

# **Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After**

## **#Chapter 91 - Read Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After Chapter 91**

Chapter 91 Bring Your Wife

Next Time You Visit

Anthea reflected on how Collin had lost his mother at such a young age, feeling a deep sympathy for him.

After a brief pause, she offered a reassuring smile. "What's the big challenge here? Just be genuine and upfront, and Linsey

won't be upset for long."

She then suggested, "If you're planning to apologize, make it meaningful. Perhaps a romantic dinner by candlelight? Then

you can open up and share the truth. Once everything is out in the open, all those misunderstandings will vanish."

Collin was doubtful, raising an eyebrow. "Is it really that straightforward?"

Anthea laughed softly at his earnest expression. "You're making a mountain out of a molehill. You have such a keen mind for business, yet you're like a fish out of water with romantic matters."

She let out a gentle sigh. "There's no need to complicate things so much between spouses. The key is to be transparent and truthful with one another. The sooner you share the truth, the better it will be. Otherwise, you're just going to hurt both her and yourself."

As Collin absorbed her words, they seemed familiar.

He realized Dustin had offered similar advice before.

Having never navigated a serious relationship, Collin felt unsure about how to truly care for a woman.

Yet, understanding Linsey's exceptional nature spurred him to want to treat her with the respect and sincerity she deserved.

Initially, he hadn't taken his relationship with Linsey seriously, resorting to small lies to manage situations.

Reflecting on it now, he regretted his earlier approach.

He acknowledged that deceiving someone who had committed to him was wrong. With newfound understanding, Collin responded sincerely, "I get it now. Thanks." He stood, ready to leave. "I must go now, Anthea, but do take care of yourself." Accustomed to his straightforward ways, Anthea simply nodded. "Bring your wife next time you visit."

"Will do," he agreed.

As Collin made his way out, Linsey was just arriving at the gate, unaware of his departure.

When she stepped out of her car, a sense of nervousness washed over her.

She remembered that Anthea had a long-standing commitment to charity work and was known for her compassionate

nature.

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## Chapter 91 Bring Your Wife Next Time You Visit

Yet, several designers who had previously worked with Anthea ended up getting pissed off, which puzzled her.

Was there a misunderstanding?

It seemed unlikely that someone as kind-hearted as Anthea would deliberately create difficulties for others.

Determined to make a good impression, Linsey resolved to remain alert and secure the project at all costs.

Securing this project was crucial for her to continue at CR Corporation and assist Collin in settling his substantial debt.

As she thought of Collin, a warmth spread through her heart.

Linsey clenched her fists, mentally steeling herself to remain strong. She was determined not to let anyone belittle or

intimidate them.

As she approached the house, her mind buzzed with various potential outcomes of the meeting.

Suddenly, the villa's gates opened, and a car started to exit slowly.

Linsey paused and stared. Something about the car struck a familiar chord.

Upon closer inspection, her heart skipped a beat.

Was that Collin's car?

## Chapter 92 My Husband Is Quite The Ordinary Fellow

As the car slowly moved away, Linsey emerged from around the corner. Her face wore an expression of deepening

confusion.

How peculiar. Why was Collin's car pulling away from Anthea's residence?

Linsey's brow creased; she was sure of her observation. That was unmistakably Collin's car.

However, before she could mull over it further, she noticed Anthea standing by the villa's entrance.

Recognizing her from photos, Linsey didn't hesitate.

She quickly made her way inside just as the villa gates were about to close and called out softly, "Mrs. Blakely!"

Anthea turned at the sound, her gaze landing on Linsey's bright, earnest eyes.

It had been quite some time since Anthea had encountered such open sincerity. Anthea's face softened into a smile. "May I know who you are? It appears we haven't met. How do you know my name?"

Facing her directly, Linsey sensed the tranquil presence Anthea projected.

Surely, a person with such a composed air would not needlessly complicate matters for designers.

Feeling even more sure of some mix-up, Linsey stood taller.

"Hello, Mrs. Blakely. We haven't met, but I'm a new designer at CR Corporation. I wanted to discuss something with you personally."

At this, Anthea's fleeting smile disappeared, and her demeanor cooled. She turned away, saying briskly, "There's nothing to discuss. Please leave."

She signaled to the butler. "And make sure we stop all design orders with CR Corporation. I'm tired of their designers."

"Understood, Mrs. Blakely," replied the butler.

Rooted to the spot, Linsey was taken aback by the abrupt dismissal. She began to speak, but the butler cut her off.

"Please, you need to leave now. Mrs. Blakely has no wish to see you."

Watching Anthea walk away, Linsey called out, her voice filled with genuine concern, "Mrs. Blakely, is there perhaps some misunderstanding? It seems you're hesitant to work with CR Corporation's designers. But I assure you, my intentions are entirely sincere. I hope you might reconsider and allow me the chance to deliver a design that meets your standards."

Pausing, she added, "I'm Linsey Riley, by the way. If you ever reconsider, you can find me at CR Corporation."

At that, Anthea paused in her stride and turned around, eyebrows lifted. "What was your name again?"

## Chapter 92 My Husband Is Quite The Ordinary Fellow

Caught slightly off-guard, Linsey replied, "Linsey. My name is Linsey Riley."

Anthea, her interest piqued, turned completely around. A hint of amusement flickered in her eyes as she posed her question. "You seem like a fine young woman. Are you partnered or married?"

Linsey was taken aback by the abrupt shift to personal territory, but she responded truthfully, "Yes, I'm married."

"You must be married to someone well-known in town, right? Someone prominent? What's his name? Perhaps I've heard of him," Anthea said, her laughter light and teasing.

Linsey blinked, slightly thrown by the question. "My husband is quite the ordinary fellow. His surname is Riley. His first name, well..."

"What, you're hesitant to share your husband's name? Do you think he is an embarrassment?" Anthea inquired.

## Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After

### Chapter 93 I Have No Other

#### Motives

The question was clearly too sharp, and Linsey's slight frown showed her discomfort.

She answered with calm resolve, "Mrs. Blakely, I don't see it in the same light. However, my husband's identity is a private matter and has no bearing on my professional life. I prefer to keep that information to myself."

Anthea observed Linsey's firm expression and her smile softened.

"Don't fret. I was merely curious. As I grow older, I find myself increasingly fascinated by the romantic endeavors of the younger generation."

Linsey was taken aback, not expecting such an open acknowledgment from Anthea.

"It's completely fine, Mrs. Blakely," Linsey replied with a courteous smile.

Anthea then nodded to the butler and said warmly, "Let the young designer come in."

She then turned and walked back into the house.

Linsey's eyes sparkled with surprise at Anthea's swift change of heart.

She followed the butler inside and took her place on the living room sofa.

"What would you like to drink?" Anthea asked, her gaze carefully studying Linsey. "Just water, thank you, Mrs. Blakely," Linsey answered, her tone polite.

Soon after, a servant brought in a glass of water and set it before Linsey on the coffee table.

After a moment of silence, Anthea ventured another question. "Do you know why I've been somewhat hesitant to collaborate with designers from your firm?"

Caught off guard, Linsey shook her head, indicating no.

Anthea explained calmly, "The designers previously sent by your company would begin with precise questions about my design preferences. However, it wouldn't be long before they shifted the conversation towards your company's founder. I'm well aware that many in your company are aware of my stake in CR Corporation and that I've encountered your enigmatic

founder."

She then added, "It seemed that all the designers, both men and women, were keen on extracting information about him from me. Eventually, I grew weary of it and decided I didn't want to engage with any more designers from CR Corporation."

With a gentle smile directed at Linsey, Anthea concluded, "But after our conversation today, I can tell you're different.

That's why I've decided to give you a chance."

A wave of relief swept through Linsey, relaxing the tension she had felt building.

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Chapter 931 Have No Other Motives

So that was the crux of the matter.

"Mrs. Blakely, please be assured that I'm here solely to discuss your design requirements. I have no other motives," Linsey

stated earnestly.

Anthea's lips curved into a faint smile. "Your company's founder is shrouded in mystery, possessing considerable wealth. It seems everyone is keen to unravel his secrets and, if possible, forge some connection with him. Don't you have even a hint

of curiosity?"

"I admit, the mystery surrounding our boss is intriguing. However, I truly have no hidden agendas. My only aim today is to

understand your design preferences better," Linsey responded with sincerity.

Anthea nodded, her smile carrying a hint of amusement. "We'll see about that," she said, her tone implying a challenge.

Linsey held Anthea's gaze, aware of the underlying test in her words. She wondered if Anthea was still probing her real

purpose for the visit.

Hastily, Linsey added, "I hope it doesn't come across as trivial, but my husband and I are newlyweds, and deeply in love. We

have a strong bond, and I assure you, there are no hidden motives on my part." Anthea's amusement grew with the unfolding situation.

She hadn't anticipated such developments-Collin had just departed, and now his wife appeared on her doorstep.

And to her astonishment, Collin's wife was a designer from CR Corporation.

Anthea couldn't help but muse on what Linsey's reaction might be if she ever discovered that her husband was the

enigmatic founder of CR Corporation.

Recommended for you

Chapter 94 I'm Willing To

Trust You

Although she had taken a liking to Linsey, Anthea wasn't one to rely on first impressions. She needed to see for herself if Linsey truly lived up to Collin's praise.

Easing the conversation back to business, Anthea offered a knowing smile. "Don't worry. If I had any doubts about you, I wouldn't have let you through the door."

She let a beat of silence linger, taking an unhurried sip of her coffee before speaking again, her voice carrying quiet authority. "But let me be clear-my expectations for designers are uncompromising. I'm willing to give you a chance, but if you fall short, I won't hesitate to walk away."

Linsey met her gaze without wavering, a flicker of certainty in her eyes. "Mrs. Blakely, I have absolute confidence in my work. Trust me I'll deliver results that won't just meet your expectations but surpass them."

Anthea let out a light chuckle. "I've lost count of how many times I've heard promises like that. If you want me to take this

seriously, you'll need to show me something real."

Linsey barely hesitated before flashing a confident smile. "That's simple enough."

She reached into her bag, pulled out a thick folder, and handed it over. "Mrs. Blakely, these are designs I've worked on in

my free time. Some are unfinished drafts, but they should give you a clear idea of my skill and range."

A glimmer of interest crossed Anthea's face as she took the folder, flipping through the pages with careful scrutiny.

Noticing Anthea's focused expression, Linsey spoke with quiet conviction. "To be completely honest, Mrs. Blakely, I've

never taken on a client project before. You would be my first, and I don't take this opportunity lightly. I truly hope you'll

give me this chance-I promise to deliver a design that surpasses your expectations."

As Anthea flipped through the pages, admiration slowly flickered across her face, her initial skepticism fading.

Truth be told, she had only considered giving Linsey a chance out of respect for Collin. But now, as she studied the depth

of creativity in each design, she felt something shift. Linsey wasn't just promising talent-she was proving it.

The designs in the folder were arranged in chronological order, tracing Linsey's evolution as an artist. The earlier pages

were unpolished-skilled but still tethered to the influence of other designers. Yet as the pages turned, so did her confidence. Her strokes grew bolder, her lines more intentional, and her designs shed imitation, becoming undeniably her

Own

The sheer thickness of the folder spoke volumes about her dedication. Every sketch, every revision, was proof of her relentless pursuit of mastery.

Anthea took her time, flipping through each page with careful attention. When she finally reached the last design, she closed the folder and set it down, her expression unreadable.

When Anthea looked up again, admiration flickered unmistakably in her eyes.

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Chapter 94 I'm Willing To Trust You

"Alright," she said, her tone firm yet measured. "I'm willing to trust you. Just don't disappoint me."

Linsey's heart leaped. She nodded, determination gleaming in her eyes. "I won't!"

Not long after, she returned to the office, clutching the signed contract like a victory in her hands.

The moment she stepped inside, Cynthia intercepted her, blocking her path.

"Linsey, back so soon?" Cynthia sneered, her gaze sweeping over her with thinly veiled disdain. "Let me guess-you didn't even make it past Mrs. Blakely's door before she kicked you out. How embarrassing. You might as well start packing up your desk now. If you can't secure this deal, there's no chance you're staying here."

Before Linsey could respond, Coen stepped out of his office. Catching Cynthia's words, he immediately assumed the worst.

His frown deepened. "Linsey, did you even manage to meet with Mrs. Blakely? Looks like your skills aren't as remarkable as I was led to believe. I expected better from the top candidate."

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever

Chapter 95 You've Done An Excellent Job

Linsey glanced at Cynthia, her expression serene, and retrieved a contract from her bag. "Coen, Mrs. Blakely has agreed.

She's already signed and even paid a deposit."

Coen's eyes widened with excitement as he took the contract from Linsey, leafing through it in astonishment. "You actually

pulled it off!"

Relief washed over him. The company had failed repeatedly to secure Anthea's business, and he had nearly lost all hope.

It was almost miraculous how Linsey had succeeded this time.

Cynthia, standing to the side, gaped at the document in Coen's hands. After several deep breaths, she rounded on Linsey. "Linsey, failing would have been one thing. We wouldn't have blamed you. But resorting to dubious methods to win Mrs. Blakely's agreement? If word gets out, our team will face a huge

embarrassment!"

Linsey frowned and faced Cynthia. "What are you talking about?"

Cynthia's glare intensified, her voice tight with anger. "You know what you did! No one from our team has ever closed a

deal with Mrs. Blakely, yet you nailed it after just one meeting? I can't help but wonder what shady tactics you employed!"

Linsey smiled slightly and cocked an eyebrow. "Really? Why don't you spell out these supposed shady tactics that convinced

Mrs. Blakely to sign?"

Cynthia, furious, struggled to find a concrete accusation.

Had their client been a man, perhaps she could have spun a scandalous tale about Linsey.

But with Anthea, a well-respected woman in her forties, what could she possibly invent?

Would she dare suggest Linsey seduce Anthea to secure the contract? Such a ludicrous suggestion would hold no weight.

"Enough," Coen interjected, his tone final. He was clearly disinterested in pursuing Cynthia's baseless claims. "The deal is

sealed. That's what matters."

He regarded Linsey with evident satisfaction. "You've done an excellent job. It's been ages since we've had Mrs. Blakely on board. Dedicate yourself fully to this project and showcase our team's skills."

Linsey nodded, her response crisp. "Understood, Coen."

After a brief pause, Linsey added, "If there's nothing else, I'll head back to my desk and start working on the designs."

Coen's expression sobered. "Good. Focus on your designs, but remember to take breaks. I'll arrange for some afternoon tea. If this project succeeds, you'll be our star designer-and you might even complete your probation early."

"Thank you, Coen. I'll get to work now." Linsey collected Anthea's contract and documents before turning to head back to her desk.

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## Chapter 95 You've Done An Excellent Job

Coen watched her walk away, his mind already filled with visions of the accolades he would receive if the deal went

through. He was completely oblivious to Cynthia's rigid expression.

Cynthia clenched her fists, her whole body quivering with barely contained rage.

A wave of panic washed over her.

Linsey had secured Anthea's approval. She had sorely underestimated Linsey.

It was well-known within CR Corporation that Anthea had a special connection with the company's enigmatic founder. This had added to Coen's urgency to secure her project.

Previous designers had faced harsh rejections from Anthea, with some even resigning after their failures.

Yet, Linsey had triumphed against all odds.

How was this even possible?

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## Chapter 96 Linsey, I Miss

You

Cynthia couldn't bring herself to accept the fact that Linsey had sealed a deal with Anthea.

If Linsey used Anthea to ascend further in her career, she would steal Cynthia's spotlight in the department.

That simply would not do.

A determined spark ignited in Cynthia's eyes as she resolved quietly to herself.

She had to tank this deal.

On the other side, Linsey's day was consumed by her desk, where she was intently preparing design proposals to meet

Anthea's stringent criteria.

Typically, a designer would create various options after understanding a client's preferences, providing them with choices.

This could often lead to new ideas or additional requests from the client, necessitating a flexible and responsive approach

from the designer.

Given the substantial compensation offered by Anthea, it was clear why she demanded nothing short of excellence.

Linsey was meticulous, focusing on every detail to guarantee the success of this project.

Once she delved into her work, Linsey lost track of time. After enjoying the afternoon tea Coen had thoughtfully provided,

she wasn't hungry and didn't notice that the workday had officially ended over an hour ago.

Her phone buzzed suddenly.

Jolted from her focus, Linsey instinctively soothed her stiff neck, a result of hours spent hunched over her work.

She picked up her phone and read a message from Collin asking, "When are you coming home?"

She scanned the quiet office; it was empty. Everyone had left, and she was the last one still laboring past normal hours.

With a wry smile, Linsey thought about how pleased CR Corporation must be to have someone as dedicated as her.

It wasn't until she stopped working that she felt a wave of tiredness wash over her. Too exhausted to text, she chose to

call Collin back instead.

The phone connected swiftly, and without looking away from her computer, she asked, "What's up? Is something urgent?"

"Hm " Collin's voice was warm through the phone, tinged with an undertone of seriousness. "Yes, it's quite urgent."

Linsey paused, anxiety creeping in. "What's happening? I'll be there soon. Just wait for me."

She was about to hurry and pack up when Collin spoke again, his voice now serious yet gentle. "Linsey, I miss you. There's something important I have to discuss with you in person."

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Chapter 96 Linsey, I Miss You

Linsey stopped in her tracks, her cheeks warming suddenly. She was caught off guard by Collin's directness.

When had Collin become so forthright? She wasn't ready for this.

"Okay, I'll see you later," Linsey replied.

After ending the call, Collin looked at his phone screen, his lips curving into a soft smile.

He couldn't pinpoint exactly when it began, but his emotions were deeply connected to Linsey now.

Just the sound of her voice was enough to brighten his day.

At that moment, the butler walked in with a cheerful demeanor. "Mr. Riley, the candlelit dinner is set. I've checked the

roses and the record player-everything is perfect."

Collin snapped back to the present and smiled warmly at the butler. "Josh, thank you."

"You're welcome, Mr. Riley. It's my pleasure." Josh Gomez returned the smile, adding, "I've ensured that your evening with

Mrs. Riley will be undisturbed."

Recommended for you

Chapter 97 You Seem Truly

Happy

Josh's words sent a warm rush through Collin, and his smile grew brighter.

"Alright, I understand," Collin responded.

Josh, having observed the scene in silence, let out a nostalgic sigh. "Mr. Riley, to speak frankly, I once doubted you'd ever marry. But look at you now-not only married but obviously in love. Your grandmother would be overjoyed and so relieved."

Collin blinked in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"You seem truly happy," Josh replied with a warm smile.

At those words, Collin chuckled, his laugh softening his usually reserved expression and making him appear more vibrant

than ever.

Happiness had transformed from a distant dream into his reality, all because of Linsey.

"Had Grandma not insisted, I might never have met Linsey," Collin said.

Before, Collin would have dismissed the idea of fate. Now, he was a believer, hopeful that it would continue to bless Linsey

and his life with joy and peace.

Following Dustin and Anthea's advice was crucial-he knew he had to be utterly transparent with Linsey about everything.

He pondered how she would respond to learning the truth.

Regardless of her reaction, Collin was determined to face everything with bravery.

Thinking of Linsey made him smile once more, his expression naturally lifting into one of genuine happiness.

On the other side, Linsey had just finished a phone call. She inhaled deeply, steadying her nerves before she began to pack

her bag and leave.

As she exited her office, she collided with colleagues returning from their break.

"Hey, Linsey, leaving so early today?" one quipped, noting her quick pace.

A blush crept into Linsey's cheeks as she remembered Collin's words from earlier. "Yeah, aren't you guys headed home yet?"

One colleague sighed. "We've yet to finish today's designs. We just had a quick dinner and walk, but now it's back to work

for us."

Another colleague noticed Linsey's flushed cheeks and grinned. "Looks like someone's eager to get home to her husband,

huh?"

Their laughter filled the air as they teased her good-naturedly.

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Chapter 97 You Seem Truly Happy

Feeling the playful vibes, Linsey smiled and nodded softly. "Yeah."

"Then go ahead! We'll see you tomorrow!"

"Alright, see you. Make sure you all head home soon too," Linsey responded.

As she walked past her colleagues, one of them called out, "Oh, Linsey, just a heads-up-the streetlights in the park are out

tonight. It's really dark out there, so be careful, okay?"

"Got it, thanks. I'll just take a cab home instead of the bus," Linsey replied.

When Linsey stepped outside, she saw the park cloaked in darkness. Some people were navigating with the help of their phone flashlights.

Approaching the park's exit, she pulled out her phone to book a ride.

For some reason, the signal was unusually weak that evening. Opening the app took forever.

The surrounding noises gradually dwindled, and a shiver of cold ran up her spine. Her heart raced, prompting her to whirl around, but no one was there.

She furrowed her brow, trying to shake off the unease, convincing herself it was all in her head.

But as she turned back, Linsey gasped. Someone was suddenly in front of her. She froze, instinctively stepping back in alarm.

Before she could react further, the figure darted forward. In the darkness, they pressed a handkerchief against her mouth and nose, stifling her breath and any scream.

"Help..." Linsey attempted to scream, but her voice was muffled, her vision dimming rapidly until everything went black.

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Chapter 98 Why Did You Kidnap Me

The sudden splash of icy water shattered the silence, jolting Linsey awake with its chilling shock.

Disoriented, she couldn't tell how much time had slipped away, but the sharp sting of cold dragged her from the depths of

unconsciousness.

As she shook her head to dispel the grogginess, her blurry vision slowly began to focus.

Only then did she realize the harsh reality of her situation: she was bound to a rickety wooden chair, coarse ropes biting into her skin. The room was dimly lit, the walls decaying and the air heavy with the musty scent of damp rot, making each breath a struggle.

Panic started to claw at her chest, tightening with every shallow breath, but before it could fully take hold, a voice cut through the eerie silence.

"Linsey, you're finally awake."

Her heart skipped a beat as she turned her head around, her expression a mix of disbelief and fear. Felix stood there, walking toward her with a devilish smirk. His eyes roamed over her drenched figure with an unsettling intensity, sending shivers down her spine.

"Felix! It's you!"

Linsey's voice cracked, her mind racing with confusion and betrayal. How could Felix, of all people, be her kidnapper? Did he not understand the gravity of his actions?

As her bound hands clenched into tight fists behind her, she glared at him, anger searing through her confusion. "Felix, have you lost your mind? Why did you kidnap me?"

Even as she faced him down, Linsey covertly worked the ropes against the chair's jagged edge, her fingers nimble in their silent quest for freedom.

Earlier that day, before stepping out of the office, she had assured Collin she would be heading straight home. By now, he would surely sense that something was amiss.

Time was of the essence, and her mind raced to devise an escape.

Meanwhile, Felix remained eerily composed. A smug grin spread across his face as he approached, his presence looming. He reached out, his fingers clamping coldly around Linsey's chin, forcing her gaze to meet his. His touch was harsh, his eyes burning with a perverse delight.

"Why else would I resort to this, Linsey?" His voice was a low growl, dripping with betrayal. "You married Collin Riley. After five years, you just walked away from me. How could you expect me to just stand by and watch the woman I love choose someone else?"

## Chapter 98 Why Did You Kidnap Me

With a sharp twist, Linsey wrenched her face from his grip, her eyes blazing with defiance yet mindful not to let her anger cloud her judgment.

The more she provoked him, the greater the risk of things getting out of hand.

Regaining a sliver of composure, she sighed deeply, her voice steady but laced with urgency. "Felix, you have to let me go! Do you grasp the gravity of what you're doing? Kidnapping is no trivial offense. If you don't stop now, there's no turning back. Do you truly want to throw your life away behind bars?"

Her words seemed to glide off Felix like water off a duck's back. His chuckle was laced with unwavering confidence as he leaned in, his eyes locking with hers. "Once we have sex, Linsey, you'll see things my way. You won't even think about leaving me again."

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His gaze darkened, the corners of his mouth turning up in a sly, unsettling smile. "Feeling a little... warmer now?"

Linsey's body stiffened in response.

A peculiar and overwhelming heat flushed through her, sending a shiver down her spine.

She caught the malicious sparkle in Felix's eyes, and a wave of dread engulfed her.

"What have you done to me?" Linsey's voice came out hoarse and strained, barely above a whisper.

Felix's smile only broadened as he leaned in closer, his breath tinged with menace. "Just relax, it's something to enhance the evening. I've been longing for this moment for too long."

His tone turned scornful. "I know you married Collin, that poor cripple-there's no way you two could get intimate. Tonight, I'll show you what you've been missing out on. After tonight, you'll be begging to return to me. I'm sure of it."

When he was done talking, his grin twisted into something sinister, his confidence reaching new heights.

In his mind, once he claimed her, her heart would inevitably succumb to him.

Driven by this conviction, Felix could no longer hold back. He lunged towards Linsey, his intentions clear and dangerous.

"No!" Linsey cried out, her voice echoing with terror and defiance.

Marrying A Secret Zillionaire: Happy Ever After

Chapter 99 You're Sharper Than I Thought

Meanwhile, over at Vista Villa, Collin waited patiently for Linsey's return.

The thought of finally coming clean to her made him unusually anxious.

His heart pounded, each beat growing more insistent-like a drumline echoing his unease.

He had lost count of how many times he had checked his watch.

Time had never dragged this painfully before.

Yet as the seconds crawled by, Linsey was still nowhere in sight.

A nagging unease crept in, tightening around his chest.

Collin knew exactly where Linsey worked, and Vista Villa wasn't far. Even by bus, the trip should take no more than thirty

minutes. There was no reason for her to be this late.

Frowning, he pulled out his phone and dialed her number, wondering if something had come up.

If she was in trouble, maybe he could help.

But the call went unanswered. He tried again. Then a third time. Still nothing.

His expression darkened, frustration tightening his grip on the phone. With a sharp exhale, he called his subordinate.

"Track Linsey down-now. I have a bad feeling something's wrong."

It wasn't long before his subordinate called back.

"Mr. Riley, the park's streetlights were down for maintenance, leaving entire stretches in darkness. We pulled footage from nearby cameras-Mrs. Riley was ambushed at an intersection, knocked unconscious, and dragged into a car. We ran the plates. It's her ex-boyfriend, Felix Wells. A team is already on his tail. We should have an update soon."

Collin's expression hardened, his entire presence taut like a coiled spring. "Get the car. Now."

"Yes, Mr. Riley!"

As Felix closed in, Linsey's eyes burned with defiance. With a sharp breath, she wrenched free from the loosened ropes and

dodged his lunge.

Thrown off balance, he crashed into the chair that had held her captive. "Ah!"

He staggered upright, rage contorting his face. "You ungrateful wretch! You never know when to give up!"

Linsey's pulse thundered as her gaze locked onto a wine bottle perched on a nearby cabinet. She lunged, fingers curling

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## Chapter 99 You're Sharper Than I Thought

around the neck, ready to swing.

But Felix was faster. His hand clamped around her wrist, twisting viciously until pain shot through her bones.

"Ah!" Linsey cried out as the bottle slipped from her grasp and shattered against the floor.

Felix's grin curled into something cruel, his eyes gleaming with amusement at Linsey's struggle.

"You're sharper than I thought," he mused aloud. "Trying to escape? Clever. But pointless. You're not going anywhere. Be a

good girl and cooperate-maybe I'll go easy on you..."

Before he could finish, Linsey lunged. She sank her teeth into his arm, biting

down with everything she had. Felix's scream

tore through the air.

"Ahhh!"

As Felix's grip loosened, Linsey shoved aside the pain and whirled around.

This was it-her last chance.

She had to escape. She had to find help.

Stumbling toward the door, she forced one foot in front of the other, every step draining what little strength she had left.

Her ears rang. Her vision blurred. Consciousness dangled by a thread, but she willed herself to stay upright.

She crashed into the door, hands fumbling for the handle. Twisting it frantically- nothing. Her stomach plummeted.

It was locked. From the outside.

Recommended for you

Never Leave Me!

"Linsey, you're dead meat." Felix's voice boomed from behind her.

As Linsey turned, Felix lunged forward, his fingers encircling her neck with a vice-like grip.

The sudden tightness stole her breath, sending her head spinning. Panic surged through her as she futilely scratched at his unyielding hands.

"Let... let me go..." Linsey managed to choke out, her words barely a whisper amidst her struggle.

Felix's eyes blazed with fury, his face contorting into something truly menacing. "Linsey! You piece of shit! How the fuck

could you do this to me?!"

He shot her a murderous glare, completely unfazed by her pale, trembling face as he unleashed his rage. "For five years, Linsey, five years we were together! Not only did you leave me, but now you dare to hit me?" Felix's voice rose, laced with

scorn and incredulity. "You never fail to piss me off!"

Linsey forced out her words between gasping breaths, defiance still clinging to her voice despite the pain. "Oh, please, Felix. You were the one who fucked up first. And now you've got the balls to act like I'm the villain? I swear, I never did you wrong in those five years. But tell me the truth-did you ever really treat me right?"

Felix's face twisted further as he stared into Linsey's cold, indifferent gaze. "You're just a woman! Learn your damn place!" His voice was thick with contempt, every word striking like a slap. "We barely broke up, and you're already married to Collin, falling for him? That's your biggest mistake!"

Linsey's disgust for Felix surged to an unbearable level.

She refused to waste another ounce of energy arguing with someone whose logic was beyond ridiculous.

Death loomed over her, yet she ceased her struggle, her voice still unwavering. "Collin is not only handsome, but he treats me with such genuine kindness. It's obvious why anyone would be drawn to him. He's way out of your league."

Felix's face reddened, veins throbbing at his temples as her words struck a nerve. A scream of rage tore from his throat. "And what makes me inferior to Collin? He's nothing but a useless cripple! Even his own family treats him like trash! And

yet, you have the audacity to say he is out of my league?"

Indeed, the esteemed Riley family had little regard for Collin, especially given his paralysis that limited his mobility.

Felix, on the other hand, believed his health made him superior.

But Linsey's blunt declaration-that he couldn't hold a candle to Collin-crushed his ego like a sledgehammer.

With a fierce stare, Linsey shot back, her voice icy and sharp, "You are nothing more than a despicable jerk. Collin is far

more of a man than you could ever hope to be. Comparing you to Collin is an insult to him!"

Felix's shout echoed through the room as he yanked Linsey further inside, his grip iron-tight.

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Chapter 100 You Will Never Leave Me!

"Let me go!" Linsey's voice cracked, pain lacing her plea.

"Linsey, listen to me!" Felix's voice roared with a possessive fury. "You will never leave me! You are mine, whether you're alive or dead!"

He hurled her towards the ground, and she crashed onto the filthy floor, a harsh thud resonating in the air.

Terror flooded Linsey's senses.

This couldn't be real; this couldn't be happening...

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Just as Felix loomed over her, his hands reaching to tear at her clothes, the door burst open with an explosive bang.

The sound shattered the sinister silence, snapping Felix's focus from his vile intent.

spun around, his face contorted with rage. "Who dares interrupt me?" he bellowed, but his words hung unfinished in the air.

In the doorway stood Collin, his figure framed by the broken door.

He wasn't alone-a group of imposing men flanked him, their stances radiating authority and menace.

A look of utter disbelief twisted Felix's features.

What kind of bullshit was this? How had Collin found this forsaken place?

Wait a damn minute-wasn't he supposed to be a fucking cripple? How the hell was he standing there like nothing was wrong?

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