

Zillionaire 791

Chapter 791:

“You sure know a lot about this,” Dolores commented thoughtfully. Then she smirked and teased, “I bet your wedding would just be as laid-back and fun as this one.”

Dustin smiled back and replied, “Not just me. I think you would enjoy a wedding like this too.”

Dolores was surprised by his statement.

She stared at the crowd and could see the group of men and women dancing joyfully with the bride in the center.

Even from the distance, Dolores could tell how happy the bride was on her big day.

She smiled at this, but her smile soon disappeared when she tried to imagine herself in the same situation.

Instead, a bitter smile tugged at her lips, and she said, “Marriage just isn’t in the cards for me.”

Dustin was shocked to hear her say this. “Why not?” he asked.

Dolores hesitated. She seemed on the verge of actually answering his question.

However, she instead said, “I just don’t want to. I don’t have to have a reason.”

For some reason, Dustin felt a tightness in his chest as a result of her words. Trying to convince her otherwise, he said, “Just take a look at the couple. They look so happy. What could be better than getting to marry the one you love?”

Dolores let out a long sigh. Then, in a calm voice, she asked, “Do you think Linsey liked Collin four years ago?”

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The question caught Dustin off guard. His face shifted. He was unsure how to respond.

As close friends of Linsey and Collin, they both knew the story—how it started, how it ended.

So, Dustin quickly realized why Dolores brought it up. She was clearly trying to challenge what he had just said about marriage being a happy thing.

After a short pause, he answered, “Of course she liked him. I could see it. Linsey really liked Collin back then.”

“No,” Dolores said firmly. Her voice was steady and slow. “She didn’t just like him. She loved him with her whole heart.”

Dustin nodded. “You’re right.”

Dolores went on, “I saw it. She was glowing. I’ve known Linsey for over twenty years, and that was the first time I saw her that happy. She gave her all. No holding back.”

She paused, drawing in a shaky breath. Then her voice dropped. “And look how it ended. She was hurt, lied to, betrayed. Accused by the man she loved most of being shallow and materialistic. If it had been me, I don’t think I could’ve survived it, let alone...”

Her voice trailed off. A flicker of shock crossed her eyes. Regret followed right after.

She had almost said too much—almost revealed that Linsey had given birth to a pigeon pair abroad.

She bit her lip. She shouldn't have let her guard down, not even with Dustin.

Chapter 792:

He had helped her before, yes. But he was still Collin's best friend.

She fell silent in an instant. Thankfully, Dustin didn't notice. He was too lost in his own guilt.

He didn't know why, but seeing Dolores like this always tore at him. Her sadness weighed heavy on his chest.

The more he thought about it, the worse he felt. His voice was tight as he spoke. "I was to blame too. I told Collin to be honest with her, but he was scared. I didn't push hard enough. And now... two people who loved each other are living apart."

Dolores's eyes narrowed. Her tone turned sharp. "Two people who loved each other? Don't kid yourself. Collin never truly loved Linsey."

"That's not fair. He did love her. He just didn't know how to show it. He didn't understand how much honesty matters," Dustin replied.

Hearing that only made Dolores angrier.

Love wasn't an excuse for causing someone so much pain.

After all, the past four years had been really hard for Linsey.

She clenched her fists. "You make it sound like Linsey's suffering doesn't matter—like Collin is the real victim here. Spare me."

Her cheeks flushed with anger. She turned, storming off.

Dustin's words had pushed her too far.

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He always had a way of defending Collin, and she was tired of it.

"Dolores, wait!" Dustin panicked and reached out, grabbing her wrist.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. Please, don't be mad."

Dolores was burning with frustration. She tried to pull her arm free from Dustin's grip, but he held on tight. "Let go of me! I'm going back to the banquet!"

But Dustin wasn't ready to let her walk away, not tonight.

This was one of the rare moments they had actually gotten a little closer, and he didn't want things to fall apart now.

"Dolores, I—"

Before he could finish, a cheerful voice rang out nearby. "Hey! You two over there!"

Both of them froze and turned their heads. A few people were heading over from the wedding venue.

The sudden scene caught them off guard. Neither knew what to expect. The group approached with big smiles, but one of them quickly looked concerned. "Are you two having a fight?"

Dolores glanced down, a bit embarrassed.

Had they really been that obvious?

Dustin gave a small, sheepish smile. “Sorry. Didn’t mean to disturb anyone.”

The person waved it off with a chuckle. “No big deal.”

Chapter 793:

Before they could say another word, one person grabbed Dolores’ hand, another took Dustin’s arm, and the pair was gently pulled back toward the party.

“Come on, let’s dance! You’ll forget whatever it was after a few spins!”

As they were swept into the rhythm of the music, someone else added, “Yeah, couples fight all the time. Don’t say things you’ll regret. Cool off first—then talk it out.”

Their words hit Dolores all at once—and she realized they had misunderstood completely. She blinked, stunned. Wait... what?

She quickly spoke up. “No, no! We’re not a couple!”

Dustin was equally surprised. He hadn’t seen that coming at all.

But when Dolores denied it so fast, a quiet sting settled in his chest.

The others picked up on his face and exchanged knowing looks.

“Oh! So, you’re still working on it? Well, don’t blow it, man. Rule number one—don’t make her mad before she’s even yours,” one of the guys said with a smirk as he clapped Dustin on the shoulder.

Dustin flushed. His ears turned red, then the blush spread across his whole face.

Being mistaken for Dolores' boyfriend didn't bother him.

But hearing them talk like he was chasing her made his heart race—and not in a good way.

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"You..." he stammered, lost for words.

Anyone who knew Dustin—the cool, smooth-talking player—would have been stunned to see him like this.

Dolores, seeing how flustered he looked, assumed it was just the teasing getting to him.

With a carefree smile, she slung an arm over his shoulder and laughed. "Come on, don't be ridiculous! We're just friends. No way we'd date. He's not my type!"

She said it fast, loud, and with zero hesitation.

Dustin stared at her, stunned. Her laugh rang in his ears, but all he could feel was the sharp ache in his chest. It hit like a slap, clean and unexpected.

The group glanced between the two, amused.

Whatever was going on between them—it was clearly something worth watching.

"No matter what, we met by fate tonight—so let's have a good time!" one of them declared with a grin, their energy still buzzing.

Before Dolores or Dustin could even protest, hands grabbed theirs and tugged them along. "There's drinks, barbecue, and music inside! Nobody's going home till we've all had our fun!"

Dolores, ever the social butterfly, was quick to fall in step. Within minutes, she was laughing and chatting like she had known them all for years.

Meanwhile, Dustin wasn't so lighthearted. He sat quietly, still mulling over what Dolores had said earlier.

She caught a glimpse of him—his expression dark, shoulders low, not even a flicker of amusement on his face.

Chapter 794:

"Hey, are you still sulking because I went off on Collin earlier?" She tilted her head, genuinely confused.

Dustin seemed to value his friendship with Collin. She said bad things about Collin a moment ago, and here Dustin was, still pulling a long face.

Still, she didn't regret it. Honestly, she thought she had gone too easy on Collin.

Dustin finally snapped out of it and replied under his breath, "It's not about Collin."

"Oh, come on," Dolores huffed, grabbing a beer and sliding it in front of him. "Don't mope. Drink something—it'll take the edge off."

Dustin glanced at the bottle, then back at her. His face gave nothing away.

"What are you staring at? Drink it already. But don't forget to eat first, unless you want to puke your guts out later," she said.

Without a word, Dustin popped the cap and tilted the bottle back, letting the beer pour straight down his throat.

Dolores blinked in surprise, then laughed. "Wow. So, you do know how to drink."

With a playful gleam in her eye, she pulled over more bottles. “Alright then. Let’s settle this with a drinking contest. Let’s see who taps out first!”

Dustin didn’t say a word. Beer dripped down his chin and vanished into his collar as he reached for another bottle and chugged it.

As she saw him go all in, Dolores’ competitive side kicked in. She grabbed a bottle, popped it open, and downed it fast.

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Time flew. People gradually said their goodbyes, heading out one by one.

Someone glanced over and chuckled. “You two are still at it? Want a ride home?”

Another added with a teasing grin, “Forget that. There’s a hotel next door—might as well get a room there!”

“Oh, please. They’re not even together.”

“They’re adults. It’s not that deep. If they want to share a room, that’s their business.”

Dolores heard the voices through a fuzzy haze. Her face was flushed, her body heavy.

“I’m not going home tonight. I’d just be alone anyway...” she mumbled, her stomach twisting with unease.

Beside her, Dustin winced at the pounding in his skull. He rubbed his forehead and groaned, “Why did you turn this into a drinking contest? We’re both completely wasted.”

Dolores scoffed, “You’re wasted. I’m fine.”

She grabbed her bag and wobbled to her feet, swaying as she headed toward the door.

Before leaving, she turned to wave at the group. “Thanks for the fun! Next time, I’m buying everyone dinner!”

Dustin saw her stumble on the way out and rushed after her. He reached the door just in time—but nearly tripped on the threshold himself.

Dolores turned to glare at him, unimpressed. “What, are you blind? Watch where you’re going!”

Chapter 795:

“Yeah. Got it.”

Dolores and Dustin clung to each other as they stumbled into the hotel next door.

“Welcome,” the receptionist greeted them with a polite smile.

Dolores fished out her identity card from her bag and slapped it on the counter. “Give me your best suite—the absolute fanciest!”

The receptionist, clearly no stranger to scenes like this, stayed calm. Her eyes flicked between them, noticing they were a bit tipsy.

“I’ll need your ID card too, sir.”

Dustin froze. His mind went blank. Why would he need to show his identity card? He wasn’t planning to go home.

Growing impatient, Dolores gave him a shove. “What are you waiting for? I’m about to pass out from exhaustion!”

“Oh, right. Right.” Dustin quickly pulled out his identity card and handed it over.

With room cards in hand, they leaned on each other and made their way to the suite.

The moment they stepped inside, Dolores started undressing without saying a word.

Dustin, still by the door, turned around to find her already down to her underwear. His eyes widened. The alcohol in his system seemed to vanish instantly.

He stammered, “Dolores! Why are you taking your clothes off?”

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She frowned sleepily and mumbled, “I’m going to shower and sleep. What else do you expect me to do?”

Without waiting for a reply, she padded into the bathroom.

Once the shock faded, Dustin said, “Be careful in there. Don’t slip.”

“I’ve been drunk before. It’s nothing new,” she replied. Standing under the spray, she added in a distant voice, “Back when the company was falling apart, I drank every night. Got wasted.”

Dustin’s thoughts flashed back to that night four years ago—when he had seen her being humiliated at a business dinner.

He lowered his gaze and stayed quiet for a moment. Then, gently, he said, “You’ve really been through a lot.”

He managed a soft smile. “But things are better now. Your firm is doing great. The designer you sent to the competition even took first place. That’s huge.”

Dolores lathered on some body wash, her face glowing with pride.

“That was Linsey. Of course she won. She’s brilliant.”

Dustin blinked, stunned. “Wait... Are you saying Aurora is Linsey?” He remembered clearly—Collin had gone to see the contestant in Booth 3, and it hadn’t been Linsey.

His mind raced in circles.

It all made sense now. No wonder Collin kept saying Aurora reminded him of Linsey. He was right all along.

What Dustin didn’t know was that Collin had already figured out who she really was.

Chapter 796:

Dustin’s first instinct was to tell him. He grabbed his phone without thinking.

But just then, a loud thud came from the bathroom.

He jumped, his heart skipping a beat. Something might have happened. He was about to rush in when suddenly, the bathroom door flew open. A figure burst out, spun him around, and slammed him against the wall.

“Planning to break that to Collin?” Dolores growled, her eyes sharp and furious.

She had just realized what she had let slip.

Dustin opened his mouth to explain, but his eyes dropped—she was soaking wet, completely naked.

His face turned crimson. Even his ears and neck were burning red.

Dustin stammered, “Y-you’re not wearing clothes!”

Dolores seized his collar forcefully as she repeated, “Are you going to break that to Collin?”

Dustin struggled to look away from Dolores.

“You might consider dressing first. After that, we can discuss,” he suggested.

“There’s no need for discussion!” Dolores retorted. “You’re gonna tell Collin about Aurora, aren’t you?”

With a firm gesture, she extended her hand. “Give me your phone, now!”

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With a gulp, Dustin complied, pressing himself against the wall, his body rigid.

Snatching the phone from him, Dolores smirked, removed the SIM card, switched off the device, and flung both onto the nearby table.

“That settles that.” Dolores dusted off her hands and fixed her gaze on Dustin, who was still staring up at the ceiling. “Why the red face?”

As Dolores moved closer, her breath warming his ear, Dustin’s cheeks deepened to a darker red.

Dolores' curiosity grew as she observed him. "Is this how you react to alcohol?"

Dustin clenched his teeth, his entire being urging him to resist. He slightly pushed her away and murmured, "I need to leave."

Without a second thought, he rushed toward the door.

His instincts warned him they were on the brink of a significant boundary.

"Dustin, wait! Are you really going to tell Collin?" Dolores cried out, pulling him back forcefully.

However, she stumbled over the bed frame as she stepped back, falling backward and pulling Dustin down with her. Together, they landed heavily on the mattress.

Dolores exclaimed sharply as she realized she was trapped beneath Dustin.

Dustin's gaze was intense, his heart thumping so loudly he feared she might feel it against her.

"You..." Dolores muttered, her thoughts clouded by alcohol until that moment.

Chapter 797:

She realized her naked state before Dustin!

A sense of urgency crossed her face, which oddly steadied Dustin. He framed her face with his arms, speaking in a soothing tone. "Dolores, do you have feelings for me?"

Dolores was caught off guard, her mind turning blank. She gazed at Dustin incredulously, struggling to speak. "Could you repeat that?"

Holding her gaze steadily, Dustin didn't wait for her to recover before saying, "I have feelings for you."

His sudden confession left Dolores dumbfounded.

Dustin's fists tightened, and his breath caught in his throat, a mix of fear and exhilaration flooding through him.

His eyelids fluttered slightly.

Gradually, he leaned closer, his breaths blending with hers.

Dolores was motionless, caught in the moment. As his lips gently met hers, surprisingly, she didn't pull away.

As he observed her receptiveness, a spark of joy lit up Dustin's eyes. He tenderly stroked her cheek, abandoning all hesitations, and deepened the kiss.

Collin spent a restless night, yet an essential meeting awaited him, forcing him to start his day early.

Exhausted, he reclined in the car's backseat, pressing his thumb against a pulsing ache in his temple.

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The echo of Linsey's last conversation haunted him.

"Mr. Riley," his assistant said from the front, glancing back with concern, "I wasn't able to reach Mr. Wade."

At those words, Collin slowly opened his eyes and replied in a calm voice, "I didn't see Dustin again after the banquet last night." After a brief pause, he added mildly, "It's fine. I'll bring him up to speed on the meeting later."

“Yes, sir,” the assistant replied promptly.

Collin turned his gaze to the window, his eyes settling on a quaint coffee shop up ahead. “Stop here,” he said. “I’ll grab a coffee.”

The assistant straightened at once. “Please—let me get it for you. You can rest in the car.”

He had already noticed that his boss looked unusually worn that morning.

With a dismissive wave, Collin stepped out. “No need. I want to stretch my legs.”

The driver pulled over, and the assistant quickly followed suit, trailing Collin as they made their way toward the café.

But just as they turned the corner, a small child burst out from behind a wall—then, wham—ran straight into Collin.

Without thinking, Collin instinctively caught the child in his arms, steadying himself with practiced ease.

But his face darkened the next second.

Chapter 798:

The child’s ice cream had smashed right against his chest, smearing cold, sticky streaks across his finely tailored suit.

The assistant’s heart dropped. He stepped forward sharply, his voice rising with frustration. “What’s wrong with you, kid?”

Startled by the scolding, Zenia recoiled. She had intended to fake a few sniffles, but now her eyes brimmed with genuine tears. The grievance was all too real!

“M-my ice cream!” she wailed. “You... you’re bad guys! You’re bullying me!”

Her loud, shrill cries instantly attracted a crowd.

“What’s going on here?”

“Oh no, that poor little girl. She looks terrified!”

“Those two guys look so respectable, but they’re bullying a little girl?”

“All that over some ice cream on his suit? How heartless.”

Oblivious to the murmurs, Zenia kept crying, loud and broken, repeating through sobs, “You’re bullying a kid!”

She was doing exactly as instructed. Before she ran into Collin, Zander had given her clear instructions—collide with the man, then cry as if her heart were breaking, and shout that she was being bullied. They had been told that Collin had once deeply hurt Linsey, and this was their way of making him pay—publicly.

From behind a nearby wall, Zander observed everything, eyes sharp with anticipation. The more people gathered, the better. Let the world see Collin for what he was.

The assistant shifted nervously as Zenia’s sobs grew louder and more dramatic.

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He had worked alongside Collin long enough to know one thing: the man had no patience for children—especially not ones throwing public tantrums.

“Mr. Riley,” he said hesitantly, “should I call someone to calm her down? Or maybe take her to the nearest precinct so her family can be contacted?”

Collin pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and brushed the mess from his suit with a casual flick of the wrist.

Then, his eyes landed on the girl, and he froze for a moment.

There was something unmistakable in her tear-streaked face. And then it struck him. This was the same girl he had seen at the airport a few days ago—the one who looked hauntingly like Linsey.

His expression shifted, darkening with a complexity that unsettled even the assistant.

So it was her. The child was likely Linsey Gorman’s daughter.

He had once imagined that he would feel nothing but aversion toward this child. He had, after all, heard her call Gorman “Daddy” with his own ears.

But as he looked at her now—crying with raw emotion, her little fists balled at her sides—he felt a strange ache tightening in his chest. In her eyes, in her vulnerable little face, he saw Linsey—just like last night—eyes wet, voice trembling, looking at him like she was trying not to shatter.

Chapter 799:

No, he wasn’t surprised by the sudden softness creeping into his chest. Zenia looked too much like her.

Without Collin even noticing, his demeanor softened. He paused thoughtfully before lowering himself to Zenia’s level, his tone unusually tender as he reassured her, saying, “Hey there, little one, don’t be upset. I wasn’t angry with you.”

Collin then glanced down at the ice cream smeared on his suit, and with patience, he said, “This is just a small mess, nothing to worry about. I’ll have my suit cleaned later, so please don’t worry.”

The transformation was striking. Collin, already a handsome man, seemed altogether different with his kind expression and soothing voice, shedding his typical cold demeanor for a warmth that felt both surprising and welcoming.

Both his assistant and Zenia were taken aback by the change.

She stared at Collin, her eyes wide with disbelief, as she struggled to reconcile this gentle side with his usual sternness.

She had intentionally rushed into his embrace. Caylee had told her about his fearsome reputation and harsh treatment of Linsey.

Just last evening, Linsey had been deeply hurt by him, to the point of tears.

Zenia had braced herself for a much harsher response, making Collin's kindness all the more unexpected.

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Collin, noticing Zenia's shocked expression, couldn't resist smiling. He tenderly brushed Zenia's smooth hair, muffling his voice as he said, "Your hair looks lovely. Did your mom style it for you?"

The mention of Linsey, however, briefly darkened his expression. Touching her braid reflexively, Zenia sniffled and corrected, "No, Caylee did this for me."

Her view of Collin shifted in that moment, the possibility that he might not be the monster she had imagined taking hold.

Collin had no clue who Caylee was, not even the faintest idea. He gave a quiet laugh and said, "Are you all by yourself? Do you need help finding your parents?"

At those words, Zenia suddenly regained her composure.

She remembered that she and Zander had secretly left to confront Collin today, without informing anyone, especially their mother. That was exactly why Zenia worried Linsey might end up anxious if she ever discovered the truth.

Reflecting on this made Zenia's heart heavy, recalling how Linsey had wept the previous night.

Her feelings towards Collin quickly turned sour again, and she resolved to join forces with Zander to defend Linsey and ensure Collin faced consequences for his actions.

Zenia's sweet expression transformed into one of determination.

Collin was caught off guard by the rapid shift in her demeanor.

In an instant, Zenia lunged into Collin's arms once more, transferring her tears, runny nose, and melting ice cream onto his suit.

His assistant stood by, utterly bewildered by the scene.

Chapter 800:

"Mr. Riley, should I handle this?" the assistant asked, eyeing the mess on Collin's suit.

The assistant silently speculated that Zenia must really despise Collin. Yet, Collin appeared unfazed and explained calmly, "She's likely overwhelmed because she's lost. Her behavior is just her way of coping. Don't worry, I'll personally take her to the police station."

Aware of Zenia's ties to Gorman, Collin preferred to leave the situation in the hands of the authorities rather than engage directly with him. Thus, he decided to escort Zenia to the police station to confirm her identity and contact Gorman there.

Uncertain whether Linsey truly was Zenia's mother and still uneasy from their encounter last night, Collin hesitated to confront her directly. He concluded that the most responsible course of action was to ensure Zenia's safety by taking her to the police station himself.

Collin's words caught Zenia off guard all over again, leaving her momentarily speechless.

She believed that Collin intended to have her arrested by taking her to the police station.

In a sudden state of panic, Zenia was too stunned to resist as Collin lifted her and headed toward the waiting car.

Meanwhile, Zander was attempting to take photos nearby, but he stopped in his tracks when he saw Zenia being led away by Collin. Fear gripped him as he mistakenly assumed Zenia was being kidnapped, tears of worry filling his eyes.

As the car began to pull away, Zander chased after it, his small legs pumping desperately.

At that moment, his phone rang with a call from Linsey.

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"Zander, why did you and Zenia leave so early today?"

The moment Zander heard the worry in Linsey's voice, the fear he had been holding back spilled out in a rush.

"Mommy! Help me! A bad man took Zenia!"

The words hit Linsey like a jolt, and she shot to her feet, the look on her face suddenly darkening.

"What did you just say?!"

Beside her, Caylee, equally alarmed, turned swiftly and asked, "What's going on? Are Zenia and Zander in trouble?"

With no time for a detailed explanation, Linsey urged Zander, saying, "Don't be scared. Where are you right now?"

Trying to steady his voice, Zander managed to give the exact location near the coffee shop.

"Zander, stay right where you are. I'm on my way to get you. Just stay put until I arrive," Linsey said.

As soon as she ended the call, Linsey's heart raced with apprehension. She leapt to her feet and dashed toward the door, her mind set on alerting the police immediately.

Even amid her haste, Linsey took a moment to inform Caylee, saying, "Zander just told me Zenia has been abducted by someone dangerous. We need to review the security footage around the coffee shop to identify this person."

Linsey's call to the police was swiftly answered, and she relayed the urgent situation with precision and clarity.