

A Lifetime Love chapter 10

Chapter 10

Fleeing the marriage was not a spontaneous decision on Denver's part. In his eyes, the Salisburys were better off than the Houltts, so he had acted imprudently but intentionally. However, Lucien was an unforeseen addition to the chaos, and Denver was pleased with the way things had turned out. To Denver, it felt like Lucien had picked up something he had thrown away, and that brought Denver immense gratification. Duncan knew what was going on in his brother's head. He decided to save his breath and bring Denver back as per orders. That night, Denver was punished with a good lashing. Jacob was furious. He did not hold back as he swung the leather whip on his son's back. In the end, Penelope had to beg Jacob to stop, her heart bleeding for her son. "You absolute disgrace! I should beat you to death!" Jacob yelled between pants, the leather whip still firmly in his grasp. Denver bore the pain in silence. Gritting his teeth in aggrieve, he spat, "Well then, go ahead! Murk me so you won't have to see me anymore." Denver had spent a few of his childhood years with his aunt in Lightspring. While there, he had picked up some of the slang, which only infuriated Jacob further. "Can't you just stay quiet? Are you trying to provoke your father?" Penelope was mad at him as well. She punched Denver on his shoulder, albeit lightly. Penelope had a soft spot for Denver, and her heart ached to see him in pain.

"Mom, you can't blame me for acting this way. You arranged a marriage for me and threw a banquet with thousands of guests without my consent. I don't even know what Seraphina looks like! It's not the olden times anymore. You and Dad always make all the decisions for me, especially Dad! It's like he's still living in the past century, controlling every detail of my life. Stop treating me like a child! I have a mind of my own, and I will date whoever I please. I don't need you to interfere with my love life. Who's the one getting married, anyway? You or me?" Denver had no filter, and it had always been that way. He never bothered to speak with tact or mellow his tone, instead choosing to spurt out whatever thought crossed his mind. If his words were like bullets, then that mouth of his was a Gatling gun. Jacob was on the brink of exploding after hearing Denver's words. He lifted the whip to serve another round of flogging when a bout of dizziness hit him, causing him to crumple onto the couch behind him. "Dad!" Duncan rushed forward to help his father. "Honey, are you all right?" Penelope chimed in anxiously. "Look at him—he won't even let him speak my mind! Anything I say gives him high blood pressure. I have no rights in this family," Denver muttered. "Shut up, Denver! Dad is not doing well now. You could have vetoed the marriage before the day. Why did you have to take this route? Now that you've gone and complicated things, the Hoult family and we have to live with the humiliation. You are at fault, and you should apologize to Dad. How dare you continue to aggravate him?" Duncan reprimanded his brother. Hanging his head, Denver chose to hold his tongue. Since he had received his punishment, he would not need to marry Seraphina anymore. To him, it was a fair trade. Meanwhile, the Rivieres were seated in the living room of their mansion. A heavy silence cloaked the family. They lifted their gaze when they heard Seraphina come down the stairs. She was dressed in a red coral dress that flattered her figure. The dress had a classic silhouette reminiscent of the seventies, with a modern twist to better fit its current wearer. Pearl studs adorned Seraphina's earlobes, its simplistic design complementing the gown. Her hair was arranged in a sophisticated updo, though it looked rather peculiar to her youthful face. The truth was, Seraphina was only twenty-two this year. It was indeed a bit early for her to get married. With everyone's eyes on her, Seraphina descended the stairs, one graceful step at a time. Approaching the older Rivieres, she bowed slightly. "Mr. Riviere, Mrs. Riviere," she greeted. "I think it's about time you addressed them differently," Lucien teased, his eyes shining with joy. A beautiful blush crept up Seraphina's cheeks as she lowered her head shyly.
