

Chapter 172 She Had Lost Too Much This Night

Waylen's eyes possessed an unfathomable depth, capturing the essence of hidden emotions within.

In a voice coarse and strained, he expressed, "Rena, let us just go home, and then we'll talk."

With persistent defiance, Rena dared to inquire once more, "Do you love me?"

A furrow formed on his brow and he withheld his response, leaving Rena unanswered.

Anticipating this inevitable outcome, Rena had foreseen the course of events. She understood that he lacked love for her and found no inclination to deceive, rendering him incapable of providing a reply.

Gracefully, Rena's grasp released the diamond ring, allowing it to descend gently upon the floor, producing a subtle sound.

The ring's descent mirrored their fragile connection. When their relationship had ended, the ensuing turmoil had not been as tumultuous as Elvira's but rather a somber quietness. Rena, herself, would forever bear the weight of

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Fixing her gaze upon Waylen's eyes, Rena spoke with tender intonation.

"Waylen... I don't want this. I don't want any of this anymore. If your heart cannot be offered, then I have no desire for you. Waylen, fret not. I shall no longer confine you and neither must you restrain me through marriage. You are free. Do you understand?"

Having uttered those words, Rena turned on her heel, striving to depart with poise, upholding the remnants of her pride.

She had to depart with dignity intact...

Countless souls had fallen for unscrupulous men and each had suffered the deceit of affection. It was merely a wager and she happened to lose.

Nevertheless, it mattered not. She could rise again, even from the deepest of falls.

She vowed never to become his wife.

"Rena!"

Waylen chased after Rena, clutching her hand tightly.

Rena attempted to shake off his grip.

However, he held her steadfastly, his grasp unyielding, as he professed, "Listen, I am not toying with you. I..."

Rena found herself unable to break free from his clutches.

In a composed manner, she uttered, "I know you are not toying with my emotions. You merely settle for what is convenient. You cannot deny the lingering presence of your former lover within your heart, nor can you bear the thought of causing her any harm. Yet, you have remained oblivious to my sentiments and the anguish I endure. Waylen, our relationship has reached its end."

With clenched teeth, Waylen pulled her into his embrace and proposed, "Let us return home and discuss this matter in the comfort of our abode."

In that very moment, a piercing scream erupted from the ward.

"Miss Coleman... Miss Coleman!"

Rena turned around, her eyes red.

Elvira's countenance was pallid and her injured wrist bled steadily, yet she laughed hysterically. "Waylen, you cannot abandon me. If you choose her, I shall take my own life."

Striding forward, Waylen applied pressure to Elvira's wound.

Lowering his voice, he implored, "Elvira, when will this cease?"

Elvira's lips quivered. "You are well aware of the answer."

Rena stood there, utterly fatigued.

Ending their relationship meant she would no longer be compelled to leave for Flirean against her will.

Ending their relationship meant she would never again wait for him in the long, desolate nights.

Indeed, breaking up with him had its merits.

With a decisive turn, Rena departed, no longer desiring to witness the anguish of the lovelorn couple.

Returning to Waylen's apartment, Rena gradually dismantled the meticulously arranged Valentine's Day decorations. The cost of the adornments amounted to fifty thousand dollars, accompanied by Michelin-starred cuisine and elegant silver candlesticks.

She discarded all of them.


The invitation letter from the esteemed music school abroad found its place within the confines of the trash can.

Following these actions, Rena proceeded to pack her belongings, preparing to depart.

Just then, her phone rang.

It was a call from Eloise, her voice trembling with tears.

"Rena, come to the hospital. Your father had a tragic

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accident... His condition is dire... He may not make it...

Rena, he wishes to see you one final time. Please, hurry to his side, Rena!"

Eloise's tears flowed uncontrollably, threatening to shatter her composure.

With his final remnants of consciousness, her husband grasped her hand and repeatedly called out Rena's name. He yearned to... see his beloved daughter.

In the last fleeting moments of his life, Darren's utmost concern centered around Rena.

Rena's entire world collapsed in an instant.

Setting aside all tasks at hand, she hastily descended the stairs.

The rain continued to pour...

Rena pressed down hard on the accelerator.

As she drove, her vision blurred, making it impossible to distinguish between raindrops and tears...

Faster...

She had to go faster!

She had to be by her father's side in his final moments. She needed to express her deep love for him, assure him that she would care for Eloise with utmost devotion...

She longed to affirm that he was the greatest father.

Tears streamed down Rena's face, obscuring her visage.

Suddenly, screeching tires filled the air...

Rena found herself momentarily stunned.

Disregarding the heavy downpour, she hastily exited the car and opened the hood, only to be greeted by a billowing cloud of black smoke.

The car had broken down...

Without a moment's pause for contemplation, she desperately attempted to hail a taxi. However, it being Valentine's Day, countless young couples sought transportation, rendering it impossible for her to secure a cab.

Undeterred, Rena ran through the rain. Ahead lay a shopping mall, where the chances of finding a taxi would be higher.

Her garments clung to her body, drenched by the rain...

Mud splattered onto her shoes and trousers...

The downpour intensified. Unaware of a small pit ahead, Rena stumbled and fell upon the wet pavement.

When she rose, her feet throbbed with excruciating pain, rendering her unable to walk...

Frantically, she attempted to flag down passing cars, yet none were willing to offer her a ride.

Cars zoomed by one after another, while the water from the pit surged relentlessly towards her.

Suppressing her pride, Rena retrieved her phone and dialed Waylen's number.

The hospital where Elvira resided was in close proximity, and she hoped that Waylen might give her a ride.

Rena's sole desire was to bid her father farewell in his final moments.

"Sorry! The number you've dialed is switched off. Please try again later."

In the midst of the rainy night, Rena gently closed her eyes.

The night enveloped her in darkness.

Unexpectedly, a sleek black sports car pulled up beside her, and a slender figure emerged from within.

It was Tyrone.

Tyrone braved the rain, rushing towards Rena and scooping her up in his arms. "Why are you here in the rain?"

Under the night sky, Rena's visage appeared pale, her lips quivering.

In a trembling voice, she spoke, "Tyrone, take me to Mercy Hospital! Please!"

Tyrone refrained from further inquiry. He settled Rena in the passenger seat and swiftly started the car.

The high-performance sports car surged through the rainy night.

In the end, she still didn't make it...

Rena never had the chance to see Darren one last time. He departed with a lingering sense of regret...

Assisted by Tyrone, Rena approached the bedside step by step. The bedsheet concealed Darren's face. He had passed away.

"Rena, bid farewell to your father. He can hear you. He has not ventured far." Eloise's countenance glistened with tears.

"Dad!"

Rena uttered in a tremulous voice, kneeling before Darren. How could this be...

How could he leave so abruptly...

There were still so many words left unspoken. Numerous places remained unexplored with Darren and Eloise. Her career had yet to flourish, and she had not had the chance to fulfill her filial duties towards him.

With utmost gentleness, Rena delicately lifted the pristine white cloth.

She yearned to behold him one final time.

This man, devoid of any blood ties, had gone above and beyond for her.

In order to shower her with boundless love, he made the difficult choice to not have his own children.

He had sacrificed everything for her...

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Rena tenderly embraced him, closing her eyes and softly calling, "Dad... Dad... I will live with utmost sincerity. I will care for Eloise wholeheartedly. I will bring her to visit you and mom regularly. When time permits, I will take Eloise on delightful journeys... Dad... Rest in eternal peace..."

Rena had sprained her foot.

Early in the morning, Tyrone escorted her to the orthopedic department.

Following the examination, the doctor's expression shifted ever so slightly.

He recognized Rena, as one of his colleague's children took piano lessons at Rena's music studio. He was well aware of Rena's prodigious talent.

After careful contemplation, the doctor spoke slowly, "Miss Gordon, your foot will recover and you will be able to walk normally after a period of healing, with minimal impact on your daily life. However, due to the injury to your ankle nerve..."

The doctor paused momentarily before continuing.

"Miss Gordon, it is possible that you may not achieve the status of a renowned pianist.

Furthermore, Miss Gordon, it is advisable for you to refrain from driving. You will no longer... Hmm... be able to drive."
"

Rena listened in quiet contemplation.

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She had lost too much this night. In this moment, upon hearing the doctor's words, instead of sad and desperate, she only felt numb.

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