

Chapter 70 Lyndon Coleman

After what seemed like an eternity, Vera couldn't contain her surprise any longer and blurted out, "I never imagined Mr. Fowler had such a wild side!"

Rena, being more reserved, blushed and swiftly snatched her phone back.

She was reluctant to divulge any details no matter how much Vera prodded.

The previous night had been an intimate encounter for Rena and Waylen, but it hadn't escalated to the point of sexual intimacy.

Rena's shyness prevented her from revealing this, and Vera saw an opportunity to playfully tease her friend.

However, their banter was abruptly interrupted when a news report flashed on the LCD screen in the coffee shop.

It announced the return of Lyndon Coleman, the renowned pianist, from his overseas journey and his upcoming concert tour in several major cities across the country.

The news footage showed a throng of reporters eagerly awaiting Lyndon's arrival, emphasizing his immense popularity.

"Lyndon is a true superstar!" Vera exclaimed with a mixture of awe and excitement. "Getting tickets to his concert is nearly impossible, and countless people are vying for a chance to attend! Who would've guessed that just twenty-five years ago, he struggled to make ends meet and couldn't even afford rent?"

As a piano major, Rena was well acquainted with Lyndon's artistry and held him in the highest regard.

Her teacher had even noted a resemblance in their playing styles.

Her heart swelled with delight.

Lyndon seemed like an unattainable dream.

The mention of his name and his return to the spotlight reignited her passion for the piano.

She yearned to sit before the keys once again, creating melodies that would touch people's souls.

Waylen's suggestion of studying abroad after their current endeavors seemed more appealing now.

Lost in her thoughts, Rena appeared absent-minded to Vera, who leaned closer and asked, "What's on your mind?"

A serene smile graced Rena's lips as she replied, "Oh, it's nothing."

Vera's attention returned to the screen, and suddenly she noticed something intriguing. She nudged Rena playfully and

remarked, "Have you noticed that Lyndon is ambidextrous, just like you? It's so rare!"

Curiosity piqued, Rena examined the footage closely.

Sure enough, Lyndon's hands effortlessly danced across the piano keys with equal dexterity and grace.

An unconstrained smile formed on her face as she mused, "Perhaps our shared passion for the piano plays a role."

Vera nudged her again, dismissing the significance. "Come on, Rena! It's just a coincidence. Playing the piano has nothing to do with it."

Rena nodded, but her gaze remained fixated on the elegant figure of Lyndon gracing the screen.

Vera couldn't resist one last teasing remark, "If I didn't know any better, Rena, I'd think you've fallen in love with Lyndon, forgetting all about Mr. Fowler."

Rena's patience waned, but Vera changed the subject, urging her to focus on the upcoming school reunion and outshine Aline.

Her friend put her palms together and exclaimed, "You should think about what to wear to the school reunion! You can't be defeated by Aline."

Rena had no interest in competing with someone like Aline, but she couldn't let Waylen down as he would be attending with her.

Determined, she bought a pair of exquisite high-heeled shoes and pampered herself with a professional hairstyling session.

After the intense make over, a satisfied smile appeared on her lips as she observe the beautiful reflection on the mirror.

After she got home, she dialed Waylen's number, eagerly anticipating his response.

"Will you be back tonight?"

After what felt like an eternity, Waylen answered, his voice carrying a hint of amusement. "Do you already miss the comfort from last night, my dear Rena?"

Flustered, she blushed and remained silent.

On the second-floor terrace of the Fowler residence, Waylen stood, gently swaying the flowing white curtains with his slender fingers. In a low voice, he spoke, "An old friend of my father's has returned from Braseovell and he will be arriving here soon. It seems I won't be able to join you tonight."

What a curious coincidence!

Lyndon, too, had returned from Braseovell on the very same day.

Rena's voice softened as she replied, "Treat him well, then."

Waylen nodded. Just as he was about to say something more, a melodious voice called out from behind, "Waylen!"

Startled, he turned around.

Standing there was an elegant middle-aged man, exuding sophistication and charm.


Waylen bid Rena a hasty farewell, his voice barely audible as he ended the call.

A warm smile lit up his face as he greeted the man. "Mr. Coleman, it's been a long time."

This man was Lyndon. He and Waylen's father had been close friends for years, admiring each other's talents and character.

While it appeared that Lyndon had returned for his concert tour, his true motive was far more profound—he had actually come back in secret search of his long-lost daughter.



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