



The loud bang startled the amorous couple on the bed. The man hurriedly covered himself with a blanket, while the woman turned pale with fright and pulled another blanket to cover herself.

“Who are you? Some beggar from the streets?” Easton froze when he saw Severin in tattered clothes.

“You said you’d wait ten years for me, but it’s only been five years and you’re already...” Severin clenched his fists so tightly that there was a crackling sound from his joints. The blood that surged up to his brain due to anger made his forehead veins throb, and he looked exceedingly ferocious right then.

“Severin?!” Lucy exclaimed in disbelief after getting a good look at him. “You’re back? How?!”

Severin felt his heart convulse violently as a faint self-mocking grin appeared on his lips. “You ended up with this b\*stard, now? Of all the people you could have chosen to be with, did it have to be him?”

Easton’s confidence returned a bit more after seeing that the intruder was Severin. While putting on his clothes and pants, he said, “You got a problem with that? Are you saying that I’m not good enough for her? I’ve got money and power, so isn’t it obvious that I’m better than some loser in hobo’s clothes?”

Severin ignored Easton completely. Instead, his bloodshot eyes were staring firmly at Lucy. “Hahaha, isn’t it funny? I came back to you as soon as I’ve reached ‘that level’ because my plan was to give my whole world to you. I

wanted to make you the happiest woman in the world, but here you are, sleeping with the man who forced himself on you all those years ago!" Severin then paused for a moment and continued, "I wouldn't blame you if you decided not to wait for me, but did you really have to be with someone like him?"

Severin's telling-off led Lucy to put on a nightgown and stand up. She then remarked proudly to him, "You're the funny one here, Severin. Did I hear you right when you said that you were going to give your whole world to me? What do you have to offer when you're dirt poor? You can never reach the standards of rich young men like Easton. He can buy me bags that cost several thousand on a whim. Can you do that?"

After ending her rant, Lucy sat on the head of the bed and crossed her legs. She took a cigarette, lit it, and smoked it as she continued, "I'll spend my entire life having to suffer if I get married to a loser like you. With Easton, I can enjoy a whole lifetime's worth of riches and glory. So, the choice is pretty clear, even to an idiot."

"Hahaha, did you hear that? Even idiots wouldn't choose you!" Easton went up to Severin with a smug expression and said, "Hehe, let me give it to you straight. She and I hooked up barely half a year into your imprisonment. It still surprises me that your girlfriend of three years in college chose to get together with me! Tsk, tsk!"

Severin slapped Easton with the back of his hand, resulting in some bleeding at the corner of Easton's lips in addition to two fallen teeth.

"Are you nuts, Severin? Do you wanna go to back to prison?"

Lucy was startled by what happened and rushed over in a hurry. She turned to Easton and asked, "Are you alright, Easton?"

Her reaction left Severin with overwhelming sense of disgust. It hardly crossed his mind that the person he wanted to give his world to was actually nothing more than a gold digger.

He gritted his teeth, pointed to the door, and said, "Get out! Both of you!"

Lucy stood up, and retorted with a snicker, "Fat chance, Severin. You're the one who should be getting out of here! This house belongs to Easton now. Did you think you could just go to prison without paying any compensation for the injuries you caused when you injured him? Then again, if you like the house so much and you have money, I can always sell it back to you. I won't be staying here for long anyway.

"I'll move into Easton's villa after we get married!" After a pause, Lucy looked at Severin with disdain and added, "But judging from how shabby-looking you are, I don't think you'll be able to afford it even if I slash the price by half."

Severin clenched his fists and said coldly, "No thanks. I couldn't bear to live in such a disgusting place."

"How dare you..." Lucy, in her anger, clenched her fist and raised it as she took a step forward. It looked as though she wanted to hit Severin.

However, she stepped back in fear after Severin shot her a glance. He was an impulsive person who did things without considering the consequences, and she did not dare to bet her life on it. After all, she was the one who would stand to lose if Severin had killed her in anger.

"Where are my parents?" Severin asked coldly.

"Your parents? They're living in the dilapidated old house at the city outskirts! I heard that there's a leak in the roof whenever it rains!" Lucy mocked. She then said contemptuously, "By the way, Easton and I will be holding our wedding banquet at the Richemont Hotel. You don't need to bring any gifts since you don't seem capable of affording it anyway, but you're free to attend the

banquet with your parents. That way, the three of you will get the chance to eat some good food. If I hadn't invited you guys over, you and your parents will probably only be able to afford meat twice a month, or three times a month if you're lucky!"

Severin looked indifferently at Lucy one final time. "You'll regret this," he said, before leaving without looking back at her.

Severin made his way to parents' home and soon arrived outside the door. As he looked at the dilapidated old house, there was an aching twinge deep inside his heart. He initially thought that Lucy would wait for him even if he went to prison, and he believed that his parents would not have to get by too terribly. After all, he had already bought a house for Lucy and himself to stay after marriage, and Lucy's family might also be able to help his parents out.

However, if Lucy had turned into such a vile person in barely half a year of his incarceration, he wondered how his parents' lives were in the years that he was gone.

"Mom, Dad...I've been a terrible son. I'm sorry to make you both live like this." Severin clenched his fists tightly as he looked at the dilapidated old wooden door in front of him. He could not just let everything slide just like that.

At that moment, he saw a woman parking her electric bicycle just outside the gate. She was wearing a helmet, and appeared to be a food delivery person. After the woman entered the yard, she placed something near the door and knocked the door several times before running out quickly and speeding off on her electric bicycle.

Severin frowned and watched from afar as the woman left. Her shoulder-length hair fluttered rather beautifully in the wind.

The door finally creaked open, and a silver-haired woman with an abundance of wrinkles on her face walked out. After glancing around in all directions, she picked up what seemed to be an envelope from the ground.

Severin walked into the yard in disbelief as he looked at the woman in front of him. His eyes turned red instantly, and his nose began to tingle as he called out in a trembling voice. “Mom...”

Upon hearing that familiar voice, the woman stepped forward and stretched out her trembling hands to caress Severin’s cheek. “Severin, is that you? I...I’m not dreaming, am I? Is it really you, Severin? You’ve...returned?”

Men seldom cry unless they were facing a moment of true grief, and so the same could be said of Severin. His mother had so many wrinkles on her face that it looked as though she had aged 20 years in five years, and seeing that that led Severin to burst into tears. He knelt down at once and said, “Yes, Mom. It’s me. I’m sorry for everything. I’m sorry that Dad and you had to suffer these five years!”

“I’m so glad that you’re back. You have the chance to start a new life in the future, get a job, and start everything afresh.”

His mother—whose name was Judith Feuillet—helped him up and hugged him tightly, for she was afraid that it was all but a dream.

“Don’t worry, Mom. Now that I’ve been released ahead of schedule, no one will dare to push you and Dad around anymore!” Severin wiped away his tears and tried his best to put a smile on his face.

At that moment, a man with a scar on his face kicked open the rickety gate and brought in a few thugs with him as shouted, “Did you prepare the money yet, you old hag? Don’t blame us for going rough on you if you’ve prepared less than seven hundred this time!”

As soon as Severin heard that, he clenched his fists tightly as a cold light flickered in his eyes. He had given his mother's enough burdens, and it seemed that she had been roughed about a lot too. Severin would have none of that now that he had returned.

Update of Life After Prison by Silencieux

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