

## Chapter 190 Your Old Flame Is Getting Married

A luxurious champagne-colored BMW glided into the tranquil neighborhood, catching everyone's attention.

Eloise, anticipating Rena's return, had prepared dinner in advance. A radiant smile crossed her face as she spotted Rena and Zack stepping out of the car together. "I'll whip up another dish, and it'll be ready soon," she happily exclaimed.

Rena presented Eloise with a box of pastries.

She knew they were Eloise's absolute favorite.

Eloise accepted the sweet gesture, her gaze lingering on Zack, who appeared quite dashing.

Obediently, Zack stood by Eloise's side, eager to lend a hand in the kitchen. But Eloise, cherishing his willingness, couldn't bear to let him do the work. With a gentle smile, she insisted he freshen up with a shower first.

Zack swiftly grabbed his belongings and disappeared into the small bedroom, showcasing his efficiency. Rena almost couldn't help but wonder if he was actually a long-lost son of Eloise due to their familiar bond.

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Soon, Eloise completed her culinary creations, and just as Zack emerged from the bathroom, his presence enhanced by his well-proportioned physique.

His long legs looked good no matter what he wore.

Taking his place beside Eloise, Zack displayed his thoughtfulness by serving food onto her plate, as if she were his own mother.

Rena felt Zack really annoying at times, but she couldn't deny the joy that radiated from Eloise at his presence. Seeing her beloved mother figure so content, Rena couldn't help but feel a glimmer of happiness herself.

Their delightful meal was interrupted by the sound of the doorbell resonating through the house.

"Allow me," Zack offered eagerly, taking the initiative to answer the door.

As Eloise caught a glimpse of his tall, imposing figure heading towards the entrance, she couldn't help but whisper to herself, "What a remarkable young man. So polite and enthusiastic."

Rena offered a gentle smile in response.

Opening the door, Zack discovered a middle-aged man accompanied by an elderly lady standing before him.

"Who are you looking for?"

Lyndon had arrived with his mother and wife. The sight of Zack momentarily stunned Lyndon.

Had he come to the wrong place?

It couldn't be!

Collecting himself, Lyndon inquired politely, "Is Rena home?"

Upon hearing Lyndon's voice, Rena's discomfort grew. Yet Eloise, with a tender touch, covered Rena's hand and reminded her, "He's a guest. Your father always taught you not to be rude."

Forced to put on a façade of civility, Rena summoned a strained smile.

Eloise graciously welcomed the Coleman family inside. However, even before Eloise could entertain them, Lyndon's mother, Ann, seemed on the verge of tears. She exclaimed in disbelief, "I can't believe that my dear granddaughter lives in such humble surroundings! Lyndon, you've failed as a father."

Lyndon remained silent, his embarrassment apparent.

Attempting to maintain composure, Rena lightly responded, "I'm doing just fine, Mr. Coleman. You needn't feel guilty."

Eloise poured tea for their guests.

Ann yearned to hold Rena's hand, only to have her gesture skillfully evaded.

Ann's sorrow became evident as she expressed, "Why won't you acknowledge your heritage? Your father possesses immense wealth. You could live a thousand times better. If you choose to return, your father will bestow everything upon you and Elvira in the future. We won't play favoritism."

Numbness overcame Rena.

All they desired was their own flesh and blood, while disregarding the pain Elvira had caused her. They didn't want to recognize her; they simply wanted her to reconcile with Elvira.

Rena remained composed, her gaze steady.

Observing Rena, Zack couldn't resist interjecting, a toothpick casually nestled between his lips, "Why the arrogance? How much money are we talking about here?"

Lyndon's wife, displeased by Zack's remark, scrutinized him and deduced that he might be an employee.

Sneering, she declared, "You could never amass the wealth we possess in your lifetime."

Zack nonchalantly discarded the toothpick, an evil grin forming on his face.

"Funny you should mention wealth. I happen to have hundreds of millions of dollars now. Would you like a taste?"



Lyndon's wife trembled with anger, her composure crumbling.

"Lyndon, look at the people around Rena. I've told you that she grew up in a complicated environment and it's not suitable for her to go back to the Coleman family. In comparison, Elvira is much simpler."

Lyndon, torn between his loyalty to his family and Rena, hesitated. "Rena, I don't think he's the right person to have around here."

A cold smile curved Rena's lips.

"Mr. Coleman, due to my injured foot, I'm unable to drive anymore. Would you have any objections to me hiring a driver?"

Besides, what kind of person I am actually has nothing to do with you people. You may leave now."

Standing firmly by Rena's side, Zack added, "Absolutely. Don't disturb our family meal."

Rena glanced at Zack, silently contemplating, "You're just a driver, not part of this family!"

Nevertheless, she couldn't deny his audacity. It was fitting to have him stand as Eloise's guardian, shielding them from any future disturbances caused by the Coleman family.

In that moment, Rena couldn't help but feel a burgeoning fondness for Zack.

Lyndon's face turned pale.

He realized that her inability to drive would hinder her dreams as a pianist.

Taking a step forward, Lyndon spoke sincerely, "Rena, come abroad with me. I'll find the best doctors to treat your foot. You possess my best traits. Once you are healed, you'll shine brighter than ever."

Rena responded with a chilling smile.

Zack sneered. "Ah, so you're searching for a successor."

Lyndon wanted to explain, but Zack swiftly ushered them out, asserting, "Leave this place. Eloise didn't cook for you. Three of you barging in at once for a free dinner? You're not that destitute, are you?"

Enraged, the Coleman family departed from Eloise's house, leaving behind a fuming Dahlia, who muttered through clenched teeth, "Where did that bastard come from?"

Lyndon's mind wandered, recalling Rena's gaze just moments ago.

Besides the strangeness and indifference, he detected no warmth in her eyes.

Dahlia understood his thoughts and gently touched his arm.

"We still have Elvira, Lyndon. Elvira is our real child. We didn't raise Rena, so it's only natural for her to feel distant."

Lyndon's heart softened at the thought of Elvira.

His second biggest wish was for Elvira to find her perfect match after the divorce. If that were to happen, their family could finally be complete.

As the Coleman family vanished into the distance, Rena remained silent.

Eloise, taking the lead, expressed, "We won't let them in again."

Eloise felt a pang of sorrow for Rena. While she had always believed that Rena would fare better with a biological father who genuinely loved her, Eloise was not blind to the Coleman family's lack of affection towards Rena. They obviously cared more for Elvira.

Rena reassured Eloise, patting her hand gently. "Mom, I'm fine."

Zack joined them at the dinner table, settling down.

With tenderness in his voice, he served food to Eloise and said, "Mrs. Gordon, don't be upset. I'll be by your side from now on. I promise to bring happiness into your life and make you shine every day."

Eloise erupted in laughter, embracing the joy that surrounded her once again.

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Rena, filled with worry, decided to stay for one more night.

Zack's presence had brought immense happiness to Eloise.

Rena, content with the situation, woke up early the next morning, prepared for work, and headed downstairs. There, she found Zack lazily greeting her next to the champagne-colored BMW. "Good morning, Miss Gordon," he drawled. Rena cleared her throat and replied, "You can stay with my mom."

Zack countered, "But Mrs. Gordon asked me to stay with you all day long, Miss Gordon. Whose instructions should I follow?"

Rena hesitated for a moment, torn between the two.

She then got in the car and said softly, "Go to the music studio on Garbon Road."

Zack made a gesture and stepped on the gas, showcasing his skill as a race car driver.

The car zoomed ahead at a rapid pace. It covered the distance that should have taken half an hour in just fifteen minutes.

They parked the car under the office building, and Zack promptly got out, opening the door for Rena.

He complained, "Can you sit next to me in the future? Sitting in the back seat makes you seem old. Only old people sit in the back."

Rena glanced at Zack and replied, "I'm your boss."

She entered the elevator, turning back to add, "I won't need



the car this morning. You can go back and accompany my mother, buy groceries, and chat with her."

Zack leaned against the elevator frame and smirked mischievously. "I see through your plan. You want to monopolize me. You want me to bond with your mom first, and then you can have me all to yourself. Miss Gordon, it would be better if you express your love for me sooner. We could have a better relationship."

Rena stepped into the elevator, not swayed by his remarks.

"Go to the psychiatry department and get yourself checked."

Zack grumbled under his breath, realizing he had been outsmarted.

Nevertheless, he obediently went to the hospital to obtain the necessary paperwork. "Look, I'm perfectly normal. By the way, I also visited the andrology department. I'm full of energy. Want to take a look?"

Rena ignored his comment, her attention drawn to the invitation card in front of her.

It was an invitation to Robert's wedding.

It was scheduled on Saturday night.

She hadn't expected to receive an invitation, considering her past conflict with Winnie. Just as she was feeling perplexed, Robert called and explained that it was Roscoe's idea to invite her.

Roscoe wanted to take Vera to the wedding banquet.

Rena's presence would be greatly appreciated, providing Vera with moral support.

After hanging up the phone, Rena sighed and touched her forehead. She felt somewhat helpless but knew it would be inappropriate to refuse.

Zack, tapping on the desk with discontent, asked, "Your old flame is getting married?"

Rena didn't feel inclined to discuss the matter with Zack and replied coldly, "There's a piano we need to move to headquarters. Go and help with it."

Zack gritted his teeth and retorted, "Miss Gordon, you certainly know how to use people. You've exhausted all my strength... Fine, I'll attend your old flame's wedding with you, eat and drink for free. You owe me."

Meanwhile, at Sterling Law Firm, a prominent figure paid a visit.

Brandon from Heron was known as the wealthiest man in the south.

Seated in Waylen's office, Brandon commended him, saying, "Waylen, you've done an excellent job here."

Waylen humbly replied, "Not as good as you, Mr. Carson."

After exchanging a few modest remarks, Brandon revealed his purpose. "Waylen, let's get straight to the point. I'm

here in Duefron for two reasons. First, to attend the Figueroa family's wedding banquet, and second, to search for my rebellious son. Zack ran away from home without a word, leaving only a note mentioning making his name in Duefron. I'm worried about him."

Zack's face came to Waylen's mind, and he smiled.

"It's good for young people to face hardships. Don't worry, Mr. Carson."

Brandon sighed, expressing his concerns about his son's waywardness. "That's true, but I'm always afraid that he will go astray... Waylen, you are familiar with Duefron. Can you do me a favor to look for Zack?"

Waylen still smiled. "Of course."

Brandon was furious at his son's incompetence despite missing him dearly. "I don't know where Zack is now. I fear he might end up on the streets... Anyways, let's meet at Robert's wedding on Saturday."

Waylen saw Brandon out politely.

Waylen politely escorted Brandon out, and soon Jazlyn entered the office. She asked, "Mr. Fowler, would you like me to investigate young Mr. Carson's current whereabouts? He often uses electronic devices, so I believe we can locate him within half a day."

Waylen took a sip of his coffee, smiling faintly.

"Mr. Carson has pampered his son too much. If you ask me,

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boys need to face challenges on their own."

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