

Chapter 174 Her Identity Revealed

Lyndon's blood stained the tombstone, imbuing it with a vivid red hue.

In the portrait adorning the gravestone, Reina emanated a radiant smile, her youthful beauty eternal.

Lyndon's agitation reached such heights that he succumbed to a fainting spell, plunging the surroundings into a state of chaotic disarray.

Witnessing the distress, the Fowlers hurriedly rushed to Lyndon's aid.

"Lyndon! Lyndon!" the Fowler couple called out urgently.

"Mr. Coleman, what's wrong with you?" Cecilia was also worried.

Clutching Darren's photograph, Rena gazed blankly at the unfolding scene, her mind lost in a haze of confusion.

She had long been aware that she was not Darren's biological daughter. The desire to uncover her true paternity had always burned within her but she had never fathomed that it would lead her to... Lyndon.

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Lyndon, a man she had idolized as one of the world's greatest pianists since childhood, had become the catalyst for her descent into despair.

As she observed him fainting, Rena remained detached and devoid of any sympathy, her countenance unyielding.

Korbyn and Waylen could instantly sense the truth.

The sought-after biological daughter Lyndon had been seeking was none other than Rena!

This revelation sent shockwaves through their beings.

Korbyn sighed mournfully. "Had we known earlier, neither Rena nor Waylen would have met such a fate."

Lyndon soon awakened from his unconscious state.

It began to drizzle...

The attendant, wiping away the blood from Reina's tombstone, proclaimed, "It's time." As the coffin lid was closed, enveloping Darren and Reina in their final resting place.

"No!"

Lyndon stumbled forward, desperately reaching out towards the coffin.

"Reina, allow me to bring you home," he pleaded.

In the face of such disgraceful behavior from a man of his stature, onlookers found themselves at a loss for how to react.

Furthermore, it was an act of profound disrespect towards the deceased.

As Lyndon's sorrow overwhelmed him, Rena spoke with an icy tone. "Mr. Coleman, this is my mother's residence. She is legally married to my father. Where do you intend to take her? To the Coleman family? I recall that you have a lawful wife."

Lyndon stood stunned, his senses jolted by Rena's words. Unable to resist, his gaze involuntarily fell upon Rena, the girl who bore a striking resemblance to Reina, a girl who he believed to be his own daughter.

However, in that moment, his very own daughter stared back at him with a chilling gaze, even tinged with a hint of hatred.

Lyndon, unable to bear the torment, expelled another mouthful of blood, a physical manifestation of his anguish. Others stepped forward to pull him aside and he helplessly watched as his beloved Reina was forever laid to rest beside another man.

Rena no longer acknowledged Lyndon's presence.

Sitting in her wheelchair, she and Eloise silently mourned, their grief shared in unspoken solidarity.

With the conclusion of the funeral, the crowd gradually dispersed. Korbyn had intended to speak with Rena but Lyndon's frail condition compelled him to attend to his friend first.

With Eloise's assistance, Rena prepared to depart by car.

However, Waylen seized Rena's arm and pleaded, "Rena, let's talk."

Rena regarded him calmly, her emotions now devoid of the once potent allure he held. It became evident that there existed a vast difference between loving and no longer loving someone.

In a composed and courteous manner, Rena responded, "Let's discuss this in a couple of days. I am not in the right frame of mind to address it now."

Waylen's face paled, betraying his distress.

He parted his lips, uttering, "Allow me to drive you and

Eloise back then."

Rena cast her gaze downward and said softly, "No, thank you. The car is ready. Mr. Fowler, you may return now."

Waylen discerned her unspoken intent.

He understood the depth of Rena's character. Perhaps she had resolved to sever their relationship. Over the past two days, he had contemplated whether it would be better to end it. Yet, in the lonely hours of the night, when he rested his head upon the pillow, he found himself longing for Rena's presence.

He yearned for the bygone days when they lived together. He had no desire to part ways, nor bring an end to their relationship.

Rena and Eloise returned to their home, a lingering absence filling the once vibrant space, casting a veil of solitude.

The two of them dined in silence, the weight of their emotions pervading the air.

Following the meal, Eloise summoned Rena and presented her with a property deed.

Rena's eyes widened in surprise. "Eloise?"

With a gentle touch to Rena's head, Eloise whispered, "Rena, I wish to reside in that modest house on the outskirts I have. This property holds considerable value.

"You can sell it if you ever need financial support. I possess limited abilities but, at the very least, I won't be a burden to you."

Rena's heart sank with sorrow.

She embraced Eloise tightly, tears streaming down her face.

"Why must you leave? I want you to stay."

Eloise contemplated her response but chose to remain silent.

Earlier at the cemetery, Eloise had surmised that Lyndon might be Rena's biological father.

If Rena went to Lyndon, perhaps her life would be much easier in the future.

Rena shook her head resolutely. "I won't go anywhere. Eloise, I will stay by your side."

A soft sigh escaped Eloise's lips.

She was at a loss as to how to handle Rena's situation. She loved Rena dearly, yet Rena was not her biological daughter. Now that Darren was gone and Rena had found her real father, Eloise could no longer be selfish and cling to her...

Enfolding Eloise in her embrace, Rena whispered, her voice filled with vulnerability, "If I were to call you 'Mom,' would you stay?"

Eloise's body stiffened, her emotions in tumult.

Rena clung to Eloise even tighter, refusing to let go.

Speaking in hushed tones, Rena timidly addressed Eloise, resembling the very child Eloise first laid eyes upon.

"Mom... Please don't go."

Eloise wept, the facade of strength she had been upholding since Darren's passing crumbling away, revealing the depths of her sorrow and fear hidden within her heart.

Having lost her husband and never having children of her own, Rena now referred to Eloise as her mother.

Eloise held Rena in a tight embrace, her tears flowing freely. "I won't leave... I will stay. Rena, I will be your mother, and I will forever be here by your side."

Rena nestled against Eloise's chest, finding solace in the warmth of her presence.

In the afternoon, Eloise insisted that Rena take a nap.

Upon awakening, Rena heard voices emanating from the living room.

Leaning against the wall for support, she made her way towards the source. Her eyes narrowed upon catching sight of the man seated there.

Lyndon occupied the living room, surrounded by a multitude of precious tonics and gifts at his feet. Upon spotting Rena, his lips quivered for a prolonged moment. Eventually, he softly called out to her, "Rena!"

Rena understood the purpose behind his visit.

In a polite tone, she responded, "Thank you so much, Mr. Coleman. However..."

Rena's gaze shifted towards the gifts as she continued, "I truly cannot accept these."

Lyndon locked his gaze on Rena.

The more he looked at her, the more he noticed her striking resemblance to Reina.

The more he looked at her, the more she felt like kin to him...

Reina had been married and had passed away and there was nothing Lyndon could do about it. However, Rena remained his daughter. How could he not take her back?

He longed to provide Rena with the best.

Lyndon paused momentarily before speaking up tenderly.

"I have heard of your piano skills. Korbyn mentioned his desire to send you to Flirean for further study. I know of a tutor there... or I can teach you myself."

He yearned to make amends, to shape Rena into a renowned musician.

His intentions were driven by a desire to bring solace to Reina's spirit.

Lyndon continued to express his intentions but Rena responded with a disdainful smile.

Her gaze drifted downwards, fixating on her own feet.

The nerve injury afflicted her foot, rendering her unable to drive, let alone pursue her dreams of becoming a renowned pianist.

Flirean, the place of her aspirations, seemed out of reach. She chose not to disclose these details to Lyndon, simply mustering a faint smile as she replied, "Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Coleman. I believe I can manage without it. Furthermore... If there is nothing else, please excuse me. I won't accompany you to the door."

Rena nodded at Eloise, signaling her to see their guest off. Respecting Rena's decision, Eloise collected the gifts and politely escorted Lyndon outside.

Standing before the door, Lyndon refused to relinquish his efforts. "Mrs. Gordon, you..."

Eloise's smile was tinged with a hint of melancholy.

She uttered, "I understand your intentions but considering all that has transpired... Ultimately, the decision lies with Rena, doesn't it? You loved your daughter dearly and I can't blame you for that. But Rena... She is also cherished by me and Darren."

Upon hearing these words, Lyndon's heart constricted with anguish.