

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After

#Chapter 85 - Read Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After Chapter 85

Chapter 85 Collin, Let Go

Of Me!

Huntley had never even thought of Linsey as Collin's wife. He assumed she was just another guest there to watch the

event unfold.

"Collin, where's your wife? Why don't you introduce her to everyone?" While he said this, Huntley's eyes boldly scanned

Linsey.

Who was this woman? Why hadn't he seen her around before?

She was unlike the overly adorned women Huntley was used to. Her features were fine, her manner even finer.

He reminded himself to find out who she was later.

Just as Huntley was lost in thought, he noticed Linsey move gracefully forward and take Collin's hand gently.

Collin looked at her, and his stern expression softened. Turning to Fernanda, he introduced her. "This is my wife."

Huntley was taken aback. He couldn't believe such a stunning woman was married to Collin!

Before Fernanda could reply, Huntley exclaimed, "Collin, are you serious? She's your wife?"

"Yes," Collin answered without missing a beat.

A theory formed in Huntley's mind, and with a mocking smile, he teased, "Collin, you didn't hire an actress to boost your image, did you?"

Laughing, he turned to Linsey. "So, how much is Collin paying you to make an appearance here? I'll double it."

Linsey's grip on Collin's hand tightened. Before Collin could speak, she addressed Huntley in a cold but commanding tone. "I am not an actress. Collin and I are truly married. Your insinuations insult not just him, but me as well. An apology is due."

Her boldness stirred the crowd.

"Who does she think she is? She's quite bold."

"Does she know she's talking to Huntley?"

"How dare she demand an apology from him?"

Huntley was visibly shocked by Linsey's boldness. He laughed harshly and looked her over with disdain. "Do you have any

idea who I am? How dare you speak to me this way?"

"I know exactly who you are," Linsey replied, her face unflinching. "You're Collin's younger brother, which makes me your sister-in-law. As a younger brother, is this how you should behave toward your elder brother and sister-in-law?"

Linsey paused, then let out a soft, meaningful laugh. "It seems your parents didn't raise you right. What exactly have you

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Chapter 85 Collin, Let Go Of Me!

been teaching your son, Mrs. Riley? To raise him to act like this?"

The room fell into a heavy silence at her words.

Everyone stared at Linsey, shocked, her calm only making them think she might be out of her mind.

Fernanda and Huntley were both stunned by Linsey's sharp words.

Huntley's face turned a deep red with anger. He pointed at Linsey, his voice

shaking. "You wretched woman! Say that again if you dare!"

He stormed toward her, his anger boiling over.

This sharp-tongued woman-he was determined to put her in her place and show her who was in charge!

But before he could reach her, his raised hand was caught mid-air by Collin. The grip was so tight that Huntley thought his

hand might snap.

"Ah!" Huntley cried out, his face going pale. "Collin, let go of me!"

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Chapter 86 You've Always Envied Huntley

Fernanda's complexion drained of color as she exclaimed, "Collin, have you completely lost it? This is insane!"

Her hand shot up as she was ready to call for help. "Somebody-"

A shadow passed over Collin's face, his tone razor-sharp as he commanded the room. "Who dares challenge me?"

A stunned hush settled over the crowd. For too long, they had dismissed Collin as nothing more than a powerless man bound to a wheelchair-someone easy to overlook.

Now, the air itself seemed to chill under his icy presence.

His every movement, every glance carried the weight of absolute dominance, the kind that made even the boldest hesitate. A flicker of defiance in the guests' eyes was swiftly extinguished, replaced by a cold sweat of unease.

Huntley's wrist pulsed with pain, beads of sweat rolling down his face. His carefully chosen banquet attire now hung in wrinkled disarray, a pitiful contrast to his earlier arrogance.

"Let me go! What do you want from me, Collin?" he ground out, voice shaking with a mix of pain and frustration.

Disdain curled at the corner of Collin's lips. "You should be asking yourself that question. I've tolerated your antics for years. But now, you dare lay a hand on my wife? Did you truly believe I would remain silent?"

A few feet away, Linsey stood motionless, her wide eyes fixed on the unfolding scene.

Only now did she grasp the reason behind Collin's actions-he was standing up for her.

Huntley, unwilling to yield, retorted, "She was the one being disrespectful! I was just planning to teach her a lesson!"

The words barely left his mouth before Collin's grip tightened. A strangled scream tore from Huntley's throat.

"Ah! Stop! It hurts! Let go of me!"

Collin was unmoved by his agony, his voice remaining calm, yet unyielding. "Apologize. Now."

Desperation overtook Huntley, his pride crumbling under the unbearable pain. "I was wrong! I'm sorry! I never should have disrespected you! Please, I was wrong!"

Only now did the truth sink in-Collin wasn't the man Huntley had believed him to be.

Before this moment, he had never seen Collin truly angry.

A few cruel words aimed at Linsey had been enough to trigger Collin's fury. The sheer intensity of his reaction was infuriating.

Though frustration burned within him, Huntley forced himself to keep apologizing, his voice laced with unsteady fear.

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Chapter 86 You've Always Envied Huntley

Collin held his gaze for a lingering moment before suddenly letting go.

Another pained cry escaped Huntley as he crumpled to the floor, unable to even push himself upright.

Fernanda rushed to his side, her hands trembling as she carefully inspected his injury.

The angry swelling and deep redness on his wrist spoke volumes about Collin's strength.

"Have you completely lost your mind?" Fernanda shouted, her composure shattered. The sight of her son in pain erased any restraint, her voice raw with emotion. "You've always envied Huntley. Is this your pathetic way of getting back at him?"

Collin didn't even blink at her accusations, his tone cutting and laced with mockery. "Since you refuse to discipline him, I

suppose it falls to me—as his elder brother—to set him straight."

Disbelief spread across Fernanda's face as she stared at Collin, her mind struggling to process the scene before her.

For years, she had kept a firm grip on him, convinced he was nothing more than a docile, powerless inconvenience.

Lacking influence, lacking fortune, and burdened by his condition, he had always seemed incapable of posing any real

threat.

Her wariness had been purely superficial, an instinct to keep him in check. The most she had ever feared was the possibility of him securing a marriage alliance with some influential family.

Linsey remained an enigma to Fernanda. She had yet to uncover the woman's origins or the family she belonged to.

Yet, as her eyes locked onto Collin's unwavering, icy demeanor, a deep and unshakable unease crept into her chest.

This looming dread had nothing to do with Linsey or anyone connected to her. It was Collin alone who sent a chill down

her spine.

But that made no sense. Wasn't he just a cripple?

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Chapter 87 My Wife Can

Protect Me Too!

Fernanda had barely grasped the unfolding events when Huntley, gripping his arm, screamed in pain. "Mom! My arm hurts

so much! Is it broken? Am I going to be crippled? Help me!"

The question echoed in the guests' mind. "Could it be true? Did Huntley really break his arm?"

"This is just too much."

Nearly drowned out by the surrounding murmurs, Fernanda called out urgently, "Doctor! Someone call a doctor!"

The birthday banquet devolved into complete chaos. Guests collided in their haste, adding to the frantic atmosphere.

Amidst the turmoil, Collin took Linsey's hand gently, urging her to lean in. He whispered, "Let's go."

Linsey paused, her surprise evident. Were they actually leaving now? The celebration had just begun.

Observing her hesitation, Collin chuckled. "Clearly, neither Huntley nor Fernanda wants us here. They were just curious about you. Now that they've seen you, there's no reason for us to stay."

He smirked playfully. "Unless you're dying to chat with them? But I doubt they have time for us right now."

Fernanda preoccupied with Huntley's distress, Linsey nodded. "Okay, let's go." They quietly exited the chaotic scene.

Once they were in their car, the evening's events replayed in Linsey's mind. She remembered how Collin had shielded her, sending a shiver down her spine.

"That was really dangerous," she remarked, her concern clear. "You didn't have to risk yourself for me."

Despite Huntley's rude actions, Linsey didn't want Collin to get into trouble because of her.

Fernanda was fiercely protective of her son. She was yet to make a move because she was distracted by Huntley's injury.

Yet, Linsey knew that Fernanda would likely plot some form of retaliation.

Linsey thought Huntley was exaggerating. She had seen everything-Collin had been forceful, sure, but not enough to break

any bones.

Yet there was Huntley, screaming about being crippled, feigning agony while still hurling insults at Collin. It was

exasperating.

Noticing Linsey's concerned expression, Collin chuckled. "If I can't protect my wife, what kind of man am I?"

He raised an eyebrow, his smile teasing. "Besides, didn't you jump in to defend me earlier without thinking twice about the

danger?"

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Chapter 87 My Wife Can Protect Me Too!

Linsey paused, meeting Collin's meaningful gaze.

Collin's laughter was gentle. "Who would've thought? My wife can protect me too!

I definitely underestimated you. You're

braver than I realized."

Caught off guard and a bit flustered, Linsey found herself unable to meet his eyes.

"I wasn't really thinking..." she admitted softly. "I knew about your family's

reputation, but witnessing their behavior

firsthand tonight-I just couldn't hold back."

Taking a deep breath, she added under her breath, "If I knew we could've gotten

away with it, I would've slapped Huntley

twice while I had the chance!"

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Chapter 88 Collin Won't Get Away With This

Collin chuckled softly, his gaze lingering on Linsey, warmth flickering behind his usually indifferent eyes.

"You don't need to bother with people like that anymore," he murmured. "Huntley and Fernanda are not worth your time. And honestly, they're not worth dirtying your hands over. No matter what happens, I'll always protect you."

But Linsey met his gaze, unwavering. "It shouldn't just be you," she said, her voice steady, conviction clear. "We're in this

together. That's what marriage is, right?"

A playful glint danced in her eyes as she arched a brow. "And besides, do you really think I was scared of them? Please. Not

even a little."

She smirked. "I stood up for you. Put them in their place. Bet that drove those bullies mad."

Collin blinked, momentarily caught off guard.

Never in his life had he expected to be the one protected-let alone by a woman.

Something unfamiliar stirred inside him, warmth slipping through the cracks of a heart he had long believed was immune to such things. He couldn't explain it, but today, again and again, Linsey had reignited something in him, something he thought had burned out long ago.

He drew in a slow breath, pushing down the emotion threatening to surface. Instead, he simply said, "Alright."

But deep down, he made a silent vow-no matter what it took, no matter the cost, he would shield Linsey from harm. She would never have to fight alone.

After Linsey and Collin left, the once-lively birthday banquet unraveled into an awkward, hasty conclusion. Conversations fizzled out, guests exchanged uneasy glances, and tension hung in the air like an unshakable chill.

Meanwhile, Huntley's groans and wails echoed through the now-empty hall. Fernanda, however, remained unimpressed.

How much damage could Collin-a man bound by his disability-possibly inflict?

She knew her son well. Huntley had been coddled from the moment he could walk, turning even the smallest discomfort into an earth-shattering ordeal. She figured this was no different, just another dramatic outburst.

But the moment they reached the hospital, and the doctor's expression darkened mid-examination, Fernanda's confidence wavered. She had been dead wrong.

"The injury doesn't look too severe on the surface. But the damage has already reached the bone. If the force had been any stronger, his hand could have been permanently crippled," the doctor said, his voice measured yet grave.

Fernanda's breath hitched. Her eyes widened in disbelief. "H-how is that possible?" she stammered, fingers clutching the edge of her coat.

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Chapter 88 Collin Won't Get Away With This

Huntley let out a fresh wail, his face contorted in agony. "That bastard Collin! I swear, I'll make him bleed for this!"

The doctor, methodically wrapping Huntley's hand in bandages, fought the uneasy chill creeping up his spine.

Whatever grudge these people had, it had spiraled into something far uglier than he wanted to be caught in.

"Be gentle, damn it!" Huntley snapped, his face slick with cold sweat.

"Yes, yes, of course," the doctor stammered, nodding hurriedly as he adjusted his grip, careful not to provoke another

outburst.

Fernanda hovered beside her son, dabbing his forehead with a handkerchief, her heart twisting at the sight of his pain. But as she watched him, a flicker of unease crossed her face. "I really misjudged Collin," she muttered, barely above a whisper.

Huntley clenched his jaw, rage simmering beneath his humiliation. The thought of being nearly crippled-by Collin of all people was unbearable.

For as long as he could remember, Collin had been nothing more than a worthless shadow in the Riley family, a burden Huntley had long dismissed. He

was the rightful heir. He was the one destined for greatness.

But to be humiliated by someone he had always seen as beneath him? That was a disgrace Huntley couldn't stomach.

Huntley's fury simmered just beneath the surface, his teeth clenched so tightly his jaw ached. "Collin won't get away with

this. And that woman-how dare she humiliate me? No one in town has ever spoken to me like that and walked away

unscathed. They'll both regret it."

Fernanda's lips pressed into a thin line, her voice measured. "Huntley, control yourself. Ivy is still around. She's never liked

me, and because of that, she's kept her distance from you too. If she catches wind of this, she'll take Collin's side without

hesitation."

The mention of Ivy sent another wave of anger crashing through Huntley. His fists tightened, his expression darkening

further.

Huntley's voice dripped with venom. "She's the only reason Dad still hasn't given me the heir position."

He turned to Fernanda, frustration crackling in his tone. "Mom, do you have any idea how much we've put up with because

of her? I'm done waiting!"

Fernanda exhaled slowly, weariness creeping into her features. "We don't have a choice, Huntley. Timing is everything. We

endure for now, but when the right moment comes-we strike."

Every muscle in his body resisted, but Huntley gave a stiff nod. "Fine. I get it."

The moment Fernanda stepped out of the room, his expression shifted, soft frustration hardening into something ruthless.

If he couldn't destroy Collin and Linsey outright, he would find another way to make them suffer.

His fingers moved swiftly over his phone's screen, each tap a silent promise of vengeance.

Chapter 89 I hope I'm Not Intruding

The next morning, Linsey stepped into the office, ready to tackle the day.

She hadn't even settled in when Cynthia strolled over, a smirk barely hiding her amusement. "Linsey, I heard you stayed late last night. Honestly, I half-expected you to call in sick."

Linsey glanced up from her desk, instantly picking up on the mockery in Cynthia's voice.

It was obvious-Cynthia had already decided she would fail this deal. This sudden show of concern was just an excuse to rub it in.

Keeping her expression neutral, Linsey met her gaze and said coolly, "Cynthia, let's not waste time pretending we like each other. We both know better."

Tilting her head slightly, she said with a hint of amusement, "If I hadn't come in, who would have handled the client? You? Are you sure you're up to the task?"

A flicker of irritation crossed Cynthia's face. Linsey had the audacity to question her abilities!

Scoffing, Cynthia crossed her arms. "Don't be so full of yourself, Linsey. Just because you're confident doesn't mean you'll pull this off."

"Actually, I know I will," Linsey replied without hesitation.

Cynthia let out a sharp laugh, her eyes flashing with disdain. "Keep dreaming. Before you joined CR Corporation, you had no real experience. You only outperformed me in the interview by sheer luck. Do you really think that luck won't run out?" Her voice dropped to a steely whisper as she added, "I'll be right here when you finally crash and burn."

With that, she turned on her heel and strode away.

Defeated in their exchange, Cynthia chose to step back and watch events unfold.

Once her morning tasks were complete, Linsey reached for her phone and dialed Anthea Blakely, the client tied to her current deal, hoping to set up a meeting.

Minutes passed, yet the call remained unanswered.

Determined not to waste time, she made a decision after lunch-to visit Anthea's home in person. A face-to-face introduction might give her the edge she needed. Unbeknownst to her, Anthea was already entertaining an unexpected visitor. Seated in the elegant living room was none other than Collin.

"Mrs. Blakely, I hope I'm not intruding," said Collin, his tone courteous yet firm.

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Chapter 891 hope I'm Not Intruding

Caught off guard, Anthea blinked in surprise.

With his demanding schedule, it was rare to see Collin in person. His sudden appearance today was certainly out of the

ordinary.

"Collin, what a pleasant surprise! Is there something on your mind?" Anthea asked with genuine warmth.

With his usual politeness, Collin offered a small smile. "You've known my mother for years and watched me grow up. It's

only proper that I visit you."

A soft chuckle escaped her lips. "In that case, why keep calling me Mrs. Blakely? Your mother and I were close. Just call me

Anthea."

Without hesitation, Collin obliged. "Anthea."

As a servant placed a steaming cup of coffee before him, Anthea studied Collin with a knowing expression. "Few in town realize you're the mastermind behind CR Corporation, but I've always been aware. You're constantly tied up with work, so I imagine today's visit isn't just for casual conversation. Speak freely."

A subtle nod preceded his words as he addressed her directly. "Anthea, you and your husband have shared a lifetime together. Your experience far surpasses most. There are some matters I'd like to discuss and hear your thoughts on." Marrying A Secret Zillionaire:

Chapter 90 That's Quite

Unusual For You

Anthea was taken aback by what she had just heard. With a teasing smile, she responded, "Wait a minute, didn't you use to despise even talking about marriage? I heard your grandmother's been on your case about getting married for ages, and you always dodged the topic. So why are you suddenly coming to me for advice? Are you seeing someone?"

Her voice carried a playful undertone, but for the first time, Collin didn't mind her digging into his personal life. Thoughts of Linsey brought a subtle smile to his lips, one he didn't even notice forming.

"Anthea, I'm already married," Collin revealed softly, his voice filled with a hint of contentment.

Anthea froze, her eyes widening in shock. "Hold on, did you get married just to get your grandmother off your back?"

Her face showed a flicker of disapproval and she was ready to scold him, but Collin quickly corrected her, "No, I'm serious about my wife."

Though initially, Collin hadn't planned to marry for love, his feelings for Linsey had deepened genuinely over time.

He truly wanted to share his life with Linsey-that was why he sought Anthea's counsel today.

Anthea's surprise turned into delight as she pressed on. "Really?"

Seeing the earnest look on Collin's face, she realized he wasn't joking. He had truly gotten married, and he sincerely cared

for his wife.

Knowing Collin's character, Anthea was certain he wouldn't fabricate such a story.

She quickly caught on and smiled. "So, you came here today because of your wife. I'm intrigued. Who is this woman who's

captured your heart enough to make you seek advice? That's quite unusual for you."

Collin laughed gently, unfazed by her teasing, and slowly replied, "Her name is Linsey. She's from a simple background, but she's truly remarkable. She's intelligent, kind, and has an amazing personality. I'm sure you'd like her too if you met

her."

Anthea had known Collin for years, and it was the first time she had heard him praise a woman like that. It was clear-he was deeply in love.

With a playful smirk, she raised an eyebrow and challenged him. "Since you're so smitten, why didn't you bring her along to meet me today?"

Collin's expression dimmed slightly, and he frowned, appearing a bit troubled. "There are some things I haven't been upfront about, and now... I'm not sure how to break the news to her."

Anthea instantly blurted out, "You haven't told her you're the founder of CR Corporation, and you've also kept the fact that your legs have already healed, haven't you?"

Collin sighed and nodded, the weight of his secrets feeling heavier than ever. "Yes, you're right," he admitted, his voice

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Chapter 90. That's Quite Unusual For You

tinged with a mix of relief and apprehension.

Anthea observed him thoughtfully, then said, "You know, the fact that Linsey chose you, even without knowing everything, really does speak volumes about her character. It's clear she values the person you are, not what you have or your status."

Perhaps it was something Linsey had done after they got married-something profoundly kind and genuine-that had truly made him realize he was falling for her, not just the idea of her.

Seeing the worry etched across Collin's face, Anthea couldn't help but smile slightly. "I never thought I'd see the day when you'd be this flustered over anything. It's quite a sight, Collin."

He managed a weak smile, his usual confidence overshadowed by his current dilemma. "Anthea, honestly, right now, you're the only one I can turn to for help."

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