ahead.

Sadness doesn't disappear completely, but it teaches us to see the worth of those who stay in our lives.  
That feeling-those

ties between family-is what matters most to me."

Her words flowed through the microphone, resonating with the audience both online and backstage.

Collin found himself caught in the moment, unable to look away.

Something about what Contestant No. 3 had said stirred an unexpected weight in his chest, making each  
breath feel

heavier than the last.

He pressed a hand against his chest and released a deep, quiet breath, as if trying to steady something  
that had suddenly

shifted inside him.

Moments later, Linsey continued, "Having shared the inspiration behind my design, I'd now like to  
discuss some specific

elements of it."

Turning the T-shirt for all to see, Linsey invited, "Observe the transitions in color across the fabric."

She then grabbed a small flashlight and gently cast a soft glow over the T-shirt.

To the amazement of all present, the T-shirt began to display a dynamic, shifting spectrum of colors.

Linsey explained, "This demonstrates the fluid and ever-changing nature of natural light."

Driven by curiosity, the host asked, "How did you manage to create this effect?" This question reflected the wonderment of everyone watching.

Many speculated that Linsey might have incorporated some unusual elements into the dye mix without revealing her

secret.

Linsey let out a soft laugh and said, "That's the beauty of mixed dyeing. Right from the start, I had no plans to keep the colors tidy or controlled on the fabric. What you saw just now-those shifts in color-came from the dyes I dropped into the bucket. They sank into the threads and stayed tucked away until the light brought them forward. And in the process, a few unusual shades found each other in the dye bath and created something entirely unexpected."

Her explanation was met with nods of appreciation from the audience.

"Additionally, the modern and vibrant style of the T-shirt expresses how I perceive the meaning of family connections," said Linsey as she directed attention to the single-shoulder cut, the flowing bow detail, and the lace-trimmed denim

accents on the T-shirt.

Julie, intrigued, asked, "Could you expand on that?"

With a tender smile, Linsey looked lovingly at her creation.

"You've probably noticed that the three figures I stitched into the fabric represent a mother and her two children. Actually, when I first picked up this plain white T-shirt, I realized that it was slightly large. So, I made a few subtle adjustments to the fit, aiming to make it suitable for a mother who has recently given birth."

Chapter 666 What Exactly Is Wrong With My Work

Linsey spoke with calm elegance, her voice steady and composed, effortlessly drawing the attention of everyone in the room as they fell into sync with her rhythm.

"Some people assume that once a woman becomes a mother, she should leave behind anything youthful or carefree. But i disagree. To me, the bond between family members isn't only about what a mother gives up for her child; it's also about how the child views their mother. Deep down, children always want their moms to live with joy, chasing the life they truly want, not just the one they settle for."

As soon as she finished speaking, a quiet stillness spread across the room, leaving everyone in a sudden silence.

Then, from somewhere in the crowd, a single pair of hands began clapping. It didn't take long before the applause spread, rising into an overwhelming wave of cheers for her.

Just as the energy in the room started to build up, a sharp voice cut through the air, coming from the center booth where

Contestant No. 5 sat.

"Let me remind you, this is a fashion design competition, not a stage for your life philosophies. All you've done is toss out

sentimental fluff. Are you hoping to manipulate the judges with emotion instead of actual skill?"

Whispers spread among the audience, with many people glancing at each other in uncertainty.

At the judges' table, Andy reclined in his chair, letting out a scornful laugh. "Well said," he said. "If Contestant No. 3 is so

talented with speech, maybe they are in the wrong profession. A speech contest might be a better fit for them."

Linsey didn't even blink. "If that's how you feel, then tell me, what exactly is wrong with my work? Do you believe the others here outshined me in creativity or originality?"

Her tone held no trace of hesitation, only a quiet confidence that hinted at arrogance.

And the truth? Everyone in that room, no matter who they were rooting for, knew it. When it came down to vision and

execution, no one came close to what Linsey had delivered.

In both concept and execution, her work shone brightly, far exceeding the efforts of the others.

Had that not been the case, Julie would never have given her the spotlight right from the start.

Without giving anyone a chance to interject, Linsey continued in a neutral tone, "And just now, this designer claimed my words were empty. Sounds like someone who lacks basic empathy, not just for mothers, but for people in general."

Her voice turned dry as she added, "I guess that kind of attitude only comes from someone who's never known what it

means to have a mother."

"How dare you!" Contestant No. 5 shot up in fury, ready to argue, but Julie quickly cut in from the judges' panel.

"Contestant No. 3, I found your perspective both moving and refreshing. I truly admire the thought process behind your

design." Julie paused deliberately before continuing, "But if you don't mind, may I ask you something more personal? Of course, you're free not to answer."

Linsey hesitated for a moment before nodding. "Go ahead."

With a slight lift in her voice, Julie asked, "When you created today's design, did you view yourself as the mother, the central figure in the story, or did you see yourself as one of the children?"

Meanwhile, in the lounge, Collin watched the competition unfold on the live stream. Julie's question took him by surprise, stirring a reaction within him that he couldn't fully understand.

Could it be that Contestant No. 3's design was a reflection of their personal story?

As the thought settled in, Collin blinked, let out a sharp exhale, and gave a self-mocking laugh.

Why was it that, no matter what, he always ended up seeing Linsey in Contestant No. 3?

Chapter 667 That Can't Be Linsey

Collin had closely observed Contestant No. 3 throughout the entire process and was certain-this designer mainly used

their left hand.

But Linsey wasn't left-handed.

Handling detailed tasks like sketching, stitching, and cutting with the left hand wasn't something one picked up overnight.

That kind of ease came from years of hands-on experience.

When Julie, one of the judges, raised a question, Collin also admitted he had been wondering the same thing.



Was the designer portraying the mother, or the child?

After a brief pause, Linsey answered in a calm voice, "This piece shows a mother

and her two children. But really, the

central figures are anyone who sees themselves in it-anyone who feels something."

Collin's expression turned serious. A small weight settled in his chest.

The answer was vague. It offered no real clue.

But Linsey wasn't done yet.

"As for me, I suppose I see myself as the mother here." Linsey pressed her lips together, the motion giving away her

thoughts. "I used to long for the simple happiness I saw in children like these. But life had other plans."

She stopped suddenly and gave a soft, bitter laugh. "I guess that kind of life wasn't meant for me. I just hope my kids can

feel the love I never had."

In the lounge, Collin suddenly stood, startling Dustin beside him.

"C-Collin, what's wrong?" Dustin asked, startled.

Collin's breathing turned shaky. His eyes stayed glued to Linsey's hands on the screen. His pulse quickened. A cold chill spread through him.

In a rough whisper, he said, "Linsey... Linsey grew up in an orphanage. She always dreamed of having a loving home."

Dustin's face slowly shifted in shock. "Wait... Collin, are you saying this Contestant No. 3 is Linsey?"

Collin turned to him, eyes sharp and steady. He asked, slowly and clearly, "Who did the Davidson Group send as their

designer this year?"

Dustin hesitated, tension creeping into his face. "Collin, take it easy..."

After thinking for a second, he added, "I remember Dolores saying they brought in

a well-known designer from overseas

this year. Her name's Aurora Bright. But nobody knows what she looks like. I checked into her-she only started releasing

designs last year. If that's really Linsey, why wait two years to return to the fashion world?"

Collin clenched his fists at his sides. His breathing was uneven. His face was tight with emotion, but he said nothing.

Dustin watched him closely, then added, "Collin, are you drawing all this from just one thing she said? We don't even know

her age. Besides, she said she already has kids. That can't be Linsey."

As they spoke, the competition had already moved on to the next presentation.

Dustin glanced at the screen. "It's Arthur's turn now. Let's see what he's got."

40

Collin gave him a blank look. Then, without a word, he turned and walked out, leaving behind one final order. "You handle

Chapter 668 I Need To See

Her

"Wait! Collin!" Before Dustin could react, the resting room door shut. Collin was

already gone.

Dustin glanced at the screen, bit his lip, and muttered, "Arthur should be fine... But I need to check on Collin."

Over the years, Collin always lost his grip whenever Linsey was involved.

Dustin truly feared he might do something reckless-especially with so many eyes watching at today's competition.

Collin strode straight toward the designer's passageway.

With every step, his heart thumped harder and faster.

He was almost certain now-Aurora was Linsey.

No matter what happened, he had to see her for himself.

"Mr. Riley? What brings you here?" A staff member stood at the entrance. He had been working with Linsey and froze slightly when he saw Collin's serious face.

Collin didn't waste time. "Has Contestant No. 3 finished speaking?"

He remembered that when he walked out earlier, it was Arthur's turn to present.

"Yes," he replied, trying to stay calm, though his expression showed clear confusion. "Is there something you need?"

"I need to go in. I want to see her," Collin said firmly.

He stepped forward.

Startled, the staff member quickly raised his hand to stop him. "Mr. Riley, the competition is anonymous this year. Until the results are announced, no one is allowed to know which designer is which."

Biting his lip nervously, he added, "Your designer is in Booth 5. You can check there."

A flicker of impatience crossed Collin's face. "I'll explain everything to the person in charge. My presence won't affect the

results."

Before the staff member could argue, Collin moved past her and walked in without hesitation.

"Mr. Riley!" he called out in a panic, glancing around.

Others were nearby, so he swallowed his voice and hurried after Collin.

As Collin walked, the space ahead opened up. The lights grew brighter.

He felt the air shift-heavy, damp, and warm.

19:56

Then it hit him-Contestant No. 3 had been dyeing a T-shirt during the presentation.

He remembered the fabric, soaked and dripping wet. Yet by the end of the round, it had started drying

Now it made sense-the temperature in Booth 3 had been turned up.

Had the designer felt faint or dizzy in that heat?

Thinking of Linsey possibly enduring all that made Collin's chest tighten.

He was only a few steps away from Booth 3 when his pace slowed.

His gaze fixed on the bright light ahead. In a flash, the memory of their divorce four years ago came rushing back-the courthouse, the silence, the way she had walked away.

Every night since then, he had dreamed of Linsey.

And now, just moments away from seeing her again, Collin found himself frozen.

His heart raced, not with excitement, but fear. He feared she still carried the pain. He feared the anger she had every right

to feel. And most of all, he feared that after everything, she might never forgive him.

Chapter 669 You're Not Aurora Bright

Collin didn't know how to earn Linsey's forgiveness-if she still hated him.

The thought alone made his chest tighten.

Just then, the staff member called out again from behind, "Mr. Riley, why do you want to see Contestant No. 3? I can pass

along your message."

Collin was about to decline when a voice came from the booth ahead. "Who's there?"

Footsteps followed, drawing closer.

His heart skipped a beat. He looked up instinctively.

But before the figure fully stepped out, his hope began to fade. It wasn't Linsey.

Caylee emerged with a calm expression. She glanced at Collin, then turned politely to the staff member. "Is something

wrong?"

The staff member stiffened, nervously clasping her hands. "This is Mr. Riley. He's the founder of CR Corporation. He said he

wanted to meet you..."

Caylee's brows lifted with faint curiosity. "Oh? Why would he want to meet me? The results haven't even been announced."

"Y-yes, that's true," the staff member replied awkwardly, unsure how to explain further.

After a short pause, Collin fixed Caylee with a piercing stare. His voice dropped. "Are you Aurora Bright?"

He wasn't entirely sure-but something felt off.

Caylee's expression shifted slightly. She didn't answer. Instead, she turned to the staff member, her eyes narrowing in confusion. "I thought you said the designer booths were kept confidential. How does he know who I am?"

The staff member bowed slightly, clearly flustered. "I'm so sorry, Ms. Bright. But I promise, this won't affect the competition. Mr. Riley was just intrigued by your design."

Caylee's tone turned sharp with meaning. "CR Corporation has a designer too, doesn't it? Mr. Riley, isn't it a little unfair to barge into another company's booth like this?"

Collin said nothing. His eyes darkened as they drifted past Caylee toward the booth behind her.

"I want to take a look inside," he said quietly.

Caylee frowned and gave a dry, mocking smile. "I'm afraid I can't allow that. My work is in there. What if something gets damaged?"

Collin held her gaze for a moment, then said coldly, "You're not Aurora Bright."

His words landed like thunder. Both Caylee and the staff member froze.

Had he really figured it out?

Caylee's pulse spiked for a moment, but she quickly masked it. She told herself he was just bluffing. "Mr. Riley, that's an

odd joke. I'm the only one here. If I'm not Aurora Bright, who is? You?" she asked with a forced laugh.

Caylee had been by Linsey's side for three years.

She remembered the fragile woman who had just given birth and could barely stand.

But the real pain hadn't been physical. It was emotional-the kind that left scars too deep to heal.

More than once, Caylee had found Linsey crying quietly, hidden away from the world.

And soon, she had learned the truth. The man who caused Linsey all that pain was now standing right in front of her.

She couldn't keep the mask on for long. Her voice began to crack with resentment. It slipped into her tone like venom.

Collin noticed. He paused, then asked calmly, "Are you really alone in there?"

Caylee let out a short, bitter laugh. Her words dripped with sarcasm. "Or what?"

Chapter 670 Are You Planning To Ruin My Work

Maybe it was instinct-something more profound than logic-that told Collin the woman in front of him wasn't Aurora.



The feeling lingered, refusing to let go. He had to find out the truth for himself.

He stepped forward without another word.

Caylee's eyes widened in disbelief. The staff member beside her nervously clenched his hands, watching helplessly.

He couldn't understand why Collin was so determined.

Collin reached the booth and took in the full view for the first time.

The air inside was warm and stifling. The floor felt damp beneath his shoes. The workstation was a bit messy.

Right at the center, the finished T-shirt he had only seen on a screen was now displayed quietly on a rack.

He stood there, frozen.

The booth was empty.

As he realized that, a lump formed in his throat.

His chest tightened as he stepped closer to the T-shirt.

But just as he neared it, Caylee burst in, her voice sharp. "What are you doing?!" She blocked his path, her expression stern. "We know you're powerful. We can't stop you. But don't push your luck. This is a competition entry. Are you planning to ruin my work?"

Her words snapped him out of his daze. He quickly pulled his hand back.

And just like that, the suspicion that had consumed him crumbled into pieces.

The air around him shifted as his face turned cold and distant, stripped of any emotion.

"My bad," he said quietly.

Without waiting for a response, he turned and left.

His sudden exit caught Caylee off guard. She blinked in confusion, unsure of what just happened.

A few moments later, the staff member cautiously peeked out from the booth entrance.

Seeing Collin disappear down the hallway, he finally exhaled and turned to Caylee. "He's gone."

Caylee rubbed her temples, her head throbbing. "Thanks for covering for us."

The staff member shook his head gently. "It's fine. Ms. Bright finished the presentation, and the results will be announced

in two hours."

After a brief pause, he added with concern, "Is she alright? I was so scared earlier. When I came in, I saw her lying on the floor-she looked so pale..."

Caylee reassured her, "She's fine. She's at the hospital being looked after. She'll be back before the results come out."

At that moment, in a hospital room, Dolores was nearly in tears.

Seeing her flustered expression, Linsey let out a quiet chuckle.

Dolores wasn't amused. "You're still laughing? I was about to lose my mind!"

Frustrated, she sighed and scolded, "You've been feeling sick for days. Why didn't you say anything?"

Linsey gave her a soft smile. "It started with just my right wrist hurting. I thought I'd wait until after the competition to bring it up. I didn't expect the dizziness to get worse."

She reached out and gently took Dolores's hand with her left one. "Don't be mad, alright? The competition went well, and

I didn't embarrass you."

Dolores's brows knit tighter. "Forget the competition! Your health is what matters!"

She then added, "You turned up the heat in the booth just to dry that soaked T- shirt faster. Of course your body couldn't

handle it!"

Before Linsey could respond, her phone chimed.

She quickly patted Dolores' hand. "Check if that's a message from Caylee. It might be something important about the

competition."