

Zillionaire 811

Chapter 811:

And after she bumped into Collin again last night, the old memories came flooding back.

They stung more than she had expected.

But after a long night of thinking, she came to a simple truth—she wouldn't give up a whole city just because of one man.

This was her home. Her best friend was here. Her childhood, her career—everything she had built mattered more than the past. Collin was just a chapter. He didn't get to write the whole story.

And the more she tried to avoid him, the harder it was to truly move on.

She realized that the night she saw him again after four long years.

Now, she believed the only way to heal was to face it all, head-on.

Caylee didn't speak right away. She glanced at Zander and Zenia, then said carefully, "Linsey... What if that person finds out..."

She didn't finish the sentence, but Linsey understood right away. She smiled gently, calm and unfazed. "Zander and Zenia are my children. No one has the right to take them away. No one."

The moment she said that, the kids looked away from the screen. They didn't fully understand, but they could feel something serious in her voice. Quietly, they moved closer and wrapped their arms around her.

"Mommy, we just want to stay with you!" Zenia pouted, her voice loud and sure.

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Zander frowned slightly. He was always the thoughtful one. "Mommy, is someone trying to take us? Are they bad people?"

Linsey burst into laughter and soothingly stroked the children's heads. "Don't worry, no one could ever take you two from me. We'll always be together, all right?" she reassured them in a calm tone.

"Yes! We'll always be with Mommy!" exclaimed Zenia, her eyes gleaming with joy and her smile radiating pure adorableness.

As lunchtime approached, Linsey and Caylee hurriedly prepared a straightforward meal. Satisfied and full, the children soon found it hard to keep their eyes open.

To ensure Caylee had a peaceful rest today, Linsey decided they would nap in her room, allowing Caylee the solitude of the guest room. After Linsey gently shut her bedroom door, she turned to Caylee with a sudden thought.

"It just occurred to me, I never asked if you'd like to stay here in Grester," Linsey said, her voice tinged with regret. "I realize Grester isn't your home, and your grandmother probably misses you." As she spoke, she affectionately grasped Caylee's hand. "If you wish to return, I can contact some friends there to help you secure a job. You know, I still keep an apartment there. You and your grandmother can use it until the lease is up, if you like."

Chapter 812:

Caylee's eyes welled up with tears as she listened. Shaking her head, she responded, "Linsey, you've done so much already. I can't possibly accept more."

Linsey, with the warmth of a sister, tenderly brushed a lock of hair from Caylee's face.

"You've been with me so long. You're like family," she continued. "You've taken such good care of Zenia and Zander. I see everything you do. So please, don't feel guilty. I've paid that apartment's rent already; it's empty and waiting."

"Linsey, I'm not going anywhere!" Caylee said, clutching Linsey's hand. "I want to stay with you and the kids longer."

Linsey's face lit up with a smile. "I'd love that. I just worry about your grandmother. She must miss you."

Caylee looked down, her expression clouded with sorrow.

She hadn't yet shared with Linsey that her grandmother was gravely ill and hospitalized.

She was also keeping a secret about how Gorman had covered the hospital expenses and had her pass on secret messages.

Caylee couldn't bear to think about how Linsey would see her if she ever discovered the things she had done for Gorman. The mere thought of it sent a nervous shiver through Caylee.

"Are you good?" Linsey asked, noticing her discomfort.

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Caylee quickly looked up. "I'm fine, really."

Linsey looked at her with a worried expression. "You look like hell. Could it be that you're just tired?"

Leading Caylee to the guest room, Linsey opened the door and softly suggested, "Get some rest. We can sort everything else out later. And if you feel unwell, tell me immediately. I'll take you to the doctor."

Tears welled up in Caylee's eyes as she nodded. "Okay."

Linsey didn't push further, assuming that recent fatigue was all that troubled Caylee.

Linsey waited by the door, watching as Caylee slipped into the room. The moment she closed the door, Linsey pulled her phone from her pocket and sent a message to Dolores, asking when her friend might be free for a quick meet-up.

After all, it was time Dolores heard the news—she had made up her mind. She was staying in Grester.

Meanwhile, in the quiet room where they were supposed to be fast asleep, two little silhouettes huddled under the covers, wide-eyed and whispering like tiny conspirators.

“Zander, think that bad guy might actually be... a good person,” Zenia murmured. She was thinking about that morning—about Collin—and something in her wanted to defend him.

Zander shot upright, eyes flashing. “But he took you! That’s what bad guys do!”

Zenia bit her lip, clearly torn. “But he was nice to me. He didn’t yell or get mad. He brought me straight to the police station so Mommy could come get me.”

Chapter 813:

Zander’s face scrunched up like a balloon about to pop. “I’m the one who called Mommy. I told her to come save you!”

Zenia blinked, a little thrown. “But, Zander... you didn’t call the police yourself.”

His face stiffened, eyes flicking away in awkward silence. “Anyway, you were probably tricked. That’s what bad guys do—they pretend to be nice.”

Zenia folded her arms, lips pushed into a pout. Then, as if struck by a wild idea, she leaned in, her voice dropping to a dramatic whisper. “You know what? I think... you kind of look like that bad guy.”

“What?! Nonsense!” Zander recoiled so fast he nearly fell off the bed. “I don’t look like him! He made Mommy cry so much—I’d never make her cry like that!”

Zenia’s face fell. “But... when we snuck out this morning, Mommy was really upset.”

That hit a nerve. Zander puffed up indignantly. “She was worried, not upset! That’s different!”

“Okay,” Zenia gave up trying to untangle it all. She said softly, “So what now? Mommy’s never gonna let us go out alone again.”

Zander fell silent, thinking hard. Then suddenly, his eyes lit up. “I’m gonna settle things with that bad guy myself.”

Zenia gasped. “Zander! What are you going to do? He’s really tall!”

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“I’m not scared of him!” Zander puffed up his chest and balled his tiny fists. “I’ll stand up to him like a real man. I’ll make sure he knows he can’t hurt Mommy again.”

Zenia’s lips parted in awe. She looked at her brother like he had grown a superhero cape. “You’re so brave, Zander...”

Dolores arrived not long after Linsey’s message had gone out.

The moment she stepped inside, she made a beeline for the water pitcher, pouring herself a glass and downing it like she had crossed a desert. “Ugh, I’m exhausted,” she gasped between gulps. “Why is it so hot out today?”

Linsey watched nervously, half-expecting her friend to choke. “Slow down, would you?”

Seeing how flushed and sweaty Dolores was, she quietly fetched a fresh towel and began patting her friend's cheeks with gentle care. "I told you we could meet whenever it worked for you. Why'd you rush over like this?" Linsey said.

Dolores gave a sheepish smile. "The board was driving me insane. Same useless discussions, going in circles for hours. I couldn't take another second. So I ran away—to here. Consider this my hiding place."

Linsey's brows pulled together in a frown. "They're pressuring you again? Why? I thought your company was doing better this year. Why are they still pestering you with that nonsense?"

Dolores looked away for a beat—just long enough. "No... it's not that."

Linsey knew Dolores too well. So the moment she saw that look flash across her face, she had a feeling it was about her.

Chapter 814:

She stopped and stared straight at her. "Spill it. Either you tell me now, or I'll head to your company and ask the board myself."

"Please don't!" Dolores blurted, then sighed. "Since you helped us win the design competition, the board's been on my neck. They want you as our chief designer. I told them you wouldn't stay in town for long, but they think I'm being stingy—that I'm not offering you enough."

Linsey let out a soft laugh.

Dolores glanced sideways at her, frowning. "How can you still laugh? I turned them down for you, just like you asked."

That was true. Linsey had told her before—she wasn't planning to stay in Grester.

But things had changed. Just last night, she had made up her mind. And that was exactly what she wanted to talk to Dolores about.

Still, she couldn't resist teasing her first. Linsey raised an eyebrow. "So what kind of offer were you planning to make me?"

Dolores didn't think much of it. She shrugged. "Only the best. Salary's a given. The title might be chief designer, but if you joined, you'd be my second-in-command. Everyone else would report to you."

If people weren't asleep in the next room, Linsey would have burst out laughing.

She cleared her throat. "Oh, come on. I'm not signing up to be your vice president. Chief designer just means I run the design team, right?"

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Dolores lifted her chin and gave a little huff. "You're my best friend. That's how I see it. The board thinks I'm being petty. But if they knew what I was really thinking, they'd just drown me in useless advice again."

Linsey smiled and gently wiped the sweat from Dolores' forehead. "Alright then. Since you're offering me such a sweet deal... I accept. So, when do I start?"

Dolores froze. She stared at Linsey, mouth slightly open, struggling to process the words. "You..."

Linsey raised an eyebrow, playing along. "What? Changed your mind already? Don't want me anymore?"

"Of course not!" Dolores shouted, making Linsey jump.

"Shhh! The kids are still sleeping," Linsey pressed a finger to her lips.

Dolores blinked, then snapped out of it. She set down her glass and grabbed Linsey, dragging her to the couch. “But you said a few days ago you’d be leaving. What changed?”

Linsey smiled and began to explain everything she had been thinking. With Dolores, she never held back. She could speak freely.

When she finished, Dolores was beaming. She nodded quickly. “Good! You finally see that your career comes first—way more important than any guy.”

Chapter 815:

Linsey was amused by her tone.

Still, Dolores wasn’t wrong. Linsey had spent so long worrying—afraid that bumping into Collin would stir up old feelings or mess with her head.

But she hadn’t done anything wrong back then. There was no reason to hide.

Yes, Collin was powerful. He founded CR Corporation, after all. But that didn’t mean he could stop her from chasing her dreams in Grester. And if he tried? Well, Linsey would just think even less of him. That would only prove he was small-minded.

Dolores lit up the moment she heard the news. “That’s wonderful! We don’t have to be apart anymore.”

Her joy was honest, unguarded. Then, with a small sigh, she admitted, “Truthfully, there were so many moments I wanted to ask you to stay. But I held back—I didn’t want my feelings to sway your choice. I wanted it to be yours, so I stayed silent. But now that you’ve chosen this on your own... I’m genuinely happy.”

Linsey offered a soft smile, eyes warm as she met Dolores’ gaze. “Thank you, Dolores. For always knowing how to be there for me.”

With a playful huff, Dolores reached out and tapped her finger lightly against Linsey's forehead. "When did you start sounding so formal with me, huh?"

Chuckling, Linsey picked up the towel again and gently resumed dabbing the sweat from Dolores' skin. "I was joking, but you took it seriously."

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Dolores tilted her chin obligingly, letting Linsey finish the job. "Anyway," she murmured, "let's drop the mushy stuff. You and I? We don't need it."

"Understood, boss," Linsey replied with an exaggerated grin, still wiping gently.

But then her hand paused. Her smile faded, and her gaze fixed on something just below Dolores' collarbone. "Dolores... about last night..."

She trailed off.

Dolores blinked, thrown by the sudden shift. Something wasn't right.

She followed Linsey's stare, but the angle didn't let her see anything. Noticing that, Linsey quietly set the towel aside, reached for a mirror on the table, and handed it to her. "Here. Take a look."

Dolores raised the mirror—and immediately spotted the faint red marks along her collarbone.

Her expression froze.

"Oh, crap..." she muttered, visibly annoyed.

When she looked up, Linsey regarded her teasingly.

Dolores, at a loss for words, tossed the mirror back onto the table, avoiding eye contact. "It's nothing. Don't make a big deal out of it."

Linsey stared at her, obviously not buying it. "Is that so?"

Chapter 816:

Dolores sat straighter, bristling. "Of course. Why would I lie to you?" She shot Linsey a sideways glance, puffed up with mock pride. "I'm a grown woman. Getting laid is perfectly normal, isn't it?"

Linsey nodded in agreement. "Of course. Totally normal."

Dolores' relief was short-lived. Linsey leaned in close and whispered with a wicked smile, "So... was it Dustin?"

Dolores nearly jumped out of her skin. She recoiled into the sofa cushions, wide-eyed. "How the hell did you figure that out?!"

Linsey gave an innocent blink. "You told me at the banquet that you were taking Dustin away. Then you vanished. Connect the dots." She paused, thoughtful now. "Even when I was away from Grester, you'd still tell me random things about him. Stories, little details. That kind of consistency? It means something."

She rubbed her chin as if piecing together a puzzle. "From what I know, Dustin isn't exactly Mr. Sentimental. But he's not careless either. If he's been keeping up with you all this time, I'd say you matter to him. More than a little."

Dolores looked down, teeth pressing into her lip. "Last night... I think he confessed his feelings."

Linsey's eyes lit up instantly. "So, what? You two just jumped into each other's arms?"

“No!” Dolores groaned, covering her face with one hand. “I was drunk. I didn’t even understand what he meant. The whole thing—it just kind of... happened.”

Linsey leaned closer again, curiosity written all over her. “So, do you have feelings for him?”

Dolores took a deep breath, straightened up, and spoke seriously. “Honestly, I’ve never really thought about things like that.”

She looked Linsey right in the eye, steady and sure. “The company’s just starting to grow. Right now, dating’s not a priority. I feel like if I get into a relationship, it’ll just take up too much of my time.” She paused, then added, “Besides, I’m still not sure how I feel about Dustin. I’ve always just seen him as a friend...”

Linsey gave a gentle nod. “That’s okay. Feelings aren’t something you rush. Take your time—I’m not going to push you.”

Dolores smiled faintly, and the topic naturally dropped. All of a sudden, she seemed to remember something important. “The reason I took Dustin away last night was because I was worried he’d remember seeing Zander at that restaurant. I mean, Zander looks so much like Collin. If that jerk ever finds out, do you think he’d try to take him away?”

Linsey’s face turned serious in a flash. “Zander is my son. If Collin tries to take him, he’ll have to go through me first. I won’t back down, not for a second.”

Dolores looked startled and quickly spoke up. “Let’s not panic. Grester’s a big place. With any luck, Collin may never run into him.”

Chapter 817:

They chatted for a while longer. Eventually, Dolores glanced at the time and jumped up. She had work to do at the company.

She grabbed her bag in a hurry. “If you’re free tomorrow, drop by the company. We’ll sign the contract, and you can start whenever you’re ready.”

Linsey grinned. “With all the buzz around Aurora, I’d better get started right away. Time to help the company make some real money.”

Dolores laughed and high-fived her. “That’s the spirit! See you tomorrow then.”

“Yeah, see you.”

After Dolores left, Linsey stretched a little and started toward her room, hoping to catch a short nap.

But just then, there was a knock at the door.

She paused, thinking Dolores had forgotten something.

She walked over and opened it, starting to say, “Did you forget—” But the words stopped as soon as she saw Gorman’s smiling face.

The smile that had just begun to form on Linsey’s lips vanished.

For a moment, she didn’t know what to say.

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After everything Gorman had done for her and the kids, she couldn’t just shut the door in his face.

But after what he said last night, she also didn't want to send the wrong message again.

While she was still searching for words, Gorman spoke softly. "What? Won't you invite me in?"

He held up a small bag of toys. "I promised Zenia and Zander I'd bring them these today."

Linsey blinked, surprised. She hadn't known he made such a promise. Still, he was here for the kids.

Whatever was going on between her and Gorman, she didn't want them caught in the middle. And the truth was, Zenia and Zander liked him a lot.

With that in mind, she stepped aside and opened the door wider.

"They're still napping, but they'll be up soon. Come in."

Gorman spoke softly. "It's no trouble. I'm here because I promised the kids I'd come, and I don't want to disappoint them."

As Linsey shut the door, Gorman added, "I remembered your words from yesterday. Once everything is delivered, I'll head out." Linsey's discomfort grew on hearing his words.

Gorman, though occasionally strange, was generally a kind man and had always treated Linsey well.

Chapter 818:

If not, Linsey wouldn't have tolerated him purchasing the apartment next to hers four years ago.

"Why don't you take a seat? Can I get you a drink?" Linsey asked, choosing to overlook his previous statement.

Raising his eyebrows, Gorman replied, "Anything cold will do. I'm quite warm."

"Here, have some ice water," Linsey said as she fetched a bottle from the fridge and handed it to Gorman, who had settled onto the couch.

"Thank you," Gorman said, cracking a slight smile, then smoothly transitioned. "Now that the design competition is done, are you planning to extend your stay in Grester with the kids, or are you leaving soon?"

Taking a seat in the nearby armchair, Linsey responded, "I've decided to stay."

As he began to unscrew the bottle cap, Gorman paused, a fleeting, malicious expression crossing his face.

With a forced smile, he lightly asked, "What's made you change your mind? Is it difficult to say goodbye to Grester?"

While he was speaking, Gorman's hand tightened around the bottle. He set the bottle down on the table with a deliberate thud, without taking a sip.

Linsey's brow furrowed as she noted the emotional turmoil beginning to stir within Gorman.

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"Having spent over twenty years in Grester, it's become home. Ella, who has taken me in, lives here, and my best friend too. I've grown accustomed to life in this town. After careful consideration, I'm choosing to stay," she declared.

Her gaze was steady and determined as she met Gorman's eyes. For a brief moment, Gorman observed her quietly, then his expression softened into a warm, kind smile.

“Understood. I respect your choice,” he said smoothly. “The Davidson Group has flourished recently. Joining them as Aurora would be an excellent move for you and Dolores.”

Linsey was taken aback by Gorman’s words—they echoed her and Dolores’ own plans precisely.

This unexpected agreement from Gorman caught her off guard.

She hadn’t anticipated that Gorman would agree when she brought it up.

To her surprise, he immediately said he would support her.

Gorman’s opinion would not sway her determination.

Yet, his attitude caught her off guard, leaving her a little surprised. Linsey then asked, “And what about you? Are you planning to leave Grester?”

Studying Linsey’s composed expression, Gorman sensed her courtesy was merely formal—she had no intention of suggesting he stay. To Linsey, his presence or absence was seemingly inconsequential.

Chapter 819:

With this realization, a pang of frustration touched Gorman’s heart. Despite this, he couldn’t just give up, especially since Linsey had yet to reconcile with Collin.

Gorman knew he needed to remain in Grester, utilizing Zenia and Zander as part of his strategy to win Linsey’s heart eventually.

For Linsey, Gorman had the patience to wait as long as necessary.

With a chuckle, Gorman said, “Before arriving here, my father and I had a significant conversation. He’s tasked me with expanding Green Group’s operations in Grester, which means I’ll be staying here for an extended period.”

Linsey expressed surprise, not having anticipated such a directive from Gorman’s father, Marco Green.

Indeed, after four years, CR Corporation had captured over half of Grester’s market, making any new gains for Green Group challenging. However, decisions within the Green family were not hers to influence, as she was an outsider to their internal affairs.

“Understood,” Linsey responded with a nod.

Something then seemed to strike Gorman, prompting him to suggest with a raised eyebrow, “Linsey, with the kids in tow, you must be considering a new living arrangement, right? Why don’t you...”

Before Gorman could continue, Linsey calmly interjected, “Caylee and I have discussed this. We’re planning to start looking for a place to rent in the coming days.”

While Linsey suspected Gorman might have been about to offer his own place, she clearly stated her intentions to forestall any such offer, preferring not to deepen his involvement in her life.

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It was crucial for her to maintain clarity and set boundaries, to avoid any misinterpretations that might lead her to repeat past mistakes. She had come to recognize that too much involvement from Gorman in her life posed potential risks.

“That’s good to hear,” Gorman responded softly, his expression untroubled.

Linsey breathed a quiet sigh of relief at this, pondering if she might have been overanalyzing the situation, convinced that Gorman wouldn’t persist in pursuing her. After all, she didn’t view herself as someone so compelling as to warrant his undivided attention for years.

She was sure Gorman had moved on by now.

At that moment, a noise came from the door.

Caylee, appearing somewhat sleepy, emerged from the guest bedroom. Yet, upon noticing Gorman, she instantly snapped to alertness. Her posture stiffened, and her hands, previously relaxed at her sides, now clenched tightly. She addressed him, "Mr. Green."

Gorman acknowledged her with a brief nod, offering no further words. Caylee quickly turned to Linsey. "Linsey, the children might be waking up soon. I'll go check on them."

Chapter 820:

"Sure," Linsey responded softly, not noticing Caylee's distress.

As Caylee walked towards the bedroom, she overheard Gorman asking Linsey, "You're settling in Grester, but what about Caylee? Does she intend to stay as well?"

When she heard this, Caylee's heart skipped a beat, a wave of anxiety washing over her.

Linsey responded, "For the time being, she's staying with me."

Gorman's lips curved into a subtle smile as he replied, "Having Caylee here simplifies matters considerably."

The implications of his words could vary greatly depending on the listener.

Linsey interpreted his comment to mean that Caylee's presence would make her own life easier.

Caylee, on the other hand, discerned a different subtext.

She understood it to mean that by staying with Linsey, she would still be involved in fulfilling tasks for Gorman. This realization sent a chill through Caylee.

She inhaled deeply and pushed the door open, attempting to dispel the unease Gorman's presence induced. She then softly roused the children. The mention of Gorman bringing gifts sparked immediate joy in Zenia and Zander, who, thrilled, dashed from the room.

"Gorman!" Zenia rushed into his arms, her voice full of excitement. "You really came to see us—me and Zander! We missed you a lot!" At the same time, Zander ran straight to the toys, his face glowing as he opened a toy box. "You kept your promise, Gorman! You really got me the limited-edition race car!"

Gorman glanced at Zenia, noticing how much she looked like Linsey. It made his heart feel warm.



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He caressed her hair with a smile and said, "I missed you too, Zenia." A moment later, he turned to Zander and said, "I made a promise to you both, and I always keep my word."

Then he grabbed the cute plush toy he had brought for Zenia and started to unwrap it. "Here, Zenia, look at this. Do you like it?"

Zenia's eyes lit up as she nodded excitedly. "Yes! I love it! Thanks, Gorman!"

Linsey sat quietly nearby, watching her children hug and talk to Gorman. Her heart felt full of mixed feelings.

She realized that since both kids liked Gorman so much, and he had promised that he wouldn't cross any lines, maybe she didn't need to stay so distant anymore.

After all, during those four years away from Grester, Gorman had really supported her. She felt it wouldn't be right to act ungrateful now.

While talking kindly with Zenia, Gorman caught Linsey looking at him from the corner of his eye.