

Chapter 179 Mr. Coleman, We Have Nothing To Do...

Elvira gazed fixedly at Rena, her eyes transfixed on her.

Rena adorned herself in a resplendent emerald gown, radiating undeniable beauty.

A storm of fury surged within Elvira, driving her to the brink of madness.

How could Rena look so stunning? Waylen had abandoned her, leaving her shattered. Yet, remarkably, she appeared to carry on with serene composure, even securing a place among Duefron's top ten exemplary youths this year.

Elvira vowed to never allow Rena a moment of joy.

In a hushed tone, Elvira uttered, "Word has reached me of your impending accolade. Today, I have graced this occasion to present you with a special gift."

Rena's secretary gracefully served them tea, adding an air of sophistication to the encounter.

Rena took a delicate sip of tea, her demeanor tranquil, as she remarked, "Miss Coleman, your thoughtfulness is truly remarkable. However, we cannot truly claim the bond of friendship, can we?"

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With utmost gentleness, Elvira retrieved a razor blade from her pocket.

Her countenance bearing a touch of derangement, Elvira proclaimed, "I shall offer you a token of my exuberance through a small act of bleeding."

Vera rolled her eyes dismissively, unable to resist the urge to jest, "If you yearn for death, it would be better to do so in solitude. Besides, Waylen is absent, and there is no rare Rh-negative blood to save you. Don't engage in such a futile venture."

Rena calmly regarded Elvira, her gaze unwavering.

Caught in a trance-like state, Elvira burst into laughter and said, "Waylen no longer wishes to see me. Hence, I have resorted to seeking solace with you, Miss Gordon. Should I slice my wrist and call the authorities, accusing you of

Chapter 179 Mr. Coleman, We Have Nothing To F  +120 Points at most
deliberate harm, what would Waylen think of you?"

"I care not for his perception of me. Your life belongs solely to you. If you do not cherish it, no one can help you," Rena asserted, knowing full well that Elvira could not bear the thought of dying.

How could such an immensely self-centered individual be willing to embrace death?

Elvira, at her core, remained a spoiled brat longing to reclaim the discarded sweetness of a candy, while Rena merely found herself ensnared in Elvira's emotional entanglement with Waylen.

Elvira smiled faintly and delicately incised her wrist.

While cutting her wrist, Elvira desperately reached out to Lyndon, her voice trembling, "Dad, Rena is causing me harm... Please come and rescue me. I'm losing a significant amount of blood..."

Following that, Elvira dialed 911, urgently requesting the police to apprehend Rena.

Elvira's intentions were clear. She was intent on tarnishing Rena's reputation.

Outstanding young person? A mere pipe dream!

Soon enough, Lyndon arrived, ascending the stairs accompanied by several police officers.

At the sight of Lyndon, Elvira flung herself into his

embrace, sobbing, "Dad, I was simply attempting to persuade Rena to reconcile with Waylen but she despised me. She then used a blade to cut my wrist and even cursed me and told me to go to hell!"

Lyndon held his daughter tenderly, his eyes betraying a complex mix of emotions.

He turned his gaze towards Rena and inquired, "Is what Elvira claims true?"

Rena locked eyes with the man, who questioned the validity of Elvira's allegations.

Deep down, he placed his trust in Elvira.

Huh...

Not long ago, he had coughed up blood before Rena's mother's tomb, looking utterly distressed.

A man's affection amounted to naught.

Rena averted her gaze, relieved that she had not acknowledged him.

Otherwise, she would have faced yet another moment of humiliation.

She then said emotionlessly, "If you wish to ascertain the truth, kindly present evidence."

Elvira whispered, her voice trembling, "The wound on my wrist is real... Miss Gordon, I have no motive to come here and falsely accuse you."

With a pitiful expression adorning her face, Elvira continued, "I wanted to spare you for Waylen's sake but, Rena, you have crossed a line. I know you have always harbored hatred towards me but I never expected you to desire my demise."

In a deep, authoritative tone, Lyndon interjected, "Rena, I will convince Elvira to forego legal proceedings, but you'll have to apologize to her!"


Vera could not contain her frustration and let out a curse under her breath.

"Sir, have you lost your sanity? If there is a mentally unstable person in your household, do not unleash her to harm others indiscriminately. Not only may you fail to inflict harm upon others, but you may also land yourself in jail."

Vera, aware of the connection between Lyndon and Rena, was consumed by worry for Rena's well-being.

Undeterred, Vera pressed on, her voice carrying a tinge of accusation, "Lyndon Coleman! You are nothing compared to Mr. Gordon!"

Rena was raised with utmost indulgence by Mr. Gordon, who shielded her from any sense of injustice. I recall my college days when, during rainfall, he would arrive with an umbrella to shelter Rena. Once, at the school gate, when rainwater pooled deeply, Mr. Gordon, despite being over

Chapter 179 Mr. Coleman, We Have Nothing To F  +120 Points at most
fifty years old, carried Rena on his back.

During those moments, envy pervaded Rena's classmates.
"

Vera yearned to express more, to delve deeper into her concerns.

However, Rena gently halted her, saying, "There's no need."
Rena directed her gaze towards the policemen, a serene smile gracing her lips. "I possess surveillance footage, complete with audio. Today, Miss Coleman intentionally cut her wrist and falsely accused me without cause. She either suffers from a mental ailment or is deliberately engaging in criminal behavior. Now, I will present the evidence and formally press charges against her for defamation and personal injury."

Upon Rena's concluding words, her secretary promptly unveiled the video.

The policemen watched the footage with unwavering attention...

Elvira's countenance underwent a dramatic change. "Rena, you are so conniving. You set me up."

"Silence!" Lyndon reprimanded Elvira sharply.

He felt his heart shatter. He had never anticipated such actions from Elvira.

He had never imagined that she would orchestrate such a

scheme against Rena.

He had always believed Elvira to be a well-behaved, kind girl, albeit a tad headstrong.

Lyndon turned his gaze towards Rena, his voice trembling as he uttered, "Let's have a conversation."

Elvira, born into a wealthy family, had grown accustomed to having her whims catered to.

In a tone devoid of emotion, Elvira remarked, "Dad, what is there to discuss with her? At best, you could give her some money, much like dismissing a beggar."

Upon uttering those words, a resounding slap struck her face.

It came from Lyndon.

It marked the first time Lyndon had ever laid a hand on Elvira. Trembling, he stammered, "Elvira, she is your sister! She is my daughter, not a beggar."

Elvira's complexion paled.

How could this be?

How could Lyndon be aware of Rena's true parentage?

Elvira had torn the letter into shreds.

A profound silence hung in the air. The presence of several policemen couldn't quell the tumult within their hearts. The renowned musician, Lyndon, had another child. But where did this child come from?

Rena interrupted him with icy detachment, "Mr. Coleman, you cannot speak recklessly."

She locked her gaze onto Lyndon's eyes and enunciated each word deliberately, "My name is Rena Gordon and my father is Darren Gordon. I am the offspring of Darren and Reina. I have no connection to you."

Lyndon's lips quivered.

He had never fathomed that Rena harbored such profound animosity towards him, to the extent that she refused to acknowledge him as her father.

With hands shaking uncontrollably, he extracted a document from his pocket. It bore the weight of a DNA identification report, with a line of text at the bottom, proclaiming, "Lyndon Coleman and Rena Gordon are confirmed as biological father and daughter."

Lyndon choked back sobs as he muttered, "In light of this evidence, can you still assert that we have nothing to do with each other?"

Gently, Rena accepted the DNA identification report into her grasp.

A slight chuckle escaped Rena's lips. "I finally comprehend why my mother chose to leave you. Mr. Coleman, while we may share a biological connection, that is where our association ends. In fact, I despise you as Elvira's father. You intervened on Elvira's behalf but have you ever

Chapter 179 Mr. Coleman, We Have Nothing To [🎁] +120 Points at most

considered the immense loss I have endured in my relationship with Waylen? Mr. Coleman, please refrain from troubling my mother at her resting place any further. She has my father, who loves her dearly, and that is enough."

Rena fixed her gaze upon Lyndon.

With deliberate slowness, she began tearing the DNA identification report into fragments, methodically ripping it apart until nothing remained.

She had always been under the care of Darren, with no presence of Lyndon in her life. And now she still didn't need him!

Lyndon's complexion turned pallid and he kept retreating. He stared at his own flesh and blood, finding it difficult to fathom her callousness. He had hoped that upon revealing the truth of her parentage, she and Elvira could reconcile, becoming loving sisters.

Alas, it had proven to be an extravagant wish.

Rena closed her eyes and spoke up softly. "Mr. Coleman, please take Miss Coleman away. I reserve my right to pursue legal action. Please prevent your daughter from causing harm to others again.

One more thing. My surname shall forever remain Gordon.

"

Rena's heart raced within her chest. She was not an unfeeling entity. She, too, experienced emotions.

Chapter 179 Mr. Coleman, We Have Nothing To [🎁] +120 Points at most

In just a span of two weeks, she had endured countless tribulations, burdening her soul immensely. Overwhelmed, she succumbed to unconsciousness...