

Zillionaire 1361

Chapter 1361:

The act itself was one thing. But why was Collin actively searching for her?

These thoughts ignited something dangerous in Kylee's gaze.

No. She refused to let this situation continue!

Reality crashed back, and Kylee snapped her attention to Lowell. "Have you found that woman yet?"

"Yes, I have," Lowell replied frankly.

"Who is she?"

Lowell's gaze dropped, unable to meet Kylee's intense stare. "You've actually met her before. She's Gorman's girlfriend..."

"Who? Her?" Fresh shock rippled across Kylee's features, her eyes growing wide. "Are you absolutely certain?"

"Yes." Lowell's nod carried unwavering conviction. "I saw her with my own eyes. I remember her face clearly. There's no mistake."

Just as he finished speaking, Lowell's phone vibrated.

A quick glance at the screen prompted him to address Kylee apologetically. "I'm sorry, Miss Russell. Mr. Riley needs me urgently. I have to go."

"Wait!" Kylee's hand shot out, grasping his sleeve desperately.

Confusion crossed Lowell's face. "Is there something else you need?"

Kylee fought to mask her inner turmoil, forcing artificial calm into her voice. "Does Collin know about this yet?"

"No," Lowell replied simply.

Relief washed over Kylee like cool water. She continued, "I have one last question."

Lowell gave Kylee the go-ahead and said, "Please, ask your question."

"So, Collin has no memory of that woman, and you're the only one who knows who she is?"

Lowell shook his head lightly. "No. A few other men know about it too."

Kylee's brow creased. Before she could speak again, he added, "But those men upset Mr. Riley. He sent me a message earlier saying he plans to fire them. If they leave, then yes, I'd be the only one who knows. Mr. Riley has no memory of it, and back then he was wearing a mask, so Ms. Brooks had no way of recognizing him either."

The full picture sank in for Kylee, and a rush of excitement stirred inside her.

Wasn't this the perfect opening?

If neither Collin nor Linsey could recognize each other, and Lowell alone knew the truth, then as long as he stayed silent, Collin would never know that Linsey was the woman he had spent the night with.

It had been nothing more than a one-night stand, hardly worth holding on to. Given time, Collin would forget, and she could take that opening to win him over.

That thought brightened her eyes instantly. “Lowell, tell me what you want. Money is not a problem.”

Confusion flickered across Lowell’s face. “I’m not sure what you’re getting at.”

Chapter 1362:

With no one else in the room, Kylee spoke bluntly. “You know I’ve loved Collin for years. I can’t let him end up with someone else. If you’re willing to hide that woman’s identity from him, I promise you won’t regret it.”

Lowell’s brows drew together slightly, his silence making his thoughts unreadable.

After a pause, he stepped back and answered in a low voice, “I’m sorry. I can’t do that.”

“Why not?” Kylee’s tone grew urgent. “I can pay you more than Collin ever will.”

“Miss Russell...”

“Would \$3 million be enough?” Kylee stated her offer, and when he gave no reaction, she clenched her jaw and raised it. “Five million.” To someone like Lowell, five million was an impossible dream.

Even so, he stood his ground. “I’m sorry, Miss Russell. I won’t betray Mr. Riley. I hope you can understand.”

He gave a short bow before turning away from her.

Kylee’s expression turned cold.

If Lowell walked out now, Collin would soon learn the identity of the woman who had been with him that night.

In a burst of desperation, she yelled, "Does it mean nothing to you whether your mother lives or dies?"

Lowell stopped abruptly, his body stiff.

When she caught his reaction, Kylee's lips curved into a sly smile and she stepped forward.

"I heard your mother is suffering from a rare illness and needs a leading surgeon to operate, isn't that right?"

Lowell's eyes widened in shock. "How did you find out?"

"Of course I know," Kylee answered, her smile bright and confident. "Your mother is in my hospital, and Collin personally asked me to find the best doctor to save her."

The intent behind her words was clear, and Lowell's face drained of color as he realized she was using his mother's condition to corner him.

Kylee dropped the sweet facade, her tone turning sharp. "I'd rather not take things this far, but you left me no choice. Decide now. Will you stay loyal to Collin, or will you save your mother?"

A short while later, Lowell walked in with Kylee, his expression ice-cold.

Collin sat at the dining table, his gaze fixed on the view outside.

"Collin," Kylee greeted him softly, her smile gentle.

Turning his head, Collin spoke in a low, steady voice. "I just saw the two of you talking outside."

Lowell's face went still for a fraction of a second, and Kylee felt an uneasy drop in her stomach.

She quickly forced a relaxed smile and said, "Yes. I just finished a call outside and saw Lowell, so we talked for a moment."

Chapter 1363:

"What were you talking about?" Collin asked.

The question caught her off guard, her pulse kicking up again.

"Nothing important," she responded, sliding a chair out and sitting down. Settling in, she looked at him. "Did you see something, Collin? What made you suddenly ask?"

Since she had talked to Lowell with her back to him, Collin hadn't picked up on anything unusual. His interest was nothing more than mild curiosity—he had just never spotted the two of them alone before.

With her answer, his focus eased. "Just wondering."

He passed her the menu without a second thought. "Go ahead and order," he said.

Relief loosened her shoulders, and she gave him a bright smile. "Alright." While she studied the menu, Collin took a sip from his glass and let his eyes drift over the other tables.

From across the table, she noticed the way he scanned the room. "Collin, are you looking for someone?"

"No. Just taking a look around," Collin replied in an easy tone.

She returned her attention to the menu and turned toward the server to place her order.

At the same time, Collin's brows drew together as he considered how absurd his own behavior had been.

He knew he wasn't simply glancing around the room—he had been searching for Linsey.

After all that she had endured earlier, he couldn't help but wonder how she was now.

The thought drew his brows closer, and his long fingers tightened unconsciously around the glass.

It felt unusual. Linsey was Gorman's girlfriend, yet he found himself concerned about her well-being.

Maybe it was because this was the first time he had seen his rival in a relationship, leaving her image firmly in his mind.

That reasoning was the only way he could make sense of his own strange reaction.

Out of nowhere, the memory of the woman from his one-night stand surfaced. Was she doing alright now?

Collin's eyes shifted toward Lowell in a quick, calculated glance.

If anyone knew her whereabouts, it would be Lowell.

With Kylee there, he decided it was better to ask later. Before long, they stepped out of the restaurant.

Kylee's driver was already waiting, and Collin moved forward to open the car door for her.

Instead of getting in, she lingered, tilting her head with a playful smile. "Collin, did you finish everything you had to do overseas?"

Collin gave a short nod.

Chapter 1364:

“So fast...” Kylee murmured, her lips curling into a pout.

Before he could reply, she leaned in with another question. “Since we’re both out here for work, why not stay a little longer? Keep me company. You’ve never even watched me on set.”

“We’ll see.” Collin checked his watch and said, “Head back to the set right now and keep filming, and do not make the crew wait.”

There was nothing left for her to say, so she stepped into the car with reluctant grace.

As the business car pulled away, Collin’s attention shifted immediately to Lowell.

“Did you find out where she is?” Collin asked.

Lowell, the one who had been addressed, stilled as though weighing his words. A quiet beat stretched between them before he lowered his gaze and said, “I’m sorry, Mr. Riley. We’ve sent out as many people as we could, but... there’s still no trace of her.”

Collin’s brows pulled tight at the report.

He had assumed Lowell had rushed in because he had found the woman, only to learn it was the opposite.

Then again, in a place this sprawling and crowded, with not even her name to go by, it was little wonder Lowell’s search had come up empty.

“Keep looking,” Collin said at last, his tone cool and remote.

“Yes, sir.” A flicker of relief passed over Lowell’s face. He was grateful that Collin’s words carried no blame.

But the reprieve was brief.

“Mr. Riley,” he ventured, “do you intend to stay here?”

Before Collin could answer, his phone trilled sharply.

The screen flashed Roland’s name—his grandmother’s butler.

He answered, only to be met with Roland’s urgent voice. “Mr. Riley, something terrible has happened!”

“What is it?” Collin straightened, a shadow falling over his expression. “Is it about my grandmother?”

“She—” Roland was cut off by Ivy’s harsh coughing.

Ivy took the phone from his grasp and said, her voice weak but insistent, “Let me speak.”

Between coughs, she managed to ask, “Collin, where are you?”

When he told her he was working abroad, she released a weary sigh. “Always work... and so many beautiful girls out there. Haven’t you—”

“Not now,” Collin cut in, urgency edging his voice. “Tell me what’s wrong.”

More coughing. Her voice, thin and breathless, trembled through the speaker.

“If you’ve finished your business, come home quickly... my health is failing.”

That landed like a blow. “I’ll return immediately.”

After a few more hurried words, he ended the call and turned to Lowell. “Book me the fastest flight home.”

“Yes, sir.”

The next morning, in a small fishing village, a salt-tinged breeze drifted through the half-open window.

Gorman stepped inside, carrying a cup of milk.

He was about to call her name when the sight stopped him—Linsey, bent over her bed, methodically packing her things.

The cup slipped from his hands, shattering on the wooden floor with a sharp, echoing crack.

Chapter 1365:

Linsey’s head shot up, startled, but the moment she recognized him, her shoulders eased. She hurried over. “Are you alright?”

Gorman’s gaze stayed on the half-packed bag.

“You’re going back home?” His voice was quiet, but his usually gentle features were shadowed with something harder.

She didn’t try to soften the truth. “Yes.”

“And me?” His brows drew together, his gaze holding hers. “If you leave, what happens to me?”

The question caught her off guard. In his tone, she heard more than simple curiosity—an unspoken accusation, as if she were abandoning him. That was absurd—they had known each other for only a handful of days. Then it clicked, and she let out a soft, amused laugh. “You mean the whole pretend girlfriend thing?”

Gorman's silence was answer enough. His mouth pressed into a thin line as she went on, "You told me your family keeps forcing you into blind dates. I can meet them with you before I leave, and then—"

"And then we end it, right?" He finished for her, his gaze dropping to hers, a faint crease of anger marking his expression.

Maybe it was the first time Linsey had ever seen that look on Gorman's face, and it made her instinctively take a step back in confusion.

"Yeah," she replied.

She felt her idea made perfect sense.

Their act as a couple was mainly for the sake of Gorman's family. If she met his parents with him before leaving, they would stop trying to set him up on blind dates.

Wasn't that what he wanted? Why was he upset?

Her confusion was genuine.

Naturally, Gorman had no intention of telling her the real reason.

He drew in a slow breath, forcing down his true emotions, and put on a show of sadness as he asked, "Why can't you stay just a little longer?"

His mood had been perfectly fine. His men had informed him that Collin was done with his work and heading home.

With his greatest rival in love gone, Gorman thought he could finally concentrate on building something with Linsey.

Yet he hadn't expected her to pack her bags and leave on the exact same day as Collin.

His mind immediately began to wander.

Grester was Collin's place, and if Linsey came back to that city, she would surely cross paths with him. What if the two of them ended up falling in love?

If they ended up together, what was the point of his second chance at life? Would fate really be cruel enough to make him watch their happiness while he endured the heartbreak?

He refused to believe the universe could deal him such a hand.

From Linsey's perspective, her decision to return was simple.

"I've wrapped up my research project," she explained. "And my travel budget is almost gone. I really can't afford to stay here any longer."

The moment he realized it was about money, tension eased from his shoulders.

"You don't have to worry about that. I've got more than enough."

Chapter 1366:

"There's no chance I'm taking your money," she retorted without hesitation. She knew perfectly well he was the head of Green Group and had more money than he could ever spend, but that didn't mean she had any right to use it.

What they had was nothing more than an act. That truth stayed firmly in Linsey's mind.

With an easy laugh, Gorman remarked, "I owe you my life, remember? This money means nothing."

“But...” She still showed no willingness to accept his offer.

Just as she prepared to refuse again, Gorman quickly put on a pitiful tone to sway her. “Linsey, stay here, please? Have a little mercy on me.”

His face carried deep sorrow as he whispered, “Ever since Collin took away the woman I loved, every single day has been a nightmare. Then I met you, and for the first time, I felt truly happy again.”

Those words struck a chord in her heart.

“Well...” Right as she was about to agree, the phone on the bedside table vibrated.

“Sorry, let me take this call first.” Her lips curved into an apologetic smile as she reached for it.

The moment she saw her best friend’s name on the screen, her expression softened.

“Dolores, what’s going on?” she asked.

Something Dolores said made her face change instantly.

“What? Stay calm, I’ll be there right away!”

She ended the call without hesitation and immediately continued to pack her things.

Seeing her rush, Gorman stepped closer and asked, “Linsey, are you still planning to go back home?”

“Yes.” She kept packing in a hurry and added with an apologetic tone, “Sorry, but my friend needs me.”

Gorman had done everything he could to convince Linsey to stay, speaking until his voice was nearly gone, yet she stood firm in her choice to return home. Her reason never wavered.

“My best friend is ill,” she told him. “She means more to me than anyone else in the world, and I have to be there for her.”

“I could arrange for her to be transferred here and have the top specialists handle her treatment,” Gorman offered.

But Linsey only shook her head, her tone gentle. “I’m grateful for your kindness, Gorman, but it’s really not necessary to go through all that trouble.”

Neither of them backed down, and the conversation came to a standstill. When it became clear that her mind would not change, Gorman finally let out a quiet sigh and gave in.

After a pause, he pressed his lips together, then said with quiet resolve, “In that case, I’ll go with you.”

There was no way he would let her travel back to Grester alone—not when every moment with her mattered, and not when Collin might run into her and win her over.

Chapter 1367:

Linsey blinked at him, caught off guard, half-thinking it had to be a joke.

Puzzled and curious, she found herself asking him for the real reason.

As if he had already predicted the question, Gorman replied smoothly, “I’ve been planning to expand my company overseas, and Grester happens to be on the list. Its economy makes it a prime location.”

It was a convenient excuse—one he knew she wouldn’t try to dispute.

With nothing left to argue, Linsey gave a small nod.

“Alright then,” she replied in agreement.

A faint smile curved Gorman’s lips as he shifted the conversation toward their relationship once more.

“Linsey, once we get there, do you think we can keep up the act of being a couple?”

Her eyes widened slightly at the question. “But isn’t your family mostly based—”

Without missing a beat, Gorman offered an explanation, his tone steady. “My mother’s from Grester, and she goes back there for vacations now and then. I’m worried she might want to meet you someday.”

A short pause followed before he said, wearing an apologetic expression, “But if that’s inconvenient for you, it’s fine. Don’t feel pressured.”

From the very first time they met, Linsey had noticed the consistent gentleness in him and the way he treated her with respect.

It was hard to turn down someone who carried himself with that much grace.

“Sure, I can pretend. It’s not a problem,” she agreed without hesitation.

His smile lit up, warm and easy. “Linsey, you’re amazing. Thank you.” The praise made her cheeks warm, and she quickly waved it off. “It’s nothing, really. Hardly worth mentioning.”

As she thought it over, she realized that playing the role of Gorman’s girlfriend would be just as useful for her as it was for him.

Being an orphan meant she had no family breathing down her neck about marriage.

But her looks had brought her more trouble than she wanted at work.

Some mid-level supervisors saw her youth, beauty, and soft nature as an invitation—cracking crude jokes or dangling promotions to push her into sleeping with them.

The worst were the drunken male executives who would take liberties and touch her.

She had to find a way to escape that kind of harassment, though it had cost her dearly. She had been fired out of spite, which eventually pushed her to leave the country for a while.

It occurred to her now that with Gorman's high status and his position as CEO of Green Group, having him as a public boyfriend—at least in name—would ensure no man in her professional circle would dare cross the line again.

Once he and Linsey reached an agreement, Gorman immediately set things in motion for their trip back home. Before long, they arrived in Grester.

The moment Linsey stepped off the plane, she headed straight for the hospital. Gorman had planned to go with her to see her friend, but right before they entered the building, his assistant called about a problem with a branch office project. He had no choice but to leave for the matter immediately.

They parted ways at the hospital entrance, and Linsey took the elevator to the floor where Dolores was staying.

Her worry over her friend's condition made her step out quickly the moment the elevator doors opened.

Chapter 1368:

Unfortunately, to her frustration, thoughtless acts still happened far too often. Someone had tossed a banana peel onto the floor instead of putting it in the trash.

Her focus was locked on the room ahead, and she didn't notice what lay in her path.

The heel of her shoe slid over the banana peel, producing a sharp, abrupt sound. Before she could register what was happening, her balance gave way, and she pitched forward.

A startled cry left her lips as she squeezed her eyes shut, bracing for the impact.

But the painful fall she expected never came.

Instead, there was a muted thud, and she found herself sliding into a warm, solid chest.

Above her head, a man let out a low, muffled groan.

Realizing she had crashed into someone, she quickly apologized and tried to pull away from his hold.

She didn't want him to get the wrong idea and was about to explain that the whole thing had been an accident.

Yet her eyes lifted and landed on the man's strikingly handsome face, making her freeze in surprise.

Collin hadn't expected to run into something like this during his hospital visit, and the encounter left him mildly irritated.

However, when his gaze settled fully on the person in front of him, surprise flickered in his expression.

It only lasted a moment before his face returned to its usual coldness, his brows drawing together. "It's you again?"

"Yes..." Linsey let out a startled breath, forcing an awkward smile while rubbing the back of her head. "What a coincidence, Mr. Riley. We've met again."

He didn't answer, his eyes moving from her shoulder to the space behind her.

There was no sign of Gorman.

His gaze narrowed slightly before shifting downward to her lower half.

Today, she was dressed in a clean, casual style.

A crisp white shirt was neatly tucked into a pair of dark blue jeans, showing off her graceful shape and long, slender legs.

Anyone unfamiliar with her might mistake her for a model just from the way she carried herself.

Noticing where he was looking, Linsey instinctively stepped back, her bright eyes sharp with caution.

"Mr. Riley, are you staring at my legs?"

Her bluntness didn't shake him in the slightest. His expression stayed composed.

"I was just thinking..." He kept his gaze lowered until his eyes met hers, his voice cool and edged with sarcasm. "Ms. Brooks, if your legs aren't working right, I can do you a favor and arrange a wheelchair—just like mine."

Her face burned red in embarrassment, and she wished she could vanish into the floor.

"No, that's not necessary," she refused quickly, uneasy about his comment. "My legs work perfectly fine."

"Then why is it that every time you see me, you either end up on your knees or throwing yourself at me?"

Chapter 1369:

Linsey felt a profound sense of injustice. "This time, it happened because I unintentionally..."

Before she could complete her explanation, Collin cut her off with a sharp tone, addressing her directly, "Linsey Brooks."

The abrupt mention of her full name sent a shiver down her spine, making her tense.

She met his gaze with determination and asked, "What is the matter?"

Collin's expression was icy as he spoke deliberately. "I have no patience for deceitful women, so don't bother trying to seduce me. You're not my type."

With that, he dismissed her, wheeled himself toward the elevator, and turned his attention to the elevator button, ready to descend.

Linsey's eyes widened in shock. She was stunned by his accusation.

She was trying to seduce him?

How could she not know about this herself?

As the elevator doors slid open, Collin began to move forward, but Linsey snapped out of her daze and called out, "Wait!"

Instinctively, she reached out to block his wheelchair from entering.

Collin glanced up, his brows knitting together in obvious irritation at her interference. "Is there something more?"

"Of course there is," Linsey replied, standing taller as she clarified earnestly, "I admit I stumbled into you those two times, but there were valid reasons. I wasn't trying to flirt with you."

She emphasized the last part, desperate to clear up the misunderstanding. Had she known he would misinterpret her actions as those of someone shallow, she would rather have crashed to the floor. But Collin seemed unmoved by her explanation.

Instead of responding, he asked coolly, "Are you done talking?"

Linsey nodded, confirming, "Yes, I'm finished."

Without missing a beat, Collin retorted sharply, "If you're done, then keep your distance and stop hovering around me."

Linsey's brow furrowed in frustration.

Collin's mood was unusually harsh today, unlike their last encounter in the hotel hallway, when he had seemed perfectly reasonable. "Are you not hearing me?" Collin pressed, his tone colder still.

A spark of unexplainable anger ignited within Linsey. "Fine, I'll stay away from you. Why are you being so hostile?"

She took several steps back, her anger growing as she thought it over, until she snapped, "I wouldn't want to be near someone like you anyway!"

Collin's expression shifted subtly, his eyes locking onto hers. "What kind of person am I? Explain yourself."

"Don't you know what kind of person you are?"

At this point, Collin's unwarranted hostility had eroded most of Linsey's composure.

Chapter 1370:

She let loose, retorting, "You're an arrogant, sharp-tongued, standoffish man who thinks he's irresistible when you're just... a weirdo!"

Collin's glare intensified, radiating a frosty menace as he warned, "Do you think I can't make things difficult for you?"

For the first time in his life, someone had dared to confront him so boldly, and it stung.

Linsey felt a pang of fear but stood her ground, responding, "You insulted me first, so I responded in kind."

Defiantly, she added, "Was anything I said untrue?"

Collin didn't answer, his silence heavy as he fixed her with an unreadable stare. Linsey held his gaze, refusing to back down.

The standoff lingered, tension crackling between them, neither willing to yield. Then, the thought of her best friend flashed through Linsey's mind, prompting her to break the impasse.

"I'm done wasting words on you. I'm out of here," she said.

By the time Collin registered her departure, Linsey had vanished from view entirely.

Collin didn't bother arguing with Linsey anymore. He simply pressed the button to leave.

Just as he wheeled himself into the elevator, something felt off. He glanced at the spot where Linsey had vanished.

What was she doing at the hospital?

Then it hit him—Gorman hadn't been with her. Could he be at death's door?

After her tense exchange with Collin, Linsey started looking for her friend's room number.

“Why can't I find it?” she murmured to herself.

Then, from behind, came a warm, inviting voice. “Miss.”

Linsey turned instinctively.

Not far away stood an elderly woman in a hospital gown. She had a gentle face, with an air of grace and dignity, and was waving at her.

Linsey hesitated, glancing down the empty corridor. Seeing no one else, she pointed at herself. “Are you calling me?”

The woman smiled and nodded.

Linsey frowned slightly. She didn't know this woman. What could she want?

Curiosity got the better of her. She walked over and asked, “Is there something I can help you with?”

The woman's eyes sparkled. “I want to ask you something.”

“Please, go ahead.”

“What is your relationship with my grandson?”

Linsey blinked, taken off guard. She had expected the woman to ask for directions, not something like this. “Excuse me... Are you Gorman’s grandmother?”

Gorman had never once mentioned having a grandmother in Grester—let alone one in the hospital.