

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After

#Chapter 71 - Read Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After Chapter 71

Chapter 71 Let's Meet Up

"Yes, Mrs. Riley," the servant answered before carrying the lavish breakfast tray out of the room.

Linsey quietly slipped back into her bedroom, needing a moment to gather her thoughts.

The memory of that lingering, tender kiss sent a fresh wave of heat rushing to her face, her heart thudding against her ribs all over again.

Right now, she had no idea what to make of her relationship with Collin.

They were married, yet they had barely known each other for long.

Had she been too forward by kissing him like that? Would he think she was being too bold?

Her nerves twisted, but she quickly forced herself to calm down. They were husband and wife, after all. Holding hands or sharing a kiss shouldn't feel like something to overanalyze. It was perfectly normal... right?

She thought back to their wedding night-she had even helped him unbutton his shirt. She hadn't bathed him, but she had caught a glimpse of his sculpted, muscular chest.

Without warning, that image resurfaced in her mind-his broad shoulders and the sharp definition of his waist.

For someone who couldn't walk, it must have taken incredible effort to maintain a figure like that.

Her face burned hotter. Biting her lip, she screamed inwardly for what felt like forever.

Unable to handle it, she yanked her blanket over her head and buried her face in it, willing herself to settle down. It took ages before she could breathe normally again.

Then, her phone suddenly rang, jolting her out of her daze.

Startled, she grabbed it and glanced at the screen. It was Dolores Davidson, her best friend, calling.

Dolores had been her closest friend, someone she had met at the orphanage. Even though their personalities had always been different-Dolores had a strong-willed nature and effortlessly took charge among the other kids-they had formed a bond that nothing could break.

Back then, Linsey had been an easy target for the older children, but the moment Dolores took her under her wing, no one dared to lay a finger on her.

As they grew older, Dolores had chosen a different path, striking out on her own to build a business from the ground up.

Dolores now ran a thriving company, her schedule packed year-round. Even though they rarely had time to catch up, their friendship had never wavered.

When Linsey saw Dolores' name flash on her screen, a wave of excitement rushed through her.

Without hesitation, she picked up "Dolores!"

There was a buzz of background noise on Dolores' end-it sounded like she was at the airport.

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Chapter 71 Let's Meet Up

"Linsey, are you free right now? I just landed. Let's meet up," Dolores said.

"Of course!" Linsey answered without missing a beat.

This was a rare chance. No matter how busy she was, she wasn't going to pass it up.

It had been way too long since they had last seen each other.

They quickly settled on a café and agreed to meet in thirty minutes.

Linsey wasted no time getting ready and soon arrived at the café. After ordering their usual coffees, she settled in to wait.

"Linsey!"

Hearing her name, she looked up to see Dolores striding toward her in sleek high heels, radiating confidence with every

step.

She wore a chic, understated trench coat, her makeup effortlessly flawless, and her waves falling in perfect, voluminous curls that matched her bold personality.

Linsey smiled and gestured for her to sit. "Dolores, come on! I already got your usual-black, no milk, right?"

Dolores chuckled, her lips curving into a knowing smile. "I knew you'd still be as thoughtful as ever."

She took a slow sip of her coffee, but her expression shifted almost instantly. Her eyes locked onto Linsey with a piercing intensity. "I heard you got married. What's going on?"

Linsey froze, completely caught off guard. "How did you find out?"

So much had happened recently, and with Dolores always busy, Linsey hadn't wanted to disturb her. She hadn't even found

the time to tell her yet.

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Chapter 72 I Ended Up With Someone Else Entirely

The moment Dolores heard Linsey's words, she erupted.

"Linsey! What the hell is going on with you? I thought those rumors were total bullshit. You really got married and didn't even bother to tell me? What kind of friend does that? How could I be the last one to find out you're married!" Her voice

cracked with a mix of anger and betrayal.

As she glared, her eyes blazing, Linsey rushed to explain, her voice tinged with panic. "The wedding... it was all so rushed. I stupidly took Felix's advice to keep it low-key. His parents were adamant about not having friends or family there,

promising we'd have a real celebration later, once Felix's career was more stable..."

Dolores' anger deepened, her face contorted with frustration, yet her eyes betrayed a flicker of sympathy for Linsey.

"You naive girl! It's your wedding we're talking about here-how could you not include your friends and family? What absurdity is this? To let your special day be nothing more than a formality?"

Sighing, Dolores continued, "I can't wrap my head around why you wasted your time on that useless scumbag, Felix. You let your emotions cloud your judgment. And honestly, Linsey, there were times I was really fed up with you. Between the

stress at work and then this..."

Linsey offered a sheepish grin, reaching out tentatively. "Dolores, I messed up. Please, can you forgive me?" Her voice was soft, filled with regret and a plea for understanding.

As expected, Dolores's anger toward Linsey didn't last. After all, Linsey was ensnared in this mess more than anyone.

With a weary sigh, Dolores's tone softened, though her words retained a sharp edge. "That insufferable Felix and his despicable family-they've shown you nothing but contempt. He only dares to behave so recklessly because he's aware of

your affection for him."

She paused, her features knitting together in concern as she regarded Linsey. "What can I even say? Marrying a man like that-how could you dream of happiness? And to think, you didn't even confide in me before the wedding."

Linsey's lips quivered slightly as she hesitated. It dawned on her that Dolores was still in the dark about her secret union with Collin. In a gentle murmur, she said, "Felix didn't get the chance to make me feel sad."

Dolores's gaze hardened, a mix of anger and disappointment shadowing her expression. "Fine, let's assume Felix didn't get the chance to make you sad. But Joanna has always been a thorn in your side. You'd be wise to keep an eye on her."

Despite her frustration, Dolores's concern for Linsey was palpable. Witnessing this, Linsey couldn't suppress a soft chuckle,

a surge of warmth flooding her.

Indeed, she had been a complete fucking idiot-falling for a worthless piece of shit like Felix.

Had it been anyone else, they might have abandoned her by now. But not Dolores. Despite her claims of annoyance, her

deep-seated care for Linsey shone through unmistakably.

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Chapter 72 I Ended Up With Someone Else Entirely

Linsey clenched her jaw, more resolute than ever-she wasn't about to let love turn her into an idiot again.

Men could spice up life, but she would never let one consume her world again.

"Linsey, you need to stop giggling." Dolores admonished her, eyeing Linsey's lighthearted demeanor with disapproval. With a quick flick of her wrist, she tapped Linsey's forehead, a gentle reprimand meant to instill some seriousness. "Here you are, laughing away without a care in the world at such a critical time. Honestly, you're beyond help-completely oblivious to

any peril."

Linsey's reaction was swift; she caught Dolores's hand mid-air, her eyes earnest. "Dolores, please, don't worry about me. I've cut ties with that jerk for good," she assured, squeezing Dolores's hand gently.

Dolores's brows knit together in confusion. "What are you talking about? Didn't you marry Felix?"

A mischievous smile played on Linsey's lips. "Who told you Felix was the one I married? I ended up with someone else

entirely."

Shock flashed across Dolores's face, rendering her momentarily speechless.

Linsey, noticing her friend's astonishment, continued in a serene, composed voice, "I was indeed supposed to marry Felix. But right before our ceremony, he received a call from Joanna. He didn't hesitate; he just left me standing there, all alone. That was the moment I snapped out of it and saw the truth-Felix was never someone I could trust with my future."

Her eyes sparkled with a hint of unexpected joy as she shared the twist in her story. "Coincidentally, there was another wedding nearby. The bride there got cold feet and bolted, leaving her groom stranded at the altar. So, in a spur of the

moment decision, I married him instead."

Recommended for you

Chapter 73 Linsey, Have

You Lost Your Mind

Dolores's eyes bulged with disbelief. She swiftly reached over and gave Linsey a sharp smack on the arm.

"Linsey, have you lost your mind? Who in their right mind marries a complete stranger?"

Linsey, unfazed, flashed her a mischievous smile. "Well, he's quite the looker."

Dolores's frown softened slightly. "Oh, that does make it a bit better, I guess."

Her irritation quickly dissolved, replaced by a simmering indignation as she shifted the topic to Felix. "That Felix guy is an absolute scumbag. What the hell took you so long to dump that loser? And Linsey, you better not go getting all sentimental

over him again."

With a newfound firmness in her eyes, Linsey shook her head decisively. "Absolutely not. I'm married now. There's no way I'm betraying my husband."

Dolores cast a curious glance at Linsey, took a demure sip of her coffee, and ventured, "So, who is this dashing husband of

yours?"

"Collin Riley."

The name hit Dolores like a bolt from the blue, causing her to spit out her coffee in a spectacular spray across the table.

Linsey jumped up, a mix of concern and amusement on her face, as she hurried to dab at the mess with napkins. "Did you just choke? Take it easy and drink slower."

Dolores had been stunned by Linsey's revelations so often today that she had lost count. Each new shock felt like a blow to her chest, and now she braced herself as another wave of disbelief hit her hard.

"Linsey, you can't mean that Collin Riley-the one ousted from the Riley family, the one confined to a wheelchair?" Dolores

eyes widened in shock, her voice tinged with a mix of disbelief and concern.

Linsey met her gaze steadily, her nod resolute. "Indeed, that's him. He's never been romantically involved with anyone before, and despite what you might think, he's definitely healthy."

"You're out of your mind!" Dolores's voice rose, her face reddening with anger. "You finally free yourself from Felix, and now you've tied yourself to a man who can't even walk? And you dare claim Collin is healthy? Are you blind to the fact

he's in a wheelchair?"

Linsey flinched, taken aback for a moment, but her voice was calm when she replied, "I am well aware of his condition."

Dolores was seething. She took a deep, steadying breath, her tone becoming grave. "Listen, once you come to your senses and divorce him, I'm taking you straight to a psychiatrist. You need professional help."

Linsey stood there, dumbstruck by Dolores's harsh words.

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Chapter 73 Linsey, Have You Lost Your Mind

"Linsey, you have to end this marriage with Collin," Dolores demanded, her voice sharp with finality.

Linsey's jaw dropped, a mixture of shock and disbelief spreading across her face as Dolores vehemently expressed her

disapproval of Linsey's marriage to Collin. Just moments earlier, Dolores had mistakenly believed Linsey was wed to Felix,

and her anger had seemed overwhelming then. But now, as she was confronted with the reality of Linsey and Collin's union, her fury intensified even further.

Yet Linsey understood that beneath Dolores' fierce exterior lay a deep concern for her wellbeing.

"Dolores, listen," Linsey implored, her voice earnest and soothing. "Collin has been nothing but kind to me. For now, at least, I see no reason to even consider ending things with him."

Dolores, massaging her temples with a pained expression, shot back, her tone laced with frustration. "Collin is just the overlooked of the Riley family, Linsey. He can't even shield himself from his own family. How can you expect him to look after you properly?"

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She then sighed heavily, her frown deepening, "I was hoping you'd come to your senses by now, but it seems you're still as naïve as ever."

Linsey offered her a weak, resigned smile. "And you're as blunt as ever, Dolores," she said, feeling utterly at a loss about how to make Dolores understand how amazing Collin was.

After a moment of contemplative silence, a spark of inspiration struck her. Hastily, she reached inside her clothing and delicately extracted a gleaming gemstone necklace, handling it with utmost care.

"Dolores, please, just look at this," Linsey insisted, her eyes brightening as she displayed the necklace proudly. "Collin gave me this as a sign of his commitment."

Dolores's initial astonishment quickly gave way to skepticism, her eyes narrowing shrewdly as she studied the luxurious piece. "This necklace? It looks outrageously lavish. He just handed it to you, just like that? Well, I'll be..."

Her suspicion mounted as she leaned in closer. "Hold on a second. This looks familiar. Wasn't there something about a necklace like this in the news recently? Isn't this the legendary piece worth a whole damn billion?"

Chapter 74 Perhaps I Misjudged Collin

As Dolores' declaration echoed in her ears, Linsey's heart skipped a beat, her hand quivering with the shock, the gemstone dangling precariously between her fingers.

"What did you just say? A billion?" Linsey echoed, her voice dipping to a whisper, laden with disbelief and a trace of unease. She almost laughed in disbelief. A gemstone necklace worth a billion dollars? That was straight-up ridiculous!

Doubt clouded her thoughts, but the earnest look in Dolores' eyes suggested she wasn't kidding.

Dolores, for her part, appeared just as baffled, quickly scrolling through her phone to pull up a recent article. "Check it out -it's from last night's charity auction in town," she insisted, handing the phone to Linsey.

Linsey snatched up the phone and peered at the article. It was only then she realized that at the charity auction last night, the enigmatic founder of CR Corporation had bid a breathtaking one billion dollars for a gemstone necklace.

The necklace in the photo glistened with an intense brilliance, its appearance strikingly similar to the one she wore around

her neck.

"Something doesn't add up here. How in the world did this end up with you?" Dolores leaned in, her brow furrowed in

thought.

Linsey's brow furrowed, a mix of confusion and suspicion swirling within her. "It's strange, isn't it? People say the founder of CR Corporation is a mysterious figure. And yet, this necklace was auctioned last night by him, only to end up with Collin who then gave it to me..."

Her voice trailed off as she exchanged a glance with Dolores, her thoughts tangling into a single, startling possibility.

Could Collin actually be the elusive founder of CR Corporation?

Just as the question hung in the air, Dolores's eyes stretched wide in shock. "Oh my! Are you suggesting Collin handed you a counterfeit?" Her voice tinged with incredulity.

Linsey momentarily stiffened, the implication taking her by surprise. After a brief pause, she shook her head vigorously.

"No, that can't be right. Collin wouldn't do such a thing," she asserted firmly, her faith in him unshaken.

Dolores, still skeptical, tilted her head thoughtfully. "But Linsey, think about it. Are you really saying that Collin might be the man behind CR Corporation? That sounded like pure madness! Not too long ago, I attended a business gathering and got a rare sighting of the CR Corporation's founder. Though it was just his silhouette, the commanding presence he projected was unmistakable. There was nothing wrong with his legs, which meant there was no way he was Collin, the crippled man confined to a wheelchair."

She paused to scrutinize the sparkling gemstone at Linsey's neck once more. "Yet, looking at the vibrant hue and the exquisite cut of this gem, it doesn't look like a fake at all."

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Chapter 74 Perhaps I Misjudged Collin

Now that she thought about it, Linsey felt silly. Why did she keep connecting Collin to the CR Corporation's mysterious founder?

Linsey traced her fingers over the necklace and remarked, "I know I'm not an expert, but from what little I understand

about gemstones, this necklace seems genuine."

Their gazes locked briefly before they leaned closer, scrutinizing the necklace that dangled elegantly from Linsey's neck

alongside the photo from the auction.

"Linsey, look closer. See how the facets on the gemstone are subtly different?" Dolores pointed out, her voice a mixture of

intrigue and scrutiny.

Linsey examined it and a wave of relief washed over her. "You're right. They just bear a resemblance. It's definitely not the

same necklace."

After all, considering Collin's staggering debt of a hundred million dollars, the idea of him splurging a billion on a necklace

for her was far-fetched.

Moreover, he would have discarded it this very morning had she not intervened.

Dolores frowned slightly, her lips tightening in a thoughtful pout. "Alright, perhaps I misjudged Collin," she conceded, her

tone laced with frustration and concern.

She fixed Linsey with a stern look. "But honestly, Linsey, your trust sometimes blinds you. I just don't want to see you get

hurt because of it."

Linsey offered a wry, helpless smile.

She understood Dolores' fears; her friend's fierce protectiveness was as familiar as it was comforting. They had been each

other's rock since childhood, making Dolores' concern understandable.

Dolores was getting it all wrong about Collin, and she needed to fix that. To reassure her, Linsey came up with an idea on the spot.

"Dolores, what if we all have dinner together? Once you meet Collin, you'll see how deeply he cares," she suggested hopefully, her eyes brightening. "He's not the bad person you think he is."

Chapter 75 I Want You

There With Me

Dolores caught the spark of delight twinkling in Linsey's eyes and couldn't resist joining in her laughter.

"Alright, I'm in. Let's do this!" Dolores agreed.

Rolling her eyes dramatically, she yielded, sending Linsey a look that was both mischievous and lightly scolding. She lazily

swirled her coffee, a faint smirk tugging at her lips as she shook her head in playful defeat.

"It's only been a few days since you married Collin, yet you trust him like he's been by your side forever. Fine, I'll believe

you for now, but I'll be watching to see if he really treats you right."

Linsey's smile broadened, her eyes shimmering with warmth. "Got it, I'll talk to him about it as soon as I get back."

The two women continued their leisurely chat, enjoying the comfort of their long-standing friendship. Linsey leaned

forward with sudden interest, narrowing her eyes. "By the way, what made you come back so unexpectedly this time?"

Dolores's gaze darted away for a fleeting moment before she masked her emotions with a casual shrug. "Nothing. Work's been draining me, and I thought it was time for a break," she explained with a forced nonchalance.

Linsey nodded sympathetically. Dolores had been grinding away at work for what felt like forever, never really stopping to

take a well-earned rest.

"You've really been pushing yourself too hard," she remarked, her voice laced with concern. "It's time you took a break. How about next weekend we go out and just unwind?"

"Sounds perfect," Dolores replied, her smile genuine this time.

Fresh off the plane, she could already feel exhaustion creeping in-she needed to recharge.

Linsey, being considerate, let her go without dragging things out. With Dolores back in Grester, there would be countless opportunities for them to catch up in the future.

After they parted ways, Linsey made her way back to the grandeur of Vista Villa, her mind circling back to a promise she

had made.

Upon arriving, she immediately sought out the butler, her voice carrying a mix of anticipation and urgency. "Has Collin

stepped out today?"

With a reassuring smile, the butler responded, "Mr. Riley is currently in his room."

Taking a moment to gather her resolve, Linsey headed towards Collin's room. Her hand hesitated briefly before knocking

gently on the door.

"Collin, it's me," she called out softly.

Inside, Collin had just finished a shower and was adjusting to the room's cooler air. He caught the sound of her voice as he

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Chapter 751 Want You There With Me

settled into his wheelchair. "Come in," he replied, his voice steady and inviting.

Upon hearing his reply, Linsey gently pushed the door open and found Collin seated in his wheelchair, busily toweling off

his damp hair.

As she approached, a wave of fresh, moist air enveloped her, unmistakably emanating from him.

Her lips tightened nervously, and she stole a brief look at Collin, her gaze inadvertently settling on his muscular chest, partially revealed under his loosely fastened bathrobe.

A rush of warmth colored her cheeks, prompting her to avert her eyes hastily. In a soft, hesitant voice, she ventured, "Collin,

there's something I need to talk to you about."

Collin, meanwhile, continued with his routine, patting the towel against his hair. "I'm listening."

Pausing briefly, Linsey broached the subject of dinner.

"I was hoping you could join me for dinner with Dolores. She's a dear friend and has heard about our marriage. She's eager

to meet you..." As she spoke, Linsey sensed an odd tension in the air and added awkwardly, "Um, if you're too busy, though,

that's completely okay..."

Before she could finish her thought, Collin cut in, his response swift and decisive. "I can join," he said, leaving no room for

doubt.

Linsey, caught mid-sentence, paused and blinked, taken aback by his immediate acceptance.

A wave of relief washed over her, and she let out a soft sigh.

Collin's eyes flickered toward her before he rolled to the desk, snatched up an invitation, and placed it in her hands.

"There's also something I need to discuss," he began, his voice even but firm.

"Tomorrow, my father is celebrating my half

-brother's birthday. I want you there with me."

Linsey's heart skipped a beat, her composure faltering. "Tomorrow? But... I haven't had a moment to plan anything!"

The prospect of meeting Collin's family for the first time since their wedding sent a jolt of anxiety through her.

Collin observed her distress, his expression softening. "Don't worry, everything's arranged. I've even picked out a dress for

you," he assured her, his tone comforting yet commanding.

However, his gaze then sharpened, focusing intently on her. "But where is the

necklace I gave you? Why aren't you wearing

it?"

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Chapter 76 I've Grown

Accustomed To Insomnia

Linsey froze for a heartbeat, her fingers instinctively grazing her neck, her eyes widening slightly in surprise. It was uncanny how Collin had noticed such a detail.

"This necklace is worth so much. I couldn't shake the nervous feeling whenever I had it on outside, so I took it off the second I got home," she murmured, her voice a low, uneasy whisper.

It was more than just the fear of loss that troubled her. The gemstone at the heart of the necklace was a masterpiece of cut and clarity, its luster barely contained even beneath layers of clothing.

To avoid unnecessary trouble, she opted to keep it out of sight.

Collin's gaze lingered a moment longer before he pulled it back, a subtle relief washing over him. He had harbored concerns that she disliked the gift. Knowing this wasn't the case, he relaxed.

"It's not a big deal, and it complements you beautifully. There's really no need to be so cautious," he noted with a

dismissive wave of his hand.

Linsey's heart skipped. This assurance from Collin made it even clearer that the necklace was not the billion-dollar gemstone piece auctioned last night. After all, how could he speak so nonchalantly about something so immensely valuable, especially when he was still staggering under a mountain of \$100 million in debt? Yet, she couldn't deny the necklace's worth and her desire to cherish it properly.

"It's fine. I'll reserve it for truly special occasions. Something this luxurious doesn't really fit into my daily work life," she

remarked thoughtfully.

Seeing her resolve, Collin decided not to push the matter further and simply nodded, acknowledging her decision.

After a brief moment, Collin caught a glimpse of Linsey lingering out of the corner of his eye. He paused, his curiosity piqued, and inquired with a slightly raised brow, "Is there something else you needed?"

As he shuffled through the stack of documents cluttering his desk, he kept a subtle watch on Linsey's every move, although

he pretended to be absorbed in his work.

Linsey noticed that he had carelessly tossed the towel he used for drying his hair to the side, his locks still damp and tousled. Concern etched into her features as she said, "Aren't you going to dry your hair? You might catch a cold or wake

up with a headache if you sleep like that."

Collin shrugged nonchalantly, brushing off her concern. "It's too much hassle," he muttered, his voice laced with

indifference. "I'll be fine..."

However, before he could fully dismiss the matter, he looked up and met her eyes, catching the gentle reproach in her gaze.

A flicker of realization crossed his face-he had promised her earlier that day to take better care of himself.

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Chapter 76 I've Grown Accustomed To Insomnia

With a soft, resigned sigh and a click of his tongue, Collin set aside the documents. He reached begrudgingly for the towel

once more.

"Let me help you," Linsey offered softly, her voice suddenly bold and firm.

Empowered by a surge of courage, she stepped forward without hesitation, took the towel from his hands, and positioned herself behind him. Her fingers were gentle yet firm as she began to pat his damp hair dry.

Collin tensed momentarily, then relaxed under the soothing strokes of Linsey's hands, a quiet sense of comfort settling between them as she tended to him with quiet care.

A subtle, unexplainable warmth bubbled up in his chest.

"Thank you," he whispered, his voice barely audible.

Linsey encountered a fleeting moment of discomfort but swiftly recaptured her poise.

With tender care, she dabbed the dampness from Collin's cropped hair, her touches soft and deliberate.

In the serene room, they both instinctively lowered their breaths, allowing only the soft whispers of the towel grazing his hair and the occasional shuffle of pages being turned by Collin to pierce the silence.

His short hair was a welcome simplicity compared to her own, making the task at hand quicker for her.

Soon, his hair was nearly dry.

"Got a hairdryer? It'll be quicker and better with warm air," she suggested.

"In the bathroom," he responded without looking up from his work.

Linsey fetched the hairdryer and skillfully finished the job. Only when his hair was completely dry did she stow the hairdryer away.

Her gaze lingered on his focused face as he carried on with his late-night tasks. "You always stay up working. Do you even get any sleep?"

Finishing his signature on a document, Collin looked up, his expression unruffled. "I've grown accustomed to insomnia," he admitted calmly.

Linsey's eyes flickered with understanding-so that was the reason behind the dark shadows beneath his eyes.

Hesitantly, she offered with a smile, "If you don't mind, Collin, I can give you a head massage. It could help you relax and sleep well tonight."

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After

Chapter 77 Collin, Where

Are You

"Massage?" Collin quirked an eyebrow, his expression a mix of skepticism and curiosity as he turned towards Linsey. "Wait, you actually know how to do that?"

Linsey nodded, her eyes twinkling with a mixture of pride and challenge. "Oh, absolutely. You'd be surprised how good I am

at this."

Collin's gaze drifted to the towering stack of documents cluttering his desk, his hesitation palpable.

Linsey's voice softened, coaxing gently, "You and Dolores are relentless, always buried in work. But remember, the work will always be there. You both need to step back and breathe a little."

A light, disbelieving chuckle escaped Collin. "I have pretty bad insomnia. If this doesn't help me sleep, you can forget about trying next time."

"No problem at all," Linsey replied with a confident smile, her belief in her skills unwavering.

Thus reassured, Collin let Linsey guide his wheelchair to the edge of the bed.

She had initially moved to assist him further, but Collin, with a swift, graceful movement borne of years of necessity, shifted onto the bed himself. Linsey paused, struck anew by his adeptness.

She knew that living with a disability demanded resilience and adaptability, traits Collin had clearly honed over the years.

This realization deepened Linsey's respect and empathy towards him, as she saw the silent strength it took for him to navigate life so independently.

Collin lay sprawled across the bed, his eyelids fluttering shut with a weary sigh. "Go ahead," he murmured.

Linsey rolled the wheelchair to the foot of the bed before settling down beside him. She leaned over, her fingers brushing against his temples with a tender, deliberate touch. Her massage was gentle yet firm, perfectly calibrated to soothe without overwhelming.

As Linsey's skilled fingers worked their magic, Collin felt the day's stress melt away.

The room was filled with a delicate, sweet aroma-not the cloying scent of expensive perfume, but something pure and subtly floral, distinctly Linsey. It was comforting and pleasant, enhancing the serenity that enveloped him.

Slowly, the tension that had knotted his muscles for too long began to unravel under Linsey's persistent care. Collin's consciousness faded, lulled by the rhythmic pressure and the tranquil ambiance.

Before long, he succumbed to a deep, peaceful sleep, his breathing evening out into a calm, steady rhythm.

Noticing the shift in his breathing, Linsey gradually slowed her movements before finally pulling her hands away.

Without a word, she watched him sleep, his serene expression bringing a warm smile to her face.

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Chapter 77 Collin, Where Are You

While he was asleep, Collin's features relaxed, the usual stern facade replaced by a gentle, vulnerable calm.

With a careful, almost reverent motion, Linsey reached for a blanket resting nearby. She draped it over him gently, ensuring he remained warm.

With a final glance, she switched off the bedside lamp, and walked away in silence.

The next morning, the bedroom was bathed in a soft glow as warm sunlight streamed through the window, gently illuminating the bed where

Collin lay deeply asleep, blissfully unaware of the morning hustle.

Suddenly, the serene silence was shattered by the shrill ring of the phone on the bedside table.

Collin was woken up, his eyes snapping open. He scowled, his irritation palpable as he snatched up the phone.

"Who is it?" he grumbled, his voice thick with sleep and annoyance.

There was a brief pause on the other end before Dustin responded, his voice tinged with surprise, "Collin, where are you? Weren't we supposed to meet this morning to discuss the details of the acquisition? Why aren't you here yet?"

Collin's mind raced as he momentarily froze, the weight of the forgotten appointment dawning on him.

He glanced at the clock and cursed under his breath for oversleeping.

"I'm home. Just come and get me. I'll be ready in a few," he said, his tone brisk.

"Alright, I'm on my way," Dustin replied, a note of resignation in his voice.

After ending the call, Collin threw back the covers and leaped out of bed. He rushed through his morning routine, and by the time he was dressed, his usual composed and aloof demeanor was firmly back in place.

Shortly afterward, Collin exited the villa and slid into Dustin's car.

As the door thudded shut, Collin sensed Dustin's inquisitive eyes on him.

He slightly knitted his eyebrows, fiddling with his cufflinks. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Dustin chuckled, his eyes crinkling with amusement, "Well, look at that-a rare moment in history. You're actually late?"

He nudged Collin playfully, his tone light and teasing. "Don't tell me some enchanting romantic escapade held you up?"

Chapter 78 You're Playing With Fire, Man

Collin's response was sharp, his brow furrowing deeply as he huffed, "Cut the nonsense, Dustin."

He knew Dustin was implying that he had been intimate with Linsey.

But truth be told, they hadn't had sex yet, and he was determined not to let anyone, not even Dustin, joke about it.

Dustin's face fell, his playful smirk fading into a look of mild disappointment. He hadn't anticipated Collin's complete lack of sexual enthusiasm.

In Dustin's eyes, Linsey was the epitome of allure, with a figure that could easily ensnare anyone's desires.

Yet here was Collin, her own husband, seemingly immune to her charms.

To Dustin, this was hardly a shock-typical Collin, always the stoic.

Had Collin actually succumbed to Linsey's beauty, Dustin would have been taken aback.

Switching topics with a flicker of curiosity lighting up his face, Dustin leaned in closer. "By the way, that necklace you gave

Linsey last night-how did she react? She must have been thrilled, right? Such a stunning piece it was."

Collin shook his head with a hint of disbelief, his voice tinged with exasperation. "No. At first, she thought it was outrageously expensive and flat-out refused to accept it. I even had to threaten to toss it before she reluctantly agreed to

keep it."

Dustin's eyes widened in shock. "Seriously? A woman who thinks jewelry is too expensive?"

He squinted thoughtfully, rubbing his chin. "Maybe Linsey is just playing hard-to- get, you think?"

"No, that's not it," Collin replied, pressing his lips into a thin line. "She's genuinely concerned about me squandering money and not being able to clear my debt."

This revelation left Dustin utterly dumbfounded. "Debt? What kind of debt are you talking about?"

As Collin laid out the outrageous 100-million-dollar debt he had made up, Dustin burst into hearty laughter, clutching his

stomach. "I can't believe it, Collin... Who would have thought you'd be the one to mess things up like that?"

Regaining his composure, Dustin leaned in, a playful smirk playing on his lips. "You know, if Linsey ever uncovers your lie,

you're going to be in deep trouble. From what I've seen, the more innocent they are, the harder they fall when they

discover a betrayal. And Linsey? With her personality..."

Collin's expression darkened at Dustin's words. A frown creased his brow as he mulled over the implications. "She won't

find out," he declared with a hint of defiance.

After a brief pause, he added more quietly, "And even if she does, she won't really care."

"You're playing with fire, man," Dustin warned, shaking his head disapprovingly. "You're still a beginner in matters like

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Chapter 78 You're Playing With Fire, Man

these. Take my advice-come clean to her at your first opportunity, or you might end up regretting it."

Collin's frown deepened, his gaze dropping to the floor as he contemplated Dustin's advice. After a moment of heavy silence, he murmured, "I see your point. I'll think about it."

Meanwhile, at the office, Linsey sneezed out of nowhere, catching herself off guard.

She scrunched her face in displeasure, hastily reaching for a tissue to dab at her nose. A niggling suspicion that someone might be slandering her wormed its way into her thoughts.

Little did she know, her instincts weren't far off-Collin and Dustin were indeed talking about her.

Almost reflexively, her eyes flicked towards Cynthia.

Linsey caught her seemingly disengaged from her work, huddled with a few colleagues. They were chatting with enthusiasm, sneaking glances at her every so often.

Linsey's brows knitted together in irritation.

It seemed some people never learned their lesson, continuing to fuel the gossip about her.

Deciding to rise above the petty office politics, Linsey submerged herself back into her workload.

However, her attempt at focus was abruptly interrupted when Coen approached her desk, his face etched with gravity. "Linsey, come to my office," he stated firmly.

As she rose from her chair, Linsey's eyes inadvertently met Cynthia's across the room. The sight of Cynthia's self-satisfied smirk sent a shiver of anxiety through her.

What on earth could be going on?

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Chapter 79 Linsey, You'd

Better Brace Yourself

Linsey churned through a whirlwind of thoughts, but still followed Coen into the seclusion of his office with a tentative

step.

As he closed the door with a soft click, he reached for a file sprawled across the desk and extended it toward her.

"This is a major client's order, and it's now in your hands. I trust you'll uphold the standards of our department," Coen stated, his voice carrying a mix of command and expectation.

The assignment took Linsey by surprise, her eyes widening slightly. Her heart thudded with a sudden rush of excitement mixed with a pinch of anxiety.

"Really? Even though I'm still within my probation period?" she queried, her voice tinged with disbelief as she accepted the

file, fingers brushing lightly against the paper.

Coen met her gaze, his expression unreadable. "Exactly, Linsey. Consider this a pivotal test of your probation. Perform

poorly, and we may have to reconsider your position here. So, I urge you to pour your utmost dedication into this."

Linsey's excitement was laced with a palpable nervous tension. She was stepping into uncharted territory, her first

substantial responsibility since she had joined the company.

"Coen, I'm a little nervous. Without much practical experience, I'm not sure I'll be able to do my best," she remarked, her

eyes earnest and seeking reassurance. "In case I run into any problems, would it be alright to turn to you for help?"

As he observed her genuine concern, Coen's eyebrow arched slightly, a hint of approval flickering across his features.

Feeling good, Coen decided to offer a few more helpful suggestions. "Of course. While this is your responsibility, don't hesitate to lean on your colleagues or engage directly with the client. It's crucial to maintain open lines of communication."

"Alright, thank you, Coen." Linsey exited the office, clutching the file close to her chest.

Her words weren't meant to butter up Coen. Everything she said came from the heart.

Despite her long-standing familiarity with fashion design, this was her first venture into handling a client's design request.

on her own.

Her inexperience was palpable, and she knew she had to consult with seasoned colleagues before diving in.

Coen's aloof demeanor was one hurdle, but her own proactive approach to seeking guidance was another challenge altogether.

If she nailed this project, not only would it bolster her confidence, but Coen, her supervisor, would reap the rewards as

well.

She had to figure out the best ways and resources that worked for her.

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Chapter 79 Linsey, You'd Better Brace Yourself

Determined, she vowed to draw on every strength she possessed to excel in this assignment.

As Linsey navigated through the maze of desks, a mocking tone cut through the buzz of the office.

"Look who's finally got an order. Took you long enough," Cynthia scoffed disdainfully.

Maintaining her poise, Linsey strode by, choosing to let Cynthia's barb fade into the quiet rhythm of the office.

Unwilling to back off, Cynthia pressed on, saying, "Linsey, you'd better brace yourself. I've heard the client you're dealing with is tough to satisfy and even knows the company's founder personally. The poor souls who've tried working with her before were so exasperated, they couldn't stand it anymore."

She then clicked her tongue and taunted, "It's only a matter of time before you follow them out the door. What a pity, since we both started here on the same day."

Linsey halted abruptly, spinning around to face Cynthia, whose lips curled into a self-satisfied smirk.

It dawned on Linsey that this had been the hot topic of conversation among Cynthia and her clique earlier.

There was no doubt in her mind. Cynthia and these people were just sitting around, waiting for her to make a complete fool of herself.

Despite the sting of Cynthia's words, Linsey maintained her composure, her voice steady and resolute. "Don't waste your energy worrying about me. I'm certain I'll get this done."

Linsey turned on her heel and strode back to her desk. She dove into her research, her focus sharpened to a fine point, determined to excel.

Cynthia, seeing her attempt to unsettle Linsey fail, felt a surge of rage.

She clenched her jaw tightly, eyes narrowing as a cunning plan began to take shape in her mind.

It wasn't over yet; she was hell-bent on ruining Linsey and thrown out of CR Corporation.

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After

Chapter 80 You Still Haven't Saved My Number

Linsey was utterly absorbed in her work, oblivious to the fading day outside her office window. One by one, her colleagues had drifted away, their desks now empty echoes around her. She remained anchored in her chair, her focus unbroken.

As dusk settled into darkness, her phone vibrated sharply against the desk.

Linsey, still locked onto her computer screen, reached out instinctively and snagged the phone. She answered without a glance. "Hello, who is this?"

A pause hung on the other end, charged with an unspoken tension before a voice broke through. "You still haven't saved my number?"

The unexpected chill in the voice jolted Linsey from her trance.

She blinked, her heart skipping a beat as she recognized the caller.

"Oh, it's you, Collin," she said with a relieved laugh, her eyes darting to the caller ID. "Of course, I've saved it. I just didn't look at the screen when I picked up."

Collin's tone warmed slightly, a softening shadow in his words. "Where are you now?"

His question was a sharp reminder, a prick of guilt. She was meant to be with him at the Riley family's birthday celebration tonight.

Linsey mentally berated herself for overlooking such a significant event.

"I'm so sorry, Collin! I've been buried under work all day and completely forgot," she admitted, her movements hurried as she began to pack her things and shut down her computer.

Collin, hearing the slight commotion through the phone, couldn't help but picture Linsey's flustered expression, a knowing smile curving his lips. He assured her in a warm, even tone, "No worries. Just tell me where you are, and I'll have someone pick you up right away."

There was a brief pause before he added gently, "No rush. We have plenty of time."

His calm assurance seemed to wash over her, soothing her nerves. She responded, her voice now steadier, "Let's meet at the café we met last time. It's a hassle to find parking near the office."

"Sure."

Once the call ended, Linsey quickly grabbed her bag and rushed to the café just around the corner.

Soon enough, a sleek car pulled up. She slid into the passenger seat, only to be greeted by a familiar face behind the wheel. Puzzled, she queried, "Where's Collin?"

"He's tied up with some urgent matters, Mrs. Riley," the driver explained politely. "I'll take you for a quick styling, then

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Chapter 80 You Still Haven't Saved My Number

he'll catch up with us soon."

With a slight nod, Linsey showed her understanding.

Moments later, they arrived at a beauty studio that exuded a subtle elegance, instantly recognizable as a top-tier establishment in Grester, known for its exclusivity.

Linsey had heard that gaining access to this studio required not just wealth but significant social prestige.

As she stepped out of the car, a staff member approached her with a welcoming smile. "Mrs. Riley, right this way, please."

She was then ushered into the chic interior.

Puzzled, Linsey couldn't help but wonder how Collin had secured an appointment at such a sought-after location. He hardly seemed like the kind of person who could owe 100 million dollars.

If anything, it appeared as though others were in debt to him for 100 million dollars...

As the party loomed near, Linsey couldn't afford to waste a moment lost in thought. Swiftly assisted by the attentive staff, she slipped into an exquisite gown and embarked on her transformation.

Emerging in full splendor, Linsey captured the room with her sheer presence. The designers clustered around, their

expressions awash with awe.

"Oh my, she's absolutely breathtaking!"

"I never imagined anyone could bring such life to this gown."

"Ma'am, your elegance is simply unparalleled."

The purple strapless gown clung to Linsey, its luxurious fabric caressing her smooth skin, making her glow under the soft

lighting.

Her arms, graceful and poised, delicately lifted the hem of her dress as if she were a princess stepping right out of a fairy

tale.

The gown hugged her waist, emphasizing her slender silhouette, and the deep purple-a notoriously challenging shade to

wear-complemented her calm demeanor without overwhelming her natural

beauty.

Catching her reflection in a mirror, Linsey paused, a wave of disbelief washing over her.

She hardly recognized the stunning woman gazing back at her.

"I absolutely love the gown you picked for me. Thank you," she murmured, her eyes twinkling with a grateful smile.

The makeup artist, touched by her sincerity, gave her a heartfelt smile in return. "Mrs. Riley, you might not know this, but

it was Mr. Riley who personally selected this gown and the accompanying jewelry for you."

Surprised, Linsey's heart fluttered. "Collin?"

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