

Chapter 180 Let Me Tell You How Much Rena Ha...

In the hospital ward, Rena lay motionless, surrounded by an air of uncertainty.

The doctors were at a loss, unable to awaken her from her unconscious state.

Eloise, trembling with worry, held onto Vera's arm, seeking solace and answers.

Desperation filled Eloise's voice as she asked, "Is there no medical intervention that can bring her back, Doctor?"

The doctor sighed, his expression filled with empathy.

"Mrs. Gordon, your daughter is physically fine, but her subconscious mind resists waking up. We must wait for her to regain her own will."

Eloise's eyes welled up with tears, her heart heavy with concern for Rena.

Vera, though equally worried, attempted to soothe Eloise's anxiety. "It shouldn't be a grave concern. Let's give Rena some more time to rest and recover."

Eloise nodded, her tears falling silently.

She took a basin of warm water and gently wiped Rena's delicate hands.

Vera's eyes glistened with tears as she looked at Rena's slender fingers. Eloise remained unaware that Rena's dreams of becoming a pianist were forever shattered.

Vera wiped away her tears, and just as Roscoe approached with a prescription, he noticed her distress.

Concerned, he whispered, "Why are you crying? Rena is right here and she's just sleeping. She'll be fine! Don't let sorrow cloud your face. Be strong."

Vera glanced at him and replied, her voice laced with sadness, "I can't help but feel sorrowful."

Roscoe embraced her, offering silent comfort.

He chose not to share that he had encountered Joseph at the pharmacy earlier. Joseph was accompanying Aline for prenatal examinations, their lovey-dovey behavior making Roscoe feel nauseous.

Nevertheless, this worked in Roscoe's favor, as he wouldn't have had a chance with Vera if Joseph hadn't been such an asshole.

Roscoe comforted Eloise as well. Knowing that Roscoe was Robert's cousin, Eloise felt a little uncomfortable.

Eloise, still uneasy, noticed the approaching footsteps from the door.

It was Lyndon and Dahlia, both wearing expressions of deep concern, especially Dahlia.

She was particularly troubled due to Elvira's arrest.

As Lyndon and Eloise met each other's gaze, the atmosphere turned tense. Eloise placed Rena's hand gently under the quilt and said coldly, "Mr. Coleman, what brings you here? Don't you think your daughter has caused Rena enough harm?"

Lyndon's eyes fixated on Rena.

She lay motionless as if in a deep slumber.

Eloise's bitter smile crept onto her face as she continued, "The doctor said she doesn't want to wake up. Are you satisfied now, Mr. Coleman?"

Lyndon's voice resonated with determination. "I will arrange for the best doctors to treat her."

Vera couldn't help but mock him, her voice laced with sarcasm. "Lyndon, the best thing you can do for Rena is to keep your distance and refrain from provoking her. It's time you face the reality. No matter how renowned you are, inside this room, you're just the father of a criminal."

Dahlia's irritation grew apparent, and she retorted with a stern expression, "Elvira was simply in a bad mood. She didn't intentionally cause any harm."

Vera sneered, her tone turning harsh.

"Elvira vented her emotions by inflicting harm on others? Mrs. Coleman, let me enlighten you—Elvira will face legal consequences."

Dahlia, maintaining her composure, relied on her status as she stated, "Rena holds a grudge against my daughter because of Waylen, doesn't she? But really, she hasn't lost anything significant. I fail to understand her sentimental attachment."

Lyndon's voice boomed, "Dahlia!"

Dahlia fell silent. In a gentler tone, Lyndon addressed Eloise, "Rena is my biological daughter, and everyone in the family knows that now. My mother is eager to meet her granddaughter. Mrs. Gordon, I implore you to persuade Rena to accept her heritage. I will take her abroad to receive the most comprehensive music training and make her a world-renowned musician."

Lyndon believed Rena had inherited his musical talent.


She surpassed Elvira in that regard.

Eloise hesitated, torn between not wanting to hinder Rena's future and the pain caused by Lyndon's selfish actions.

Unable to restrain herself any longer, Vera erupted, her words seething with anger, "Lyndon! Damn you!"

The man's brows furrowed instantly.

At this moment, Waylen happened to come over. He got

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the news that Rena was in the hospital, so he came to see her immediately.

Dahlia looked at Waylen as if she had found her savior. "Waylen, these people are so rude. Rena has grown up in such an environment. I don't think she's very polite either."

Dahlia tried her best to drive a wedge between Rena and Waylen. She really wanted Elvira and Waylen to be together.

Ignoring her, Waylen gently pushed Dahlia's hand away and looked at Vera.

Vera also looked at him, her eyes filled with disdain as she glanced at the three newcomers. "You are all here now! Guess it's time for some clarification!"

Roscoe suddenly grabbed Vera by the arm. "Vera, stop it." However, Vera's eyes were already full of tears.

She shook off Roscoe's hand and sobbed, "Why should I stop? Elvira matters, and doesn't Rena? Mr. and Mrs. Gordon have taken good care of Rena. She should not be picked on by these people."

Then Vera pointed at Lyndon and sneered.

"Lyndon, you just said that you would take Rena abroad to learn music. Listen to me carefully! No way. It's never gonna happen! That night, Rena had not only lost her last chance to say goodbye to her father, but also attained a nerve injury in her foot. She can't drive anymore, nor can

she become a top musician! She has always admired you, Lyndon. Like you, she can use both her hands flexibly while playing the piano. She has inherited your talent, but it is also because of your selfish motive that she has lost her talent.

Lyndon, because of your selfishness, Rena didn't see Mr. Gordon for the last time. Do you know how much she regretted that moment?

Rena lost so much that night. What will you compensate her with?"

Vera's lips trembled and she repeated, "Tell me, what will you compensate her with?"

Lyndon's face turned pale.

Unable to comprehend, he muttered to himself, "She can't play the piano anymore?"

Lyndon, renowned worldwide for his musical accomplishments, had longed for a prodigious student. Rena's extraordinary skills and their biological connection filled him with joy.

He had watched videos of Rena playing the piano, believing that with his teaching and her dedication, she would undoubtedly become a remarkable pianist.

Pain gripped Lyndon's heart.

Waylen, who happened to arrive at that moment after hearing of Rena's hospitalization, witnessed the scene

unfold. Dahlia's words had angered him, but upon hearing what Vera had to say, his handsome face tightened, his fists clenching tightly.

He recalled the time he had asked Rena if she would still want to go to Flirean to study music, to which she had firmly replied that she would never go. It now dawned on him that it wasn't due to the lack of courage to chase her dreams or something, but rather because her dreams had been shattered.

She wouldn't even be able to drive anymore.

Struggling to find the right words, Waylen choked, "I want to see her."

Vera's eyes turned red, and she said with a trembling voice, "Waylen, you are the last person Rena wishes to see!"


... He was the last person Rena wished to see!

The words pierced Waylen's heart like a sharp knife, causing immense pain. He yearned to extract the knife, but he felt utterly helpless.

He didn't force his way into the ward.

Instead he peered through the door's narrow crack, catching a glimpse of Rena lying there peacefully, as obedient as she had once been in his arms. She remained silent, devoid of any words or sounds.

In a hoarse voice, Waylen pleaded, "Please, at least let me consult an expert for her."

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Rarely displaying such humility, Waylen turned to Vera and pleaded sincerely, "I just want to make amends."

Vera, strong-willed as ever, was about to rebuff him when Roscoe intervened, firmly grasping her arm.

"Vera, please don't be stubborn. Rena's recovery is of utmost importance right now."

Roscoe's tone changed as he addressed Waylen, his face adopting a smile. "Waylen, Vera can be impulsive at times. I apologize on her behalf. Please lend your support to Rena. Thank you."

Waylen remained silent, his gaze fixed upon Rena.

He yearned for her to wake up, and he wanted to hold her in his arms once more.

He wanted to assure her that given another chance, he would never let her down again.