Chapter 13

"You must be nuts if you think you can beat all those people, Severin. Don't go and get yourself killed!" Quinn, who was walking beside him, was taken aback by what happened to him. There was no longer any doubt that Severin was a foolhardy individual, otherwise he would not have been sentenced to prison at all.

"Severin, you came too?! What a surprise!" A guy in a suit came over at that moment and exclaimed with a smile.

Severin merely glanced indifferently at the other party. "Fat Pat? You're here too?"

"Isn't that obvious? We're all college classmates, so of course we're going to attend Lucy's wedding!" Patrick Reece, whom everyone called Fat Pat, said with a sarcastic look on his face. He then added, "By the way, when you and I were going after Lucy, she looked down on me and got together with you. I remember how smug you were at that time. Look at you now. Can you even see what you've become? You dress like some hobo!"

Upon seeing Severin's silence, Patrick continued to rub salt in his wound. "Guess being handsome doesn't really do much for you now, and your good grades back then are all pretty much useless! Bwahaha! It takes money to survive in this world! Look at me, I've made my way into Easton's company and became a manager there! I even have a young, beautiful wife at home. What do you have?"

Severin's face turned gloomy. "Don't try and provoke me, Fat Pat. I won't even look twice if someone like Lucy was handed to me on a silver platter. I even refused it when one of the war heroes offered their granddaughter to me!" "Pffttt! Hahahahah!" Patrick immediately burst into laughter when he heard that. "That's super hilarious! Did you learn nothing but bragging during your five years in prison? I can't believe you made the claim

that a war hero's granddaughter wants to marry you. You must have lost a couple of screws after Lucy abandoned you!"

"Forget it, Fat Pat. Keep your words to yourself. We were all classmates once, so you should know that Severin even bought a matrimonial home for Lucy. He can't be too happy to know that Lucy's getting married today, so why do you have to provoke him?" Quinn could not stand it any longer and impulsively spoke on behalf of Severin.

"Tch, is that so hard for him to take?" Patrick ignored Quinn's dissuasion and turned around to say loudly, "Everyone, you must be curious, who is this strangely dressed young man is, right? Well, he's Lucy's former fiance, and he was just released from prison! Can you imagine someone like him wanting to marry Lucy?"

His remark elicited a wave of discussion, and the onlookers all began to point at Severin.

"I was just wondering why he's dressed so inappropriately! Turns out, that's him!"

"It is him! I heard that he smashed a beer bottle over Mister Easton's head all those years ago. I didn't think he'd be released from prison so quickly!"

"Why would someone like him be here? Is he trying to toady up to the Loughs? I think he might be. My guess is that he finally realized he was wrong, so he went to the wedding to try and get on the Loughs' good books."

Patrick turned around and grinned wide in satisfaction as he watched Severin become a laughingstock.

"Do you enjoy watching everyone treat me like a fool?" Severin's expression soured and he looked at Patrick with a cold gaze.

"You bet I do!" Patrick shrugged his shoulders. "What's wrong? You look like you're going to throw a tantrum. You wanna hit me? Go ahead! Haha, I don't think you'd dare to do that even if someone else were to lend you're their courage. Where's your bravery from all those years ago? Don't you have any left?"

The next second, however, Severin sent Patrick flying through the air with a kick. The fat man crashed into a table and crushed it to pieces!

"Holy crap!"

"Did he just..."

Everyone around were completely stunned.

"We're done for!" Quinn's heart sank. Severin came together with her and Timothy, and the last thing she wanted was for Easton to be unhappy and blame the two of them.

"Argh!" Patrick was in a lot of pain, and it took him some effort to get up. "How dare you kick me? This is Easton's wedding, you dipsh*t! Are you trying to cause trouble here?"

"F*cking hell! Why are you guys just standing there? Beat him to a pulp!" Easton and Lucy were welcoming guests not too far away, and as soon as Easton saw what happened, the veins on his head bulged out as he exploded into a rage. He wanted Severin to attend the wedding so he could humiliate Severin, and it never crossed his mind that Severin would really throw hands.

"You're dead meat, kid!" The dozen or so thugs who were carrying steel pipes were always around Easton, and they immediately surrounded Severin after receiving Easton's order. "Hmph!" Severin snorted coldly, and delivered several lightning-fast kicks to kick away the steel pipes.

Severin stomped his feet all of a sudden, and the powerful wave of air that rushed out had sent them tumbling backward and falling on the ground.

"What's going on?!" Everyone around them were startled.

"A bunch of trash!" Easton gritted his teeth angrily when he saw how ineffectual his people were.

Trevor Lough, who was sitting in the corner, was immediately enraged by what he saw. As a fighter, he knew that Severin's skills were different from that of the thugs.

He stood up slowly and stared straight at Severin with a sharp gaze. "You b*stard. How dare you mess up my son's wedding? Are you trying to get yourself killed?"

"You're going too far, Severin. My son-in-law was kind enough to invite you over and let you enjoy the food in a high-end hotel, and in return, you ruined the wedding! You really have gotten tired of living, haven't you! I'm so glad my daughter didn't choose to wait for you!" Helga also took a step forward and pointed angrily at Severin while berating him.

Severin shot her a cold look and said, "You think I won't hit women? We still have a score to settle, you know!"

"You…"

As angry as Helga was, she eventually took a few steps back because she was so frightened by Severin's stare. After all, she would probably end up half-dead if he punched her.

Easton's dozen or so men were no match for Severin, and it was clear that Severin had exceptional fighting ability.

"Look at the kind of person he is. From the start, I never approved of you being friends with him, but you were still stubborn. Do you see it now? Thank goodness you didn't choose to wait for him! People like him will never repent!" Lucy's father, Landon Orwell, was just as angry as everyone else there.

Trevor immediately called the head bodyguard at home. After hanging up, he smiled coldly and said to Severin, "Just you wait, boy. I can tell you for sure that you won't be able to leave the Richemont Hotel today!"

"You sure? I'll wait, then! Although, I only came to this hotel because someone invited me to lunch today. I wasn't here to attend some b*tch's wedding. You folks forced me to attend because you wanted to humiliate me, so I think I ought to give you a taste of your own medicine!"

Severin sighed then grabbed a chair and sat down. He crossed his legs and then said to Lucy, "Sigh. Since it's all come to this, I think it's about time we settle some scores! I don't blame you for not marrying me, Lucy, but I gave your family a dowry worth forty thousand. Don't you think it should be returned to me?"

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