

## **Zillionaire 621**

Chapter 621 You Orchestrated This!

Myla held the bone marrow match results for Jeffery and Carol in her hands. The report indicated a very low probability of a match, ruling out a bone marrow transplant between them.

Additionally, the results confirmed that Carol and Jeffery were not biologically related. In simple terms, they were not blood siblings.

Jeffery was utterly shocked by the news. He urgently asked, "Doctor, could there be an error with the equipment?"

The doctor responded with confidence, "That's impossible. Our hospital's equipment and the medical team are of the highest standard. We have double- checked these results multiple times, and there is absolutely no mistake. We can conclusively say that you and Miss Lawson are not related by blood."

After a short pause, the doctor continued, "Both your parents have previously been tested and matched with you, confirming that you are indeed their biological son. However, Miss Lawson is not."

Upon hearing this, Myla turned extremely pale and staggered back, almost collapsing

Fortunately, Cruz was quick to support her, preventing her from falling.

Tears welled up in Myla's eyes as she looked at the doctor and said, in a raspy voice, "Doctor, you're telling me that the girl I've raised for over twenty years isn't my own flesh and blood. How can I come to terms with this?"

"I... I..."

Linsey observed the scene in silence.

She had always sensed something odd about Carol, who seemed inherently different from the rest of the Lawson family.

Now, with the revelation that Carol was not the biological daughter of the Lawsons, Linsey felt that everything made sense now.

Cruz, who had navigated through many challenges as a veteran leader, of the Lawson Group, was initially shocked by the revelation but quickly composed himself.

So, even though he was stunned and heartbroken by the sudden revelation, he quickly gathered himself and said to the doctor with courtesy, "Thank you. We will begin searching for a suitable donor right away, and please let us know at once if there's any promising news.\*"

The doctor nodded in response. "Of course."

As the doctors departed, a heavy silence immediately enveloped the corridor.

Myla closed her eyes, which were reddened from tears, her face expressing deep anguish as she looked towards

Cruz.

She tried to speak, but the words failed her.

Cruz, perceiving his wife's profound sorrow, held her close. His embrace conveyed understanding and support as he recognized recognizing her desire to find their biological daughter.

They had been sure they had a daughter all those years ago, and now, finding out that Carol wasn't their biological child, they were naturally left questioning where their real daughter might be.

Nevertheless, the urgent task was to locate a suitable donor for jeffery.

Trying to regain some composure, Myla managed to say, "Jeffery, let's return to your room. The doctor said your condition is getting worse and you need to rest."

She took Jeffery's hand and guided him back to his room.

Once the Lawson family had exited, Linsey and Gorman saw no reason to stay in the corridor.

"Let's go. I've something for you," Linsey suggested, taking a few steps ahead. While she had her doubts, she needed to discuss them further with Gorman.

Gorman, who was still leaning against the wall, watched Linsey start to walk away and smiled contentedly.

Just then, the sound of rapid, heavy footsteps disrupted the quiet.

Linsey's heart raced, and she instinctively turned around, only to see Carol approaching rapidly, her face contorted with fury, wielding a stick.

"Linsey! You orchestrated this! I will make you and your unborn child pay!"

Chapter 622 Get A Doctor, Right Now!

Events unfolded so rapidly that Linsey was unable to react in time.

As the stick hurtled down towards her, her mind was utterly blank.

"Linsey!"

In an instant, Linsey found herself wrapped in a warm, broad embrace.

The chilling sound of the stick striking bone reverberated through Linsey's heart.

Linsey's eyes widened in shock as she looked up to see Gorman standing protectively in front of her.

He held her close, his arms securely around her.

However, his face quickly turned ashen, betraying the intense, throbbing pain from his back.

Soon, his face was drenched in cold sweat.

With a loud clatter, Carol dropped the stick and ran off.

Carol was consumed with bitterness, envious of Linsey's fortune in consistently having excellent men shield her. Blood began to soak through the fabric on Gorman's back, and he inhaled sharply from the pain.

Looking into Linsey's eyes, he managed to ask, "Linsey, are you alright?"

Right after speaking, Gorman staggered slightly.

"Mr. Green!" His subordinates, who had been standing by, finally sprang into action and rushed towards him. They moved to support Gorman, but Danny held them back.

Confused and anxious glances were exchanged among the subordinates, yet they remained halted by Danny's gesture.

Danny understood very well that Gorman would prefer not to be disturbed at this moment, as it gave him a rare opportunity to be close to Linsey.

He was certain that any subordinate who dared to approach would find themselves out of a job the next day. Linsey, oblivious to the standoff around her, instantly filled with tears. "Gorman! Are you alright? Are you bleeding? I smell blood! Gorman, please, say something!"

Despite the searing pain in his back, Gorman managed a faint smile, touched by Linsey's evident concern and panic.

He leaned closer to Linsey, finding comfort in her proximity.

"I'm fine," Gorman murmured weakly, his eyes shut.

Linsey slowly pulled herself together. Realizing the nearby subordinates were still frozen in place, she instantly exclaimed in frustration, "What are you standing around for?! Get a doctor, right now!"

She couldn't wrap her head around the fact that even with Gorman so badly hurt, his subordinates were just standing there doing nothing.

"Oh! Right, right!" The subordinates, startled by her command, hurriedly dialed for medical assistance.

Shortly after, a doctor and several nurses rushed in with a stretcher, shouting, "Quick, help him onto the stretcher!"

Together, they carefully lifted Gorman onto the stretcher and moved towards the treatment room.

At the entrance of the treatment room, Gorman still clung to Linsey's hand. "Linsey, please don't go."

Linsey's breathing grew faster from worry, and she answered, "Of course I'm not going anywhere. Let me go so the doctor and nurses can take care of

your wound.'

"Wait for me. I've got something to say once I come out," said Gorman, his lips drained of color and his words sluggish, as if each syllable dragged itself out of him with exhausting weight.

Linsey gave a firm nod without a moment's pause. "Alright, whatever it is you want to say, we'll talk about it once your wound's been taken care of."

With that assurance, Gorman finally let go, allowing the medical team to whisk him into the treatment room.

Chapter 623 Linsey Contacted The Police...

Linsey stood at the door, her heart racing.

She closed her eyes, shaken, and noticed her palms were slick with sweat.

The image of blood seeping from Gorman's wound made Linsey furrow her brow in distress.

She was troubled by the thought that someone had been injured because of her yet again.

Her thoughts turned to Carol, who had targeted her and harmed those close to her, causing Linsey's expression to harden.

Next to her, Danny saw Linsey's concern for Gorman and was pleased.

He planned to share Linsey's worried reactions with Gorman in detail.

Soon, Gorman was treated for his back wound and transferred to a room adjacent to Linsey's.

After the doctor left with post-treatment advice, Linsey sat next to Gorman, looking anxiously at his bandaged back. "The doctor advised you to rest here for a few days and limit your movements to avoid worsening the injury."

"Still worried? Should I remove my gown to show you how well the doctor bandaged me?" Gorman joked, his smile bright.

Linsey responded with frustration, "How can you make jokes at a time like this?"

Gorman's eyes softened, and he reassured her gently, saying, "Don't worry about me. I'm fine."

After a brief silence, an idea came to him, and he said playfully, "Linsey, I saved your life again today. Considering last time, don't you think you owe me two favors now?"

Linsey paused, then responded quickly, "Yes, I owe you more and more. I'm not sure how I'll ever repay you."

"It's simple," Gorman said, his eyes twinkling. "I won't ask for much. Just promise me two things. I haven't decided what they are yet, but I'll let you know."

Hearing this, Linsey hesitated.

Gorman, noticing Linsey's hesitation, quickly retorted, "Don't worry, it won't be anything too challenging. You'll definitely be able to handle it. It might be something simple like crafting something for me by hand."

Relieved by his words, Linsey quietly exhaled in relief. She responded

immediately, "As long as it's within my capability, I promise you."

Gorman's face broke into a smile as he raised an eyebrow, saying, "Then it's a deal."

"Okay, just let me know once you've made up your mind," Linsey said, ready to honor her commitment.

At that moment, Danny discreetly entered the room and exchanged a significant look with Gorman.

When he caught the glance, Gorman's expression grew serious. With a hint of reluctance, he said to Linsey, "I'm starting to feel tired. I think I need to rest for a bit."

"Of course, I won't disturb your sleep," Linsey replied promptly.

Gorman gently pulled on her sleeve and added softly, "You should go back to your room and rest, too. Don't roam around, or I'll be worried."

"Alright, I won't wander. Don't worry."

The recent events had left Linsey unsettled, and she felt no desire to leave again.

She stood up, glanced back at Danny, and said, "If he wakes up, please inform me right away."

Danny nodded with a smile, saying, "Certainly, Ms. Brooks."

The moment Linsey walked out, Gorman's face turned cold. "Speak."

Danny looked down and said earnestly, "Mr. Green, after Carol attacked you, she fled. I've sent a team to search for her. We expect to find her soon."

He then paused, his lips tightening slightly before adding, "Also, Linsey contacted the police earlier."

As he heard this, Gorman's lips curved into a gentle smile, saying, "Linsey is

really worried about me and wants to ensure Carol faces consequences for her actions."

Chapter 624 I Want Linsey Dead!

Previously, Linsey hadn't felt an urgent need to confront Carol. However, after Gorman was unexpectedly injured by Carol today, Linsey immediately contacted the police.

This action made Gorman sense a growing concern from Linsey towards him.



Gorman's face briefly softened before turning stern as he said in a low tone, "Since Linsey has called the police, ensure that they find Carol's body abandoned in the wilderness."

Danny caught the gravity of the command and felt a surge of ruthless anticipation. "Yes, Mr. Green! I'll take care of it right away!"

He was pleased with the certainty that Carol wouldn't be causing any more trouble.

Unaware of her looming fate, Carol had been running until she could run no more. By the time she stopped, her clothes were soaked with sweat.

She leaned heavily against a wall, breathing hard, her eyes wide and filled with fear.

In a burst of anger, Carol clenched her fists and cursed loudly, "Damn it! Linsey! Why couldn't it have been you? You bitch!"

Her voice became louder and more strained with each word.

Suddenly, footsteps approached from behind.

Startled, Carol spun around to see Alexa, looking unusually pale and thin.

Irritated and on edge, Carol retorted, "What's wrong with you? Can't you make a sound when you walk? Are you trying to scare me to death?"

Alexa recoiled from her aggressive demeanor, taking a few steps back. Her voice shook as she said, "Carol, I..." In a moment of desperation, Carol's mind raced, and she strode toward Alexa. Seizing Alexa's arms, she begged with intense urgency, "Alexa, help me. Please, you have to help me, okay?"

Alexa, far from reassured, felt even more terrified by Carol's frantic behavior.

Alexa stared stiffly at Carol and asked fearfully, "What do you need my help with?"

At those words, the wild grin on Carol's face disappeared in a flash, replaced by fury as she screamed, "I want you to get rid of Linsey for me!"

As she spoke, her grip on Alexa's arms tightened.

Pain whitened Alexa's face, but she felt too frightened to pull away.

"It's all because of Linsey! Everything is Linsey's fault!" Carol's eyes, fiery with fury, suddenly filled with tears. "How can I not be the real daughter of the Lawson family? Huh? Tell me? I've been part of the Lawson family for over twenty years. How can I not be my parents' child?"

Alexa's eyes widened in shock upon hearing this. She had never anticipated this revelation would emerge so

abruptly. The fear that the Lawson family had discovered Carol was not their biological daughter terrified her.

Carol, oblivious to Alexa's reaction, was overwhelmed by her own emotions, her voice laced with bitterness. "Linsey orchestrated the whole thing. She arranged the bone marrow test with Jeffery. She planned for me to overhear her discussion with Jeffery! And now, because of those ridiculous match results, there's no way I can ever go back to the Lawson family!"

She alternated between screaming and laughing, tears streaming down her face. She then fixed a malevolent gaze on Alexa and said fiercely, "I want Linsey dead! I can't allow Linsey to take what's rightfully mine! I want to murder her!"

She got worked up. "Alexa, did you hear me? I want you to kill her and that child she's carrying! Only if Linsey is gone can I reclaim my place as the Lawson family's daughter. Only then can I marry Collin and become the wife of the CR Corporation's founder! Do you get what I'm saying?"

Chapter 625 Linsey Is The Lawsons' Real Daughter

Alexa remained motionless for a moment, her eyes filled with sorrow as she looked at Carol.

"Carol, we should stop pursuing Linsey. It's useless. She may have left the founder of the CR Corporation, but she still has Mr. Green's support. We can't touch her."

Carol exclaimed in frustration, "That's bullshit! You just don't want to help me! You're useless!"

Alexa was momentarily dazed by Carol's furious rant, barely noticing the painful pressure of Carol's grip on her

arms.

After taking a deep breath, Alexa finally let out a secret she had held back for years. "The truth is, you were never a Lawson. I switched you with the Lawsons' daughter years ago. I am your biological mother!"

Carol was completely taken aback..

She stared in disbelief at Alexa's tired face. "What are you saying? I am the daughter of the Lawson family! How can you, just a maid, be my real mother? Shut up!"

Revealing this truth seemed to lighten Alexa's burden. She managed a weak smile and explained further, "The Lawsons' real daughter, haven't you ever suspected it? But it's not your fault. Even the Lawsons don't realize that their real daughter has always been right beside them."

Then, looking at Carol with a sense of release, Alexa continued, "In fact, Linsey is the Lawsons' real daughter. That's why she bears such a resemblance to both Mrs. Lawson and her son!"

This bombshell left Carol reeling, her head pounding with the shock. Instinctively, she lashed out, grabbing Alexa by the throat. "Stop lying! You and Linsey are conspiring against me! How could Linsey possibly be the real Lawson daughter? I won't believe it!"

Alexa's face turned a deep shade of red as Carol's grip tightened, clearly showing the intense force being applied.

Carol's fingers clamped tighter around Alexa's neck, her raspy screams chilling to the bone. "Linsey is your real daughter! I'm not your daughter! You've been lying to me! You've tricked me!"

Just as Alexa felt she might be strangled, a loud bang reverberated, sending a shiver through her body.

The pressure on her neck gradually lessened, then a sharp smell of blood wafted into her nostrils.

Confused, Alexa opened her eyes to see Carol staring back with wide, slowly dimming eyes.

All at once, blood seeped from the corners of Carol's mouth, a stark crimson that burned into Alexa's vision.

"Carol?" Alexa whispered in shock, still unable to grasp the situation.

In the next instant, Carol's body slumped heavily to the ground, landing with a dull thud. A bleeding wound

was visible on her chest.

"Carol!!" Alexa cried out in agony. She scrambled to Carol's side, tears streaming down her face as she said, "Carol, I was wrong! Please, open your eyes and look at me!"

Cradling Carol's lifeless body, Alexa sobbed uncontrollably, her grief overwhelming.

Frantically, she looked up and saw a group of people approaching.

At the front was Gorman, casually polishing a gun with a handkerchief. His expression remained unmoved, carrying even a trace of hatred.

Chapter 626 I Won't Help

You!

"It's you. You're the one who killed Carol! You took my daughter from me!" Alexa cried out, too anguished to stand, knowing she stood no chance against Gorman.

Gorman's lips twisted into a sneer as he regarded Alexa, his face devoid of any pity.

"You ought to thank me for sparing Carol any prolonged agony." Gorman's voice was calm and menacing. "She should have been dealt with the instant she abducted Linsey. My leniency allowed Carol a few additional days of life."

After he spoke, Gorman's smile grew chilling, his eyes gleaming with cruel satisfaction. "Sadly, Carol couldn't help herself and endangered Linsey once more today! She truly brought this

upon herself!"

While she was cradling Carol's lifeless body, Alexa's gaze burned with hatred towards Gorman. "Carol did something wrong, but it should've been the police who held her accountable! To kill her like this-it's unlawful!"

Gorman raised an eyebrow, amused by the accusation. "Unlawful? I'm beyond its reach. Anyone who poses a threat to Linsey gets no mercy from me."

Alexa shut her eyes in despair. Her only daughter was gone, and with cancer eating away at her, she knew she didn't have much time left.

So instead of pleading with Gorman-the man who had taken Carol's life-not to kill her too, she made mind to die alongside her daughter.

up her

"Mr. Green, since you believe yourself untouchable and invincible, why not end my life as well?" Alexa's voice was raspy, her complexion deathly pale.

Gorman, with his commanding presence, had the opportunity to eliminate Alexa immediately after dealing with Carol but opted to engage in conversation instead. Gorman let out a quiet laugh, noticing the resignation in Alexa's eyes.

"Why the hurry?" he asked, holstering his weapon and signaling his men to approach. "Your discussions with Carol about Linsey's true identity have reached my ears. For now, your survival is necessary. When all is disclosed, there will still be time for your demise."

As Gorman concluded, his men forcibly pulled Alexa away from Carol's body.

"I won't help you! Just let me die!" Alexa cried out, fighting against their grip.

Gorman, undisturbed by her defiance, paused to look at Carol's body and then offered a sinister smile. "You wish to die today? That can be arranged. However, I cannot promise what will become of Carol's body once you're gone."

Shock spread across Alexa's face, her heart sinking further at his cruel manipulation.

"No! How could you continue this cruelty? Carol's gone! What else do you want from us?" Alexa screamed, her body shaking as she was led away.

Gorman regarded her coldly. "Just tell the truth about the past, and I'll ensure Carol's remains are undisturbed."

With that, he turned his back on her. "Alright, take them away," he commanded dismissively.

"Understood, Mr. Green!"

Checking his watch, Gorman noted the time and decided to head back to the hospital. Linsey might grow anxious if he were gone too long.

Chapter 627 Carol Has Already Committed Suici...

Gorman chose to keep the fact that he had killed Carol from Linsey.

Linsey was unaware of how long she had been asleep. Awakening, she was surprised to find Gorman's smiling face and took a moment to orient herself.

Gorman was lounging next to her hospital bed, casually propping his head with his hand, appearing quite at

ease.

Noticing Linsey's bewildered look, Gorman let out a soft laugh, finding her confusion endearing.

"What's the matter? Still dazed from sleep?" Gorman asked softly, a trace of amusement in his voice.

Linsey blinked, sitting up quickly, her expression puzzled. "What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be recovering?"

Hearing that the words out of her mouth were filled with concern for him, Gorman couldn't help but smile, clearly pleased by it.

"I'm alright. The wound looks worse than it is. For me, it's just a scratch. I got my strength back after a bit of rest," replied Gorman, leaning in slightly toward Linsey. "When I woke up, the first thing I wanted was to see you, so I came. But when I saw you were still sleeping, I didn't want to wake you."

Linsey felt a flush rise to her cheeks at the honesty in his words.

She bit her lip, feigning confusion, and redirected the conversation toward his well-being. "Regardless of how minor you say it is, you should be careful and ensure you're healed."

At that moment, someone knocked on the door.

Turning their heads, Linsey and Gorman saw a nurse enter, accompanied by several police officers.

"Ms. Brooks, Mr. Green, these officers would like a word with you," the nurse announced.

One officer stepped forward, eyeing Linsey. "Are you Linsey Brooks?" he asked. Linsey quickly replied, "Yes, that's me."

She suddenly recalled the report she had filed and urgently asked, "Did you find Carol?"

In a serious tone, the officer replied, "Carol has already committed suicide."

Linsey's eyes shot open in shock. "What?!"

The news took her completely by surprise.

The officer affirmed with a nod. "Our investigation indicates that Carol was experiencing psychological distress. It seems she couldn't cope with her mental anguish any longer."

Reflecting on Carol's erratic behavior lately, Linsey found this explanation convincing.

The officer continued, "Before her death, it appears Carol met with someone. We're here to find out if you might know this individual."

He then presented a photograph to Linsey.



Linsey scrutinized the image and recognized the face. "This is Alexa Sanderson! She works for the Lawson family. Alexa was with Carol the last time I saw them together."

"Can you recall when you last saw Ms. Sanderson?" The officer spoke in a serious tone, his expression firm and focused.

After pondering a moment, Linsey responded, concern etching her brow, "It was a few days ago. Carol had. abducted me, and Alexa was there. I haven't seen her since."

"Thank you for this information, Ms. Brooks," said the officer.

Grateful for their diligence, Linsey responded, "Of course, I'm just doing my part. Thank you for your hard work."

The officer instructed, "Should you come across any information about Ms. Sanderson, please inform us immediately."

Linsey agreed, "Absolutely, I'll let you know right away."

Chapter 628 Are You Thinking Of Becoming A...

The officers departed soon.

Turning her head, Linsey caught Gorman lost in thought. Driven by curiosity, she asked, "What's on your mind?"

Gorman shook off his daze and said thoughtfully, "When I was walking over

earlier, I thought I caught sight of someone lingering in the shadows at the far end of the corridor. From what I could tell, they looked a lot like the person in the photo the police showed us moments ago."

Linsey, taken by surprise, asked, "Really? Do you think it was Alexa?"

"I can't be certain. I haven't gotten a good look at Alexa before, so I could be wrong. That's why I chose not to tell the police-I didn't want to risk providing misleading information," Gorman explained.

Linsey nodded, understanding his caution. "Fair enough. If you're unsure, we should hold off. We'll see what the police find."

Gorman suggested, "How about we check it out ourselves? You might recognize Alexa better than I would. We could take some people with us, and if it's her, we could detain her until the police arrive."

Raising an eyebrow, Linsey joked, "When did you get so involved? Are you thinking of becoming a detective?" "Of course not," Gorman answered without missing a beat. "It matters to me because it involves you. If it didn't, I wouldn't have given it a second thought."

He hesitated, then added, "If you're tired, we don't have to go."

Ignoring Gorman's somewhat vague declaration of concern, Linsey pondered for a moment before saying, "Let's take a look. Bring some of your guys. And be careful-you've just been bandaged up, and we can't afford any more injuries." "Alright, your call," Gorman responded, his eyes gleaming with resolve.

Soon after, Linsey and Gorman proceeded along the hospital's corridor.

They were accompanied by several tall bodyguards, their presence drawing curious glances from passersby.

Linsey exhaled deeply, saying, "Maybe this wasn't such a good idea. It feels excessive to roam a hospital with an entourage."

Gorman let out a light chuckle before his tone turned more serious. "It's alright. When Carol showed up out of nowhere earlier and tried to hurt you, I got slashed across the back. The hospital's been on edge ever since and even mentioned tightening their security. So having a few bodyguards around us now? That's nothing out of the ordinary."

While they conversed, they neared Jeffery's hospital room.

A sudden noise from inside the room startled Linsey,

Gorman immediately stepped in front of her, his face set in a protective expression.

Catching her breath, Linsey said, "It's alright, just be careful."

Her eyes drifted toward Jeffery's room, where the door sat slightly open, letting

every sound from within spill clearly into the hallway.

Linsey couldn't help but wonder about the cause of the noise.

She had a growing suspicion that word of Carol's suicide might have already reached the Lawson family.

A second later, Myla's anguished cry rang out from the room. "It was you! You're the one who swapped my real daughter all those years ago! Tell me where is she now?!"

Linsey found herself caught off guard, stunned by the words that had just reached her ears.

A flicker of curiosity stirred in her-she wondered where the Lawson family's real daughter had ended up and who exactly Alena was confronting behind that door.

Yet, Linsey decided not to dwell on it.

The affairs of the Lawson family were not her concern; her focus was on locating Alexa with Gorman.

Just as she was turning to leave, a hoarse voice from the room asked, "Mrs. Lawson, are you really unaware of your biological daughter's location?"

Chapter 629 What You've

Done Is A Crime!

The moment she heard Alexa's words, Linsey came to an abrupt stop for reasons she couldn't explain. A wild, uncontrollable rhythm took hold of her heart.

Gasping for breath, Myla asked urgently, "What exactly are you implying?" What Alexa said next sent Linsey's thoughts spinning in every direction.

With a dramatic flair, Alexa said, "The truth is that your true daughter is Linsey, She's been maliciously framed by Carol multiple times, narrowly escaping death each time!"

The room erupted into chaos as her words hung in the air.

"Myla!" Cruz cried out, stunned.

"Mom!" Jeffery's faint voice followed right behind his.

Alexa let out a loud, mocking laugh. "You have the nerve to call yourselves a high-class family, but you're

nothing more than blind fools! From the very first moment I saw Linsey, I knew she was the child I left at the

orphanage all those years ago-your biological daughter!"

Looking between Myla and Jeffery, she continued, "Her face mirrors yours and your son's so clearly. And yet, you couldn't see it. You stood by while Carol mistreated her without lifting a finger... It's honestly ridiculous!"

"Shut up!" Myla's voice broke, raspy and filled with despair.

Cruz shouted, his voice shaking with rage, "How dare you replace our real daughter? What you've done is a crime! We're going to the police, and you'll rot in prison for the rest of your life!"

Alexa's voice stayed laced with arrogance as she said, "Go on then, call the police. It doesn't matter to me. I've got cancer and only a handful of days left. But you-you're in a far worse place than I am. Maybe take a moment to think about how you treated Linsey. I doubt your real daughter will ever find it in her heart to

forgive you."

"Leave now!" Jeffery cried out, his voice quivering with deep sadness.

Outside the room, Linsey stood frozen, shocked by the words that echoed through the hall.

Gorman, watching her with a concerned look, hesitated before saying gently, "Linsey..."

Without responding, Linsey turned and began walking away, murmuring, "We should head back."

Following her lead with a grim expression, Gorman walked alongside Linsey back to the hospital room. Inside the room, Linsey stood with her back to Gorman but said directly to him in a calm, steady voice. "Gorman, did you know all along that I was the Lawsons' daughter? You're the one who led me here, aren't you?"

Gorman stared at Linsey's back for a long moment before moving to face her. Meeting her eyes, he replied slowly and deliberately, "Yes, I've known for quite some time."

Linsey met his gaze, her eyes reflecting a mix of emotions, hard to decipher.

"I've never intended to deceive you, Linsey. I planned to explain everything once you overheard their conversation," said Gorman, his tone grave and sincere.

Puzzled, Linsey furrowed her eyebrows. "How long have you known?"

Gorman responded sincerely, "While you were sleeping, my team discovered Carol's whereabouts. Alexa was with her, confessing to Carol that she was Carol's mother and that you were the Lawsons' real daughter."

He paused for a moment, then lowered his gaze and continued, "The gun Carol used to end her life wasn't meant for her at all. It was originally intended for Alexa to use, to bury this secret with her. But Carol couldn't bear the truth. She took Alexa's gun and used it on herself. When Alexa found Carol's body, she broke down completely. She begged me not to turn her in right away. She wanted to face the Lawsons herself and reveal everything, driven by her need for revenge."

Chapter 630 I Need To

Drink

Linsey's face was unreadable as she looked at Gorman. "You agreed to this?"

Gorman's eyes met Linsey's briefly before he averted his gaze, a sense of unease washing over him. "The way

the Lawson family had treated you was unfair, and it angered me. So yes, I let Alexa initiate her plan, waiting for the moment to reveal your true identity to you."

As she processed his words, Linsey studied Gorman's demeanor, realizing he had indeed been aware of

everything from the start.

Given Gorman's characteristically bizarre methods, Linsey quickly accepted his actions as typical of his approach.

Aware of the injustices Linsey had endured from the Lawson family, Gorman had consented to Alexa's plan,

letting her challenge the Lawson family directly.

This strategy meant that upon discovering Linsey was part of the family, the Lawson family would inevitably

confront the guilt and remorse of their past deeds.

The revelation of her true heritage had unfolded under Gorman's arrangement, allowing Linsey to hear the

truth firsthand.

At last, it all made sense to Linsey-why her features mirrored Myla's and Jeffery's so closely. They were her

family by blood.

Yet, with the full picture clear, Linsey found no satisfaction in meeting her biological parents.

Despite the resolution of her identity and Carol's death, happiness eluded her.

Gorman kept his eyes fixed on Linsey's face, studying every flicker of emotion that crossed it.

He was certain she didn't doubt a single word he had spoken.

He understood all too well-if Linsey ever discovered that he had been the one to end Carol's life, she would

never live with the fact that he was a killer.

Compelled to protect Linsey from those who wronged her, Gorman felt justified in his actions, crafting his story meticulously to absolve himself from any direct blame.

In the dim light of a bustling bar, Collin's usually charming face was shadowed by sadness.

He inhaled sharply, ready to finish his drink in one fierce gulp.

Out of nowhere, a hand pressed down on his, halting his motion. "That's enough, Collin. You've been at this for days," Dustin intervened.

He attempted to pry the glass from Collin's grip, but Collin dodged effortlessly.

"I need to drink," Collin murmured, his voice raspy and his face emotionless.

With his glass empty, he gestured for the bartender to pour another. Watching him like that, Dustin felt completely helpless. All he could do was ask, "Is this really how you plan to keep living-just letting yourself waste away?"

A hollow chuckle escaped Collin, his eyes reflecting profound sorrow rather than joy. "A week ago, I was planning to propose. Now, I'm on the brink of divorcing Linsey."

Dustin took a seat next to him, his brow furrowed with concern. "Why agree to go through with the divorce if you don't want it?"

Collin's response was a cold, hard stare.



Dustin caught on right away. "Alright, fine. I'll take it back, all right?"

Looking away, Collin whispered, "I can't stand up to Linsey... I've never been able to refuse her anything,"

He let out a bitter, self-mocking smile before continuing, "Linsey already despises me. I can't give her more reason to hate me, and I refuse to let her stay buried in sorrow because of what I've done."

Collin paused for a moment before adding, "I'm left with no other option but to divorce Linsey."

Dustin exhaled deeply and said, "You should have been honest with her from the start. Your fear made you delay everything. Now, the elaborate proposal you planned is just a dream. How could she possibly perceive your true feelings?"