

Delivery of Fate by Danny Blanchard

Chapter 1

It was in the early evening, but it seemed later than it should have. The stormy weather gave an eerie vibe that loomed overhead. A lone wanderer is seen quickly walking towards a sizeable two-story estate door as the lightning flashes illuminating the person trying to avoid the rain. Being his last delivery for the day, he's been ready for his shift to end so he can take a hot shower to take away the weather's chill.

The small awning above the door gave little relief from the drenching rain from the storm. It finally opened from knocking on the door for a minute and sounding the doorbell multiple times. A rather displeased man is standing there and questions him.

"This is the Weston estate. State your business." He bellowed, looking at the gentleman in front of him being rained upon.

"I'm here to deliver this envelope. It's assigned to Mr. George Weston and must be hand-delivered and signed for." The delivery man said quickly, holding a large brown envelope while getting drenched by the rain.

"All deliveries are to be handed to me to be delivered; just hand it over." He didn't smile or was courteous in the least and began to grab for the large brown envelope in the delivery guy's hands.

"Sorry, no can do, it has to be delivered by my service, and he has to sign for it." The young man replied, feeling annoyed. He had just explained that it had to be hand-delivered, and the person in front of him wanted to snatch it from his grasp.

"Wait right here as I go inquire with the master."

"Are you kidding me? It's raining cats and dogs out here, and this thing isn't giving enough shelter. Could you please let me in before I'm drowned?" asked the delivery man pointing at the small awning and getting even more annoyed at the butler leaving a person in this condition.

"Very well, if you must, please come in, stay by the door, and do not wander off." Replied the butler as he moved aside and allowed him into the two-story foyer while closing the door.

"Man, any longer, and I would have drowned. Wow, what a place. It's grand to see." The delivery man looked around the foyer as he walked into the home.

"Someone who hasn't seen the world, I gather. Please wait here, and I'll go inquire with the master."

The butler then turned and started to leave the foyer.

“Right here?” asked the delivery guy taking two steps more into the home and then replying, “Or right here?” He then took two more steps into the room.

“Humph, there’s always a comedian.”

The delivery guy smiled as he waited for his return, shaking the rain off of himself and trying to dry his wet hair with his hands as best as possible. He looked at the foyer more, and he could see the exquisite quality of the room with a rounding staircase leading to the second floor.

His eyes went up and locked upon a gorgeous woman coming down from the second floor. She gracefully came down like a goddess. Her golden hair shining with the light, piercing blue eyes and beautiful features couldn’t compare to some glamor models you would see on tv or in magazines. She wore a long red evening gown that came down towards her feet and hugged her every curve. The delivery man was awed as she approached him; he had never seen such a more beautiful woman in his life that made him utterly speechless.

“Who are you? What are you doing here? Don’t you know where you are?” she asked continuously as she approached the young man as she was getting off of the stairs.

The delivery guy could only look at her beauty as she continued to question him.

“What, the cat got your tongue? Can’t you speak?” She was annoyed at the person in front of her for not answering her questions.

“Right, sorry, my name is Blake Elon, from Elon Delivery Services. I’m here to deliver this envelope to Mr. George Weston, and I’m waiting for him to receive it.” He finally answered.

Blake was of average height with delicate features, giving you the impression of a meek and timid person, black hair, brown eyes that seemed slightly saddened, with a healthy build. Some would say he was pretty handsome but never caught this woman’s eye, and being only a delivery guy in status, he was beneath her.

“Grandfather would never come to you. Why are you here dripping all this water onto the floor? Don’t you have any sense of surroundings?” She said with annoyance.

Before he could answer her, the butler came back. Seeing the two together, he hurried over.

“Little Miss, what are you doing here? They’re all waiting for you in the dining area.”

"I saw this person loitering in the foyer. Why else would I be here? Sigh, seeing everyone is waiting, I'll go first." She replied as she turned onto her heels and left them, ignoring the young man altogether. Commoners to her were only trash in her eyes and served only one purpose: to serve her and her family.

"Wow, what a firecracker." Said Blake looking at the woman when she left the room.

"Sir, please restrain yourself. She's the lord's first granddaughter Miss. Claire Dalton. If you would please follow me, I will escort you to the master. You are not to speak until spoken to." The butler then turned and headed in the direction of the woman.

The two walked into a large dining area, overhearing an ongoing conversation. He could tell that a personal conversation was taking place.

"Grandfather, Steve Andersons is willing to propose marriage tomorrow, and I want your blessing so I can accept." Said Claire Dalton, who just criticized Blake in the foyer.

Their seating at the table corresponded to their family status.

The head of the family is an elderly gentleman in his late sixties sitting at the head of the table.

A blond woman is to his right in her thirties, and Claire is next to her and has an empty chair next to Claire, awaiting another person.

On his left was a gentleman. Next to him is a woman and a young man sitting next to her were listening with interest.

Who hadn't heard of the prestigious young man Steve Anderson? His family business was the leading real estate company in Swanville. This would bring great rewards if Claire could marry into the Anderson family.

"Steve Anderson? He's the heir to the Anderson family estate. A first-class family, am I not mistaken?" asked the elderly man at the head of the table. He looked like he was in his seventies and had an heir of superiority on him. He was George Weston, the head of the family.

"Yes, father. We could also become a prestigious family with his family's resources." Replied the blond woman sitting next to Claire. She was her mother, Julie Weston, and she looked like her daughter with a fair complexion, slim body, and a flare of arrogance.

"Where is he now?" asked George Weston. "Why isn't he here to ask me himself?"

"Grandfather, he has been detained with work. His father has kept him in the company so he can take it over." Claire Dalton replied very proudly of her future husband.

"Let me think upon this, where is Johnson? Wasn't there a delivery for me?"

"Sir, the young gentleman is here with the delivery." Said Johnson bowing and offering the still wet young man to him.

"Sir, if you would kindly sign for this," Blake said, handing him the large brown envelope and his tablet.

"Right, right, let's see the contents first." Said George Weston taking the large envelope.

When he opened the envelope and took the contents out, his expression had changed to confusion and concern. Placing the contents back into the envelope and placing it down, he looked closer at the young man beside him.

"Son, what's your name?"

"Blake Elon, Sir."

"Are you related to the Elon Family in Capital City?" George asked, squinting his eyes to see through the young man beside him.

A few snickers came from the family. Who didn't know the famous Elon family from the capital? How could a meek delivery guy be from that family?

"Sir, I come from a distant side of the main family. I'm originally from the country." Blake hurriedly lied.

'What's up with this old man? Does he know that I'm a direct descendant from the family?' Thought Blake to himself as he eyed the older man in front of him.

"You look quite healthy and with a steady job, I see." George Weston continued.

"Yes, sir, it's not bad, the pay is a little low, but it's all I need for right now," Blake explained while holding onto his signature pad.

'It is all I need right now, staying low-key. I don't know who put my information on the dark web, but I've returned from the military with many enemies.' Thought Blake, still standing beside George Weston.

"Sir, if you don't mind, I still have other business. If you could please sign here, our transaction will be complete." Said Blake handing him the signature pad.

"Julie, when is Mr. Anderson supposed to propose to my dear Claire?" George asked, ignoring Blake.

The woman next to Claire and him who spoke earlier said, "Father, he's scheduled to come over tomorrow evening to confess to my dear daughter."

"I will deny this transaction. Claire, you are not to pursue this engagement." George declared, looking at the mother-daughter duo.