

## **Zillionaire 861**

Chapter 861:

He looked up, locking eyes with Collin's cold, steady gaze. His mouth opened, but no words would come.

"You can leave now," Collin said flatly, glancing at the assistant.

The assistant gave a slight bow and slipped quietly out of the office. Dustin was still staring at the papers, trembling in his grip. How was this even possible?

"Enough." Collin extended his hand, calmly retrieved the file, and set it aside with a flick of indifference. "Linsey had a daughter," he said. "There's no reason to act so shocked."

Dustin studied Collin's face, searching for even a flicker of emotion—but found nothing. There was no anger or sadness, just that familiar, unreadable calm.

After a pause, he ventured carefully, "Who is the father of Linsey's daughter?"

He didn't have to finish the question. Collin caught the thread.

"Gorman claims he is the father."

His lids lifted a fraction, his voice calm and remote, as though recounting something insignificant. "I ran into the child again yesterday at the hospital. That makes it the third time now."

Only then did the memory snap into place for Dustin—the time he had seen Gorman at the airport, not long ago, accompanied by a little girl. Back then, they had both remarked on how strikingly the child resembled Linsey.

So it was true. Linsey had a daughter. And that child... was Gorman's.

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The realization hit him like a slow, rolling tide.

Four years had passed. Everything had changed.

Dustin just couldn't resist asking the question aloud.

"Is that child really Gorman's?"

He glanced toward the stack of documents Collin had tossed aside earlier. "Those papers don't confirm paternity."

Collin gave a short nod. "No, they don't. But it doesn't matter. I've made my decision. I'm going after Linsey again."

A spark lit in Dustin's eyes. "You're serious? You're actually going to pursue her again?"

Collin's lips thinned into a firm line. "Yes."

"But... what about Gorman?" Dustin asked hesitantly, the uncertainty threading into his voice.

After all, Linsey and Gorman shared a child. Didn't that make them a family now?

"They're not married," Collin said flatly, cutting clean through the fog of implication. "Gorman told me himself."

A muscle in Collin's jaw twitched, and for the first time, anger flashed in his eyes. "He let her raise a child on her own without marrying her. What kind of man does that? Irresponsible bastard."

A slow grin crept across Dustin's face. "Collin, this could be your window. Maybe she never even loved him. If she had, they would've tied the knot years ago. Four years—they had more than enough time for vows and a grand wedding."

Chapter 862:

At that, a faint, fleeting smile flickered across Collin's lips.

But Dustin frowned again. "Hold on... if you're planning to win Linsey back, does that mean you're giving up Haven Walton?"

"Yes. My only courtesy toward Haven is out of respect for my grandmother."

"But the rumors are already swirling. Everyone thinks you're about to marry her. If Linsey hears that, she'll jump to the wrong conclusion again. You remember what happened yesterday at the restaurant—she asked about Haven, and you didn't exactly deny it."

Collin remained silent, torn. Two seconds passed. Then, out of nowhere, he asked, "Have you heard anything about Joanne?"

Dustin looked taken aback. "Joanne? You mean Joanne Ellis? I remember she's close to Haven."

Collin leaned back slightly, his posture loosening as his tone turned almost leisurely. "She's been digging into Linsey... and anyone who's been close to Dolores lately."

Dustin's curiosity flared the moment he heard Collin's words. "Why would Joanne check up on Dolores?"

Collin shot him a sharp look and corrected him quietly. "She's not after Dolores. She's digging into Linsey—the one who sat beside Dolores yesterday."

“So it’s Linsey she’s focused on. Then why dig into Dolores?” Dustin muttered, suspicion creeping into his voice. A beat later, his eyes widened. He turned to Collin, stunned. “Wait... you hid Linsey’s past in Grester. So, Haven doesn’t know Linsey—the one we had dinner with—is your ex-wife?”

Collin gave a small nod. “Exactly. None of us mentioned Linsey’s name last night. So naturally, Haven doesn’t know she’s also the designer Aurora.”

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Dustin felt his head spinning.

So much had happened in just thirty minutes, he could barely keep up. He exhaled slowly. “Now I get it... You’re trying to figure out Haven’s real motive.”

Collin laced his fingers, his gaze dropping slightly. “Linsey hasn’t forgiven me for what happened four years ago. Until I know where she stands, I don’t want to push. I’m scared she’ll vanish from Grester again... just like last time.”

His lips pressed into a tight line. “If she truly doesn’t want to be with me, I won’t force it.”

Dustin nodded thoughtfully, then made up his mind. “I’ll ask Dolores about Linsey and her daughter if I can. Even if the child is Gorman’s by blood, that doesn’t mean you can’t be the stepdad.”

But Collin wasn’t interested in the what-ifs. He raised a hand in quiet dismissal, signaling Dustin to leave.

At that moment, neither of them had the faintest idea what was unfolding downstairs in the lobby of CR Corporation.

“Oh my gosh, he looks just like Mr. Riley!”

“Could he really be Mr. Riley’s son?”

“He’s absolutely adorable!”

“Of course! With looks like Mr. Riley’s, how could he not be?”

Chapter 863:

A small group of employees whispered among themselves, watching the scene from a distance. A few bold ones had already approached, closing in on the stylish little...

“Hey there, cutie! Where’s your mom? What are you doing here all by yourself?”

“Maybe his mom works here. What if she’s Mr. Riley’s secret lover?” someone teased with a grin.

“With a brain like that, you should be writing movies!”

Zander stood confidently in the middle of them, his arms folded tightly. His cap sat low over his eyes, and sunglasses hung from his shirt collar. With his layered outfit and assertive pose, he looked like a pint-sized fashion model with attitude.

“I’m here to take down the bad man,” he said, his voice small but serious.

The crowd melted at his tone, finding him even more adorable.

“Bad man? Who’s bothering you, little guy?”

Zander sniffed and lifted his chin. “No one bullied me, I said I’m here to take down the bad man!” His boldness made everyone laugh.

“Alright then! But you have to tell us who he is first. Otherwise, how can we help?”

Zander replied, loud and clear, “Collin Riley!”

As the words left Zander’s mouth, a collective gasp swept through the lobby. Whispers sparked like wildfire. Eyes widened, and curious glances darted from one face to another.

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That boy must be connected to Collin!

Calling Collin a bad man? Could it mean Collin had an affair with the kid’s mother?

The rumors hung thick in the air—juicy, shocking, and impossible to ignore.

Just then, Dustin’s confused voice cut through the buzz. “What’s going on here?”

The crowd turned to him the second he stepped into view. A few quick voices piped up. “Mr. Wade! There’s a kid here who looks exactly like Mr. Riley!”

Dustin’s brows shot up. A kid who looked like Collin?

He turned toward the source—and froze. It was the same little boy he had seen at the hospital just yesterday.

Without missing a beat, a glint of determination flashed in Dustin’s eyes. He marched straight toward the child, scooped him up, and slung him over his shoulder.

“Ah!” Zander yelped, caught off guard. Before he could wiggle free, Dustin was already striding away with him.

“Who are you? Let go of me! You’re a bad guy! I’m calling the police!” Zander shouted, fear flashing in his chest, though he tried to sound brave.

The employees stood frozen, jaws slack, watching Dustin march off with the struggling boy.

“Now Collin can’t deny it. I’ve got proof!” Dustin muttered, a crooked smile forming.

Fueled by triumph, he hauled Zander upstairs, skipping past knocks or greetings, and burst straight into Collin’s office.

Chapter 864:

“Collin! Look what I found!” he yelled, his voice echoing off the walls.

Collin flinched at the sudden interruption. His expression darkened in annoyance. He opened his mouth to scold Dustin but stopped cold at the sound of the boy’s angry cry.

“Bad person! You’re bad too! Put me down!”

Collin looked up, startled.

A small child—four or five at most—was draped over Dustin’s shoulder, squirming furiously. His frown deepened. “Dustin, are you out of your mind?”

“Just look,” Dustin said, turning the boy so Collin could see his face.

For a moment, time seemed to freeze. Two faces hung in the air—one older and sharp, the other younger and soft. Yet the resemblance was undeniable.

Collin’s breath caught. His eyes locked on the boy’s face. A strange tightness curled in his chest.

He couldn’t say a word.

Zander glared at them both, tiny fists clenched. “Bad people! You’re both bad! You planned this together!”

He began to thrash again, face red and flustered. “Let me down right now!”

Seeing the boy’s distress, Collin rose to his feet. His conflicted gaze lingered on him. “Dustin, put him down.”

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“I’m not letting him run off again. He’s slipped away from me twice already,” Dustin said firmly.

Then he leaned in slightly, his voice low with victory. “Now, do you believe me, Collin? Look at him. He’s the spitting image of you!”

Zander scrunched his face in disgust. “I do not look like that bad man! You’re all big bullies! I’m calling the police!”

Dustin kept his cool, steering the moment with ease. “Kid, do you even know who you’re talking to? This man is the founder of CR Corporation—the richest man in the entire country. If the police ever laid a hand on him, half of Grester’s economy would crash overnight.”

He sighed, muttering under his breath, “Why am I even explaining this to a toddler?”

Zander’s cheeks puffed up with anger. “I’m not a toddler! Stop talking to me like I’m some baby!”

Collin’s eyes narrowed. Something unreadable flickered behind them. He walked toward the boy. His gaze was sharp, focused. “Then tell me—how old are you?” His voice was calm but firm.

Dustin perked up, curious now. He leaned in a little, waiting for Zander’s answer.

Judging the boy's age by appearance alone was no easy task.

Zander didn't budge. His mind was full of memories—painful ones—of how this “bad man” had treated his mom.

He had no intention of playing along.

Instead, he crossed his arms and turned his head sharply to the side, letting out a cold sneer in defiance.

Chapter 865:

Dustin chuckled, shaking his head. “Well, well. This kid's got a lot of fire in him.”

Still, both men knew better than to push too hard. Forcing answers out of a child wouldn't get them far.

Collin looked over at Dustin after a pause. “Take him to the sofa. I'll talk to him once he's calmed down.”

Before Dustin could respond, Zander shouted, “I'm not talking to you! You're a bad guy!”

Dustin's brow twitched. He drew in a slow breath, clearly trying to stay patient. “Listen, kid. I heard what you said downstairs. You came here looking for Collin, didn't you? Well, here he is. Speak now, or we'll call the police. Then you'll be answering questions down at the station.” Though he mostly meant it to scare him, the words struck a real nerve. Zander's face lost some color.

The idea of being taken to the police station sent a chill down his spine. “I didn't do anything wrong! You can't call the police on me!” Zander yelled, trying to sound brave.

Dustin didn't let up. “You barged into our company and caused a scene. People couldn't even work. Why shouldn't we report you? You've got guts, I'll give you that—standing up to Collin. But once you leave here, ask around. No one in Grester dares to mess with the founder of CR Corporation.”

He leaned in slightly, lowering his voice. “Didn’t your dad ever teach you that?”

Zander’s face twisted with clear irritation. “I don’t have a dad! And I don’t need one! Dads just cause trouble!”

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Then he shot a glare at both men. “And you two are no better!” Despite his fierce tone, the softness of his features made his anger seem more pouty than powerful.

Collin and Dustin had faced tougher storms. A child’s tantrum wasn’t going to shake them.

Still, Zander’s words landed like tiny pebbles in still water—rippling just enough to leave an effect.

Dustin glanced at Collin, a weight behind his stare. Collin met his gaze and understood at once.

There was no father in sight. Earlier, Dustin had steered clear of asking about the child’s mother, hoping instead to uncover the boy’s father. Now, with that answer hanging plainly between the lines, the truth felt even more probable—this little guy had to be Collin’s son.

Still, the mystery deepened. Who had brought this boy into the world? Collin had insisted he had only ever been with Linsey, so then, where had this child come from?

Pushing for answers now felt wrong. Collin made the conscious choice to stay quiet, realizing that bringing up something so sensitive could cut deeper than intended. The absence of a father was already a heavy weight for a child to carry. He didn’t want to add salt to that wound.

Leaning in, Collin asked in a voice gentler than usual, “Did you come all the way here just to see me?”

Chin held high and eyes blazing with purpose, Zander replied, “You bet I did! I came to challenge you, you mean man!”

Chapter 866:

Dustin tried to keep it in, but the boy's fiery declaration cracked his composure. Laughter slipped out before he could stop it.

Face flushed and fuming, Zander began to wriggle furiously. "Hey! You back there! Let me go! You're laughing at a kid! That makes you a terrible grown-up!"

It dawned on Dustin—he never imagined he would be trading barbs with someone barely tall enough to reach the counter.

"Oh, so you do know you're just a kid?" Dustin arched an eyebrow, lips twitching with amusement. "Then act like one. Who told you it was smart to come pick fights with grown-ups?"

Without much effort, he scooped Zander off the floor like a bag of groceries, prompting the boy to yelp twice in startled protest. "Look at that. One hand. I don't even need both. Come back when you've got some height on you, little warrior."

Zander couldn't wriggle free. Every squirm only made it more obvious that he was completely outmatched.

Being so easily manhandled by Dustin made his chest burn with humiliation.

Heat rushed to his cheeks as his emotions tangled—shame, fury, and helplessness all colliding at once. The more he dwelled on his failure, the heavier the weight of disappointment became. He hadn't even managed to stand up for his mom.

A few tears betrayed him, slipping down his face and landing directly on Dustin's hand.

Startled, Dustin recoiled slightly. "Hey, hey—what's this now? Don't cry! You win, okay? Just—stop with the waterworks. Kid tears give me a damn headache."

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With a helpless glance, he turned toward Collin, silently asking for backup.

Rather than responding, Collin stood motionless, his eyes narrowed and fixed on Zander as though he were decoding some complex equation.

It seemed even Collin wasn't equipped to deal with a sobbing child. That's what Dustin figured, still clueless that Collin's thoughts had already wandered miles away.

As he looked at Zander's tear-streaked face and red eyes, Collin's thoughts drifted to Linsey. Strange—why did this child remind him so much of her?

That sudden realization jerked Collin back to the present.

Without a word, he stepped forward and gently lifted Zander from Dustin's arms.

"I've got him," he said, adjusting the boy's weight more comfortably. "He must feel uncomfortable that way."

Zander blinked, caught off guard by the shift. Before he could react, he found himself resting against Collin's chest.

A reflex had him wriggling in protest, but Collin's composed tone halted his movement. "Didn't you come here to challenge me?" he asked. "Let's settle it, man to man."

Zander stiffened, clearly startled by the offer. His wide eyes scanned Collin's serious expression, and his voice softened as he responded, "I want that duel."

Collin nodded seriously. "You're too young for us to settle this with a physical contest. Let us try another method to determine the winner."

Chapter 867:

Zander immediately looked interested. “What method?” he asked, his curiosity piqued.

Collin didn’t reply immediately. Instead, he lifted Zander and placed him on the sofa.

Zander casually rested his hands on Collin’s shoulders, but there was something oddly familiar about the whole situation. Mommy often held him like this. However, it felt different because Mommy wasn’t as tall as this “bad man.”

This man’s grip was firm and strong, while Mommy’s hold was soft and gentle. He also liked how Mommy smelled—a familiar scent. This man’s scent, however, was completely foreign, though he didn’t find it unpleasant.

Zander had always watched enviously as Gorman playfully lifted Zenia into the air. He had always wanted to experience the same thing, but Gorman had always told him that he was the older one and shouldn’t compete with Zenia.

This was the first time Zander had experienced such a thrilling height.

“Did you drink a lot of milk to grow this tall?” Zander asked, his eyes wide with curiosity.

Collin smiled, amused by Zander’s question. “Drinking milk isn’t enough. You also need to exercise regularly,” he replied.

“Hey, kid, I lifted you high too. Why am I not getting the same attention he’s getting?” Dustin interrupted.

Zander shot Dustin an uninterested glance, then scoffed and turned back to Collin. He leaned comfortably against him, showing that he no longer disliked him as much as he used to. However, this change didn’t extend to Dustin, as Zander still disliked him.

Dustin watched in disbelief at how casually Zander had let go of his animosity toward Collin. The kid's change of heart was way too fast. Just moments ago, both he and Collin had been heavily disliked by Zander. Now, it seemed like Zander didn't want to leave Collin's side.

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Collin soon sat down and placed Zander in his lap.

"Have you had anything to eat? Would you like me to get you something?" Collin asked as he took out a tissue to wipe Zander's tears.

It was only when Collin wiped his face that Zander realized he had been crying. His face immediately turned red with embarrassment, and he quickly hopped off Collin's lap, sitting up straight on the sofa. "I'm not hungry. I just want to duel with you," Zander replied.

However, his stomach seemed to disagree as it growled loudly. Dustin couldn't hold back a burst of laughter, but a warning glare from Collin instantly silenced him.

Zander, noticing the sound, shrank in embarrassment.

Collin called for his assistant. "Go get some breakfast that's suitable for a child. Hurry."

The assistant bowed and immediately went to carry out the order. Zander watched in fascination, observing Collin's commanding demeanor.

He stared in awe at the retreating figure before turning back to Collin with a look of reverence in his eyes. "Sir, why does that person listen to you?" Zander asked innocently.

Collin, slightly taken aback by the question, replied casually, "Because he works for me. He's expected to do everything I ask."

Chapter 868:

This kid, who had just called him a bad man, was now treating him with respect. Were all kids this fickle-minded?

Zander looked up at Collin, his eyes wide with curiosity. “Do you have a lot of people working for you? Do they beat up bad guys for you?”

Collin grinned, calm and confident. “Of course. Every single one of them knows what they’re doing.”

“Wow!” Zander’s face lit up with pure admiration. “Sir, you’re awesome!”

Dustin snorted and teased, “Took you long enough to realize. Weren’t you the one talking about challenging him earlier?”

Zander froze as if he’d been caught, then puffed out his chest and clenched his little fists. “I’m still small right now. But when I grow up, I’ll have my own crew. Then I’ll come back and challenge him for real!”

Collin reached over and softly ruffled Zander’s hair. “But why do you even want to challenge me, huh?”

Zander went completely silent, his lips sealed shut like he was guarding a secret. Collin gave him a long look and asked gently, “Your mom told you not to say anything?”

“You’ve got it wrong!” Zander shouted, quickly looking away. His little eyes darted left and right. “She doesn’t even know I came to challenge you. I didn’t say anything.”

Collin nodded as if he understood. “Alright then. Since you’re putting the challenge on hold, I’ll take you home after breakfast.”

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Zander turned his head with a dramatic huff. “Nope! I’m staying right here. From now on, I’m watching you closely!”

“What?” Collin tilted his head, confused.

Zander narrowed his eyes with determination. “I’m gonna figure out your weak spot. That way, when I’m older, I’ll definitely beat you!”

Collin laughed, clearly amused. Dustin sighed and shook his head. “You little troublemaker. Why’s your brain always stuck on fighting?”

“I’m not a troublemaker!” Zander shot back, clearly offended.

Collin’s eyes twitched with interest. He asked smoothly, “Oh? Then what is your name?”

Zander’s face changed fast. “Not telling you!” he said, then his eyes darted around like he just remembered something. “Wait! I gotta pee. Where’s the bathroom?”

Collin pointed down the hallway. “You okay to go by yourself, or do you need a hand?” he asked kindly.

“No! I can do it alone!” Zander jumped off the couch and hurried off on his tiny legs. Halfway to the bathroom, he spun around and warned like a little general, “Don’t follow me! I need privacy, got it?”

Without saying another word, he rushed into the bathroom, slammed the door shut, and locked it tightly.

Dustin, still sitting on the couch, glanced over at Collin and said confidently, “He’s definitely making a call in there.”

Chapter 869:

As he spoke, Dustin leaned forward, starting to get up, and lowered his voice. “Collin, let’s see who the kid’s calling. Maybe we’ll finally figure out who his mom is. I saw he’s got a smartwatch—it probably makes calls.”

Collin stayed cool, calmly placing a hand on Dustin’s knee, nudging him to sit back down.

Dustin looked confused. “Collin, what’s the deal?”

Collin spoke gently. “If he finds out we’re eavesdropping, he’s gonna be pissed.”

“Collin, since when do we care if a kid gets mad? He’s just—” Dustin started, clearly not getting it.

But before he could finish, Collin cut in, his voice calm but serious. “He might actually be my kid.”

Dustin stopped cold, his eyes widening just a little in shock. Collin looked him straight in the eye and continued after a short pause. “If he’s mine, I don’t want him to hate me the first time we meet. I’ve already missed the beginning of his life.”

He let out a long breath, his fingers laced and tightening a little. “Even if he’s not mine, we can’t just ignore what he said and spy on him. That’s messed up.”

Dustin hadn’t expected Collin to think that deeply, that quickly.

He opened his mouth again, still not ready to let it go. “Then how are we supposed to find out who he is? The kid’s sharp as hell—he won’t say a word, and we’ve got nothing to go on.”

Collin’s face softened unexpectedly as he thought about how much Zander looked like him. “There’s no need to push. I’ll wait. He’ll tell me when he’s ready.”

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When Zander locked the bathroom door, he made sure there was no sound coming from outside. He then tapped on his watch a couple of times.

Soon, Zenia's hushed voice came through the watch. "You aren't back yet, Zander?"

Whispering so he couldn't be heard, Zander replied, "The bad man is a tough nut to crack. I need more time."

"But if you're not back soon, Mommy will know you're gone," Zenia said nervously.

"If Mommy asks, just tell her I went to play with Jimmie."

"Who's Jimmie?" Zenia asked curiously.

Zander lied without hesitation. "It's a friend I made here in Grester. Just tell Mommy that. Don't change the story!"

Zenia, however, was quite hesitant. "We've only been in Grester for a few days, and we've mostly been at the hotel. How could you have made a new friend? Mommy won't believe that."

"Just do as I say. I'll be back once I've dealt with the bad man," Zander said earnestly.

Then, Linsey's voice came through on Zenia's end, curiously asking, "Who are you talking to, sweetie? And where's Zander?"

Zander immediately looked panicked. He fumbled with his watch, trying to disconnect the call.

His mother was already asking about him! He had no idea if Zenia would be able to cover for him.

## Chapter 870:

It was barely more than a minute before Zenia called him back. Zander hesitated to answer the call, scared of who could be on the other end.

His heart raced as he froze in fear.

He waited for the call to end on its own.

When the watch stopped buzzing, he sighed in relief.

The sigh was barely out of his mouth when his watch began to buzz again.

This time, to Zander's dismay, it was Mommy calling!

Terror washed over him as he watched the watch buzz. Zenia wasn't good at lying. She had never lied to Mommy! Zander couldn't bring himself to answer the call.

His mind raced as he tried to find a way out of the mess he was in. His thoughts turned to the man outside. Initially, he had not believed what Zenia had said, but after meeting the man today, he couldn't deny they looked alike.

What was even stranger was how he felt when he was with this man. He didn't feel like the man was a bad person. Instead, he felt that he was a good person.

Zander needed to investigate further, so he had to stay here. He needed to understand why they looked alike, even if he couldn't teach him a lesson.

With that thought in mind, Zander declined Linsey's call. He turned off his watch, ensuring no more calls could come through. He then headed for the door.

As he passed the sink, he flushed and made a show of washing his hands.

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When he opened the door, Collin and Dustin turned to him.

“Did you wash your hands?” Collin asked.

“Yes, I did,” Zander replied, proudly showing his hands.

A soft smile tugged at the corner of Collin’s lips. Finally, he said, “Come have breakfast.”

Zander, who was quite famished, couldn’t resist anymore. He instantly gave in.

“Thank you, sir,” he politely said, then reached for the chocolate cake, eagerly unwrapping it and beginning to devour it.

Collin watched Zander ravenously consume the cake with a thoughtful expression on his face. Dustin watched Collin, a meaningful look on his face.

It was one thing for the boy to look like Collin, but even their taste in food mirrored each other. Collin had never been fond of sweets except when it came to chocolate. He always indulged when it came to chocolate cake.

Here is the revised version of your sentence:

“How could two people, who weren’t related, share so many similarities?”

This revision adds clarity by inserting commas for proper pacing and readability, while maintaining the meaning and tone of your original sentence. Let me know if you’d like further adjustments!

With each passing moment, Dustin's certainty grew stronger—Zander was undeniably Collin's flesh and blood.