

# **Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After**

## **#Chapter 81 - Read Marrying A Secret Zillionaire Happy Ever After Chapter 81**

### Chapter 81 The Dress Is Lovely

"Yep, that's right," the makeup artist replied with a nod.

Linsey blinked, her eyes dropping to the exquisitely tailored gown she was wearing. A hint of awe tinged her voice. "The

measurements..."

The makeup artist leaned in, her tone bright with a hint of pride. "Your husband provided them. Not only that, but he knew exactly what colors and styles you would want. From the way your face lit up earlier, it's clear you really love this dress."

Still enveloped in her reverie, Linsey listened as the hairstylist chimed in, her voice laced with a touch of envy. "You're so lucky! Mr. Riley really gets what you like-it's not every day you find someone so thoughtful."

Linsey was surprised by how caring Collin was.

She had only moved into Vista Villa a month prior, and her interactions with Collin had been scarce, his frequent absences leaving them precious little time together. Yet, despite this, he had discerned her favorite colors and styles with uncanny

accuracy. His attentiveness spoke volumes.

That he had noted such details was a testament to his desire to understand her completely.

These preferences were subtly woven into her everyday life and habits; without keen observation, they would be easy to

miss.

The realization left Linsey feeling slightly bewildered, yet deeply touched.

Apart from her childhood friend Dolores, Linsey had never felt such genuine care from anyone else.

Her past relationship with Felix had started with gentle attentiveness, yet as the years wore on, he became so distant he

even neglected to remember her birthday.

Lost in her reverie, Linsey was startled when Collin's rich, deep voice cut through the silence. "Do you like the dress you're

wearing?" His question was straightforward yet tinged with a hint of curiosity.

Jerking back to the present, Linsey realized that Collin had slipped into the room unnoticed.

Catching her first glimpse of him today, she saw he had opted for a change in his usual attire.

He was dressed in a deep navy-blue suit that hugged his shoulders snugly, the fabric looking like it was spun from midnight itself. The suit was impeccably tailored, and his tie was knotted to perfection, giving him an aura of refined elegance. His hair, slightly tousled, lent him an effortlessly sophisticated appearance, enhancing his already striking features.

As Collin wheeled himself closer, his eyes lingered on her, a subtle glimmer of admiration flickering across his expression.

"Collin," Linsey whispered, her voice a soft murmur as she uttered his name, her heart fluttering slightly.

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## Chapter 81 The Dress Is Lovely

In that intimate moment, Linsey realized the hairstylist and the makeup artist had discreetly exited, leaving them in a

quiet bubble of newfound closeness.

"Hmm," Collin murmured, his deep voice vibrating with a barely concealed

concern. He leaned slightly closer, his gaze

probing as he repeated his earlier inquiry. "How's the dress working for you? If it's not your style, I can have them bring

you a different one."

Linsey's gaze remained steady, her heart fluttering with intensity. As she looked at his familiar face, a heavy lump of

emotion began to build in her throat.

"The dress is lovely, really," Linsey assured him, her voice a soft whisper laced

with a tremor she couldn't quite mask. She inhaled deeply, attempting to compose herself, but the effort made her vulnerability all the more evident.

Collin's expression darkened with a mix of confusion and concern. "You don't seem like it," he noted, his brow furrowing

as he took a subtle step closer. "Your eyes... they tell a different story."

Indeed, her eyes were glassy, the rims tinged with red, betraying her inner turmoil. Linsey blinked rapidly, a solitary tear

escaping despite her best efforts to remain composed.

Collin's heart constricted at the sight, a pang of something resembling pain threading through his chest.

Linsey's eyes flickered with nervousness as he spoke, and a tear slipped gently down her cheek.

She turned her head away, her voice shaky as she feebly attempted a diversion. "It's nothing, really. Just something in my

eye, that's all."

She made to move away, to hide her tears, but Collin was quicker.

His hand reached out, capturing her wrist with a tender yet firm grip.

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Chapter 82 I Won't Make Things Harder For You

Collin's grip remained steady, the warmth of his palm grounding Linsey as his fingers rested lightly against her wrist. Beneath his touch, her pulse trembled, unsteady yet alive.

"You've got makeup on. Stay still," he said, his voice a quiet command.

Linsey froze, her breath catching as their eyes met. She felt the weight of the moment press against her chest, making it impossible to move.

Her lips parted, but no words came. A shimmer of unshed tears clung to her lashes, catching the dim light.

A flicker of something unreadable passed through Collin's gaze. She looked so fragile, so small, that it made his chest

tighten.

He let out a slow breath before reaching up, his rough fingers brushing away the dampness collecting at the corners of her eyes. His touch was careful, deliberate.

"I just want to know if you like the dress. No lies," Collin said, his tone measured.

A flicker of surprise crossed Linsey's face. For a beat, her heart stuttered-then surged forward, sending warmth rushing through her veins.

"I..." The single syllable barely made it past her lips before dissolving into silence. "Hmm?" A quiet hum left Collin's lips, the depth of his own patience catching him off guard.

Answers might not come easily, but he found himself strangely content to wait.

Linsey's breath stuttered before she finally spoke, her voice fragile yet sincere. "I love it. Every word is true."

After a pause, she confessed, "Marrying you... it's something I'll never stop being grateful for."

The instant the words slipped from her lips, something inside him stirred, a feeling too powerful to suppress.

Though his expression remained composed, his next words carried an

unmistakable weight. "And why is that? What makes someone like me worth your gratitude?"

Doubt lingered beneath the surface, an unspoken need for reassurance gnawing at him.

Yet in the end, uncertainty kept him from pressing further.

Before she could respond, he flicked something toward her. "Catch."

Instinct took over as she reached out, fingers closing around the object before she even registered what it was.

How could she not be grateful? He had been more than she ever dared to hope for.

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## Chapter 82 I Won't Make Things Harder For You

Linsey blinked down at the handkerchief in her grasp, momentarily dazed.

"Don't get too ahead of yourself," Collin said, amusement lacing his tone. "Save your tears for later. Once you get there with

me, you'll have a real reason to cry," Collin said.

She hesitated, then asked, "Are you worried they'll single you out? Do you think I'd ever be ashamed of you?"

His movements stilled, his gaze returning to hers.

Gone was the hesitation in her expression. Determination had taken its place.

Collin narrowed his eyes, his voice was unreadable. "Say that again."

His reaction only strengthened her resolve. She lifted her chin and said firmly, "Collin, I'd never be embarrassed because of

you. If anything, I'll stand up for you. And if anyone gives you trouble, I'll make sure they regret it."

Collin arched an eyebrow, amusement flickering in his eyes. "You? Make them regret it?"

"Absolutely. I'm capable of more than just words. If it comes down to it, I won't hesitate to use stronger methods. But don't worry I won't be reckless. I won't make things harder for you." Linsey spoke with unwavering certainty.

A quiet chuckle escaped Collin, amusement flickering in his eyes. She had to be joking. After all, the memory of her tear-

streaked face was still fresh in his mind.

If those tears returned, he wasn't sure he would know how to soothe them.

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## Chapter 83 We Must Be

### Cautious

At that moment, Collin had entirely forgotten Linsey's sharp words during the argument with Dustin.

"Just stay close and steer clear of any drama. Tonight, your main task is to assist with the wheelchair," he instructed in a level tone.

Linsey raised her eyebrows in mild surprise. "After all the effort I put into looking fabulous tonight, that's all you're asking of me?"

His composure briefly wavered, and the corner of his mouth twitched. "What? You think that task is beneath you?"

"Not at all!" She quickly stood, positioning herself behind him. "I'll do as you say, no questions asked."

Watching her comply so readily, Collin felt an unsettling twinge. He was wary that she might present surprises he hadn't considered.

This evening, his plan was simply to introduce Linsey at the Riley family's banquet as a formality. He had no desire to draw her into his complicated dealings with them.

The grandest hotel in Grester was alive with the hum of prominent figures from various sectors arriving in succession, filling the space with animated conversation.

"Happy birthday, Mr. Riley!"

"Mrs. Riley, your son is so handsome. He's destined for great things."

Clad in a lavish gown, Fernanda responded with a warm smile. "Thank you. We missed having a proper toast at the last wedding banquet, so let's make up for it tonight."

Meanwhile, Huntley, the birthday boy, leaned lazily against a wall at the back, visibly showing his impatience.

As she spotted this, Fernanda's mood soured. She summoned an assistant to entertain the guests briefly, then pulled Huntley aside with a stern expression.

"Mom! What are you doing?" Huntley complained irritably.

"Be quiet!" Fernanda retorted sharply, her expression stern. "What did you promise me before? This is your birthday celebration! If you continue with this careless demeanor, I'll have you removed from Grester!"

Huntley scowled and tugged at his mother's arm, his voice tinged with frustration. "Mom, I'm really tired. When does this start? I'm starving."

Though she was annoyed, Fernanda's tone softened slightly out of sympathy. "Just a bit longer. The guests are here for our family's reputation, but you must treat them with respect. If word spreads of your rudeness, it could damage your image."

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### Chapter 83 We Must Be Cautious

Huntley appeared unmoved and slightly arrogant. "So what? I don't care about mingling with these people. I'll take over the

family business. Dad will never pass the inheritance to Collin, that cripple."

Fernanda's face softened briefly. "You're not wrong."

She frowned again after a moment. "But don't underestimate Collin. Despite his paralysis, he's become quite cunning. I thought I dealt with Haven, but Collin still got married first. If he has a child before you, it could complicate things."

Huntley scoffed. "Collin? That cripple? Who in town would want his child? Even if he does have a child, it will make no

difference. I'm not concerned."

"Still, we must be cautious," Fernanda advised, her brows knitting together.

"Yeah, yeah, I understand," Huntley responded dismissively. "Later, I'll meet that woman and figure out a way to sway her. Maybe I can use her as a spy."

As he spoke, Huntley looked toward the hotel entrance, puzzled. "Why hasn't Collin shown up yet? He isn't too afraid to come, is he?"

Just then, a staff member rushed over to inform them, "Collin and his wife have just arrived."

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