

True Love Isn't Practical

Catherine walked in the door and I told her to come and take a seat in the kitchen, me and her mother needed to speak with her.

“Catherine you need to decide on your future, you're not gonna be this young forever and you need to marry someone, someone like James”, I spoke with a tone of authority.

Unbeknownst to Catherine the decision was already, I had given my blessing to James, Catherine's mother was already preparing wedding plans. Catherine could try fighting it but we were determined they would be together, she needed to marry someone with sophistication and elegance.

“Father you can't force me to marry anyone”, Catherine's voice was calm.
“We are just trying to help you make a good decision” I replied as nicely as possible
“I don't need help!” Catherine's voice was rising “I will marry whoever I damn well please”

I was shocked at her outburst and faltered for a second “Your mother and I have already spoken to James and he is delighted to marry you”.

Catherine stood up and her chair skidded across the floor, I stayed calmly in my seat not understanding why this was so upsetting to her, James was smart, rich and a very nice man. We are giving her all she ever wanted.

“I have already decided who I wish to marry”, Catherine's word were carefully chosen as she spoke.

“Who is it?”, I asked not believing her.

“Whoever it is, is not your concern”, she shot back not admitting defeat.

I was sicking of playing games, she would marry James like we wanted.

“Catherine you will marry James whether you want to or not”, my tone was icy.

“I don't love James!”

“True love isn't practical Catherine, what is practical is James is a good man who has a job that can support a family”, before I was finished speaking Catherine had left the house and the last thing I heard was the front door being slammed.