

## Chapter 173 He Saw Reina's Gravestone

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In the early morning, Waylen returned to his apartment, feeling a heaviness in his heart.

As he drove home, he noticed a white BMW parked on the road, surrounded by a crowd of onlookers eager to capture the scene on their cameras.

But Waylen's attention was drawn to the license plate number, and his heart skipped a beat.

It was Rena's car.

Quickly parking his own vehicle, Waylen crossed the road in a rush.

The white BMW sat abandoned.

Its hood was raised, enduring the rain that had fallen throughout the night.

The door to the driver's seat was open, and he discovered a lady's wallet soaked by the rain, lying on the seat.

Murmurs from the gathering crowd filled the air.

"Whose car is it? Why would someone leave their car on the side of the road like this?"

"Maybe the owner couldn't bear it and decided to end their life?"

"The car looks wrecked, and the person is likely dead. How tragic!"

Waylen stood upright, momentarily forgetting to breathe. He mechanically took out his phone, trying to make a call, only to find it turned off.

Acting on instinct, he reached for Rena's wallet and closed the car door. A voice from the crowd cried out, "How can you take someone else's belongings?"

Tension filled Waylen's voice as he responded, "It's my girlfriend's car."

The onlookers regarded him with disdain, assuming he was merely a heartless opportunist.

Waylen quickly returned to his car, charging his phone and dialing Rena's number as soon as it turned on.

The phone rang for what felt like an eternity before she finally answered.

Exhaustion laced Rena's voice as she said, "Waylen, let's discuss our matters later."

And with those words, she ended the call.

Waylen furrowed his brow, realizing she was probably still upset with him.

Determined to make amends, he decided to first return

home, take a shower, and then go to her apartment later in the evening to celebrate their late Valentine's Day and make it a perfect evening.

Rena was a wonderful woman, and he didn't want to lose her.

He dialed Jazlyn's number and asked her to arrange a trailer to get Rena's car.

When he arrived at his apartment, she was nowhere to be found.

The bedroom appeared slightly disheveled, a small suitcase opened as if someone had started packing but hadn't finished.

Waylen observed the scene silently before taking a shower and lying down.

It was then that Cecilia called him.

Feeling drained, Waylen answered with a touch of irritation, "What's up, Cecilia?"

Cecilia's voice carried a sob as she cried, "Waylen, do you know that Rena's father passed away?"

Waylen's eyes, previously closed in exhaustion, slowly opened wide.

His emotions started fading away, leaving only darkness in his gaze.

Finally, he understood why Rena hadn't taken the suitcase

with her, why her car had been left in the middle of the street, and why she hadn't had the energy to argue with him over the phone.

Her father had passed away.

How much had she endured the previous night?

Pale and shaken, Waylen had an inkling that his relationship with Rena was really reaching its end this time.

Without wasting another moment, he rushed to the hospital where the Gordon family and their relatives had gathered.

They were mourning the loss of Darren.

Seated in a wheelchair, Rena wore black attire with a white flower pinned to her chest.

Her face appeared smaller, her features sharper, and her weight loss was noticeable.

When Waylen approached, Rena cast only a fleeting glance his way, devoid of any particular emotion.

No love, no hatred. Nothing.

However, Tyrone couldn't restrain himself, grabbing Waylen's collar as he hissed fiercely, "How dare you show up here? Where were you when Rena needed help? Don't pretend to care."

Tyrone's voice dropped to a low, grinding growl.

"I warned you that if you didn't cherish her, I would make

sure she was cherished."

Waylen forcefully pushed Tyrone away, who seemed ready to engage in a physical altercation.

Tyrone's eyes reddened as he recalled Rena's distress the previous night.

A girl like Rena deserved to be treated well, and Waylen was nothing but a scoundrel in Tyrone's eyes, who hurt her over and over.

Rena intervened, stopping Tyrone's anger from escalating. Waylen longed to embrace Rena in that moment, seeking solace in her presence.

However, she declined his advances.

Speaking to Waylen with polite detachment, she said, "Thanks to you, Mr. Fowler, my father could win the lawsuit and clear his name. Now that he's gone and you're willing to pay his respects, I am grateful."

Waylen stood there, stunned.

They had been on the verge of getting married not long ago, and Rena had called him "honey" in their moments of intimacy.

But now, she addressed him as Mr. Fowler again, creating a painful distance between them.

These words felt particularly harsh to him.

However, Waylen had no choice but to swallow his own

sentiments.

He couldn't bring himself to leave, and Rena didn't drive him away.

She only treated him as a guest of the Gordon family. Amidst the busy activity surrounding preparations and mourning, Tyrone and some of the Gordon family's relatives attended to the tasks at hand.

Rena, on the other hand, remained seated in her wheelchair, a silent observer.

The following morning, they gathered at Darren's grave, Rena clutching a picture of her late father.

Eloise wept inconsolably.

Rena held her tightly, their bond growing stronger as they leaned on each other for support.

The graveyard exuded an air of solemnity.

Everyone connected to Darren came to pay their respects.

Hyatt arrived with Danna;

Harold came, and even Korbyn and Juliette showed up with Cecilia.

It was evident that the Fowler family still harbored hopes for Rena to become their daughter-in-law.

Though Eloise was grieving, she had discussed the situation with Rena upon seeing the Fowlers.

Rena said flatly, "They came to see my father off, so just

let them be."

Eloise didn't know exactly what had happened, but it was clear that Rena and Waylen could not be together anymore. Thus, Eloise treated the Fowler family as mere guests, their presence no longer significant.

As they scattered Darren's ashes, the sky loomed dark and somber.

Darren's remains found their resting place next to those of his first wife, Reina. A space was left beside them, symbolizing Eloise's future resting place.

Eloise sobbed, her voice breaking. "Reina, Darren, rest in peace."

Eloise vowed to care for Rena with all her might in the future.

Reina held Eloise in a tight embrace, finding solace in their connection.

In that moment, a slender figure hurriedly approached from a distance.

The man possessed an elegance and grace that set him apart.

It was none other than Lyndon.

Aware of Elvira's actions and Rena's separation from Waylen, Lyndon had come to pay his respects at Darren's grave, seeking redemption for the sins of the Coleman

family.

Rena didn't stop him and simply acknowledged, "Thank you for coming."

Lyndon intended to place flowers on the lid of the coffin, but his eyes widened as he noticed something.

It was a picture of his first love, Reina, on the gravestone, accompanied by a line of text.

"In loving memory of my beloved wife, Reina."

Lyndon's blood ran cold, and disbelief washed over him.

He called out to Reina repeatedly, his voice filled with anguish.

"Reina, Reina... How can this be?"

Ignoring the presence of so many acquaintances, Lyndon rushed to Reina's tombstone, disregarding any sense of dignity. With trembling fingers, he gently touched the picture.

It was his Reina.

She had become someone else's wife, married to Darren.

Lyndon turned his gaze to Rena, realizing that she was the same age as his long lost daughter.

Upon closer inspection, he saw a resemblance, a reflection of himself in Rena's youthful features. Rena could very well be his biological daughter with Reina.

Yet, he had caused Rena immense suffering.



He had even hoped for Elvira to be with Waylen after his breakup with Rena.

The weight of this revelation crushed Lyndon, and he spat out a mouthful of blood onto Reina's tombstone.