

A Lifetime Love chapter 4

Chapter 4

His question silenced Seraphina. Was the Riviere family short of money? The answer was no. Even if the Rivieres did nothing for the rest of their lives, the money they had would still be enough to last them several lifetimes. Furthermore, the Riviere family was currently at its prime moment. They were a family that the three other prestigious families looked up to. Rumor had it was that the bracelet around Constance's wrist was something worth tens of millions. That was why Lucien was completely uninterested in the extravagant gift that Seraphina was talking about. At that moment, Seraphina began regretting striking up a deal with that man. *All I needed was to endure the embarrassment; why did I try to salvage the situation? It seems like this man isn't going to be easily dismissed.* "Ms. Seraphina, why aren't you speaking?" asked the man who had rendered Seraphina speechless. He was truly someone cunning. Nevertheless, Seraphina remained calm as she queried, "Mr. Riviere, what gift would you like then?" "Will you give me anything I want?" Lucien could feel that things were getting more and more interesting. "I cannot say that, but I would be willing to try to fulfill your wishes if it is something within my means," Seraphina replied straightforwardly, not wanting to waste more of her breath on him. "I think that... what I'm lacking right now is... a wife." The moment those words left his lips, Seraphina stiffened. Alarm bells began ringing in her head, warning her that something ominous was about to unfold. Unsurprisingly, Lucien added, "I'm twenty-seven this year, but there has never been any news of my girlfriend. The public used to speculate about my sexuality, and that has affected my reputation a little. Therefore, I need a wife to protect my reputation and dismiss those rumors. Furthermore, I'm sure you know that the daughter-in-law of the Riviere family must not be someone of ordinary standing. Ms. Seraphina, you come from the Hoult family, and our families are friendly with each other. Hence, I'm thinking about how we should just go along with the situation—by staying married to each other. Is that fine by you, Ms. Seraphina?" What irked Seraphina was the last sentence of his—he was clearly mimicking her. She knew he was doing it on purpose, but she could not do anything about it, for she owed him a favor. Letting out a sigh, Seraphina answered, "My sincerest thanks to your good impression of me, but I do not possess such good luck nor capability to become the daughter-in-law of the Riviere family, so let us just forget about it." "If I say you have the capability, then you do," the man insisted. "Mr. Riviere, you are an excellent young man. Do you not have a long line of women waiting to become your wife? The Hoult family is not the only distinguished family in the city that has daughters. Why do you have to put me in a difficult spot?" The young woman had even emphasized the last sentence. It was apparent that she did not agree with Lucien's request. However, not only did Lucien not get angry, but he even burst out laughing. "Ms. Seraphina, are you planning to burn your bridges?" "I wouldn't dare." "You said I'm putting you in a difficult position, but did you consider my feelings when you were putting me in a tight spot at the wedding earlier?" Lucien raised a brow. Hearing him, Seraphina was at a loss for words again. *Fine. That was my mistake. I really shouldn't have pointed at a random man. There were so many people in the front row. Why did I have to point at the most difficult person?* Seraphina knew the kind of status Lucien had. However, she was never as ambitious as the others, nor was she interested in buttering someone important up. That would be inviting troubles into her life. Even so, it seemed like she was unable to get rid of him now. Taking a deep breath, Seraphina shut her eyes. "So, Lucien, what do you want?" The mention of his name revealed her true nature. She was not a brittle-heart socialite; she was more like a stray cat who knew how to keep her claws hidden.