

Chapter 4

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Leon's face contorted, his mouth set in a hard line. I pointed up at the walls surrounding the hotel entrance, lined with photos of me and Charles in our wedding attire.

"Leon, why don't you look around? The entire hotel is covered with my wedding pictures—with my husband. Are you truly that blind, or are you just pretending?"

As my words sank in, Leon lifted his head, his eyes sweeping over the pictures. The realization hit him hard; his gaze grew bloodshot, and his mouth twitched violently.

Charles slipped his arm around my waist and whispered, "Let's go. The ceremony is about to start."

But before we could leave, Leon blocked our way, grabbing a welcome sign and hurling it to the ground.

I frowned, wondering what kind of craziness he was up to this time.

"Anna, you planned this whole show to hurt me, didn't you? You gathered these people just to make me suffer!" Leon's voice grew louder, drawing attention from everyone around us. "All these photos, the extravagant setup—you've never been this flashy. Aren't you going overboard?"

His bloodshot eyes settled on Charles' arm wrapped around my waist. He looked ready to lash out, but then his expression shifted as he pointed toward the hotel where he'd gone earlier.

"My parents and relatives are inside, waiting for you," he said, voice strained. "Today was supposed to be our wedding."

I glanced at the other hotel, noticing a modestly-sized photo of Leon and me hanging at the entrance. He'd actually planned a secret

wedding. How laughable.

Before I could respond, Charles suddenly punched Leon square in the face. "You show up at my wedding to steal my bride? You're asking for it!"

Leon fell back, hitting the ground as Charles pinned him down, fists flying. Chaos erupted as guests rushed to pull them apart, some restraining Leon while others shielded Charles from further harm.

I grabbed Charles' arm, urging him back. "Charles, calm down! He's just here to ruin our wedding. Don't give him what he wants!"

Hearing those words, Charles delivered two more punches to Leon before stopping.

Leon, nursing his wounded face, looked at me and asked, "Anna, why don't you help me instead of him?"

"Do you love him and not me? Are you really going to marry him?"

"Anna, have you finished playing yet?! Today is our wedding day!"

Faced with Leon's desperate roar, I calmly brushed the dust off Charles's knee and replied, "Leon, do you think I'm still playing your runaway bride game?"

"Or do you think I fell in love with another man because you vanished for just a month?!"

"Anna, don't talk nonsense. How could you let go of me? I know how much you love me."

Facing Leon's aggrieved and unwilling eyes, I was so annoyed that I laughed. "Leon, you don't deserve my love."

What Leon would never understand is that I started to hold back my feelings from the first, second, and third times he ran away from our wedding. If I hadn't, the bitter taste of all these betrayals would have engulfed me.

During those instances with the runaway groom, I forced myself to forget about him and strived to toughen my heart.

Holding Charles's hand again, I intertwined our fingers and said, "Let's

go, Charles. We don't want to miss the right time."

As my dress brushed past Leon, it was a pity that his head was pushed down to the floor, denying him the right to look at me.

A small hiccup did not affect the wedding's progress; it even overwhelmed Charles during the vows, causing him to shed tears as he swore never to let me down.


As for Leon...

Someone had already called the police, so he was being shoved into a wailing police car as I gave my declaration. By now, he was likely having dinner behind bars.

After seeing off all the guests, I was so exhausted that I slumped into a chair, but the noise from outside forced me to gather my strength again.

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