

# Delivery of Fate by Danny Blanchard

## Chapter 10

"Don't you talk to my daughter like that? You should be grateful that she can tolerate the slop you feed us daily." Julie had said from the couch, watching her program.

"I'll go washup," Blake replied as he headed to the bathroom to shower off the day's work.

"Humph, the nerve of him, how could he talk to you like that? I will give him a piece of my mind when he gets out."

"Mom, don't bother. Once trash, always trash. Just let it go, and I'm not in the mood right now."

Blake finished cleaning up and headed into his and Claire's room for the night. He had to sleep on the floor for almost two years while she slept on the bed with a knife under her pillow. He could hear his wife tell her mother that she would wash up and head to bed. A half-hour later, he listened to his wife open the door, get into bed, check for her security, and finally fall asleep.

The following day, Blake starts his routine like clockwork and chores and makes breakfast for the two women. When it's finished, he lays out their meals. A few minutes later, the two women arrive and start breakfast. As Blake was finishing up his meal, his mother-in-law gave him a demand.

"Blake, you are to pick up Tabitha from the train station this afternoon. She should arrive around two or three, spending the week with us before her finals."

"Mom, I have to work. Couldn't you go and pick her up?" Blake asked as he still needed to work to accommodate the living expenses.

"What is it for you to get off early to go and pick up your sister-in-law? Besides, I can't, I have an appointment this afternoon that can't be missed, and I can't ask Claire. She's too busy with her work at the office." Julie explained that she wanted to have her hair done that afternoon.

'What's the difference between my work and hers? Just because she receives more money than I do?' thought Blake answering his mother-in-law with a simple nod of acceptance.

Blake left the two women, got into his car, and drove to work. When arriving there, he walked over to Sara and greeted her kindly.

“Morning, Sara. How goes your day so far?”

“Hello, Blake, I have the morning route for you already.”

That was about how their mornings were, he would kindly greet her, and she would give him his route for the morning. Pretty cut and dry as far as their work relations went.

“Oh, I will need a leave of absence for this afternoon; my sister-in-law will be arriving, and I’m the only one to pick her up.”

“You will have to approve it by Mr. Wilson, but he’s busy right now with a new delivery person.”

Sara said, not looking at him as she continued her computer work.

“Male or female?”

“You’ll see in 5,4,3,2,1.”

Just as she stopped counting, the office door was slung open, and a messy girl quickly walked out of the office, with Mr. Wilson tidying himself up red in the face.

“See, if you get anywhere in this business with that attitude.”

“He’s free now. You may see him.” Replied Sara, still never looking away from her work.

‘How does she do that?’ thought Blake to himself.

Upon closing the office door, Blake approached Mr. Wilson and greeted him.

“Morning, Sir, I wonder if I could bother you for a second?”

“Hu, oh, it’s you, Blake. Please come in.”

“Thank you, Sir. I wondered if I could have a leave of absence for this afternoon. You see....”

Before Blake could finish his sentence, he was cut off by Mr. Wilson.

“Leave of absence denied. We are swamped here and need everyone to do their duty for the company and the customers. What would I say to all those customers waiting for their packages when I let anyone off for the afternoon? That’s our busiest time, getting them delivered before the workday is complete.”

“But Sir, if you would let me explain, it’s for the Weston family that I have to leave. You see....”

"The Westons? Well, why didn't you say so in the first place, look? Why don't you take the rest of the day off." He was ecstatic since Blake married the Westons, which helped him establish a more secure delivery route, boosting sales.

"No, Sir, that won't be necessary. Just the afternoon would be fine."

"Fine, fine then, you hurry on, and I'll have Sara send you with half pay for today then. Sar..."

"Here you are, Blake's half wages for the day."

Sara had walked into the room without anyone noticing and handed Blake his wages. Blake left work with his deliveries for the morning. It didn't take him long, and noon had already arrived before he knew. Having a few hours for himself, he decided to have lunch at his favorite restaurant. It wasn't a high-class place, but the food was excellent, with a pleasing atmosphere. Finishing his meal, he headed towards the train station.

Henry staggered into his office, fell into his chair, and put his head down on his desk. There was a knock at the door, and the person behind the door was greeted with hostility.

"Yea, yea, what do you want?"

The door opens and in walks his father, Quinton, looking at his son at his desk with disdain.

"Morning, Son. It looks like you had a rough night, and playing around will not do you any good."

"Dad, what do you want this early? It was to get that internet star to switch to our entertainment company."

"Well, did you get her to sign onto our label?"

"No, not yet. She's pretty hard to convince. She wants a contract worth five million a year, and she claims Global already has her for four million with a free agent. I don't know how to go forward with this one."

"Well, are you sure she will bring the revenue into the company?"

"She's hot right now in the video circuit. A lot of men out there idolize her, and marketing should be easy."

"Agree, but don't make it seem like we're desperate to sign her to the platform. Just let her sweat it out a little. Have you been up to Claire's office lately and checked on their progress on the proposal?"

“Dad, I just arrived, I have a splitting headache, and my head is not in the game as of right now,” Henry answered back, laying his head down upon the desk.