

Zillionaire 841

Chapter 841:

She then gave Linsey a meaningful look and said, "From what I said earlier, it seems he's interested in working with Aurora."

Linsey's expression froze upon hearing this. There were a few seconds of silence before she finally said, "Let's see what terms he offers. We can't afford to pass up a good deal."

Dolores chuckled at this and put her hands on Linsey's shoulders. "Alright, enough talk. You should get some rest now. A good rest will help replenish your strength."

"Okay," Linsey said, pulling the blanket over herself. However, before she closed her eyes, she added, "You and Dustin were supposed to have a conversation. Go find him and have that talk. It would clear things up."

Dolores was slightly taken aback that Linsey still remembered something as trivial as that in this situation.

"Go to sleep and stop worrying about things," Dolores simply said in reply.

Linsey closed her eyes and soon drifted into a deep sleep.

Dolores sat at her bedside, watching her for a while, then her phone buzzed.

She took it out and, to her surprise, saw it was a message from Dustin. "I'm still in the hallway outside. If you have time, come outside. Let's talk."

Dolores was surprised. Had it not been for Linsey falling asleep without touching her phone, Dolores might have accused her of planning this with Dustin.

It did seem oddly timed that just when Linsey had fallen asleep, Dustin's message had come in.

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Dolores contemplated the matter for a while before finally agreeing that she and Dustin needed to have a proper conversation.

Dolores rose from her seat without a sound and quietly left the hospital room.

Moments after she disappeared, the door creaked open again. A tall figure stepped inside, his movements so soft he barely made a sound.

Crossing the room in a few strides, he came to a halt at Linsey's bedside. He stood there, silently taking in her peaceful, sleeping face before pulling out a small jar of ointment from his pocket. Kneeling beside her, he began dabbing the ointment over the redness on her cheeks with the utmost care.

Even in her sleep, Linsey seemed to notice the change. The throbbing heat on her skin gave way to a refreshing coolness that soothed her senses.

The lingering discomfort faded bit by bit, easing her deeper into a calm and restful sleep.

As he finished tending to her, his finger brushed softly against the delicate skin near her ear, pausing there for a fleeting second before finally pulling away.

A quiet sigh of relief escaped Collin's lips once he completed applying the ointment.

Still, he didn't rush to leave. Instead, he sat there, his gaze full of tenderness as he studied Linsey's gentle expression.

However, the warmth in his eyes gradually dimmed when he remembered that Linsey had yet to forgive him.

Chapter 842:

Collin understood more than anyone that it would be both selfish and unjust to ask Linsey to forgive him for all the wrong things he had done.

Still, he was prepared to wait. Even if it took a lifetime, he would hold on to the hope that one day, she might find it in her heart to give him another chance.

That quiet promise to himself reignited a firm resolve in Collin's chest. He made up his mind to uncover the truth about the little girl who looked so much like Linsey when the timing was right.

Collin lingered by Linsey's side, reluctant to tear himself away from her peaceful world.

At last, he rose and stepped out of the room, pulling the door shut behind him with a soft click. The moment he turned around, he found himself facing someone he hadn't expected: Gorman.

"Hey! You're the man who sent me to the police station!" Zenia exclaimed with a wide smile, her face lighting up the instant she spotted him. She grabbed onto Gorman's hand excitedly.

Collin didn't say a word at first. His eyes moved slowly from Gorman to Zenia, and after a few moments, the hard lines on his face softened. He gave Zenia a gentle smile and said, "Hey there, kid."

Chuckling softly, Gorman reached out and tousled Zenia's fluffy hair. Pretending not to know, he teased, "Zenia, when did you meet this gentleman? Why didn't you ever tell me about him?"

Lifting her head with a bright grin, Zenia answered sweetly, "Oh, Daddy, totally forgot! I'll tell you everything later tonight, okay?" Although Collin had already heard her call Gorman "Daddy" before, hearing it spoken so clearly, so naturally, from just a few feet away hit him harder than he expected.

Still, he tried to convince himself that just because Zenia looked strikingly like Linsey didn't automatically mean she was her daughter.

"Alright then," Gorman said with a soft chuckle. He cast a quick glance toward the hospital room before bending down slightly to Zenia's level. "Mommy's resting inside. Go on and see her, but be sure to stay quiet, alright?"

Zenia gave an eager nod. "Got it! I'll be super quiet."

Without wasting another second, she tiptoed toward the hospital door, carefully eased it open, and slipped inside like a tiny whisper of wind. The door clicked shut behind her, leaving nothing but silence between the two men standing in the hallway.

Collin's whole expression shifted. A heavy coldness settled around him as he stared Gorman down, the earlier conversation replaying itself in his mind like a cruel reminder.

Pain twisted in his chest, a deep ache spreading as he finally accepted what he had tried so hard to deny. Zenia really was Linsey's child.

Gorman stayed relaxed, slipping his hands casually into his pockets. He met Collin's icy glare with an almost playful smirk. After a short pause, Gorman tilted his head and spoke lightly. "Isn't Zenia a sweet girl?"

Collin felt the words hit him like a blow. His breath caught in his throat, and before he could stop himself, his fists clenched at his sides, his body going rigid as he struggled to keep it all in.

Chapter 843:

Gorman wasn't the least bit bothered by Collin's silence. If anything, his smile grew even more brazen, each word he spoke stabbing into Collin's heart like a sharp knife.

Gorman said, "Zenia has always been a sensible child. She never needed much attention from us. Maybe she takes after Linsey more than me. After all, I was quite the troublemaker growing up." He then let out

a slow sigh. "It's funny how strong family resemblances can be. Linsey and Zenia are like two peas in a pod. Anyone who knows Linsey could tell right away that Zenia is her daughter, no explanations needed."

As he finished speaking, Gorman's gaze turned cold. He stared hard at Collin, who still said nothing.

"What do you think, Collin?" he asked with a frosty smile. "You don't seem the least bit surprised about Zenia. So, I guess there's nothing left for me to say, is there?"

Collin lifted his eyelids slowly, his face calm and untouched by Gorman's jabs. Moving his lips lazily, he asked, "What exactly are you getting at?"

Gorman let out a mocking laugh, clearly annoyed by Collin's indifference. He stepped closer, shrinking the space between them, and looked Collin up and down with a sneer. "Let me warn you, Collin. Don't even think about Linsey. As you can see, we already have a beautiful daughter together, and soon, we'll be married."

He paused, lifted his eyebrows arrogantly, and added, "Don't worry, you'll get an invitation."

As he heard those words, Collin's hand shot out. He grabbed Gorman by the collar, his veins bulging with anger, his grip strong enough to crush.

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Gorman nearly stumbled. His face darkened as he clutched Collin's hand and growled, "What? Planning to hit me? Go ahead. I wouldn't mind letting Linsey see what a sore loser her ex-husband is!"

His mocking words were like gasoline on fire, pushing Collin closer to losing control.

Collin's grip tightened, his knuckles white with rage. For a second, he looked ready to strangle Gorman right then and there.

“You haven’t even married her, yet you had a child with her! What respect is that for her?” Collin’s voice was low and deadly.

Gorman’s smirk faded.

He had thought Collin was mad about Linsey having a child with another man. But now he realized—Collin was furious because he thought Linsey had been left unmarried and pregnant.

Gorman’s face stiffened awkwardly. He tried to pry Collin’s hand away, but to his shock, he couldn’t move him an inch.

Frustration boiled in Gorman’s chest. Grinding his teeth, he hissed, “Collin, let me go. Or I’ll call Linsey and Zenia out here and show them what a madman you’ve become!”

At those words, Collin suddenly let go.

Just as Gorman was about to draw a smug smile, Collin shoved him hard. Gorman stumbled back, looking completely disheveled.

“You!” Gorman barked, his face flushed red with anger and shame.

But Collin had already calmed down. He looked down at Gorman, who was still hunched over, and said in a deep, steady voice, “Look at you. You’re not even half the man you were four years ago. So, what if you and Linsey have a child? You’re not married yet. That means I still have a chance.”

Chapter 844:

Collin adjusted his coat, which had grown disheveled from the earlier commotion, and sarcastically said, “I suppose I should thank you for bringing me such wonderful news, shouldn’t I?”

Gorman glared furiously at him. His wall of arrogance came crumbling down under Collin’s verbal attack. “Have you no shame, Collin?” he asked.

Gorman had never in his wildest thoughts imagined that Collin, the snobbish, arrogant founder of CR Corporation, would stoop so low as to say something like that.

He had gone to such great lengths to orchestrate this whole thing with the mindset that Collin would not engage with him, yet Collin was refusing to back down.

Collin turned as though to leave, then suddenly paused, as though something had just crossed his mind. "Linsey's daughter is a wonderful girl. I don't see anything of you in her. That's probably a blessing for her," he remarked casually.

"Collin!" Gorman hissed through his teeth. By now, the veins on his forehead were visible.

He watched hatefully as Collin took his leave.

It seemed the only way to win was to make sure Collin disappeared—permanently.

Collin, on the other hand, confidently walked out of the hospital. It wasn't until he was in his car that the weight of what happened came crashing down on him.

He closed his eyes as Gorman's words continued to echo in his head. He couldn't bring himself to accept that Zenia was Linsey and Gorman's daughter.

Collin felt a crushing weight on his chest as his mind cast him back to four years ago when he and Linsey were still together.

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Back then, they had both wanted a child of their own.

Unfortunately, things had not gone as planned, and even when they had parted ways, Linsey had not conceived.

Now, however, it seemed like fate had smiled on Linsey, and she now had a lovely and well-behaved daughter.

Collin couldn't help but smile bitterly at the irony of the situation. Still, Linsey's daughter was just as beautiful as he had always imagined she would be.

Each time he saw Zenia, it was as though he was looking at a younger version of Linsey.

Collin finally realized that it wasn't just Linsey who had been affected by what had happened four years ago. He, too, was in a constant state of regret because of it.

Perhaps if he had told Linsey the truth earlier, their marriage wouldn't have ended.

He and Linsey might have had a daughter of their own by now.

As Collin continued to drown in his misery, a call came in, dragging him back to reality.

He sighed, then pulled out his phone and answered the call.

"Collin! Collin! I just saw your son!" Dustin screamed excitedly the moment the call connected.

Collin, annoyed that Dustin would joke about something so sensitive, said, "I'll give you one more chance to say something serious."

Chapter 845:

"No, it's true, Collin. I really did see your son. He looks exactly like you..."

Before Dustin could finish, the line went dead.

Dustin stared at his phone in shock, then looked hurt. "I'm really not lying to you, Collin. I've run into that kid twice now. I'm not lying."

Half an hour ago, Dustin was still standing at the end of the hospital corridor, waiting anxiously for Dolores.

He felt a ball of nerves twisting inside him, quietly wondering how to even begin the conversation.

Before long, Dolores appeared, arms crossed, her gaze drifting lazily toward the view outside the building. She didn't look at him as she asked in a careless tone, "What do you want to say to me?"

The moment Dustin saw her, his face burned with heat. He stammered, "I-I just wanted to talk about what happened at the banquet that night."

Dolores blinked, pretending not to care. "What happened that night? Didn't we just sleep together? What's there to talk about?"

Her bluntness hit Dustin like a slap. His eyes widened in shock. "You... you remember?"

Dolores rolled her eyes. "I'm not stupid. Of course I remember."

She paused, her face growing impatient. "So? What do you want to say? Why are you hemming and hawing like this? I never thought you were the indecisive type."

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Dustin felt a flare of indignation. "I just wanted to see where you stand," he shot back.

Hearing that, Dolores finally looked straight at him. Her sharp gaze caught him off guard, freezing him on the spot.

“So? Have you figured it out? Do you know what I think? And what about you?” she asked, her voice teasing.

Dustin stood there, dumbfounded. Every time he faced Dolores, his mind turned into a tangled mess. He wasn't the calm and collected man he usually was in business meetings. Around her, he lost all his footing.

Seeing his long silence, Dolores lost patience completely. “Oh, forget it,” she muttered, turning on her heel.

“Dolores!” Dustin panicked. In a rush, he pulled her into his arms. The second he wrapped his arms around her, all his restlessness melted away.

He smiled without thinking, breathing in the warmth and scent that belonged only to her.

Dolores stiffened for a moment, then felt her cheeks heat up.

Instinctively, she tried to push him away, but Dustin only tightened his hold.

“Dustin! Let me go!” she said firmly.

But instead of letting go, Dustin clung to her even tighter and said stubbornly, “No. I won't. I've wanted to do this for so long. Now that I finally have you in my arms, I'm not letting go, even if it kills me!”

Dolores rested her chin lightly on his shoulder, her hands hovering awkwardly at his waist.

Chapter 846:

As she listened to his honest words, her heart softened against her will.

She almost smiled but quickly looked up at the ceiling, pretending to stay cool. “What do you mean by wanting to hold me? Trying to take advantage of me?” she asked, pretending to tease.

Dustin explained quickly, “No! It’s not like that!”

He released her slightly, looking serious. “Dolores, I’m into you. I told you that night. Otherwise... I wouldn’t have slept with you.”

Dolores stared into Dustin’s honest eyes. Her heart thudded wildly in her chest, even though she kept her face as calm as ever.

“Do you think I’d just sleep with anyone?” Dolores asked, her voice sharp.

Dustin suddenly felt a wave of uncertainty crash over him. “I’m not sure. You were drunk that night,” he said carefully.

Dolores rolled her eyes again. “If I was that drunk, I would’ve been out cold long before anything happened...” she muttered.

She stopped mid-sentence, realizing what she was about to say. A wave of shyness crept up on her, and she lowered her gaze. Her cheeks flushed a deeper pink, adding a delicate softness to her features. Dustin’s heart skipped a beat. He stared at her, stunned, and asked carefully, “Dolores... Are you saying you have feelings for me too?” He could hardly believe it.

For days, she had been cold and distant. Every time they spoke, there was an edge in her voice that chipped away at his confidence.

He never imagined she might feel the same way.

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Seeing the hesitation flicker across his face, Dolores frowned in frustration. “What? You doubt I have a thing for you? If that’s the case, then why are we even talking?” She turned to leave.

“Dolores!” Dustin panicked and quickly pulled her back into his arms. Somehow, they ended up tangled together again.

Dolores struggled to hide the smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. She had known her answer all along. She had just been waiting for him to be brave enough to come after her.

If Dustin had hesitated a second longer, she would have swallowed her feelings and walked away. Luckily, he had made his move.

“Dolores, does this mean we’re together now?” Dustin asked, still sounding unsure.

Dolores snapped back to the moment. The word “yes” sat on the tip of her tongue, but she changed it at the last second. “Who said that? You haven’t even chased after me properly. If I say yes now, you’ll stop cherishing me in no time.”

“I would never!” Dustin blurted out. Then he paused, thinking over her words, and added seriously, “You’re right, Dolores. I should prove it to you first.”

Dolores smiled, giving his shoulder a light pat. “You’ve got the green light to chase me now. Do your best,” she said playfully.

Just as she finished speaking, her smile froze. Ahead, near the corner of the wall, she spotted two familiar faces—Caylee and Zander—peeking at them, excitement written all over their faces.

Chapter 847:

Dolores stiffened in shock.

In an instant, all the sweetness in her heart disappeared. Panic seized her. She knew if Dustin saw Zander's face, everything would fall apart.

Without thinking, she clung tightly to Dustin, hiding her face against him. At the same time, she shot Caylee and Zander a desperate look, mouthing silently, "Go! Leave now!"

Caylee quickly caught on. Her playful grin vanished as she grabbed Zander, ready to sneak away.

But before she could, Zander suddenly shouted, "That bad guy is bullying Dolores!"

Without warning, he charged straight toward them.

Both Caylee and Dolores widened their eyes in horror. Zander had completely misunderstood her silent plea—and now, things were about to spiral out of control.

"Dolores!" Zander shouted, his little face twisted in anger, wishing he could grow up in an instant and punch Dustin for what he thought was bullying Dolores.

Caylee hurried after him, calling anxiously, "Zander!"

Hearing the commotion, Dustin instinctively froze, his curiosity piqued. He began to turn around to see what was happening.

Startled, Dolores quickly pressed his head back down. "Don't look! Just hold on to me, okay?"

Dustin blinked in confusion, then smiled shyly. "I just thought I heard something behind us."

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"There's nothing back there. Just me, right in front of you," Dolores said quickly, forcing a calm tone.

But Zander wasn't giving up. Seeing that Dustin was still holding Dolores, his tiny face twisted even more in anger. "You jerk! Let go of Dolores!" he yelled.

This time, Dustin heard it loud and clear. He instinctively let go of Dolores and turned around.

Caylee sensed disaster looming. She rushed forward, scooping Zander into her arms and quickly turning her back to shield his face from Dustin.

"You naughty boy!" she scolded loudly, pretending to be angry. Then, leaning close to Zander's ear, she whispered urgently, "Don't let him see your face! It'll cause big trouble for Mommy! Pretend we don't know Dolores, okay?"

Dolores' heart dropped. She gripped Dustin's arm tightly, feeling his body tense beside her. His brows furrowed, and she could tell he was suspicious.

"What's wrong?" she asked, trying to steer his attention back to her.

But Dustin was already stepping forward, his sharp gaze falling on the child in Caylee's arms. He asked cautiously, "Ma'am, was it your child shouting just now?"

Caylee felt a cold sweat break out on her back. Earlier, she and Zander had thought Dustin was Dolores' boyfriend.

Caylee hadn't realized it was Dustin—Collin's best friend.

And she was very aware that Dustin had already seen Zander's face before. If he put two and two together now, Collin would find out everything.

Chapter 848:

Caylee clutched Zander tighter and shook her head. “No, you must’ve heard wrong,” she said quickly.

She turned, ready to leave.

But Dustin stepped forward again, blocking her way. His sharp eyes caught a glimpse of Zander’s face. He froze. For a second, he could only stare, disbelief written all over his face. “This kid...” he muttered.

He turned to Caylee, recognition flashing in his eyes. He remembered her—the woman he had seen at the restaurant with the boy who looked so much like Collin.

“It’s you!” Dustin exclaimed.

Dolores’ mind went completely blank. She panicked, feeling everything slip out of control.

Without thinking, she rushed over and grabbed Dustin’s arm. “What are you doing? What does this woman and her child have to do with you?”

Dustin hesitated, still looking between Zander and Dolores. Finally, he spoke in a low voice, “Don’t you think this kid looks a lot like Collin?”

Dolores felt her whole body tense up, her mind scrambling for a response. Beside her, Caylee gripped Zander tighter, her palms clammy with sweat.

Just as the tension reached a breaking point, Zander suddenly burst into tears, his little body shaking as he clung to Caylee. “Mommy, this bad guy is so scary! I’m scared!” he cried out pitifully. The sound of his wailing shattered Dustin’s thoughts.

Caylee reacted quickly, tightening her hold on Zander. She gave Dustin a rushed apology. “Sorry!” Then she hurried away without looking back.

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“Hey! Wait a minute!” Dustin called after them, taking a step to chase.

Dolores stepped in quickly before Dustin could move. An idea hit her right away. “You shouldn’t go,” she told him. “You scared the kid enough already. Let me go look instead.”

This was exactly the chance she had been waiting for—she could finally help Caylee and Zander get away.

Dustin looked confused for a second, then gave a quick nod.

By the time Dustin finished his call with Collin, Dolores returned, a little out of breath. She looked him straight in the eye, totally calm. “I couldn’t catch them,” she said flatly. “She ran off with the kid in her arms.”

Dustin paced back and forth, frustrated that Collin had hung up on him. “You saw it, right?” he snapped. “That kid looks exactly like Collin! But Collin—damn it—he won’t believe me!”

Dolores knew well that Zander looked like Collin, but what really caught her attention was what Dustin had just said.

A wave of relief washed over her. Thank God—Collin didn’t believe any of it! She could finally breathe a sigh of relief!

Dolores had been freaking out earlier when she saw Caylee show up with Zander.

“If Collin doesn’t believe it, then maybe the kid just kind of looks like him. Doesn’t mean they’re related,” Dolores said casually. “You think maybe Collin had something going on with another woman before Linsey?”

Chapter 849:

She narrowed her eyes and stared hard at Dustin, clearly suspicious.

Dustin stammered, "I never said that! Collin's always been straight. He never messed around—before Linsey or after!"

He added firmly, "Once he married Linsey, he was loyal. No question about it."

Dolores pressed her lips together, clearly not buying everything he said. After all, Dustin was Collin's best friend. Of course he would defend him no matter what.

Either way, she and Caylee had just dodged a major bullet with the whole Zander situation.

Dolores had just started to relax when Dustin suddenly asked, confused, "Wait a second... I swear I heard that kid mention your name."

He looked around slowly, eyebrows drawn together in confusion. "Does he know you?"

Dolores's heart jumped into her throat. She froze for a heartbeat, then quickly snapped, "I don't have anything to do with those people. Don't be ridiculous."

Why did Dustin have to suddenly turn sharp at the worst times? He was usually blunt and a bit dense—that should have made him easy to mislead, right?

Her firm denial seemed to throw Dustin off. He nodded, looking honestly confused. "Ah, I made a mistake."

He scratched the back of his head and gave a little laugh.

Dolores had no interest in dragging this topic out. She clenched her jaw quietly, then changed the subject. "We still haven't dealt with us. You said you were going to chase me. So what's the plan, exactly? I'm not some easy prize, you know."

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Her words pulled Dustin's attention right back to her.

His face turned bright red, and all that usual tough-guy confidence melted into pure awkwardness.

"I need a little time to plan this right," he stuttered. Then he straightened up, his voice firmer. "Dolores, I won't mess this up. I'm gonna work my ass off to win you over. Just wait."

Dolores looked into his honest, hopeful eyes and couldn't stop the tiny smile that tugged at her lips.

She thought to herself—God, he was such a sweet idiot.

She hadn't really planned on making him chase her for too long anyway.

Truth was, she had already fallen for him.

Linsey hadn't been asleep for long when a gentle warmth stirred her awake, blooming softly in her heart.

It felt like someone had cradled her in quiet tenderness, letting her rest in deep, peaceful sleep.

Without thinking, a soft smile brushed Linsey's lips. Then, a sweet voice broke the stillness—Zenias, bright with joy. "Mommy! You're up!"

At the sound, Linsey turned her head, her face softening in gentle surprise.

Zenia stood by the hospital bed, leaning close before straightening up. She stretched out her tiny hand, reaching for Linsey's cheek.

Chapter 850:

“Mommy, does it hurt? Let me kiss it better,” she said, her voice pure and earnest.

Linsey parted her lips, ready to answer.

“Zenja, be gentle. Don’t hurt your mom,” Gorman said softly as he stepped forward. He carefully lifted Zenja and placed her on a nearby chair.

Linsey’s gaze shifted to Gorman, her brow knitting slightly. “Why are you here?”

And he had even brought Zenja along.

Deep down, Linsey wished with all her heart that the children wouldn’t find out about her allergic reaction.

But Gorman had made the decision on his own, without so much as a word to her.

As he noticed the flicker of displeasure on Linsey’s face, a shadow crossed Gorman’s expression.

In a low voice, he explained, “Someone posted a video of your allergic reaction at the restaurant. I was worried, so I brought the kids to see you.”

Linsey’s eyes widened. “You saw the video? Is it going viral?”

“Don’t worry. I had every clip of you taken down immediately after I saw it.” After a pause, he added, “It looks like someone is trying to sabotage the restaurant.”

Linsey lowered her gaze, her heart sinking a little.

If Gorman had seen the video, he must have noticed she wasn't alone. He would have seen Dolores, Collin, and Dustin with her.

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But she felt no need to explain. She had no plans to reconnect with Collin, and she owed Gorman no answers.

Their relationship was never about accounting for every move. As Linsey wrestled with her thoughts, a sudden chill gripped her. Her brows drew tight as she snapped, "Did you bring Zander too? Where is he?"

Her heart slammed against her chest.

She didn't know if Collin had left yet. If Gorman had brought Zander here, Collin could run into him at any moment.

If Collin saw Zander's face, the truth would explode like a powder keg!

Gorman hesitated, but Zenia quickly spoke up, her voice obedient and clear. "Mommy, Zander said he needed the restroom. Caylee took him."

Linsey's face darkened. Without a second thought, she pushed herself up, pulling Zenia closer and swinging her legs over the side of the bed. "I have to find him."

Gorman stepped into her path, blocking her gently but firmly. His voice was steady. "Linsey, you're still weak. Stay in bed."

But Linsey couldn't sit still. Fear gnawed at her like a dog with a bone. Ignoring him, she shot him a fierce glare. Her voice trembled with anger. "Why did you bring the kids here? You said you saw the video. You know—"

Before she could finish, Gorman let out a short, cold laugh. He cut her off, his words sharp as knives.

“Yes, I know. I saw him. I saw him standing right beside you. I saw him carry you out of that restaurant!”