

Zillionaire 981

Chapter 981:

Joanne paused, her expression uncertain. “Yes. Is that a problem?” she responded softly.

She blinked, as if thinking of something, then added, “I get it. You’re wary because of what Haven did. And you’re right to be. She made serious mistakes. But she’s paying the price now.”

Her face turned downcast. “It was partly my fault too. I should’ve stopped her. But I didn’t.”

Joanne looked honest and sincere. Her words left Dolores and Dustin unsure—was she telling the truth, or playing a part?

Dolores didn’t say a word, but inside, she was cursing Dustin’s name. He had wasted no time finding a new girlfriend—and of all people, he chose one of Haven’s friends.

He knew everything Linsey had been through. Haven had done something unforgivable, something that nearly cost Linsey her life. Yet, here was Dustin, cozying up to someone from Haven’s circle, as if none of it had ever happened.

Dolores had once thought he and Collin were as thick as thieves. But in the end, Dustin was just another guy who would throw loyalty out the window for a girl. Coming to him for help had been a complete waste of time.

Were Linsey and Collin okay?

Meanwhile, on Linsey and Collin’s side, after hearing Danny speak, Linsey turned to him without hesitation. “I’ll see Gorman. But Collin comes with me. No Collin, no deal.”

Collin’s jaw clenched. Thank God she hadn’t agreed to that insane demand. Gorman had already failed at his twisted plan to use her for IVF. And now he dared to ask for a private meeting?

If Gorman hadn't once saved Linsey's life, Collin would have burned him and his family to the ground.

The moment Linsey spoke, both Alissa and Danny scowled.

Danny looked like he was about to explode. He spat, eyes blazing, "Do you even have a heart, Linsey? Mr. Green saved you again and again, and you won't even give him a few minutes? I've never seen a woman as cold as you!"

His tone dripped with disrespect, and Collin's face darkened in a flash. His anger was so raw, everyone but Linsey flinched.

Danny swallowed but didn't back down. Bitterness poured from his mouth.

"You've forgotten everything Mr. Green did for you, haven't you? To you, only Collin matters. Mr. Green means nothing!" His glare said it all.

He didn't just blame her—he hated her.

As Gorman's right-hand man, he had witnessed everything. Gorman had spent years searching for Linsey, and then four more years by her side, hoping she would come to care for him someday.

But all her love belonged to that bastard Collin.

What was worse, Gorman had been hurt time and again since meeting her—by bullets, by blades. He had risked his life more than once, paying her back for saving him all those years ago. Still, he clung to her like a curse he couldn't shake.

Even his men couldn't bring themselves to hate her completely. Deep down, they just wanted her to show him a little kindness.

But she refused.

Tension filled the room as Danny grew more restless. Linsey's gaze sharpened, immediately noticing the shift.

Before Collin could step forward with a sharp retort, Linsey raised her hand gently, stopping him. Her calm voice cut through the agitation as she addressed Danny directly.

Chapter 982:

"I can see why you're upset. You believe Gorman has been treated unfairly."

Her words were measured and even, carrying no hint of irritation. "Your loyalty to him is admirable. Of course, you'd stand by his side no matter what. That's natural, and I don't blame you for it."

With a brief pause, she met his eyes, her tone unwavering. "Still, I have the right to explain my side. When I lived abroad, I made it clear to Gorman more than once that I saw him only as a friend. I often thanked him for everything he'd done. You were usually right there with him, so you must have heard it too. Everything I told Gorman was honest—never once did I try to lead him on."

Her words landed heavily, and the bravado in Danny faded. Unable to challenge her honesty, he fell silent. Despite hearing the truth, he, like Gorman, struggled to accept why Linsey never reciprocated those feelings.

After a moment of silence, Linsey continued, "If things had stayed as they were, and Gorman hadn't made those decisions that frightened me, I would still consider him a valuable friend."

Her lips pressed into a thin line, her brows knitting as old wounds resurfaced. "I'm not someone who forgets kindness. Four years of his support meant a great deal to me. But when he ignored my wishes and kept both Zenia and me trapped, everything changed. He knew how much my children meant to me, yet he hurt Zenia without a second thought. Worse, he used Zenia to force me into marriage. All of that left scars I still carry."

At Linsey's side, Collin's eyes darkened, her words casting a long ache over his features. A steady, sorrowful gaze settled on her, betraying a storm of regret and heartbreak that he couldn't quite mask.

Regret gnawed at him for all the pain Linsey had carried. If only he had acted sooner, maybe Zenia and Linsey would have been spared so much.

Across the room, Danny clenched his jaw, his hand hovering near his pocket, itching to end the call. Gorman's orders flashed through his mind, and discipline won out over impulse. Gorman was on the other end of the line, listening to their exchange.

Linsey spoke, "Earlier, he stepped in and shielded me when Kylee tried to hurt me. That moment left me reeling with emotion. I felt grateful, stunned, and heartbroken all at once. Until then, I had convinced myself that he died because of my actions, and that guilt stayed with me for ages. I found solace only in keeping busy. Chasing after Kylee, I tried to dig up the real truth and collect evidence."

She pressed her lips together before continuing, "People can claim I was just fighting to clear my own name, but my real motive was to seek justice for Gorman."

She let out a shaky breath. "Now that I know he survived, I feel lighter, even a bit joyful. Still, I can't wrap my head around why, at such a crucial time, he would try to trap me into having a child through IVF. The whole thing is hard to grasp. I can hardly believe this truly was his idea."

A heavy silence hung over the group, Linsey's words sinking in as everyone struggled to process the tangled truth she had revealed.

Linsey looked exhausted as she turned slightly and sank back into her seat. She hadn't slept well the night before, and by noon, she'd only managed a few bites before enduring a tense, drawn-out meeting with Alissa and Bart. Now, she was completely drained.

Chapter 983:

But until this mess was over, she couldn't afford to let her guard down. After sitting, she turned her gaze to a silent Danny.

"Tell me," she said calmly, "If you were in my shoes, would you still trust Gorman?" Then, she gave a faint, almost mocking smile. "He's not the same man anymore. I can't trust him. So why would I agree to something just because he asks nicely?"

Danny lowered his head, speechless. The Bluetooth earpiece linking him to Gorman stayed quiet. Gorman said nothing.

Linsey paused for a moment, then said coolly, "I'm not just saying this for your ears. Gorman, I know you're listening. Are you still sticking to your plan?"

Danny blinked in surprise, clearly shaken. He couldn't understand how Linsey had figured it out.

Before he could speak, Gorman's raspy voice came through the earpiece. "Tell Linsey I heard everything." Danny fell silent, a weight settling in his chest.

Then Gorman added, "If she refuses to come alone, let Collin join her. As long as I see Linsey, that's enough."

Danny stared ahead, stunned. Once again, Gorman was bending the rules for her. Even with all his dislike for Collin, he was willing to overlook it—just for a chance to see Linsey.

Grinding his teeth, Danny finally looked up and muttered, "Mr. Green said Collin can come too."

Alissa's patience snapped. Even she couldn't stay calm this time. "He's going to make us all lose our minds," she said sharply, then turned on her heel and walked out without another word.

The room fell silent. Only Linsey, Collin, Danny, and a few of the Green family's guards remained.

Linsey's expression remained steady. She turned to Collin and asked softly, "Shall we?"

Collin nodded and took her hand.

Danny let out a cold snort, but knowing how much Gorman cared for Linsey, he kept his resentment in check.

“Follow me,” he said flatly, then started walking ahead.

Linsey and Collin followed, a few steps behind. Several strong bodyguards trailed closely after them.

As they stepped out of the private room, both Linsey’s and Collin’s phones began to ring.

A realization hit Linsey. The brief silence earlier must have triggered alarms—people were probably searching for them.

Just as she reached for her phone, Danny turned with a hard look. “Before you meet Mr. Green, ignore anything that doesn’t matter,” he warned.

Then, after a beat, he added sharply, “If you’re truly grateful for all Mr. Green has done, then show it properly.”

Linsey’s lips moved slightly as she replied, “Alright, I understand.” Collin didn’t reach for his phone either.

Now that their signal was back, his team would easily trace their location. All they had to do was wait.

Chapter 984:

Before long, they arrived at the hospital where Gorman was staying. As Linsey looked up at the building, a strange wave of emotion washed over her.

It was the same place Gorman had been rushed to after getting stabbed at the bridal shop.

She figured that once he was out of danger, he must have faked his death on purpose—just to mislead everyone.

But still, she found it hard to believe that all of this had been part of a scheme to get her to agree to some twisted IVF plan.

Guided by Danny, she and Collin were soon standing outside a luxury hospital room.

“Go ahead. Mr. Green is inside,” Danny said, stopping at the door. Gorman had personally agreed to see them both. No matter how unwilling Danny was, he had no choice but to let them in.

As Linsey pushed open the door, a sharp wave of disinfectant hit her nose.

She frowned slightly.

The smell wasn't unusual for a hospital, but the stench in this room was far stronger than what she had encountered in the hallways.

“Linsey?” A raspy voice called out, filled with both hope and disbelief. Linsey stepped further in—and froze. There he was.

It had only been days since she last saw Gorman, yet now he looked like a shadow of the man she once knew.

He lay in bed, pale and frail, with no color in his face.

Dark circles hollowed his eyes, his cheeks sunken from blood loss. Linsey could hardly match this weak, broken figure to the Gorman she once remembered—confident, strong, and always full of life.

And then it clicked. Kylee's blade wasn't ordinary—it was a custom-made military knife. It hadn't killed him, but it had done serious damage.

Now she understood why Bart and Alissa had given in to Gorman's outrageous request.

Seeing him like this, anyone close to him would have been shaken.

He really did save her life.

Gorman might have survived that, but if that blade had struck her instead, she wouldn't be here.

From the moment Linsey walked in, Gorman never looked away from her.

He didn't even glance at Collin. Not that it surprised anyone.

Catching the stunned look on her face, Gorman gave a faint, tired smile. "What's wrong? Shocked to see I'm still breathing?"

Linsey inhaled sharply, her chest rising with the weight of emotion.

She stepped forward slowly, unsure of what to say.

After a quiet pause, she finally spoke, her voice soft. "Can I sit here?"

She nodded toward the chair beside the bed.

Gorman's eyes softened further, and his tone turned tender. "Of course." Then he looked past her, straight at Collin. His warmth vanished in an instant. "Collin, you can sit on the sofa."

Chapter 985:

Collin had planned to mock Gorman a little when he arrived. But as he saw how weak and pale Gorman looked now, the words caught in his throat. He couldn't bring himself to say anything harsh.

He quietly took a seat nearby, staying alert to keep Linsey safe.

He was sure his team would find them in less than thirty minutes. This was the only time—and the last—he would allow Gorman and Linsey to talk.

After today, he would never give Gorman another chance to hurt her.

As soon as they sat down, the sharp scent of disinfectant in the hospital room seemed to fade a little. Linsey turned and looked at Gorman quietly.

She figured he must be used to the bitter smell by now after staying there for days.

“Why aren’t you saying anything?” Gorman asked with a quiet chuckle. His dull eyes lit up for a brief moment.

No matter the time or place, Linsey always stirred deep feelings in him. She was sitting close enough to feel the heat of his stare.

Pressing her lips together, she finally asked, “Why did you lie to me about having a child together through IVF?” She already knew the answer.

But she still wanted to shake him out of the obsession that was slowly eating away at who he once was.

She feared if he kept going like this, he would lose himself completely, along with any chance at peace.

Still, she wished he could let go and move on with his life.

Gorman stared at her without blinking. He didn’t answer her question. Instead, he asked, “Linsey, if I really died and you didn’t notice anything strange, would you say yes if my parents asked you to have our child?”

“No,” Linsey replied without pause, even before Collin could react.

Gorman froze. Then he let out a bitter laugh, his eyes dimming again. "Linsey, you're still so heartless. I thought maybe, just maybe, you'd feel something when you saw me. Say something kind. Show some pity."

Linsey sighed silently, then said, "I know you heard what I said in the other room earlier. There's no need to repeat it."

After a short pause, she added softly, "In this life, I'll only have children with someone I love."

Collin smiled faintly from the side, his eyes warm as they rested on Linsey.

Gorman's face tensed. He struggled to keep his emotions in check. Linsey didn't push him. She simply said, "If you want a child, first get better. Then maybe in the future—"

"There won't be one," Gorman cut in. His eyes looked broken as he muttered, "I'll never have children."

He understood what she meant. She wanted him to heal, meet someone new, fall in love, and start over. But Gorman knew he couldn't do any of that.

Linsey's breath hitched, but she gently said, "Time heals all wounds."

Gorman gave a bitter smile and looked away. He didn't want to talk about it anymore.

Chapter 986:

He said, "Linsey, must you really be this cruel? You say you're grateful, but every word you speak feels like a knife to my chest. I don't feel even a drop of gratitude from you."

Whenever he was with Linsey, Gorman always found his tone softening, unable to muster a harsh response.

Steadying her gaze on him, Linsey said with sincerity, “Gorman, you’ve been a significant part of my life, and I genuinely want to see you heal and grow.”

A sigh escaped her as she knitted her brows, her voice tinged with resignation. “But let’s be honest—what you’re asking from me isn’t something I can give. Those wishes are simply out of my reach.” Her heart already belonged to Collin; loving someone else wasn’t an option anymore.

All the good in Gorman, all the sacrifices he had made, could never sway her heart to match his devotion.

Anger flared briefly in Gorman’s eyes. A strained laugh escaped, but it was cut short by a sudden fit of coughing.

Each cough rattled through him, sharp pains seizing his chest and spreading in dull, lingering waves.

Reacting instantly, Linsey left her seat, filled a glass with warm water, and searched for a straw so he could sip without effort.

A few careful sips soothed the burning in his throat, bringing a measure of relief.

“Thank you.” Gorman’s eyes locked on Linsey as she placed the glass aside, as if he were trying to capture the memory.

Linsey settled back in her chair, her tone gentle but firm. “You’re suffering all this because of me. If you really can’t sense how grateful I am, let me stay and care for you a while. It’s only fair to repay the kindness you showed me.”

When he heard those words, Collin’s expression turned cold. He cut in firmly, “There’s no need for you to wear yourself out, Linsey. We can easily hire someone to take care of him.”

No matter what, Collin would never allow her to shoulder that burden alone.

Fixating on Linsey's expression, Gorman felt an unfamiliar emotion churn inside him at her words.

Collin's comment, however, drew a mocking laugh from Gorman. "Collin, your possessiveness never fails to show."

Eyes narrowed with challenge, Gorman met his stare and spoke slowly. "Linsey chose to care for me this time. I never forced her hand. Do you really believe you have the right to dictate everything Linsey does?"

Those words hit their mark, irritation rising sharply in Collin's eyes.

Linsey's presence held Collin's temper in check, so all he managed was a cold laugh. "You're hurt, Gorman. Save your breath. I'd hate to see you cough up more blood trying to score points."

Amusement flickered across Gorman's face. "I carry this wound because I protected Linsey. If someone else had been quick enough to block that knife, would I even be here to speak?"

At that, Collin's expression darkened completely.

Failing to protect Linsey back at the bridal shop haunted him like a bad dream.

Chapter 987:

Now, Gorman twisted the knife further, doubling the sting of regret. Truthfully, Gorman made his point. Had Collin acted in time, all of this could have played out differently. Distance had been his enemy that day.

"That's enough. What good does it do to argue about this now?" Linsey's patience wore thin as she felt like a referee caught between stubborn rivals. "Maybe you should be regretting that neither of you figured out what Kylee and Haven were plotting in the first place."

Her eyes flicked from Gorman to Collin as she teased, “Here we have the founder of CR Corporation and the only heir to the Green family—two men with so much influence—but neither of you could see through Kylee and Haven’s schemes. Missing the warning signs is bad enough, but now you’re both stuck in this senseless squabble. I can’t help but wonder where your legendary instincts disappeared to.”

When those words left Linsey’s mouth, Collin and Gorman fell silent at last.

Throughout that period, Collin sent his men to shadow Gorman, all the while keeping tabs on Haven in case she tried to reach out to him. Gorman, on the other hand, spent his days wrapped up in the whirlwind of wedding planning with Linsey.

The fake death scheme, hatched after Kylee’s attempt on his life, came to Gorman only after he woke up in the hospital.

To be fair, both men completely missed the signs of Haven and Kylee’s secret plan, which was an unfortunate lapse on their part.

Now, after Linsey’s pointed remarks, Collin and Gorman, clearly put on the spot by the woman they cared about, couldn’t bring themselves to say a word. Their tough exteriors barely masked their embarrassment. A grin threatened to break through as Linsey noticed how quiet they’d become. She said, “Just so you both know, I’ll be staying here to help Gorman recover. And Collin, you’ll be sticking around with me, too.”

The announcement wiped any hint of calm off both their faces.

They snapped out together, “No way!”

Linsey glanced at Collin, who looked about ready to explode. “I won’t force you to stay and help if you’re busy, Collin. I can manage everything here myself.”

Gorman couldn’t hide his delight as he eagerly nodded. “I second that idea.”

“Not a chance!” Collin’s temper flared as he shot up from his seat. He grabbed Linsey’s hand, trying to pull her away. “You don’t have to do this yourself just because he helped you. I can pay for a whole team of professionals to look after him. He’ll get the best care possible.”

Standing up, Linsey held onto Collin’s hand instead of letting go. “But I already promised I would help. I can’t just go back on my word now.”

Disbelief washed over Collin’s face. “You’re actually serious about this?” It seemed impossible to him that Linsey would really handle Gorman’s care herself.

A firm nod from Linsey settled the matter. “I am.”

From his spot on the hospital bed, Gorman watched the argument unfold, amusement lighting up his eyes. He couldn’t resist stirring the pot. “If you’re so busy, Collin, you’re free to leave. I can call a car for you.”

Had he realized how effective this trick would be, he might have played it much sooner just to get under Collin’s skin.

Chapter 988:

Collin looked as though he might start to boil over. Linsey could see just how much it stung him to be left out.

Linsey suspected that if Gorman weren’t in the room, Collin might actually break down in tears.

Not wanting things to go further, Linsey gently cupped his face with her hand and offered a quiet comfort. “I get that you’re worried about me being here alone with Gorman. That’s why I want you to stay with me.”

The mask of calm that Gorman always wore began to crack all over again.

Turning away, he squeezed his eyes shut, clearly trying to rein in his frustration.

Collin lifted his hand to cover Linsey's and pressed on, his voice low but resolute. "Let's just hire a care team."

Linsey shook her head with gentle insistence. "That's not going to work. Gorman didn't just save my life. Back when I was overseas for those four years, he helped me out more times than I can count. If not for him, I might not have managed to raise Zenia and Zander by myself."

Her lips pressed into a pout, a trace of hurt flickering in her eyes. "At the time, I wasn't sure how you really felt about me. I didn't have the courage to come back. What else was I supposed to do?"

Pointing an accusing finger at Gorman, Collin shot back, "If this scheming guy hadn't kept your location from me, I would've found you long before! There's no way I would've let you struggle all alone in a foreign country!"

Gorman gave a lazy shrug, a slow grin forming. "Who would have guessed that even the legendary founder of CR Corporation could be tripped up by my little tricks?"

A tempest of conflicting emotions churned within Collin's chest.

Linsey watched the transformation ripple across his features as tension melted into fury before surrendering to an unexpected serenity that settled over him like still water.

"Alright, I'll listen to you." Collin's words emerged measured and deliberate. "I'll stay with you to take care of Gorman."

Joy bloomed across Linsey's face, her eyes catching the light like dewdrops in the morning sun.

Her fingers found his, intertwining as she tilted her face upward, her expression a mix of gentleness and gratitude. "Collin, thank you."

She possessed no power to compel him. If his heart had truly hardened against staying, nothing could anchor him here, least of all for Gorman's sake, toward whom Collin had always harbored an instinctive distaste.

But for her sake, Collin agreed.

Though reluctance still lingered in his heart, Collin couldn't help but soften when he looked at Linsey.

A gentle smile played at his lips as his free hand rose to ruffle her hair with familiar affection. "You know we don't need fancy words between us."

Gorman watched their quick reconciliation with growing fury, the sight making his wounds throb with fresh pain.

"So after all that back and forth, nobody thought to ask what I think about this?" Anger tightened Gorman's jaw as he fought the urge to strike out at Collin's calm assurance.

Chapter 989:

He turned sharply to Linsey, his expression hardening. "Linsey, I agreed to your care, not his."

Linsey met his gaze but didn't answer right away, weighing her words carefully.

Under her thoughtful silence, all the arguments Gorman had rehearsed seemed to dissolve before they could reach his lips, leaving him unexpectedly tongue-tied.

After a moment, Linsey spoke with quiet sincerity. "Gorman, I'm truly grateful for everything you've done, and Collin is too. You're still healing, and whether it's out of gratitude or friendship, I need to be here until you're well again."

She paused, glancing at Collin before continuing, “Collin and I may not be remarried yet, but we’re no different from any other couple. We belong together. When you help me, you’re helping him too, and when he cares for you, it’s the same as me doing it.”

Collin felt his earlier frustration melt away completely at her words. Gorman’s eyes remained fixed on Linsey for what felt like an eternity before he finally looked away, unable to hold her gaze any longer. Something flickered across his averted face, emotions shifting like shadows beneath the surface.

The truth settled over him with brutal clarity. Linsey’s words weren’t just an explanation but a declaration that she and Collin were bound together, inseparable once more.

As understanding washed over him, Gorman slowly bowed his head and let out a bitter laugh that held no humor.

All these years of trying, of hoping, and still he couldn’t win her heart. Yet Collin only needed to whisper a few tender words to have Linsey return to his side without a second thought.

For days, Gorman had been trying to convince himself to let Linsey go. Yet, he simply couldn’t release his grip on hope, always nursing a stubborn sense of what might have been.

He kept torturing himself with possibilities—if, years ago, when he first encountered Linsey, he had swept her away without hesitation, perhaps he would be the one standing by her side now, not watching from the shadows.

Linsey studied Gorman’s sorrowful expression, her heart stirring with genuine sympathy for his quiet suffering.

Softening her voice, she suggested, “Gorman, how about we help you wash your hair properly? You’ll feel so much more refreshed with it clean.”

Those words caught Gorman off guard, leaving him momentarily frozen in realization. Only then did it hit him—while recovering in the hospital, aside from a few quick wipes, he hadn’t really had a proper wash.

No mirror was needed to picture the state of his hair; he could feel the mess just by running a hand through it.

Normally, he wouldn't have cared much about his appearance. Today, though, with Linsey standing right there, every unruly strand seemed magnified.

Embarrassment crept up on him the longer he considered it, his cheeks turning noticeably red.

Without waiting for his response, Linsey wasted no time and headed straight for the adjoining bathroom.

As she walked, she tossed a request over her shoulder. "Collin, I'll get some warm water ready. Can you help adjust Gorman so we can wash his hair?"

Chapter 990:

Collin's agreement was immediate. "No problem."

The moment Linsey disappeared inside, he made his way to Gorman's bedside.

A faint twitch of Gorman's lips betrayed his irritation. "You two act like a real team—just making decisions for me."

Collin took it in stride, gently helping Gorman sit up. "So now you admit I belong with Linsey."

After a bit of shifting and effort, Gorman ended up lying flat, his head carefully propped along the edge of the mattress.

Returning soon after, Linsey carried a basin filled with warm water and set it down on a nearby chair with deliberate care.

“Slide a dry towel under his neck so his clothes stay dry,” Linsey instructed, double-checking the water’s heat before moving closer. For reasons he couldn’t quite put into words, Gorman simply went along with their plans, quietly letting them take over.

Soon enough, Linsey had his hair soaking in the basin, warm water swirling around his scalp.

“How’s the temperature?” Linsey asked, glancing down at him. With his gaze fixed on the ceiling, Gorman answered evenly, “It’s perfect.”

Chattering as she worked, Linsey reassured him, saying, “You’re in good hands. I’ve washed Zander’s and Zenia’s hair more times than I can count. I promise, you’ll be spotless.”

As her gentle voice filled the room, Gorman’s mind slipped back to another time.

Those memories took him to the years when Linsey, newly a mother of two, balanced design work with the relentless demands of caring for Zander and Zenia all on her own in a foreign country.

Although he had taken it upon himself to live next door, offering help whenever possible, there were limits to what he could do.

He had pictured Linsey one day collapsing under the weight of it all, seeking out his help at last.

But through four long years, not once did Linsey admit defeat, nor did she ever show him her exhaustion or shed tears in front of him. That stubborn strength left Gorman with mixed feelings—a little let down, yet quietly in awe.

Despite his efforts to draw her closer, Linsey had never leaned on him. Instead, her independence and unwavering resolve only deepened his fascination.

Shampoo’s clean scent mingled with the steam as Linsey’s hands massaged his hair, her every movement gentle and careful.

Meanwhile, Collin perched on a chair at Gorman's side, making sure his head stayed comfortably supported so Linsey's hands wouldn't tire.

Warm, foamy water trickled down from Gorman's hair, splashing quietly into the basin below.

Without warning, Linsey broke the silence. "You can relax—you weren't nearly as unkempt as you thought. The nurses here really kept you in good shape."

Gorman's face stiffened, and something uneasy flickered across his expression. "How did you find out..."