

## **Zillionaire 901**

Chapter 901:

The thought pulled a quiet chuckle from Gorman's lips as he abruptly let go of her arm.

An instinctive urge to bolt flashed through Linsey's body. Before she could act on it, his voice drifted toward her—smooth, deliberate. "Don't you want to know the truth?"

Her steps halted, suspicion rising in her eyes. "What truth?"

Gorman studied her face and spoke slowly, each word deliberate. "I'm talking about whether Collin shows up with Haven to try on wedding dresses. If he does, it means your engagement to me means nothing to him. If he stays away, it only proves he's finished with you. He won't even look your way."

A faint smirk tugged at Linsey's lips as she replied, "So by your logic, no matter what he does, it means he's done with me. What's the point in watching it happen?"

That comment drew a subtle lift of Gorman's brow. "If Collin still carries even a shred of feeling for you, he'll show up before I take you to try on dresses. Haven's already here today, and with the kind of pull Collin has, there's no way he wouldn't be able to track this place down."

His reasoning wasn't lost on her. It was sound—painfully so.

Earlier, she had exchanged a few words with Haven not out of civility, but in hopes that she would sense something was wrong... and say something to Collin.

Whether Haven passed along that hint or not, Linsey believed the truth would eventually reach Collin—that she and Zenia were being held against their will.

Besides, Zander was still staying at Collin's home. And knowing her son, Linsey had no doubt he would plead with Collin to do something. The only thing she couldn't predict was whether Collin would be able to track them to this exact location.

After spending a full day inside, Linsey had started to suspect that this wasn't Gorman's usual property at all.

"I see," she murmured, her eyes dropping to the floor as her tone softened.

From the sofa, Gorman watched as she quietly climbed the stairs. He didn't move until her figure disappeared from view.

Eventually, he rose and made his way into the study off the main hall. It wasn't long before Danny arrived, voice confident and composed.

"Mr. Green, everything's handled. We've rerouted Haven's car more than once, and some of the surveillance on her route has been tampered with. Even if Collin had her followed, they won't be able to trace us here."

Gorman's lips curled with satisfaction. "Even with Collin's influence and resources, we can stay hidden for a while. He'll find this place eventually, but delaying for a few days is enough. My goal is simple—make Linsey completely give up on Collin."

On the other side of town, Collin's subordinate gave his report. "Mr. Riley, Ms. Walton's movements yesterday were routine—just traveling between the mall and her home. Nothing unusual caught our attention. We still can't pinpoint Gorman's hideout. He's covering his tracks well, and hasn't seemed to venture out at all."

Chapter 902:

Collin's face darkened with concern. "When everything looks normal, that's exactly what worries me most."

After a thoughtful moment, he asked, "Have you looked into those isolated neighborhoods on the edges of Grester?"

His subordinate paused before responding. "You think Gorman might have taken Ms. Brooks out of the city?"

Standing nearby, Dustin chimed in with surprise. "Collin, isn't Gorman the type who craves luxury? How would he stand living somewhere so remote? The outskirts are crawling with all sorts of shady characters. Would he really expose Linsey to that?"

"What if staying hidden matters more to him right now than comfort?" Collin responded quietly.

Dustin fell silent, struck by the possibility. He couldn't wrap his mind around Gorman hiding Linsey in such poor surroundings just to disappear for a short while. The reasoning behind such a move completely escaped him.

"There's no record of Gorman buying tickets at any station, airport, or harbor in Grester," the subordinate explained, frustration etched on his face. "If he's truly not in the city, those remote, rundown areas might be our best bet. I'm sorry. I'll send our people to gather information there right away."

Collin's voice hardened with urgency. "Grester's outskirts teem with a shifting, diverse population that will complicate our search considerably. Deploy additional teams and locate Gorman with the utmost haste."

"I'm on it."

After the subordinate departed, Dustin released a frustrated curse under his breath. "What twisted purpose drives Gorman to such desperate measures—snatching Linsey and her daughter away? Is he deluded enough to think forced proximity will lead to marriage?"

Collin responded with grave intensity, "Gorman understands all too well that Linsey detests such manipulation. He must be wielding other pressures against her will. Whatever his methods, finding Linsey swiftly remains our imperative."

Dustin observed the shadow of concern darkening Collin's features and felt a profound weight settle in his chest. The labyrinth of complications between Collin and Linsey seemed woven into the very fabric of

their lives. He harbored a genuine hope that after weathering this storm, they might finally engage in honest conversation and cease their perpetual dance of missed connections.

Suddenly, another knock echoed through the office door.

A subordinate entered and announced, "Mr. Riley, Mr. Wade, Ms. Walton has arrived."

At this news, Collin exchanged a glance with Dustin, each recognizing the significance reflected in the other's eyes. They both understood that Haven's perfectly timed appearance might deliver the crucial intelligence they needed about Linsey's situation.

Chapter 903:

"Let her in," Collin said.

"Understood."

Moments later, Haven glided through the doorway, an exquisite lunch box cradled in her hands. Her eyes widened with genuine surprise at the unexpected presence. "I hadn't anticipated finding you here as well, Mr. Wade. Had I known, I would have prepared additional refreshments."

Dustin arched a single eyebrow, his response deliberately casual. "Think nothing of it, Ms. Walton."

Without a flicker of surprise, Collin cast a calm look in Haven's direction. "What are you doing here?"

With practiced elegance, Haven set the lacquered lunch box on the table, slowly lifting the lid to reveal a neat arrangement of pastries. "You've been working nonstop. I figured you could use something sweet to take the edge off."

His fingers reached for a nearby document, flipping it open. "That's thoughtful of you, but you should be spending more time with your family."

Collin's polite tone didn't fool her. They both knew the pastries weren't the real reason she came. Never once had she shown up during his working hours before now.

Still, Haven remained poised, her smile unfazed by his cool response. Men like Collin, in her view, weren't the type to show their cards easily. His stoic nature didn't intimidate her. In fact, it made sense to her that someone so driven would be emotionally restrained. She might have trusted him less if he

Rather than pressing the pastries on him, Haven kept her tone casual. "Since Mr. Wade is also present, I thought it'd be the perfect time to share something worth celebrating. Gorman Green's getting married. He's taking his fiancée dress shopping later this afternoon, and I plan to join them for the occasion. Collin, would you come along?"

Her invitation sparked a subtle shift in the expressions of both Collin and Dustin, just enough to be noticeable.

Then, as if dropping the final card, she smiled and added, "Oh, and the fiancée's name is Linsey Brooks. You know her, don't you?"

At this point, Haven was already clear on who Linsey really was. Still, when speaking to Collin, she chose to play innocent, acting as though she was unaware of Linsey's past. In this way, if something happened to Linsey later, Collin wouldn't immediately tie it back to her.

The moment Haven spoke her name, Collin's eyes darkened, emotion rippling beneath the surface.

Just as he had suspected, Linsey had fallen into Gorman's grasp. Collin figured that if Linsey truly wanted to marry Gorman, there would be no reason to keep her hidden. Obviously, she was being forced.

It was also clear to him that Gorman hadn't sent Haven by accident. He had used her to deliver the message, just in case Collin hadn't yet caught wind of their so-called wedding.

Chapter 904:

“Linsey Brooks?” Dustin turned toward Haven, his eyebrows drawn together. “You didn’t know she’s Collin’s ex-wife? I figured that was common knowledge around Grester.”

The subtle shift in Haven’s expression didn’t go unnoticed. She had assumed Collin would keep that detail under wraps. After all, during their last shared dinner, no one had introduced Linsey by name, let alone explained who she truly was.

Dustin’s sudden openness caught her slightly off guard. For a brief second, Haven wasn’t sure what to make of their shift in tone. Still, she didn’t linger on it. She had already done what she came to do—drop the news, and that was enough. In her mind, Collin would naturally assume Linsey had agreed to marry Gorman of her own choice.

And once that seed was planted, she expected it to take root and grow into distance. Especially with the next phase of her plan already in motion, she was confident. Even if Collin still held onto Linsey emotionally, circumstances would push him to let go.

“His ex-wife?” Haven echoed with a soft smile, her eyes sliding toward Collin. “He’s mentioned her once or twice, but I never got the chance to know much about her.”

After a brief pause, Haven adopted a polite, almost apologetic tone. “Collin, I didn’t know earlier. It seems you won’t be able to join me to see Ms. Brooks try on wedding dresses.”

Collin didn’t flinch. His face remained unreadable, and his voice carried a cool edge. “Given our rocky past, and the fact she’s about to marry someone else, I don’t think it’s my place to be there.”

Without missing a beat, Dustin added his agreement. “Right, plus we’ve got a key meeting this afternoon. There’s barely time to attend our own events, let alone someone else’s bridal fitting. Besides, we and the Green family haven’t exactly been friendly. It’s doubtful we’ll even get invited to Gorman’s wedding.”

A soft smile curved Haven’s lips as she replied gently, “That’s okay. I understand.”

Sensing the right moment, she rose from her seat and spoke with practiced grace. “In that case, I’ll let you get back to work. Please enjoy the snacks I brought.”

Then, with a parting smile, she exited the office, and the quiet click of the door signaled her departure.

Moments later, an assistant stepped inside and leaned closer, whispering, “Ms. Brooks has left.”

Dustin turned to Collin with a look of gravity. “What’s the plan now?”

Collin took a breath, letting a few seconds pass before responding. His voice was low and commanding. “Send a team to follow Haven. We need to know exactly where Gorman’s taking Linsey to try on wedding dresses. And keep digging. Locate Gorman’s hidden residence. If he brings Linsey out this afternoon, there’s a good chance the child will be left behind. Make sure the child is protected.”

“I’ll take care of it immediately,” Dustin said with a firm nod, already preparing to move.

Sure enough, by two in the afternoon, Gorman emerged from the villa with Linsey in tow—her first time outside in two days.

Chapter 905:

Only after the car had left the property did Linsey realize that Gorman had deliberately chosen a remote residential district in Grester to avoid attracting unwanted attention.

As they neared the base of the mountain, the streets became noticeably livelier, the crowd swelling with every block.

From her window, Linsey scanned the scene—people moved in waves, and rows of weathered apartment buildings lined the street, overwhelming the view with their closeness and noise.

Amidst the chaos, Gorman had somehow managed to find a spacious villa, carefully tucked away from the hustle and bustle.

“What’s caught your eye?” Gorman asked casually, his tone almost playful. “You’re not secretly planning an escape, are you? Zenia’s still back at the house, waiting for us.”

Those words hit Linsey like a cold wave. Her brows furrowed in concern. “This area is packed with pickpockets and street gangs. Leaving Zenia and Caylee behind in a place like this— I don’t feel right about it.”

A calm smile tugged at his lips. “You can relax. I’ve stationed enough guards nearby. No one gets in without clearance. Zenia’s well protected.”

Then his eyes locked onto hers, the look behind them sharp with intent. “Of course, that depends on you. As long as her mother comes back on time, she’ll remain perfectly safe.”

There it was—the polite but pointed warning. The message was clear: she wasn’t free to act.

Linsey lowered her gaze, her voice flat. “I’m not reckless enough to risk that.”

Without a reliable plan in place, she couldn’t afford to jeopardize her daughter’s safety, not even for a chance at freedom.

The car rolled to a stop in front of an upscale bridal boutique, its windows gleaming like mirrors.

Instinctively, Linsey reached for the handle, only to find the door still locked.

All she could do was sit silently and watch as Gorman stepped out first, then circled around to her side to unlock and open the door himself.

These past two days, he hadn’t let her out of his sight for a second, as though he feared any moment could become her escape.

Gorman gripped Linsey tightly by the wrist the moment she stepped out of the car. Linsey, resigned to her fate, didn’t struggle against his hold.

Before entering the bridal shop, she looked back but saw nothing unusual.

Gorman noticed her glance and leaned in, his voice low. "What's wrong? Are you waiting for Collin to come rescue you?"

Linsey's expression revealed nothing as she turned away. Indifferently, she replied, "You're overthinking this. Didn't you say Collin wasn't coming with Haven today because he's busy with work?"

Chapter 906:

"I'm glad you haven't forgotten," Gorman said, his mood visibly lifting. "Haven also mentioned that Collin felt it was inappropriate to appear before us due to how messy your divorce was four years ago."

It was then that Linsey realized what Gorman was trying to do with his words.

He wanted to make her discard any lingering feelings for Collin. But there was one thing Linsey couldn't quite understand. Why did Gorman care who she had feelings for if he had already decided to force her into marrying him? Wasn't having her in name enough?

Gorman and Linsey finally entered the bridal shop, several bodyguards following closely behind.

Across the street, a woman watched Linsey intently. Her eyes burned with hatred so palpable it could almost be felt.

"You just wait, Linsey. I'll make sure you suffer for ruining my life!" Kylee muttered to herself, her anger boiling over. She smashed the coffee cup she was holding onto the table.

Then, reaching into her pocket, she pulled out a knife.

Four years. She had spent four years in prison.

No one knew how much she had suffered.

And it was all Linsey's fault!

Why? Why did Linsey get to be lucky?

Even after Collin dumped her, she still managed to charm Gorman.

This was unfair!

With that thought in mind, Kylee was breathing hard, her veins standing out in her neck and forehead from the intensity of her rage. Today, she would take her revenge on Linsey.

On the second floor of the bridal shop, in the VIP lounge, Linsey stood in an exquisite wedding gown. Her hair had been perfectly styled by the shop's stylist, highlighting her delicate features.

"The bride is truly beautiful. In all my years working here, I've never met a bride as stunning as she," the stylist said, trying to flatter Gorman. "You are truly fortunate to marry such a beautiful bride, Mr. Green."

Gorman beamed at the compliment.

Being associated with Linsey always gave him a satisfaction and joy he couldn't fully explain.

"You've done an excellent job with the wedding dress," Gorman said to the stylist.

"You're too kind, Mr. Green."

Chapter 907:

Linsey, however, barely paid attention to any of the conversation. Her gaze remained fixed on her reflection in the mirror, lost in her own thoughts.

Linsey stared at her reflection, the silence thick around her, the ivory fabric floating like a memory. Then, a vision from five years ago appeared in her mind: her first meeting with Collin.

That day, she had worn a wedding gown as well. It hadn't been as lavish or intricately crafted as the one she wore now, but it had etched itself deeper into her heart than any designer label ever could.

From nearby, Gorman's gaze shifted toward Linsey. Something about her quiet poise in that moment melted the coldness that had settled in his heart over the past few days. Despite everything, Linsey remained the woman he dreamed of building a life with. No matter how tense things had been, he couldn't bring himself to be cold toward her now.

Suppressing a sigh, Gorman stepped closer, gently taking her lace-gloved hand in his. His voice softened as he murmured, "Linsey, my parents are visiting Grester in a few days. They're thrilled about the wedding. You know they've always liked you—and once we're married, they'll treat you like their own daughter."

Linsey's eyes refocused, and without sparing him a glance, she pulled her hand away. "I've tried it on. Let's just go," she said, her brow slightly furrowed in impatience.

An awkward silence settled over the room. The few people nearby could sense the tension in the air. There was no mistaking it; this woman didn't seem eager to marry.

The softness in Gorman's expression faltered for a moment. Then, with forced composure, he managed a strained smile and reached for her hand once more.

"Wait, not yet," he said, keeping his tone light. "You haven't seen me in my suit."

Fixing his eyes on her, Gorman refused to look away. "You're a designer. Shouldn't you help your fiancé decide if his wedding look is worthy of standing beside you?"

Without another word, Gorman let go of her hand and walked toward the fitting room.

Behind him, Linsey watched his retreating figure, her frown deepening. Was he really so confident that he could just casually try on his suit?

A sudden realization struck her—the entire first floor of the boutique was swarming with Gorman’s people. And with her in that voluminous wedding gown, there was no way she could make a clean escape.

More than that, Zenia and Caylee were still under his control. Running was simply not an option.

Frustration clenched in her chest as Linsey bit her lip, the weight of powerlessness pressing down on her. For a brief moment, the image of Haven’s elegant silhouette adorned in the Star of the Desert flashed through her thoughts.

She had to face the truth.

If Collin had truly intended to save her, he would have acted by now. He had the means. He had the power. Yet, he had turned down Haven’s invitation. He hadn’t even set foot here.

Chapter 908:

Whatever plan she held onto, it had to come from her—and no one else.

With that resolve, Linsey gathered the heavy skirt of her gown, steeling herself to return to the fitting room and change back into her own clothes.

But just as she was about to step forward, a clear, graceful voice rang out from behind her. “Ms. Brooks, I hope I didn’t miss too much?”

Instinctively, Linsey's breath hitched, and a flicker of light briefly ignited in her eyes—hope, fleeting but radiant.

As she turned, her gaze met only Haven—no one else had come with her.

Linsey quickly steadied her expression, responding with composed grace, "You're right on time."

It hadn't been her decision to invite Haven here in the first place. But when Haven caught sight of Linsey in the bridal gown, a flicker of envy briefly flashed in her eyes. Still, she reminded herself that this woman wouldn't be standing there much longer.

Kylee had made it clear: If given the chance to deal the final blow to Linsey herself, she would never breathe a word about Joanne, the one who had temporarily pulled her out of prison.

To Haven, that promise meant there was nothing to worry about. Once Linsey was out of the picture, Collin's memories of her would surely fade like yesterday's dust.

And in due time, it would be Haven standing beside him at the altar.

"Ms. Brooks, that wedding gown is absolutely exquisite on you—like it was crafted specifically for your silhouette. Mr. Green clearly poured his heart into selecting it," Haven remarked with a calculated smile, all the while mentally tracking the seconds, anxiously awaiting Kylee's arrival.

With Gorman momentarily absent from Linsey's side, the perfect window for action had opened. Yet Haven couldn't fathom why Kylee still hesitated to make her move. A shadow of impatience flickered across Haven's features, betraying her growing frustration.

Linsey had just parted her lips to offer a courteous response when the unmistakable rhythm of approaching footsteps caught her ear. Her pulse quickened with hope, though she dared not trust whether her ears were deceiving her.

Haven, catching the soft footfalls behind her, felt a spark of triumph bloom in her chest, certain Kylee had finally arrived. Yet, as she pivoted, she found Collin striding purposefully toward them instead.

Haven's face fell immediately. She was blindsided by Collin's presence. Hadn't he explicitly mentioned being swamped with work commitments?

This sudden development left Haven strangely discomposed. Collin's arrival cast a looming shadow over their carefully orchestrated plan, leaving its success hanging precariously in the balance. Linsey froze in equal astonishment, never having anticipated Collin would actually appear.

Chapter 909:

She fought to maintain her poise, her fingers interlaced so tightly her knuckles blanched.

The purpose behind Collin's arrival remained an enigma to her. Moreover, she questioned whether appealing to him for assistance would be wise in these delicate circumstances. Should Collin refuse to help, her plea might only prompt Gorman to tighten his suffocating grip on her life.

"Collin, why are you here?" Haven swiftly masked her shock, gliding toward him with practiced grace as she curled her fingers possessively around his arm. Her smile dripped honey as she deliberately flaunted their closeness before Linsey's eyes. "I thought you were drowning in work this afternoon. Had a change of heart?"

As she witnessed their exchange, Linsey's nails dug into her palms, leaving crescent marks. Though she fought to maintain an air of indifference, her traitorous gaze drifted to Collin's left hand, where a brilliantly cut diamond ring caught the light with mocking perfection.

A tempest of conflicting emotions churned within Linsey's chest. The question haunted her—was Collin truly committed to making Haven his wife? Yet her spiral of uncertainty evaporated in an instant.

For in the next breath, Collin firmly disengaged Haven's clinging fingers from his sleeve. Closing the distance between himself and Linsey, he captured her with eyes that bore into her soul, unwavering and intense. The boldness of his approach rooted Linsey to the spot.

Her heartbeat thundered against her ribs, her breath coming in shallow, uneven waves. Bewilderment clouded her thoughts as she struggled to decipher why he looked at her like that.

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Linsey’s fingers unconsciously twisted into the delicate fabric of her gown, her breath catching like a butterfly in a storm. Electric tension crackled between them, filling the space with unspoken possibilities.

Bystanders faded to shadows, powerless to penetrate the invisible barrier that had formed around the pair. Haven was abandoned at the periphery, her manicured nails carving half-moons into her palms as venomous loathing blazed in her eyes while she bore holes into Linsey’s back.

In Haven’s twisted perception, Linsey had immediately unfurled a web of seduction the instant Collin had appeared. Jaw clenched so tight it ached, Haven prepared to reclaim her territory with calculated precision.

“Collin, shall we—”

Her intervention shattered against the commanding baritone of Collin’s voice. “Linsey, is marrying Gorman truly what you want?” His question nearly sent Haven spiraling into blind fury.

Linsey froze, utterly stunned that his first words struck directly at the core of her predicament.

Linsey parted her lips, poised to tell the truth without hesitation. Naturally, marriage to Gorman was the furthest thing from her desires. Yet just as words began to form, Gorman’s menacing voice slithered from behind her.

Chapter 910:

“Collin, when did you arrive?” Gorman sauntered to Linsey’s side and, with deliberate casualness, placed his hand at the nape of her neck, his fingertips exerting subtle pressure against her skin. This seemingly innocuous gesture instantly demolished Linsey’s resolve like a house of cards.

Fear flashed across Linsey's eyes, her pupils constricting into tiny points of dread. She couldn't tell the truth. Zenia remained firmly within Gorman's grasp—her daughter's life wasn't something she dared gamble with.

With this crushing realization, Linsey bit back her defiance, her jaw clenched tight as she turned away coldly, avoiding the intensity of Collin's questioning gaze. Perhaps Collin had merely inquired without deeper intentions. Divulging everything now would not only jeopardize her safety but potentially doom both Zenia and Caylee, still ensnared in Gorman's treacherous web.

When he noted Linsey's telling silence, Gorman's lips curved into a satisfied smirk. He cast a meaningful glance downward at her before addressing the stone-faced Collin with chilling precision. "Miss Walton informed us you were otherwise occupied this afternoon. Finished early?"

Without missing a beat, Gorman continued with an air of smug triumph, "Both Linsey and I appreciate your kind wishes. Rest assured, we'll return the favor at your wedding to Haven."

Linsey dropped her gaze to the floor, concealing the ocean of despair threatening to drown her. So it was true—Collin truly intended to marry Haven.

"I'm not engaged to Haven." Collin's declaration cut through the air like tempered steel, each syllable weighted with unmistakable gravity, devoid of even a whisper of humor.

Linsey's heart faltered mid-beat. She lifted her gaze to meet Collin's, incredulity washing over her as their eyes connected. Time seemed to suspend as their gazes intertwined.

In that crystallized moment, memories cascaded through her mind—Collin's earnest words in the sterile hospital room, the image of him kneeling to gather glittering shards of glass with careful precision. Collin claimed no engagement with Haven existed.

Had she misunderstood all along?

Revelation dawned, and Linsey's eyes kindled with a flicker of rekindled hope. But questions swarmed like restless bees—what about the Star of the Desert? What about the diamond ring adorning Collin's

finger like a silent promise? The more she unraveled these thoughts, the more they tangled into an impossible knot. Yet circumstances forbade further exploration of this bewildering puzzle.

Gorman's fingers dug deeper into her flesh, a cruel vise that momentarily stole her breath away.

"Is that so?" Gorman's face darkened visibly. He turned to Haven with a glance tinged with contempt, as if surveying something worthless. "Strange, when Miss Walton herself mentioned your families discussing marriage. I heard your grandmother is quite fond of her."