

## 47. "People can fake that."

### Chapter 47

#### Elena's POV

My father is alive?

A chill of shock ran through me.

Am I dreaming? This couldn't be real. How could he come here and claim to be my father? My father is dead, buried six feet under the ground, and this man standing in front of us could be an impostor!

I heard stories of a family, or relative, resurrected for money. Pretending to be the dead person just to gain wealth and inheritance. Now that I got all the Pallis wealth, I expected that already. Too many long-lost relatives contacted me, even the mean girls in high school, inviting me for dinner, reunion, family event, and so much more.

And this man is no different, springing up in our lives a mere twenty-five years of existence. It's absolutely bullshit!

Mom was shocked, too. I was afraid she would pass out. I went beside her and held her back.

"I am alive, Celine," the man tried to reach for Mom's hand, but I gripped her arm, preventing her from coming too close to him.

"Mom," I warned her, to keep a distance from him.

"Elena," the man acknowledged my presence, but I also stepped back when he tried to come near me.

I did not trust him. Whether he was my father.

Adonis and I had my father's death investigated, but I was not expecting him to be standing in front of us, breathing!

"Oh my God, Gareth, we thought you were dead. You had a car accident on the eve of our wedding," Mom raised her voice, sounding hysterical.

He nodded, "you're right. And I would like to explain to you what happened that night," he looked at me with sympathetic eyes, while mine darted coldly at him, "if you allow me."

I did not reply, but just continued to give him a suspicious look.

"Of course. That's why we invited you here," it was Adonis who answered on my behalf. He suddenly stood behind me, clutching my arm, and almost dragging me back to my seat. "Relax," he whispered in my ear.

"This is not funny, Adonis. How could you surprise us with this?" I hissed at him, but he shushed me.

"Just think of your mom, okay?" he kissed my temple. "I know. You'll thank me for this later, my love."

My lips twisted and turned away from him.

"Let me introduce myself, sir," he continued, "I'm Adonis Stavrakos, Elena's partner, and this is our son, Sebastian," he touched Sebby's head, and Sebby who was sitting on a high chair, still eating cake, reached for him, wanting to be held in his arms. And Adonis did, as always, allowing Sebby's sticky hands on his shirt.

"Call me Gareth," the man smiled, "and may I call you Adonis?"

"Certainly!" Adonis smiled back, and they shook hands.

The man turned his attention to Sebby and touched his sticky hands. He cooed Sebby, who bubbled with laughter.

I prevented myself from rolling my eyes and settled back in my seat.

The man sat across from mom and me behind the dinner table, while Adonis was still playing with Sebby.

A waiter asked for his order, and he requested for coffee only. He had dinner on the plane already.

"Elena, you're so lovely," the man complimented me. "You inherited your beauty from your mom."

My lips pursed, and did not reply. Adonis was watching me like a hawk, so I tried to compose myself and not to throw an insult to the man.

"Except for her red hair. She got it from you."

"Of course," the man smiled happily, "and Sebastian's reddish-brown hair."

The topic shifted to Sebby. Mom manipulated the conversation by narrating Sebby's skills proudly, one by one, defeating the purpose of the man's purpose in seeing us.

"Tell us how you resurrected from the dead? Did you fall from heaven, or crawled six feet up from the ground?" I snapped at the man, making everyone in the room looked at me like the devil possessed me.

"Elena, please..." Mom pled.

The man cleared his throat, "it's okay, Celine," he turned to me, "neither, Elena. I did not die in the accident."

"Wow. Are you saying you're immortal? From what we know, you got totally burned from a car accident with three other men. How come you survive?"

"I know, it's unbelievable, but I did. And we were five."

"Oh, really?" I chuckled nastily, "or you're an impostor. Don't mess up with us, whatever your real name is. I'll make sure you rot in hell if you came here and pretended to be my father."

My statement took aback him. Probably shocked at my attitude.

"He's your father, Elena. There's no doubt about that. His freckles, his moles, I remember them by heart," Mom rescued him.

"People can fake that, Mom. Tattoos are so detailed nowadays."

The man smiled, "I see that you have the Pallis' temper in you, Elena."

"She has. Don't worry, she's not as ruthless as Papa." Mom agreed, talking like I was not there.

"Thank God for that," the man's smile widened.

"You can show Elena your raised birthmark at the back, Gareth. I told her about it, because she has it too. That will convince her it's really you."

Without hesitation, he stood up and removed his jacket. Then he lifted the back of his shirt. It was true then, a raised birthmark almost identical to mine at the back.

My heart sank. It made me convince he was actually my father, Gareth Danes. Despite that, I was not happy with him. If Adonis did not make a move in having him investigated, he would not show his face to us.

"You won't convince me easily," I answered.

"I understand what you feel. It had been too many years. But please, give me a chance to explain to you what happened."

I did not reply, and he started talking.

"I had no recollection of the car accident. I was so drunk that night. A few two days in a tent filled with costumes, I woke up. An older man who managed a traveling circus rescued me during the accident. Together with his performers, they got me out before the car exploded."

"You owe your life to them," Mom butted in.

"Yeah, I did. The accident happened in a remote place, and they took me with them to their next stop, where they performed. I had no identification. I did not have my wallet with me. They waited for me to wake up, to report to the police. But when it happened, I could remember nothing."

"Did you go to the police? Or to the hospital?" Mom was very curious.

"No. Aside from my memory lost, I was okay. Then, to earn my keep, I helped the performers, and became the clown. It was like that for six years, and then my memory came back, little by little." his face looked really sad, "I remembered you Celine, but then I had a partner and a daughter already. I had no face to show you and Elena anymore. But a lot of times, I wanted to look for you both."

"Oh really? Hard to believe," I smirked wickedly, "if not for the investigator that we hired, you would not contact us, ever."

"If I did that, would you believe me, Elena?" he replied.

"I might not, but at least you could have tried," I retaliated.

What kind of man who forgot his ex-fiancé and his daughter? He was thinking of himself only, not considering that someone got hurt by losing him. What a bastard! Grandpa surely saw what an asshole he was, the reason he was against him for mom.

"I lived in a remote place in England and worked as a farmer. Communication was hard, even commuting to the city."

"If you really wanted to, you could have found a way," I snapped at him.

He looked defeated and shrugged his shoulders.

"You're right. You are strong, but I am not. I'm a coward, Elena. I lack courage in facing people and difficulties in life."

"Even with your family? I'm sure they back you up."

"Ten years ago, they left me. My ex married a man who could provide her with things she wanted."

"Oh, that's so sad, Gareth," Mom reached out and touched his arm.

I rolled my eyes. It was upsetting to see mom looking so sympathetic to him.

How could she be so soft and forgiving? She welcomed him immediately, without questions.

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**lovelots,**

**Neilani Alejandrino (sweetdreamer33)**

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