

## **Zillionaire 421**

Chapter 421 I'm Not Done Measuring You Yet

Linsey smoothed the measuring tape across Collin's shoulders, stretching it from one wrist to the other.

"Raise your arms a little. I need to measure your chest," she said.

After noting the measurement, Linsey pulled the tape back and wrapped it around his chest, from front to back.

Collin looked down at her, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed. His gaze grew intense.

Linsey, absorbed in her task, didn't notice the slight hitch in his breathing

She adjusted the tape around his chest, marking the spot.

Then, feeling a playful spark, Linsey tilted her head and winked at him. "Looking good there, handsome!"

That single sentence made Collin's eyes darken completely.

He reached out quickly, pulling Linsey closer by the waist and pressing her against his chest.

"Hey!" Linsey exclaimed, instinctively leaning back to avoid his kiss.

Suppressing a laugh, she placed a hand on his chin and said in a mock-serious tone, "Hold on, I'm not done measuring you yet."

Collin's eyes were dark with undeniable desire. His voice came out low and husky. "No need for that. I'll just give you the measurements."

Linsey laughed. "You said you

dn't know them earlier."

Collin took her hand and kissed it, flashing her a mischievous grin. "Thanks to your expert guidance, Linsey, I remembered."

With that, he leaned in again, their breaths mingling in the tight space, growing warmer and more entangled. "I've got a more urgent matter, one that only you can solve," Collin murmured, his voice dripping with charm.

Linsey's head spun for a moment, her vision blurring slightly.

"What kind of problem?" she asked, her voice soft.

"A personal one," he replied, his tone suggestive.

Before she could say anything else, Collin kissed her deeply.

The next morning, Linsey woke up, still groggy, and found that Collin had already left.

It struck her as strange.

Collin had been resting at home for the past few days Where could he have gone so early?

Confused, Linsey got out of bed, quickly freshened up, and left the bedroom.

As she passed the study, she overheard Collin speaking with his assistant.

His voice was low, serious. "You're telling me Gorman's already bought a ticket to leave the country in a week?"

The assistant responded, "Yes, Mr. Riley. I just got word. Gorman's been preparing to leave and doesn't seem to have any plans of coming back."

Linsey froze at the door, surprised.

Why was Gorman leaving the country so suddenly? His shoulder injury had seemed pretty serious. Had it really healed that quickly?

How was that possible? Gorman wasn't exactly superhuman.

Just as Linsey was about to knock, the assistant suddenly turned and snapped, "Who's there?"

Startled, Linsey froze as the door swung open in front of her.

The assistant blinked, clearly surprised to see her, then muttered an apology. "Sorry, Mrs. Riley. I didn't realize

it was you."

Collin's face softened into a smile when he saw her. "What's got you up so early?"

"It's fine," Linsey addressed the assistant, then stepped inside and moved to stand in front of Collin. "I have work today, so I needed to get up early."

Collin raised an eyebrow, then handed her a piece of paper.

"What's this?" Linsey asked, confused.

## Chapter 422 Is Gorman Really Leaving The Count...

Collin didn't say a word, his eyes sparkling with amusement as he gestured for Linsey to open the paper and

see for herself.

Linsey unfolded the paper and quickly spotted a series of numbers written across

it.

In less than two seconds, she understood exactly what they were and couldn't

help but give Collin a playful nudge on the chest.

"You really tricked me!" she said, a laugh escaping her.

What a shameless man!

He clearly knew his own measurements, yet last night, he had insisted on having her measure him again.

And as a result, they had ended up spending the entire night tangled in the closet. Even now, Linsey still felt a slight ache in her lower back.

Collin chuckled softly, wrapping his arm around her waist and pulling her closer. "Don't be mad, honey."

He gently kneaded the sore spot on her back. "Is this where it hurts?"

His assistant, sensing the moment, discreetly stepped out of the study and quietly shut the door behind him, giving them some privacy.

They were so affectionate-he couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy, a single man watching their closeness. Linsey didn't pull away from his massage, though she still pouted in mild displeasure.

"Collin, we can't do this again tonight..." Her face flushed slightly, making it harder to continue. "You need to hold back. You're still recovering, and I have to work. We can't keep doing this."

Collin glanced at her serious expression and couldn't help but laugh. He nodded, his tone softening. "Alright, tonight I'll make sure you actually get some rest."

The past few days had been a bit too intense, leading to her not getting enough sleep.

Seeing the sincerity in his eyes, Linsey finally felt somewhat satisfied.

"By the way, I overheard you talking to your assistant earlier," Linsey said, breaking the silence. "I wasn't snooping, though. You guys just didn't close the door properly."

Collin grinned, his hand still caressing her waist. "No worries. You can hear all the reports I get anyway." Linsey returned his grin and leaned forward to give him a quick kiss on the lips. "Same here. No secrets

between us."

For a split second, Collin's expression stiffened, but it quickly returned to normal

It was fine, Collin reassured himself. He would soon be able to tell her everything Linsey didn't catch the fleeting shift in his expression. "Is Gorman really leaving the country?"

Collin feigned annoyance. "Are you seriously that concerned about Gorman?"

"I'm just asking." Linsey replied with a sigh, picking up on his hint of jealousy. "I don't want to hide anything from you. Last time, because of Fernanda's plot, I ended up hurting him, and I still feel guilty about it had even though we found the person who poisoned him, I can't fully let myself off the hook"

Seeing the guilt in her eyes, Collin felt a wave of sympathy.

He lifted his hand, gently cupping her soft cheek, and stroked it with his thumb, offering a quiet, tender reassurance that slowly soothed her troubled heart.

"Don't blame yourself. None of this is on you," Collin said gently, his voice soft.

Linsey met his gaze, her expression earnest. "Please, don't misunderstand my relationship with Gorman. There's truly nothing between us. The only reason we're connected is because I saved him when we were overseas."

Collin ran his fingers through her hair, pushing a strand away from her face, and his playful tone disappeared. "I believe you," he said, his voice steady. "But it's hard for me to buy that Gorman would just walk away. He seems obsessed with you."

Chapter 423 Maybe He Finally Listened

Linsey frowned slightly. "I overheard your assistant saying Gorman has already bought a plane ticket and is packing up. It seems like he's made up his mind to leave, right?"

She paused, a thought surfacing. "That day at the hospital, he thought I poisoned him. Now that the truth is out, maybe he's finally come to his senses. So, don't worry. He won't be interfering in our lives anymore."

Collin remained as possessive as ever.

Unless she reassured him properly, he wouldn't be at ease.

Still, something didn't sit right with him. His brows furrowed.

"If he knows you never meant to hurt him, why would he just give up on you?" he blurted out.

Linsey's response was calm. "We talked before. Maybe he finally listened. He's the heir to the Green family. He's been surrounded by women his whole life. Why would he waste his time holding on to me?"

Collin didn't want to admit it, but after crossing paths with Gorman so many times, he could tell-the man was serious about Linsey.

And to Collin, there was no woman in the world who could compare to her.

The thought of Gorman returning, trying to compete for her, gnawed at him.

A new idea took root. Revealing his identity as the founder of CR Corporation had never seemed necessary before. But now? The more he thought about it, the more convinced he became.

If Gorman knew the truth, maybe he would back off for good.

Their conversation didn't last much longer. Linsey needed to get to work on time.

As always, Collin walked her to the villa's entrance, watching until she got into the car and drove off. Only then did he turn back, finally at ease.

At the office, a subordinate handed Linsey a stack of design drafts.

"These need your approval," the designer said. "If everything checks out, we can move forward with production." Linsey gave a small nod. "Alright, I'll review them and get back to you."

Once she was alone, she placed the drafts to the side, deciding to review them later.

But as she adjusted the stack, a single sheet caught her attention.

Slipping it out, she immediately recognized it-the wedding dress design Gorman had commissioned from her.

For a moment, she just stared at it, stunned.

She had nearly forgotten about it.

Linsey hesitated, the memory of Gorman's generous payment lingering in her mind. Though she had no personal reason to reach out, professionalism dictated otherwise. After a brief pause, she picked up her phone and dialed his number. The call connected after a few seconds, but no voice greeted her-only silence. Gorman didn't say a word.

Linsey pressed her lips together, then decided to break the silence. "Gorman, about the wedding dress design you requested-do you still want to move forward with it?"

The quiet stretched on.

She frowned slightly, waiting, then glanced at her screen to check if the call had dropped.

"Gorman, are you there?"

Just as she began to think he wasn't going to answer, his voice finally came through. "How far along are you?" It was low, rough-tinged with exhaustion.

Linsey flipped through the drafts in her hand, skimming the details before responding, "There are just a few final touches left. If you still want it, I can have the completed version ready in a couple of days."

For a moment, she heard nothing but his uneven breathing. Then, he exhaled sharply, as if grounding himself. "Just get rid of it."

Linsey froze. "What?"

Chapter 424 Let's Not Contact Each Other...



Gorman's voice was icy as he repeated, "Just get rid of it. It's useless to me now."

Linsey was momentarily stunned, struggling to steady herself. "But you've already paid for it."

Gorman's laugh was dry and mocking. "Didn't we sign a contract? You don't need to worry about the money. It's yours, keep it."

There was a pause before Linsey spoke calmly, her tone steady. "You came to me for this deal personally, and I hadn't coordinated with the company yet. According to the contract, the company's resources are only to be used once the garment's ready for production. If you no longer need it, I can return your payment."

Since Gorman no longer required the design, she felt no reason to keep the money.

It wouldn't be right.

Gorman went silent once more.

Linsey rubbed her forehead, uncertain about how to handle the situation.

She felt guilty toward him, but at the same time, she wanted to distance herself from any further contact.

Suddenly, Gorman let out a low, bitter laugh. "Linsey, is this really where we are? You won't even take my money now?"

Linsey was caught off guard. Before she could respond, Gorman's voice came through again, colder than ever. "If you don't want it, just throw it all away. Let's not contact each other anymore."

With that, he ended the call abruptly, leaving no chance for Linsey to say another word.

As the dial tone echoed in her ear, a wave of sadness washed over her.

It was clear that Gorman still held some resentment toward her.

But Linsey didn't want to dwell on it-after all, Gorman was leaving.

She just hoped he would find peace and be able to recover soon.

As for the payment for the unfinished design, Linsey considered asking Collin to help return the money to Gorman when she got back.

In the days that followed, Linsey immersed herself in designing Collin's suit, juggling work in between.

Before long, the suit was completed.

That evening, Linsey took the suit back home, eager to have Collin try it on as soon as possible

When Collin laid eyes on the suit, a spark of admiration lit up his expression.

The deep blue evening suit shimmered beneath the lights, its unique design setting it apart from anything

ordinary.

The bright bow tie matched the suit perfectly, emphasizing its luxurious tone."

The most striking feature, however, was the contrasting silk handkerchief pinned to the chest, radiating an air of sophistication.

"What an incredible suit!" Josh exclaimed. "I never thought a men's suit could look this good! Mrs. Riley, you've truly outdone yourself!"

Linsey smiled, her cheeks flushing slightly. "You're overdoing it, Josh. Men's evening suits are simpler than women's gowns. I just paid attention to the little details."

Collin, still admiring the suit, turned his gaze to Linsey, his eyes filled with deep appreciation

"It truly is stunning, Josh wasn't wrong-this is the best men's evening suit I've ever seen" Collin's words were sincere, each one chosen with care.

Linsey couldn't help but feel a deep sense of satisfaction at his praise.

She smiled brightly, the fatigue from days of designing melting away.

"Thank you for the kind words," Linsey replied, still grinning. "Go ahead and try it on. If it's not a perfect fit, I can always make adjustments."

Collin nodded, taking the suit to change.

A few moments later, the door to the guest room opened, and Collin stepped out, wearing the suit.

Everyone's attention immediately shifted to him, and they were left speechless, completely awestruck.

Chapter 425 I've Already

Fallen For You

Collin stood tall and lean, his broad shoulders and strong back enhanced by the flawless tailoring of the evening

suit. The outfit made him appear even more striking and authoritative.

Linsey stood frozen, momentarily caught off guard, her heartbeat quickening against her will.

In the blink of an eye, Collin took a step forward, his long legs moving with effortless grace, as if he were walking through a breeze. Each stride exuded a quiet, unshakable confidence.

The soft light from the living room bathed him, casting a subtle gleam off the fabric of the suit.

In that moment, Linsey saw Collin in a new light—he carried an air of elegance and nobility that seemed innate.

Though he hadn't gone out of his way to dress up tonight, his sharp, chiseled features exuded a natural refinement that couldn't be overlooked.

Linsey's heart pounded. She was captivated by the sight before her. It wasn't until Collin, a faint smile on his lips, stopped in front of her that she realized she had been staring. Yet, she still couldn't tear her gaze away.

As he saw the admiration in her eyes, Collin's lips tugged into a smile.

"Well? What do you think?" he asked, his gaze fixed on her.

At this moment, he didn't want to miss a single expression of hers.

Linsey snapped out of her daze, but still found it hard to look away from him.

She nodded enthusiastically, her excitement bubbling over. "You look amazing! So handsome! Incredibly handsome! Like a prince straight out of a fairy tale—absolutely mesmerizing."

Collin chuckled softly, his expression shifting into something more playful as he leaned in slightly. "Looks like you've already fallen under my spell."

His deep, magnetic voice sent a warm tingle to her ears.

Her cheeks flushed a deep red, a mix of shyness and embarrassment swirling inside her, yet she couldn't tear

her gaze away.

"Mm, I've already fallen for you," she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper.

Collin's face lit up with a smile, his brows arching in playful delight. "It's my honor."

The air between them grew thick with an unspoken tension, the atmosphere shifting to something more intimate.

Sensing the growing charge, the butler and staff discreetly made their presence known to break the moment.

"By the way, is dinner ready in the kitchen? Mr. and Mrs. Riley must be starving."

"Oh, I almost forgot! The plants in the back garden still need some care."

Startled, Linsey instinctively took a step back, but before she could lose her balance, Collin's arm shot out and wrapped around her waist, pulling her steady.

As Josh and the staff quickly scattered, Linsey's face turned even redder.

She had just been so openly affectionate with Collin in front of everyone-how embarrassing!

At least they hadn't completely lost their composure.

If they'd been caught in a hug—or worse, a kiss—there was no way she would be able to look anyone in the eye at dinner later.

Internally, Linsey was panicking. She gently pushed against Collin's chest and whispered, "What are you doing? We're still in the living room! Get a grip!"

Collin raised an eyebrow, a mischievous glint dancing in his eyes. "I didn't do anything. If I recall correctly, you were the one who couldn't resist just now." Linsey's eyes widened, and her face turned an even deeper shade of red. She bit her lip, at a loss for words for a moment.

What could she say? Everyone had seen it—she had been so swept up in the moment with Collin that she had forgotten herself entirely.

And now, this man had the nerve to tease her about it!

The more Linsey thought about it, the more frustrated she became. She quickly

turned her head away, trying to hide her flustered expression.

"I was just admiring my design on the suit. You were merely a model for it, that's all—nothing special," she

said.

Chapter 426 Did You Just

Steal A Kiss

Collin found Linsey's comment even funnier after hearing it, but instead of correcting her, he decided to play along. He nodded, completely serious.

"Obviously. My wife is a top designer. You couldn't be more right. People would dream of being your fitting

model!"

Linsey's eyes widened as she stared at him, utterly dumbfounded. "You've been getting way too bold with your

jokes."

Had he always been this over-the-top? How had she not noticed before?

He must have picked up some bad habits somewhere along the way.

"I'm only like this because my wife has trained me so well," said Collin, his expression as serious as ever.

Hearing him get more ridiculous by the second, Linsey reached out and clamped a hand over his mouth. "Collin, stop it! Do you want the whole world to hear your nonsense?"

What on earth was he saying? He was being completely shameless!

Collin only grinned, looking far too pleased with himself.

"Alright, I think this suit is perfect on you. No need for any changes. Get changed, and let's grab something to eat." Linsey quickly glanced around, relieved that no one was paying attention. She let out a quiet sigh before lowering her hand.

The second she did, Collin leaned in and pressed a loud kiss against her cheek.

Without a hint of shame, he turned and strolled off to change, leaving Linsey frozen in place.

That kiss had been downright sneaky, and judging by the way he walked off, he was far too pleased with himself.

"Collin!" Linsey gasped, about to scold him, but she quickly dropped her voice. This man was impossible!

The days passed quickly, and before long, the Lawson family's banquet had arrived.

Linsey was still fast asleep when a familiar voice stirred her.

"Wake up, honey."

A warm hand cupped her cheek, moving in slow, gentle strokes.

Half awake, Linsey instinctively leaned into the warmth of the touch

A quiet chuckle followed.

A second later, something soft pressed against her forehead

Her lashes fluttered as she forced her heavy eyelids open, just in time to catch Collin pulling away

"Did you just steal a kiss?" she mumbled, narrowing her eyes as realization set in

Collin raised an eyebrow but stayed silent, his expression impossible to read



Then, without warning, he leaned down and kissed her-slow, lingering, and filled with affection

When he finally pulled back, he met her gaze and said, "Now that's a kiss."

Linsey blinked, still shaking off the last traces of sleep.

So, in his mind, a kiss on the forehead didn't count. Only a kiss on the lips did. She shifted slightly, but before she could wake up fully, sleepiness crept in again. Mumbling, she complained, "I don't want to get up. Why are you waking me up? You must've read the time wrong. It's way too early. Let me sleep a little longer."

Her voice trailed off as she started drifting off again.

Collin let out an amused breath, watching her with nothing but fondness. "Honey, if you don't get up now. you're going to be late."

He couldn't help but find it amusing. This had to be the first time Linsey-who lived for her job-was refusing to get out of bed on a workday.

His fingers brushed against her warm cheek. "I'm serious. You really have to get up now."

After a pause, he added with a smirk, "Unless you want me to call in and get you the day off?\*

The second those words left his mouth, her drowsy eyes snapped wide open.

Chapter 427 So Why Are You This Drained Today

"No way! I can't just take the day off. I still have design drafts to go through Linery that set wies, her movements sharp and unsteady

Collin, always alert, steadied her with a firm hand on her back Easy now. You don't went to make you

dizzy."

She let out a tired sigh, pressing her fingers to her temples. Now that you mention I do feel a little lightheaded."

His expression shifted instantly, worry flickered in his eyes as he watched her

Something wasn't right.

Without hesitation, he reached out and pressed the back of his hand to her forehead. "Are you running a fever?"

Linsey shook her head, her gaze meeting his. "No, just exhausted."

Collin studied her carefully before speaking, "We haven't exactly had sex these past few days. Why."

Before he could finish, her face turned bright red. She clamped a hand over his mouth. "What are you ever saying right now?"

Collin pried her hand away, his tone calm. "Relax. It's just us here. No need to act so shy."

He leaned back slightly, watching her. "But seriously. We've been getting plenty of rest. So why are you this drained today?"

Linsey had no answer. No matter how she tried to brush it off, the exhaustion hung to her, heavy and

unshakable.

As she sat there, trying to make sense of it, Collin suddenly straightened up, his expression serious. "Looks like we might have to have sex."

Her palm met his cheek in a light but decisive slap-not hard, just enough to shut him up.

"That's it. I'm done talking to you." She tossed the covers aside and slid out of bed. "I'm going to freshe:

Without sparing him another glance, she made her way to the bathroom..

Collin got up too, stretching lazily before following "Don't forget-the Lawson family banquet is tonight. I'll pick you up after work."

He leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed, watching as she turned on the faucet.

Linsey shook her head. "No need. The driver will take me there. If you come to get me, you'll be going out of

your way. It's not necessary."

Collin considered her words for a moment but didn't argue.

If he got there first, he might have time to put together a little surprise for her.

Even after arriving at the office, Linsey still felt sluggish. The grogginess clung to her, making it hard to focus.

As soon as she settled at her desk, a designer knocked on the door before stepping inside.

"Linsey, I'm here for the design drafts you reviewed," the designer said.

Pushing past her fatigue, Linsey reached for the stack of papers from yesterday and handed them over. "I've made some revisions. Have your team meet today to go over them. If everything checks out, you can proceed with production."

"Got it. Thanks for your hard work, Linsey." The designer turned to leave but hesitated. Her eyes flickered over her pale face. "Are you feeling okay? You don't look great."

She let out a small, tired laugh. "So, you noticed? I've been off all morning. Woke up feeling dizzy."

"Really?" The concern on the designer's face deepened. "Did you eat anything?" Linsey nodded. "Just some bread."

The designer's face brightened with realization. "That's probably it. Sounds like low blood sugar. You didn't eat enough."

Linsey frowned slightly. "You think so?"

The idea hadn't crossed her mind, but as she explained, it did seem possible.

The designer's eyes lit up. "Hold on. I've got some chocolate in my desk. You'll need a little boost to get through the morning."

Chapter 428 The Chocolate

Doesn't Matter!

After speaking, the designer turned and left.

Linsey, moved by her kind gesture, found herself smiling.

A few moments later, the designer returned with a box of chocolates, setting it gently on Linsey's desk.

Linsey smiled softly, grateful. "Thank you. I'll treat you to lunch sometime."

"It's nothing! I have plenty more. Go ahead, Linsey. Try one and see how it tastes!" the designer replied with a cheerful grin.

The designer had only recently joined the Fashion Design Department at CR Corporation.

From the beginning, Linsey had been the department head, guiding her team with a steady hand.

In the designer's eyes, Linsey wasn't just beautiful and kind-hearted-she was incredibly skilled. She admired her, genuinely.

"Alright." Linsey unwrapped a piece of chocolate, her movements calm.

The rich, sugary scent filled the room almost immediately.

Linsey's nose wrinkled at the smell, a sudden wave of nausea rising in her chest.

Without thinking, she took a small bite.

The sweetness hit her instantly, too much, too strong-cloying in her mouth.

A sharp wave of nausea surged up from her stomach, relentless.

Linsey grimaced, fighting the urge to swallow the chocolate.

She couldn't hold it in any longer. Quickly, she covered her mouth, her face turning pale.

"Linsey! Are you okay?" The designer's voice was laced with worry as she rushed to Linsey's side, gently patting her back. "Spit it out, quickly!"

Linsey couldn't keep it down any longer. She spat the chocolate into the trash can, relief washing over her immediately.

"Linsey, drink some water!" The designer was panicked, unable to believe that something as simple as chocolate could cause such a reaction.

Linsey hunched over, her body tense as she struggled to straighten up, the discomfort weighing heavily on her.

Pressing a hand to her chest, Linsey felt as though she might throw up stomach acid.

At that moment, she was wide awake, the fog of exhaustion completely gone. She exhaled weakly, accepting the water from the designer and taking a small sip. "Sorry for wasting your chocolate, Linsey said, her voice hoarse.

"The chocolate doesn't matter" The designer's gaze lingered on Linsey, concern etched deeply on her face.

After a brief pause, a thought seemed to hit her, and she exclaimed, "Linsey, I know you're married... Could it

be that you're pregnant?

Linsey froze, the words hitting her like a splash of cold water.

Pregnant?

Linsey's heart began to race, the thought crashing over her like a tidal wave.

Ever since she started asking when she and Collin would have children, Linsey had been more eager to get

pregnant

But just as the flicker of hope ignited in her eyes, she quickly smothered it.

She masked her disappointment with a forced chuckle. "It's probably just my old stomach issue acting up again."

The last time, she had had a similar episode with dry heaving, all from not getting enough rest and dealing with stomach discomfort.

Lately, she had been buried in work-especially designing a suit for Collin, which had consumed most of her

time.

It was probably just exhaustion. That would explain why she had been so tired this morning.

The designer, still concerned, suggested gently, "Linsey, I really think you should see a doctor soon."

Linsey nodded, giving a faint smile. "Alright, I'll go to the hospital. Thank you."

The designer didn't linger, quickly returning to her desk to resume work.

Linsey glanced at her schedule. Tonight, she had to attend the Lawson family's banquet.

If she still wasn't feeling well by the afternoon, she would ask Collin to take her to the hospital after the

banquet.

Chapter 429 It's Been A While, Mr. Riley

After finishing work, Linsey stopped by a nearby beauty salon to change into her evening gown and apply a touch of refined yet understated makeup.

Once she was ready, she glanced at her reflection in the mirror, feeling reasonably content with her appearance.

Earlier that afternoon, she had been feeling unwell, and her complexion had looked rather dull.

Now, with a bit of makeup, she finally appeared refreshed and composed.

Attending the banquet looking as drained as she had earlier would have been far from appropriate.

Satisfied with her final look, Linsey gathered the hem of her gown and stepped into the car, setting off for the

Lawson family's banquet.

Half an hour later, she noticed they had barely moved and were still near CR Corporation.

Frowning slightly, she rolled down the window, scanning the congestion outside.

The traffic was completely gridlocked.

"Mrs. Riley, we've been stuck in the same spot for quite some time," the driver said with a hint of frustration. "At this rate, I'm not sure we'll make it to the banquet on time..."

Linsey's voice remained calm. "It's alright, just drive carefully. Safety comes first."

It was rush hour, so heavy traffic was to be expected.



Just then, her phone rang, and she quickly picked up.

"Linsey, are you close?" Collin's voice was warm and gentle.

A smile played on Linsey's lips. "Not yet. I'm caught in traffic, so I might be a little late. If you arrive before me, don't wait-just head inside."

Collin frowned slightly on the other end, clearly concerned. "Do you want me to come get you?"

After a brief pause, his voice softened with regret. "I should've waited for you near your office earlier."

Linsey chuckled lightly, her tone reassuring. "Even if you did, it wouldn't change the traffic situation. You'd just end up stuck here with me. No need to worry about it."

Collin sighed, feeling a tinge of disappointment.

As the founder of CR Corporation, he had the power to arrange for a clear route.

But given that he would be revealing his identity at tonight's banquet, he chose to hold back.

Sensing his mood shift, Linsey quickly reassured him, "It's alright. I'll be there soon. Have you already arrived?"

"I'm at the entrance now," Collin replied.

Linsey nodded. "Go on in first. If you run into any influential guests, take the chance to connect with them. You gave me an invitation, so I'll have no trouble getting in later."

Her words made Collin chuckle.

She was clearly hoping he would use the opportunity to network with business elites.

Collin chuckled softly.

What Linsey didn't realize was that the most powerful figure at this banquet was, in fact, her husband.

"Collin? Are you still there?" Linsey asked, puzzled by his silence.

His lips curled into a smile. "I heard you."

Since she insisted, he had no choice but to follow her advice and head inside first.

After he ended the call, Collin's warm expression faded, replaced by his usual composed and authoritative

demeanor.

He stepped out of the car, his mere presence drawing the attention of those nearby.

Guests whispered among themselves, wondering who he was. Just then, another

tall figure confidently approached him.

The sight of the newcomer left the crowd even more intrigued.

"It's been a while, Mr. Riley."

Chapter 430 This Is My Younger Sister, Carol

Collin lifted his gaze, a faint yet composed smile appearing on his lips. "Mr. Lawson."

Dressed in an impeccably tailored suit, Jeffery carried himself with the grace of a true gentleman.

Every movement exuded sophistication, but beneath his refined demeanor lay a sharp, icy glint in his eyes—an unspoken warning to those who dared to overstep their bounds.

Stepping forward, Jeffery met Collin's gaze. "It's a privilege to have you at our gathering, Mr. Riley."

With that, he gestured toward the grand entrance of the hotel, extending a courteous invitation. "Shall we?"

Collin gave a subtle nod. "You're too generous, Mr. Lawson."

Side by side, the two men strode into the venue, their refined presence commanding attention.

However, the other guests were too stunned to merely admire their distinguished figures.

Those who had witnessed their brief exchange stood frozen in disbelief.

"Did I just see that right? Mr. Lawson showing such deference to someone?"

"We all know the Lawson family's influence in this city. For Jeffery to personally greet a guest like that, this man must be someone truly remarkable!"

"His presence alone is overwhelming. But I've never seen him before. Which powerful family is he from?"

"I was thinking the same thing..."

"Wait a second... Doesn't he resemble Collin from the Riley family?"

At that remark, an awkward silence fell over the group.

"Why is everyone so quiet? He really does look like Collin, doesn't he?"

"Are you half-asleep? Collin Riley? No way! That useless guy could never set foot in a Lawson family event!"

"Exactly! And don't forget the biggest difference-Collin is wheelchair-bound. The man who just walked in Jeffery? His legs work just fine. Don't say such ridiculous things."

With that crucial distinction pointed out, the possibility of the mysterious man being Collin was immediately

dismissed.

Meanwhile, Jeffery led Collin into the extravagant banquet hall, where dazzling chandeliers illuminated the space, casting a golden glow over the lavish décor.

Though the event had yet to begin, the room was already bustling with elegantly dressed guests.

As one of the most powerful families in Grester, the Lawsons commanded respect, even though they had maintained a low profile in recent years. Their influence was undeniable, and the sheer number of attendees

reflected that.

Just then, a lively, radiant young woman in an opulent gown made her way toward them.

"Jeffery!" Carol Lawson, Jeffery's younger sister, beamed as she approached, grabbing onto his arm with playful affection "Take a good look! Don't I look absolutely stunning tonight?"

With a cheeky grin, she lifted the hem of her gown and spun in a graceful twirl, exuding youthful energy.

Jeffery's gaze softened as he regarded his sister, his smile carrying a touch of indulgence. "You look lovely."

Satisfied with the compliment, Carol turned her attention to the man standing beside her brother.

The moment she laid eyes on him, she couldn't look away.

Having spent her entire life in Grester, she had seen plenty of distinguished men. But none had ever captivated her quite like this.

It wasn't just his chiseled features-his entire being radiated an effortless authority, an air of dominance that demanded admiration.

Carol openly studied Collin, a mischievous smile playing at her lips. Leaning closer to her brother, she whispered with curiosity, "Jeffery, who is this fine gentleman?"

Anyone personally escorted by Jeffery had to be someone of extraordinary status.

With a knowing smile, Jeffery made the introduction. "Mr. Riley, this is my younger sister, Carol."