

Zillionaire 911

Chapter 911:

Haven forced a tight smile, mortification washing over her at Collin's blunt rejection. Still, Gorman pressed the uncomfortable topic. Haven knew better than anyone that Collin had directly told her to abandon hope from the start. It was her stubborn persistence, bolstered by Ivy's support, that kept her hovering in Collin's orbit, creating misunderstandings.

Now, with Collin publicly severing even this illusion, humiliation burned through her.

Despite the crushing embarrassment, she squared her shoulders, determined to maintain the dignified poise expected of a Walton.

"I'm sorry, Collin. It's my fault. I'm responsible for the misunderstanding," Haven said nervously. "Mr. Green and Ms. Brooks need to continue trying on their wedding attire. Perhaps we should give them some space."

As Haven finished speaking, she caught sight of a figure out of the corner of her eye heading upstairs. The person was dressed like a staff member of the bridal shop, wearing a mask and serving refreshments to the guests. Haven, however, instantly recognized the person despite the disguise. Kylee had finally shown up.

Haven immediately lost interest in getting Collin to distance himself from Linsey. Instead, she waited in anticipation for Kylee's action, her breath held in expectation of Kylee's knife piercing Linsey's skin.

Collin, on the other hand, stared at Linsey as though nothing else mattered. He didn't seem to have heard Haven as he repeated his question. "Are you willingly marrying Gorman, Linsey?"

That was the only thing that mattered to him at that moment. He wanted to hear her say whether or not she was marrying Gorman of her free will. If she was doing this willingly, he would leave her be. But if she showed even the slightest hesitation, he would not hesitate to take her from Gorman.

Gorman smirked and pulled Linsey close to him. "Of course, Linsey is marrying me. Of her own free will." Then, Gorman glanced meaningfully at the ring on Collin's left finger and continued, "Considering your

present status, I don't think you have any right to meddle in our private affairs. A man with a wedding ring on his finger, like you, should be mindful of the kind of things he involves himself in."

There was a look of surprise and hurt on Linsey's face, which she suppressed almost immediately as it appeared. She knew that Collin wouldn't wear a ring on such an important finger unless it meant something. When Linsey and Collin had been married, they had never worn wedding rings. But now, time had passed, and it seemed Collin had a ring on for someone really significant in his life.

What Collin said next shocked Linsey even more.

"Four years ago, I bought a pair of wedding rings for myself and Linsey. This is the men's ring from that pair," he said, staring at his finger. Linsey's eyes widened in disbelief, her heart pounding in her chest as if it wanted to leap out.

"To me, Linsey has always been my wife," Collin continued.

Chapter 912:

Linsey felt the sting of emotion build within her, and tears began to form in her eyes.

So, the words he had spoken earlier were sincere and not just toying with her.

He had no intention of marrying Haven, nor had he fallen for another woman.

After all these years, his heart still belonged to her.

Linsey didn't even realize when the first tear fell, her eyes brimming with emotions she had kept hidden for so long.

The next moment, Gorman seized Linsey's chin with savage intensity.

“Linsey!” Collin’s eyes flew wide as he lunged forward to rescue her from Gorman’s grip.

“Stop!” Gorman snarled, his fingers sliding from Linsey’s chin to encircle her delicate throat, his voice crystallizing into something glacial. “Collin, dare take another step, and you’ll live to regret it.”

Collin froze mid-stride, his expression hardening into a mask of dread, his gaze riveted to the brutal fingers Gorman had clamped around Linsey’s neck.

Dustin remained ominously silent, his thoughts racing. He had to buy more time. Yet, how could he stand by and watch Linsey face such peril?

Driven by the thought, Collin casually slipped his hand into his pocket, his fingers connecting with something solid and reassuring. Meanwhile, a contingent of Gorman’s men emerged from the stairwell, forming a menacing perimeter around the group. Each man brandished a gleaming pistol.

“Nobody moves! Stay exactly where you are!”

Terror rippled through the shop assistants, who huddled together like frightened birds, their screams piercing the tense atmosphere. At the sight of the weapons, color drained from the faces throughout the room, leaving everyone paralyzed with fear, their bodies shaking uncontrollably.

A dangerous shadow passed across Collin’s features. This escalation confirmed his suspicion that Gorman hadn’t escorted Linsey here for the innocent purpose of bridal gown shopping.

Seemingly oblivious to Collin’s subtle movements, Gorman roughly yanked Linsey’s face toward his own. Beneath her racing heart, Linsey mastered her panicked breathing and steadily raised her gaze to meet Gorman’s nearly maniacal expression.

“You’re crying? You’re actually crying?” Gorman barely contained his fury, veins threatening to burst beneath bloodshot eyes. His lips twisted into a contemptuous smile that failed to mask the anguish beneath. A hollow laugh escaped him before he hissed, “Linsey, did Collin’s pathetic declaration move you so deeply?”

Linsey gazed at Gorman's contorted features, teetering between hysteria and despair. The mental fog that had clouded her for so long suddenly lifted with terrifying clarity.

Chapter 913:

Those armed men surrounded them not merely to prevent her escape, but...

The realization sent a cold shiver of dread cascading through her veins, transforming her expression into one of raw terror.

In that same heartbeat, Gorman's face hardened to stone. With practiced swiftness, he drew a sleek pistol from beneath his wedding attire and aimed it directly at Collin.

The sight of the weapon aimed at Collin sent a shockwave through Linsey's chest.

"Collin!"

Her scream ripped from her throat as she lunged recklessly toward Gorman's extended arm, abandoning all caution.

The room erupted with chaos, screams ricocheting through the air like stray bullets.

Linsey collapsed to the floor, only to be violently yanked upward by Gorman an instant later.

"Linsey! Have you lost your mind?" Gorman glared at her, shock evident in his eyes. His voice vibrated with volcanic rage and frustration. "This is a loaded pistol! If I hadn't steadied my hand, that bullet would have torn through you!"

Clarity pierced through Linsey's fog of confusion.

Her heart thundered against her ribcage with such force she feared it might break through her chest.

Without pausing to catch her breath, she turned to Collin, finding him ensnared by Gorman's henchmen, utterly trapped in their human cage.

Miraculously, he stood unscathed.

The bullet, deflected by her desperate intervention, had embedded itself in the nearby wall, leaving only a silent crater.

As if drawn by invisible threads, Collin slowly turned to meet her gaze. His familiar eyes held a tempest of emotions too deep for words.

In that electric moment, Collin needed no verbal declaration from Linsey.

She held no love for Gorman.

Her heart remained, as it always had, irrevocably his.

"Linsey!" Gorman's voice shattered the silence, raw emotion threatening to break through his facade.

With desperation clawing at his throat, he called her name again, releasing a bitter laugh that mocked his own misery.

"Why? Why don't you love me? Collin hasn't changed in four years," Gorman whispered, each word deliberate, "and neither have I. What draws you to him while leaving me in the shadows?"

Linsey whirled around.

Chapter 914:

A glacial mask descended over Gorman's features. Wordlessly, he raised his hand and aimed the still-warm barrel at Collin once more, the metal gleaming with deadly intent.

"Gorman!" Linsey flung herself forward, arms spread wide to shield Collin from the weapon's deadly promise. Her crimson-rimmed eyes bore into Gorman with icy resolve.

She understood now. Gorman had orchestrated this encounter, patiently awaiting Collin's arrival.

The truth had been there all along—Collin's appearance was never a surprise but an anticipated certainty.

The men gathered beforehand served one chilling purpose: to ensure Collin's death.

"Linsey! Move!" Collin's voice tore through the tension, urgent and panicked.

Anyone could see the dangerous haze clouding Gorman's judgment. One bullet had already found its mark; a second could fly at any heartbeat's notice.

As Gorman witnessed Linsey's protective stance, crimson fury bloomed in his eyes. His lips twisted into a bitter smirk.

"Linsey," he rasped, "must you shield him so desperately before my very eyes?"

Darkness settled across his features as he delivered his final blow.

"Remember, your daughter remains under my control."

"Shameless!" The curse erupted from Linsey's clenched jaw, days of buried terror finally breaking through as sobs wracked her body.

In one fluid motion, Gorman hurled the pistol to the floor.

“Linsey,” he murmured, his voice velvet-soft with dangerous tenderness. “I’ll spare Collin’s life on one condition—marry me. His survival rests in your hands. Shall we proceed to the courthouse now, Linsey? Make it official today?”

Collin’s knuckles turned white as he fought to contain the rage boiling beneath his skin.

“That’s impossible! I will never marry you!” The words tore from Linsey’s throat even as relief washed through her upon seeing the discarded weapon.

Yet beneath this momentary calm, her resolve crystallized like steel. Love for Gorman was unimaginable—marriage, an impossibility she wouldn’t entertain.

Darkness swept across Gorman’s gaze, extinguishing whatever light had lingered there. Even in this pivotal moment, Linsey refused to offer him the comfort of a convenient lie.

Gorman’s throat constricted visibly as words formed on his lips.

“Linsey! I’ll kill you!” From the shadows, Kylee emerged like a specter, a knife clutched in her white-knuckled grip as she lunged toward Linsey’s unprotected back.

Pivoting sharply, Linsey caught sight of Kylee’s contorted features—then her mind emptied into a void of pure shock.

Chapter 915:

“Linsey!” Terror flashed across Collin’s eyes as he violently shoved aside anyone standing between them, desperation fueling his movement.

Unfortunately, he was still too far from Linsey.

The sound of the blade piercing flesh cut through the silence—a sickening thud that seemed to stop time itself.

Strangely, Linsey felt no pain wash over her.

Someone shoved her roughly aside, the force unexpected and jarring. Then the unmistakable metallic scent of blood filled her nostrils, sharp and immediate.

Bright red droplets spattered across her white wedding dress, the stark contrast horrifying in its clarity.

In the next breath, she tumbled into Collin's protective embrace.

"Linsey!" Fear etched deep lines across Collin's face as he caught her, his arms strong and steady, keeping her from collapsing to the floor while his eyes searched hers for signs of injury.

For a moment, Linsey froze in confusion before turning to look behind her.

Together, they watched as Gorman staggered backward, his body betraying him as he collapsed to the floor. Blood poured from the terrible wound in his chest, pooling beneath him in an ever-widening circle that made her stomach lurch. The knife had struck true—plunging directly into his heart.

Linsey's pupils dilated in shock, her mind reeling from the sudden turn of events. "Gorman!"

Her instincts screamed at her to rush to his side, but his subordinates had already swarmed around him.

"Mr. Green!" Panic rippled through Gorman's men as they shouted frantically.

Several rushed forward to support their fallen leader while others quickly apprehended Kylee, the knife still wet with Gorman's blood.

“Linsey!” Kylee’s face contorted with disbelief, her bloodshot eyes burning with hatred at having accidentally wounded the wrong target. Struggling against her captors’ grip, she heaved ragged breaths, her body trembling with impotent rage.

“Why? Why wasn’t it you?” The scream tore from Kylee’s throat, her eyes fixed on the fallen blade as she imagined driving it into Linsey’s flesh.

For several heartbeats, Linsey stood frozen before reality crashed back. Whirling toward the shell-shocked shop assistants, she commanded, “Call an ambulance!”

Pain etched deep lines across Gorman’s face as he fought for each shallow breath. With tremendous effort, he forced his heavy eyelids open to meet Linsey’s gaze, his attention catching on the vivid crimson stain blooming across her wedding dress.

Something flickered behind Gorman’s eyes, and the ghost of a smile touched his lips as he rasped, “Linsey...”

Chapter 916:

At the sound of her name, Linsey dropped to her knees, reaching out to staunch the bleeding wound.

“Don’t touch him!” Rough hands shoved her away as Danny glowered with undisguised resentment. His words dripped venom. “He has sacrificed everything for you! Yet you remain cold-hearted, blind to his devotion, treating him like an enemy!”

Linsey’s outstretched hand hung suspended in midair.

“Enough,” Gorman growled through clenched teeth, his brow furrowed with displeasure.

The moment his reprimand faded, a torrent of bright crimson bubbled from between Gorman’s lips, triggering a violent coughing fit.

“Mr. Green! Just hold on! The ambulance will be here any moment!” Linsey quickly pulled out a handkerchief and gently dabbed at the crimson trail snaking from Gorman’s mouth. “Gorman, try to stay calm. Help is coming soon.”

At her words, Gorman’s ashen face tightened with effort as he forced his heavy eyelids open to meet Linsey’s gaze. Confusion and sorrow clouded his weakening stare.

His attention drifted past her to where Collin stood as if rooted to the spot, and a bitter smile ghosted across his bloodless lips.

“Collin, you deliberately came without reinforcements, didn’t you?” Each syllable emerged as a fragile whisper, Gorman’s strength clearly waning. “You wanted me to lower my defenses, to believe I held sway over you. You knew all along I planned to end your life today.”

Linsey’s lips compressed into a thin line, her voice layered with complicated emotions. “Gorman, none of this elaborate scheme was necessary. Right now, nothing matters except stopping this bleeding and getting you proper medical attention. All other scores can be settled once you’re out of danger.”

Collin remained silent, his gaze settling on Gorman with an icy pity that seemed to mock the dying man’s miscalculation.

Gorman slowly curled his fingers into a weak fist and rasped, “Linsey, after bringing you here today, I had Zenia and Caylee escorted back to the hotel.”

His revelation struck like lightning, causing Linsey’s eyes to widen with stunned disbelief.

“What did you say?” she exclaimed.

Her mind raced frantically. Only hours ago, Gorman had leveraged Zenia’s safety as a weapon, coercing her into marrying him.

Why would he suddenly release Zenia from his grasp?

Had he already surrendered his leverage over Zenia back then, without her knowledge?

A ghost of a smile curved Gorman's bloodstained lips. "Linsey, I didn't lie to you. I've known Zenia since she was just an infant. How could I not care deeply for her? Should you doubt my words, have Collin confirm it with Dustin."

Chapter 917:

Collin's features hardened with gravity. "I dispatched Dustin to search your current residence for Zenia. Your premature relocation delayed his arrival to assist me."

Linsey whipped around to face Collin, her eyes widening with fresh astonishment.

So Collin had planned to rescue Zenia all along.

He needn't have appeared today at all. With his vast resources, he must have anticipated Gorman's murderous intentions.

Nevertheless, he arrived—alone and vulnerable, without a single ally at his back.

The realization washed over Linsey, illuminating Collin's true motives. His concern for her safety had driven him to this reckless solitary mission.

Neither of them had foreseen Kylee's unexpected intrusion.

Even Gorman had offered himself as a living shield to protect her.

"I remained unaware of your arrangements for Zenia. I released her early solely to ease Linsey's mind," Gorman murmured, his intense gaze boring into Linsey's face, each word measured and deliberate.

Emotions churned violently within Linsey's chest. Bewildered, she struggled to compose her features into some semblance of coherence when facing Gorman.

She had convinced herself that Gorman had descended irretrievably into madness.

Yet the sight of him bleeding from wounds taken in her defense revealed a complexity she had refused to see.

"Hush now, Gorman. Preserve your strength," Linsey murmured, fighting against the constriction in her throat as she drew a steadying breath.

"Linsey, it's my heart that bears the wound," Gorman whispered with a fragile, rueful smile.

His gaze lingered on her face for a heartbeat before his fingers suddenly enveloped hers, clutching her hand with surprising strength.

Linsey flinched as warmth...

Spread across her palm, Gorman's blood seeped between their joined hands, crimson and accusing.

His words reverberated through her consciousness, unleashing a tidal wave of horror that crashed against her ribcage.

The blade had pierced his heart.

Scarlet life drained from him with each labored breath.

And still, no wailing sirens announced the ambulance's arrival.

Even if it had been dispatched from the nearest hospital, precious minutes would tick away before help could reach them. Minutes, now, were a luxury Gorman couldn't afford.

Chapter 918:

Only two heartbeats had passed since the blade found its mark, yet already his vitality ebbed visibly, draining away with each shallow breath.

His fingers remained wrapped around hers in a desperate clutch, but the pressure—even with all his determination—felt ghostly light. So fragile, Linsey could slip free with the merest twitch.

Before she could respond, Gorman's voice drifted between them, each word deliberately formed. "Linsey, when will you finally shed a tear for me?"

The question struck her like a physical blow, shock rippling across her features.

In the next heartbeat, the weight against her palm suddenly vanished. Gorman's hand fell lifelessly, landing against the hem of her wedding gown, crimson blooming across the immaculate white silk.

An unnatural stillness descended upon the scene.

When sound returned to Linsey's world, it came in the form of the raw, desperate cries of Gorman's men. "Mr. Green!"

"Wake up!"

Through the haze of shock came the belated arrival of medical personnel.

Amid frantic shouts and urgent movements, Gorman's blood-soaked form was whisked away.

Nothing remained but a grotesque crimson pool spreading across the floor.

Linsey woke up with a splitting headache. Groggily, she looked around and saw Collin staring at her with a look of concern.

“How are you feeling now, Linsey?” he gently asked.

Linsey shook her head, unsure of what she was seeing. “Collin? Why are you here?” she asked, glancing around the room with confusion. She soon realized she wasn’t at the hospital or in her bedroom. The room she was in was unfamiliar.

“Where am I?” Linsey asked as she tried to sit up.

Collin immediately helped her up, placing a pillow behind her back for support.

“Take it easy,” he said, gently propping her up.

Linsey felt heavy, as though she lacked the energy to move by herself.

“Here, have some water,” Collin said, handing her a cup of water. Linsey took a few sips, then answered her earlier question.

“This is my place,” Collin replied. “The doctor said you’re not too weak to need hospitalization. He recommended a few days of rest.”

Slowly, the events of before began to come back to Linsey. She opened her mouth to ask a question, but Collin stopped her, saying, “Zenía and Zander are both outside. They’re with Dustin and Dolores.”

“Zenía’s back?” Linsey asked, her eyes lighting up with joy. “I haven’t seen Zenía and Zander in days.”

Chapter 919:

Collin smiled at her reaction, then tucked her hair behind her ear. "You really don't have anything to worry about now."

Linsey looked away from him, the issues between her and Collin unresolved, leaving her unsure of how to face him.

"I'm sorry, Linsey," Collin suddenly said.

Linsey was taken aback by his apology. Unsure if she had heard him correctly, she asked, "What did you just say?"

Collin met her eyes, his expression softening. "I didn't know you were pregnant four years ago. I left you to give birth abroad and raise the children alone. I owe you big time, Linsey. I'm sorry I failed to fulfill my role as a father. You suffered because of me. Dolores told me about how difficult childbirth was for you, how you almost..."

"Alright, you've made your point," Linsey interrupted awkwardly. "You shouldn't listen to Dolores. She's just being dramatic. Childbirth is tough for every woman, and I was no exception."

There was a brief pause before she added, "Your first sentence sounded a bit like a complaint. What, are you blaming me for hiding my pregnancy?"

"That's not what I meant. I just think you've been through a lot," Collin said earnestly.

Linsey stared at him, unsure whether to believe him.

Finally, she sighed and said, "I admit I was being vengeful when I decided not to tell you about the pregnancy. I had already made up my mind to divorce you, and I knew if I told you I was pregnant, you wouldn't have..."

"You thought I wouldn't have agreed to the divorce," Collin finished softly.

“Yes.”

Collin smiled, then took Linsey’s hand in his. “Even if I had known about your pregnancy, I would never have forced you to stay in our broken marriage. I would have tried to persuade you to reconsider the divorce, but I would never have forced you to stay. That would be tantamount to imprisonment.”

After several weighted moments of silence, Collin spoke again. “Had I known your heartbreak would drive you from Grester, I would have moved heaven and earth to support you. You shouldn’t have faced childbirth’s perils alone. After all, I am the father.”

Linsey released a soft, noncommittal hum, feigning indifference. “Since you understood you couldn’t force me to stay, surely you realized I would have rejected any assistance from you in those days.” She lifted her gaze then, meeting his eyes with newfound serenity. “Departing on my own terms was the only viable path forward.”

Collin’s expression remained carefully controlled, though vulnerability flickered briefly across his features. “I was wrong, Linsey—wrong not to be forthright with you then. The fault lies entirely with me.”

“Four years provides ample time for anger to cool,” Linsey murmured, dropping her gaze once more. “Otherwise, I wouldn’t have felt that sting when you showed Haven such consideration.”

Chapter 920:

Collin straightened immediately, words tumbling out in his eagerness to clarify. “Haven means nothing to me. My politeness extended only from respect for my grandmother. Those rumors circulating through Grester only recently reached my ears. I never noticed before because I was—”

Linsey’s eyes flickered with interest as she waited. “Because you were what?”

A rare hint of awkwardness cracked Collin’s typically impeccable composure. “My attention remained fixed solely on you during that period—I noticed little else. Dustin eventually brought those whispers to my attention.”

This confession coaxed a soft laugh from Linsey's lips.

"The mighty founder of CR Corporation, stumbling over something so trivial." She tilted her chin upward with playful disdain. "You command CR Corporation. Who in all of Grester would dare stand against you? If Haven truly meant nothing, why not silence those rumors immediately?"

Collin paused thoughtfully before offering his unvarnished truth. "Partly because I remained uncertain of your feelings toward me. I feared any explanation might provoke Haven into creating complications in your life. And partly because..."

Linsey's eyes narrowed with sudden insight. "You simply wanted to witness my jealousy, didn't you?"

Caught with his innermost motives exposed, Collin could only bow his head, dropping all pretense before her penetrating gaze.

"You can be truly infuriating sometimes, Collin," Linsey said, delivering a playful punch to his shoulder. Her exasperation softened into reluctant affection.

Their conversation meandered naturally for some time, with Collin deftly guiding it toward increasingly trivial matters.

Though Linsey had only recently emerged from unconsciousness, her mind still clouded by the remnants of sleep, she couldn't help but notice Collin's persistent attempts to redirect their discussion.

"You're acting strangely, Collin," Linsey observed, concern creasing her brow.

"No, I'm not," Collin countered too quickly.

Rarely had Linsey witnessed such transparent discomfort in his usually composed demeanor.

Her frown deepened as fragments of memory crystallized—vivid flashes of crimson splashed across pristine white.

“How is Gorman holding up?” Linsey whispered, her heartbeat accelerating with sudden dread.

Collin’s features immediately hardened into solemnity. He regarded her with a long, weighted silence before finally answering, “He died.”

The alarming news hit Linsey hard.