

Zillionaire 851

Chapter 851:

A slow, bitter smile twisted across his face. His eyes burned with a stubborn, wounded light. “Tell me, Linsey. What are you playing at? Are you still hung up on him? Did you come back to Grester just to run back to him?”

Linsey stared at Gorman in disbelief, watching as his face twisted into a near grotesque mask of raw, unfiltered emotion.

As expected, he still thought she might reconcile with Collin.

She should never have felt sympathy for him!

Her breathing quickened, the realization crashing into her with brutal clarity: Gorman was doing this on purpose. After seeing the video of her and Collin, he had deliberately brought the children here, stirring the waters, scheming to create chaos.

“Mommy...” Zenia’s small, trembling voice pierced through the thick tension, her words broken by suppressed sobs, a flicker of fear darting across her innocent face.

The sound snapped Linsey back to herself. She scooped the red-eyed Zenia into her arms, holding her tightly. “Sweetheart, it’s okay. Everything’s alright now.”

But Gorman seemed entirely indifferent to the little girl’s distress. “Linsey,” he started, “let me remind you—he has a new fiancée now. Haven—the daughter of the Walton family. Ivy favors her far more than she ever cared for you. It won’t be long before Haven becomes his wife.”

“So what?” Linsey shot back coldly. “I couldn’t care less.”

Gorman let out a low, murky chuckle. “Oh, really? Then what if I told you they’re planning to take Zander away from you?”

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The words sent her heart plummeting, lurching violently in her chest. Zenia, quiet until now, stiffened in her arms, her voice rising in alarm. “Who’s going to take Zander?”

Gorman arched a brow and crouched beside them, reaching out to smooth Zenia’s hair in a mockery of affection.

His touch was soft; his words were like knives. “Zenia, the man you just saw... doesn’t he look an awful lot like Zander?”

“Gorman!” Linsey snapped, her voice trembling with rage as she clamped her cold hands over Zenia’s ears. Tears burned at the corners of her eyes. “How dare you say such things to her?”

Yes, Collin had seen Zenia.

But Zenia’s features took more after her. Only a discerning eye would catch the subtle resemblance to Collin.

When Collin saw Gorman standing beside Zenia, he would almost certainly assume the child was Gorman’s—never suspecting the truth. After all, at the time of their divorce, he believed she hadn’t been pregnant.

Coupled with her icy, unapproachable demeanor since then, Collin would never dream that she had borne his children in secret.

The thought made Linsey’s hands ball into trembling fists.

Chapter 852:

Gorman had backed her into a corner, leaving her neither a way forward nor a way out.

Because of Haven, she couldn't simply take the children and turn to Collin for help.

Gorman was right—if Collin ever discovered the truth, if Haven so much as whispered a word, he could very well use his power to claim her children.

The man was the founder of the mighty CR Corporation. He held more influence than she could ever hope to fight. Should he choose to move against her, Linsey knew she would be powerless to stop him.

And yet, she couldn't bring herself to fully trust Gorman, not when it meant placing her and her children's safety entirely in his hands.

She saw it with painful clarity now—Gorman wasn't just dangerous. He was deadly.

He would use her children without a second thought, cornering her, forcing her beneath his temporary control, all in service of his own twisted goals.

Gorman met her smoldering glare with a smile—a smile so deceptively tender it made her blood run cold.

"Linsey, you're scaring Zenia. We should watch our words around the children," Gorman said softly, keeping his voice as gentle as a whisper. He finished with a smile that didn't reach his eyes, then turned to Zenia. "You're such a smart girl. I'm sure you understood what I meant, didn't you?"

Zenia's face twisted in confusion. It was clear she didn't understand the meaning behind his words. "Gorman..."

Linsey pulled Zenia tightly into her arms, shielding her like a mother hen. Her voice came sharp and tense. "That's enough. Stop talking."

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But Gorman only chuckled, cool as ever. “Linsey, if you plan to keep the children away from Collin, you might want to warn them. What if one day, Zenia and Zander choose to leave you for him? What will you do then?”

His words hit Zenia like a bolt from the blue. She clung to Linsey, tears welling up fast. “Zander and I would never leave Mommy! Never!” she cried out, her voice breaking as sobs shook her tiny body.

She looked up at Linsey with desperate eyes. “Mommy, we promise we’ll be good. Don’t send us away, please?”

Linsey’s heart twisted painfully. Her throat felt tight as she knelt, gently wiping Zenia’s tears away. “I would never leave you, sweetheart. No one can ever take you away from me. Don’t be scared.”

“But Gorman said...” Zenia whimpered, still trembling.

Gorman’s face shifted suddenly, softening as he knelt down too. His voice turned smooth, almost sweet. “Zenia, just stay sharp. As long as you stay away from that bad man, he won’t take you and Zander away from your mom.”

Linsey didn’t stay at the hospital much longer. After picking up her medication, she was discharged within hours.

With no real home to go to, she and Caylee returned to the hotel they were using for now.

Chapter 853:

Gorman carried the sleeping Zenia inside, cradling her like a fragile doll. He laid her gently on the bed and pulled the blanket over her with care, moving as quietly as a shadow.

Linsey stood by the door, arms crossed, watching him with cold, sharp eyes. There was no warmth in her gaze—only bitter scorn.

When Gorman finally stepped out and shut the door softly behind him, Linsey spoke, her voice like ice. "Gorman, sometimes I wonder... Who are you, really, beneath all that charm?"

At her words, Gorman arched an eyebrow, amused. His eyes locked onto hers, playful yet dangerous.

"Linsey, I've always been myself with you. You're the one who refuses to see me as I am. Just look at yourself right now. I must say, enjoy this—having your full attention."

Disgust rose in Linsey like a bitter tide. She shuddered, unable to hide it. Through gritted teeth, she spat, "I'm watching you because I don't trust you. I need to know what you're planning—for me, for my children!"

Gorman tilted his head, acting like he was puzzled. "Linsey, you wound me. Why would I ever hurt you or your little ones?"

As he spoke, he stepped closer, his face wearing a mask of false tenderness that made Linsey's skin crawl.

Her heart pounded like a drum in her chest. Every instinct screamed danger.

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Without thinking, she stepped back quickly, almost stumbling in her rush to get away from him.

"Linsey, haven't I made my feelings clear enough for you? Do you really think I could ever hurt you?" Gorman asked softly, a slight frown tugging at his brow.

Linsey's fists tightened at her sides.

She made a silent vow. If Gorman dared try anything, she would fight him with every ounce of strength she had left.

But Gorman seemed completely unmoved by her defiance. He looked at her with a soft, almost tender expression before continuing, "As for you and Collin's children..."

He let out a small, mocking laugh. "I've never cared about them. In truth, I can't stand the sight of them. Any kindness I showed was only because of you."

Shock washed over Linsey, leaving her wide-eyed.

For four long years, every time Gorman had been around the children, he had been patient and kind—gentle in ways she had never seen before.

And now he claimed it was all an act? A cold performance just to stay close to her?

Had he been planning this from the moment he asked her to go abroad with him?

But why?

Linsey couldn't wrap her mind around it. What could possibly be worth such a long game?

Gorman's voice turned cold, flat as stone, yet it still sent a chill crawling down her spine.

"Zenja, at least, is easy on the eyes. She looks so much like you did as a child. Being around her feels like I'm spending time with a younger version of you."

Chapter 854:

He paused, his face twisting with brief disgust. "But your precious son... He's a pain in the ass. Had it not been that I was trying to please you, I wouldn't have given Collin's son a second glance."

He let out a sigh, hollow and empty. “Oh, Linsey... Why did you have to end up with fraternal twins? Your son is the spitting image of Collin. He should never have been born.”

The sharp crack of Linsey’s hand against his face broke the air like a gunshot, leaving a heavy silence behind.

Linsey stood there, breathing hard, her hand throbbing with the force of the blow.

She watched as a red mark bloomed across Gorman’s cheek. She knew then—she had hit him with everything she had.

Gorman tilted his head slightly, unmoving for a long, tense moment. Then he slowly ran his tongue over the corner of his mouth where it was beginning to swell.

“You really are heartless,” he murmured, his voice dripping with a fake sadness that made Linsey’s skin crawl.

Her voice came out rough and shaking. “Gorman, you’ve already shown me exactly who you are. Drop the act. Just say what you want. Let’s stop wasting time.”

For a heartbeat, Gorman’s eyes lit up. He spun toward her, desperation lighting up his face. “Marry me, Linsey. I want you. No matter what it takes.”

Linsey’s eyes narrowed. A bitter laugh slipped from her lips. “After everything you just said, you actually think I’d marry you?”

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But Gorman’s face didn’t even twitch. Instead, a strange calmness settled over him, like a man who had already made peace with madness. “Linsey, you were never truly willing to be with me, were you?”

Her face hardened, almost imperceptibly.

Gorman leaned in, pressing the words between them like a final card on the table. “And that’s why I had to take steps you might not like. As long as you just agree to marry me, I’m cool if you have no feelings for me.”

Linsey shook her head, her disbelief as thick as fog, eyes locking onto Gorman. “Gorman, you’ve gone completely off the deep end! You’re driving me up the wall!”

Her voice was steel, unyielding. “I’d rather eat dirt than agree to such a ridiculous demand. You could twist my arm with every dirty trick in the book, but I’ll never, ever love you.”

“That’s just peachy with me!” Gorman shot back, his laugh bursting out like a rogue firecracker—bold, wild, reckless. “Love me, hate me, it’s all the same to me. As long as you’re mine, that’s my version of hitting the jackpot.”

Linsey felt her sanity teetering on a knife’s edge, her eyes burning, rimmed red with the effort to hold back tears, as Gorman’s warped logic pushed her to the breaking point.

“Linsey, no need to jump the gun,” Gorman said, his voice smooth as silk, almost too relaxed. His eyes, slightly tilted upward, sparkled with a calculated curiosity. “I’m in no rush for your answer. I’ve got all the time in the world to wait—patiently, of course. I’m dying to see how this plays out. Who knows? Maybe you’ll have a change of heart.”

Linsey moved like lightning, lunging forward to grab Gorman’s collar in a white-knuckled grip. Her voice cut through the air, low and fierce. “Gorman, what’s your next move?”

Chapter 855:

She took a deep breath, her stance unyielding, every inch of her radiating a mama bear’s resolve. “Hear me loud and clear: if you dare lay a finger on my children, I’ll fight you tooth and nail to the bitter end!”

To her shock, Gorman didn’t get mad. Instead, a soft smile curved his lips, unruffled. He lifted a hand—not to shove her off, but to gently wrap around her clenched fist. “Easy, Linsey. I’m not an idiot. I know

those kids are your whole world right now. Why would I do something so boneheaded as to hurt you like that?"

Locking eyes with her, he continued, "Nah, I'm playing the long game—charming them, winning them over. I'd appreciate it if you'd play along. But if Zenia and Zander suddenly turn on me, well, I can't promise I'll keep my cool forever."

With that, Gorman reached out, his fingers brushing a loose strand of hair from Linsey's face with a tenderness that felt like a trap. His voice dropped to a murmur. "Take care of yourself, Linsey. Get some rest. I'll swing by again soon."

Linsey's face was a mask of stone as she slapped his hand away, the motion dripping with barely contained fury.

Gorman let out a low chuckle, hollow and mirthless, before turning on his heel with the grace of a cat.

The second the door creaked open, Zander's bright voice floated in from the hall. "Gorman!"

Linsey's eyes widened, her heart lurching. On pure instinct, she rushed forward, scooping Zander—who was still clutching Caylee's hand—into her arms, cutting Gorman off before he could get a word in.

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Caught off guard by the sudden hug, Zander stumbled slightly but quickly wrapped his arms around her waist, peering up with a worried frown. "Mommy, you okay?"

Linsey froze, her eyes locked on Gorman, who returned her stare with a smile that didn't touch his eyes. Her fingers, pressed protectively against Zander's back, trembled just enough to betray her.

"I'm fine, baby," she replied, her voice rough but steady.

Anyone who caught the ghostly pallor of Linsey's face in that moment could see she was anything but okay.

Caylee stood rooted to the spot for a heartbeat, her eyes darting nervously between Linsey and Gorman, worry etched across her face. For reasons she couldn't quite pin down, the air between them felt charged, like a storm about to break, thick with unspoken tension.

Linsey, especially, was a live wire—her every glance and subtle shift screaming distrust toward Gorman, her wariness practically a physical force.

What the hell had just gone down?

Before Caylee could even start to untangle the strange vibe, Gorman turned to her, his voice dropping into an unexpectedly grave tone. "Look after Linsey, alright? If anything feels off, you let me know right away."

Gorman's words slammed into Caylee like a freight train, her eyes popping wide in utter shock.

She shot a quick glance at Gorman, who gave off a cool, careless vibe, before her gaze darted back to Linsey's, brimming with a hollow despair that stole the air from Caylee's lungs.

Chapter 856:

A cold shiver snaked its way down her back.

Gorman, cool as a cucumber, didn't miss a beat and breezed out of the room, his steps practically bouncing.

The hotel room fell quiet, holding just Linsey, Caylee, and the tiny Zander nestled in Linsey's arms.

After a moment, Linsey's fingers softly danced through Zander's downy hair. She leaned in close, her voice a gentle whisper. "Be a good boy, Zander. Your sister's in there, out like a light. Why don't you slip in and snuggle up with her? I need a quick word with Caylee."

Zander gave a small nod and tiptoed into the room, easing the door shut with a soft click.

That faint sound snuffed out the last flicker of hope Caylee had been clinging to.

The last, frail glimmer of hope in Caylee was extinguished as the door clicked gently shut.

Without a word, Linsey moved with a grim, no-turning-back resolve to the sofa and sank into it.

The brutal showdown with Gorman had clearly wrung her dry, sapping her strength.

But she knew this mess was far from settled.

Caylee sucked in a shaky breath, her hands locked so tight her knuckles gleamed white. She took a hesitant step toward Linsey. "Why?"

Linsey's voice sliced through the thick silence, sharp and out of nowhere.

That single word hit like a thunderbolt. Caylee got it in a heartbeat—Linsey had seen right through the whole charade.

Linsey was no fool; Gorman hadn't needed to spell it out for her to connect the dots.

The offhand way Gorman had bossed Caylee around, like she was just a piece on his chessboard, sealed it. This wasn't a one-off; it was a pattern.

And it explained why, ever since she rolled back into Grester, Gorman always seemed one step ahead, like he had a tracker on her life. He was always in the know first.

Caylee had been his eyes and ears, the mole right in her orbit, feeding Gorman every scrap of intel.

Caylee's voice broke, heavy with tears she hadn't let fall. "Linsey, I'm so sorry. I swear, I was backed into a corner... My grandma's really sick, needs surgery bad, and I didn't have a dime. Mr. Green was the only one who'd help. I'm telling you, I had no choice...

After pausing for a moment, she continued, "My grandma's all I've got, Linsey. We're all each other has. I couldn't let her go... my only family. Please, you gotta believe me. I didn't do anything shady for Mr. Green... swear I didn't..."

Linsey let out a long, slow breath, her voice dropping to a frosty edge. "And what exactly counts as 'shady' to you, Caylee?"

The casual, almost mocking question landed like a sucker punch. Caylee stared at Linsey's blank, stone-cold face, her eyes burning, a sick dread twisting tight in her gut.

A slow, eerie grin crept across Linsey's face. "Gorman sure knows how to deal a winning hand."

He had revealed Caylee's betrayal with surgical precision, striking when Linsey was vulnerable.

Chapter 857:

He was sending a crystal-clear message: he could plant moles right in her inner circle without her blinking.

Even if Linsey booted Caylee out now, Gorman would just slip another pawn into place, keeping his grip tight.

And if Caylee ever became dead weight, Gorman wouldn't hesitate to pull the plug on her grandmother's lifeline.

“Linsey, I’m so sorry...” Caylee’s voice faltered, words drying up under the weight of her guilt.

She felt naked, her shame laid bare for exploiting Linsey’s generosity. Linsey shut her eyes for a heartbeat, steadying herself, before her voice came, soft but loaded. “Caylee, level with me. How much does your grandmother’s care really cost?”

Caylee kept her head down, her voice a faint murmur as she spilled the number.

It was a jaw-dropping amount.

“She’s not out of the woods yet,” Caylee added, her voice rough and raw.

“The doc says more bills are coming.”

Linsey’s heart sank as she took in Caylee’s words.

Right then, it hit her like a ton of bricks: Caylee had made the only call she could.

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Deep down, Linsey knew she would never have scraped together the cash for that surgery, not with her own two hands.

Still, she was gutted, her faith in Caylee shattered by what she had done.

But even after all the time they had spent together, Linsey couldn’t just stand there and let Caylee’s grandma suffer over a stack of unpaid bills.

A wry, self-mocking grin tugged at her lips.

If she had been in Caylee's shoes, she would have jumped at Gorman's deal too—anything to keep the last piece of her world from slipping away.

"I get it," Linsey finally said, eyes fixed on the floor, her voice flat. "You can keep working for Gorman."

Caylee's head snapped up, eyes wide as saucers, brows knitted in shock. "Linsey, no way! I'm done with that, I swear. I'm not passing another word to Mr. Green, cross my heart."

"What about your grandma?" Linsey asked, her voice cutting through the heavy air.

Caylee's face froze, her eyes swimming with confusion, as if she had been thrown into deep water without a lifeline.

Linsey held her gaze, silent for a beat, until a strange calm settled over her like a quiet tide.

She reached out, gently grabbing Caylee's hands and pulling her down to sit next to her on the bed's edge.

"Listen up," Linsey said, her voice steady as a rock, gripping Caylee's hands like they were her anchor. "Your grandma's medical bills can't stop. Not now, not ever. You've got to keep feeding Gorman his reports, same as always. And don't breathe a word to me about what he's got you doing."

Chapter 858:

Caylee's jaw dropped, her head shaking as if she were trying to shake off a bad dream. "Linsey, no, I can't... I won't—"

Linsey cut her off, her tone sharp and unyielding, like a captain barking orders in a storm. "Trust me, Caylee. Do exactly what I'm telling you."

She knew, with a cold certainty that chilled her to the bone, that Gorman was bent on backing her into a corner until she caved and said yes to his proposal.

If she couldn't outsmart Gorman while his guard was down, she might actually end up trapped in that marriage, chained to a man she didn't love.

But worse—far worse—was the gnawing truth eating at her: Gorman didn't give a damn about her two kids.

He had even had the gall to say he wished Zander was out of the picture for good.

If she brought her children to live under Gorman's roof, the thought of what might happen to them down the line made her blood run cold.

While Linsey wrestled with that bone-deep fear, the two kids in the corner were wrapped up in their own heated, whispered showdown.

Zenia had just mumbled her hesitant story when Zander shot back, his voice tight as a coiled spring. "I'm nothing like that bastard! He's the one picking on Mommy! I'd only ever protect her. I'm not like him, not one bit!"

Zenia chewed on that for a second, her little face scrunched in thought, before she ventured cautiously, "Zander, I don't know... when I saw that bad man, I couldn't shake it. He kinda looks like you."

"No way!" Zander hissed, his face scrunching up like he had bitten into a sour lemon. "I'm Mommy's kid, so I only look like her!"

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Zenia, all serious, retorted, "Everyone says I'm the one who looks like Mommy. She was my spitting image when she was little."

Zander huffed, practically vibrating with annoyance, but as the big brother, he reined it in, not about to blow his top at his little sister. Instead, his frustration zeroed in on Collin like a heat-seeking missile.

Zander clenched his hands and said angrily, "That terrible, evil man! I'll let him know who's in charge! See whether he dares to harass Mommy once more."

Zenia intervened abruptly and sternly, saying, "Remember, Zander? Gorman cautioned us about approaching the villain. The bad guy will take us away from Mommy."

Zander clenched his teeth, his voice steady and full of fire. "I'm my mom's son, and I'm not going anywhere with that man. If he touches me, he'll regret it. I swear!"

Zenia's eyes lit up in awe. "Wow, Zander. You're really brave."

Zander beamed with pride. "Tomorrow, I'm marching straight to his office to give him a piece of my mind."

He turned to Zenia, his tone more serious now. "Stay right here and wait for me. If Mom asks where I went, just tell her—"

"I'll just say I don't know!" Zenia cut in quickly.

Zander gave an approving nod. "Exactly. You're smart too!"

The next morning, Dustin walked into the company, looking dead on his feet.

Chapter 859:

Collin glanced up as the door creaked open. "Where were you last night? Sneaking around?"

Dustin's eye twitched. "Sneaking around?"

He slumped into the chair across from Collin, face full of frustration. "I was up all night because of you, and now you're throwing jabs? That's cold."

Collin's face tensed for a moment. Then, without missing a beat, he snapped, "If your brain's still foggy, go home and clear it. Don't bring your mess here."

He tapped his pen twice against the desk, sharp and deliberate. "You're lucky we don't have any big meetings today. One more screw-up, and you're on thin ice."

Dustin stiffened, alert now, the warning sinking in. He sat up straighter, his tone defensive. "I have a good reason for the way I'm acting."

Collin didn't even look up from his papers. "Is it Dolores again?"

Dustin flushed at the name, gaze drifting. "No... But she agreed to let me chase after her."

Collin scoffed coldly. "At this pace, I'll be six feet under before I see your wedding invitation."

"Don't jinx it!" Dustin blurted, his ears turning pink. "If I stay focused, I can win her over soon."

Collin shot him a side glance. "If things are going so well, why didn't you sleep? Too happy to shut your eyes?"

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Dustin blinked, remembering the real reason he had come. "Collin, did you even hear what I said during our call yesterday?"

He watched closely, hoping for any sign that Collin remembered. Maybe Collin did have a past with someone... but the memory was buried too deep to reach.

Still, Dustin couldn't let it go. He had seen a boy yesterday. The boy looked just like Collin. It wasn't the first time either. This was the second time.

As childhood friends, Dustin knew Collin's face like the back of his hand. He could spot even the slightest resemblance. The first time, he told himself it was just a coincidence.

But seeing that boy again made his gut twist.

There was no brushing it off now.

That child might be Collin's son.

"What did you say again?" Collin asked, his brows furrowed.

Dustin sighed. Collin never paid attention when he rambled. He always thought Dustin was just full of odd ideas. But this time, it was different.

Dustin jolted, a ripple of anxiety tightening his chest. "I saw a boy yesterday," he blurted, his voice rising. "He looked exactly like you did as a kid—same face, same eyes. I'm telling you, it was uncanny."

Collin scoffed without lifting his eyes from the desk. "You're still trapped in one of your dreams? Go back to your room and quit interrupting. I'm working."

But Dustin wasn't backing down. "Collin, I'm serious! I saw him at the hospital—he looks exactly like you! Anyone would say the same! He could be your son, I mean it!"

Chapter 860:

Then, as if searching for backup, he added hastily, "Dolores was there too. She saw him with her own eyes!"

That made Collin pause. A flicker of unease crossed his face. "You mentioned this in front of Dolores?"

Dustin frowned, caught off guard. “What are you getting at?”

Collin pinched the bridge of his nose, struggling to contain his irritation. “If you ran your mouth in front of her, she’ll take it straight to Linsey. And the second Linsey hears even a whisper of this nonsense, she’ll believe I’ve got some secret child stashed away somewhere.”

Dustin stepped back, eyes narrowing. “Collin, I’m asking you plainly. Have you ever been with another woman?”

Collin let out a slow breath and placed his pen down with finality. His voice was cold. “No. It’s always been Linsey. So stop fabricating stories about me having a son.”

Dustin faltered, his determination cracking under Collin’s unwavering certainty.

Could the boy really have no connection at all?

Was such a resemblance merely a coincidence?

A child bearing Collin’s face... yet tied to none of his blood?

Before the silence could settle too deeply, a knock broke through the tension.

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An assistant stepped inside, holding a folder in both hands. “Mr. Riley, we’ve retrieved the records—Ms. Brooks gave birth at a hospital abroad.”

Dustin’s heart dropped. He turned to Collin, trembling. “W-what? Linsey... gave birth overseas?”

Collin reached for the file instead of answering, flipping through it quickly, his eyes scanning each line with mounting tension.

The records confirmed it all. Every detail aligned with the scattered fragments of information he had pieced together over the months.

Six months after leaving the country, Linsey was seven weeks pregnant. Thirty-one weeks later, she had given birth to a daughter, Zenia.

A rush of disappointment flickered across Collin's expression.

Until this moment, a small, desperate hope had lingered.

Maybe, just maybe, Linsey had already been pregnant with his child when she had filed for divorce.

But the timeline shattered that hope. The documents left no space for denial. She hadn't even known she was pregnant until long after she had left.

The child wasn't his.

Dustin watched Collin's face closely, unnerved by his silence. A storm of disbelief churned in his chest.

Without warning, he reached forward and yanked the file from Collin's hands.

He knew what the assistant had said, yet seeing it printed in black and white hit like a punch to the gut. Staring down at the file, his mind reeled. Linsey had a daughter.