

# Delivery of Fate by Danny Blanchard

## Chapter 12

Tabitha got into his car with all smiles looking upon her new brother. The drive was not long, and their conversation surmised her life at the college and how she lived in the dorm without any breaks during the pandemic, almost like they were in prison. No one could leave or enter the campus; it was in total lockdown.

When they arrived, Tabitha quickly got out of the car, ran to the door, and let herself in while Blake lagged, carrying her bags. Entering the home, Blake saw Tabitha hugging her mother and kissing her face like a child would do when they hadn't been home for a while.

"Girl, will you calm yourself down. You're behaving like a little girl. Who would guess that you are twenty this year."

"Oh, mom, I just missed you so much. That school kept us cooped up for practically all year, and I couldn't come to visit you or my sister. I even missed my brother and sister's wedding. How unfair is that."

"What are you gapping about? What brother are you talking about? This piece of trash isn't your brother. When your sister gets her divorce from him in a year, I will introduce you to your real brother-in-law."

"What you are spouting about, mom, Blake is not trash. He's a veteran and served in the military, so how could he be trash like you say." Tabitha became adamant in front of her mother, putting her arms crossed her chest.

"Now you look here, young lady, I don't know what lies he's told you, but he hasn't served in no military. He's not a veteran. He's only a delivery guy, working for a salary of about a thousand a week."

"It's not a lie. I know, he...."

Blake took the time to interrupt their argument to change the subject.

"Mom, where will I be putting Tabitha's luggage?"

"Why, in Claire's room, they will be sleeping together until we find a better solution, and don't think you will be sleeping in there with them, you, you, pervert."

Taken aback by what his mother-in-law had called him, he shook his head and brought her bags into his and Claire's room. Laying the bags down, his phone began to ring with an unknown number. Picking it up, he answered it outright.

"Hello? Who's calling?"

"Mr. Elon? Blake Elon?"

"Yes, Who's this? How did you get my number?"

"Sir! I'm calling on behalf of the joint chiefs of the pentagon. To inform you that the Mid Easter Alliance has been eradicated. All information leaked onto the dark web has been terminated, and all threats have been nullified."

"What? Have all been eradicated? Nullified?"

"Yes, Sir, you are no longer in danger, and we would like for you to rejoin the Core to resume your position as Chief General War God."

"I'm sorry, but I will have to refuse. I'm no longer the Chief General War God, and I have a wife now and many responsibilities."

Blake sat down on the bed and explained.

"Sir, if you would please reconsider, your training is invaluable to the military. Your men were the top of the elite soldiers, and no one could come close to your training skills and technique."

"Let me think about it. I've been away for a long time, and being the Chief General would take a lot of my time. Maybe we could go over a replacement for the time being."

"Sir, when could you arrange for a meeting?"

"How about sometime next week, just you never gave me your name."

"Sorry, I was too excited about finally talking to the legend of war. I'm General Beker, leader of the Flying Brigade."

"Okay, General, I can reach you at this number, correct?"

"Yes, Chief General, I will be awaiting your call."

"Okay, I'll give you a call later next week. Bye."

Blake hung up his phone and lay on the bed with his hands over his face. It was too much to think about. The burden that had plagued him this entire time had been

eliminated. He could go home and see his grandfather. He missed him dearly, and it's been years since he had seen him. Blake then decided it was time to see his family tomorrow, but unknown to him, his conversation was not private.

"I knew you were a veteran, and from the sound of it, not an ordinary soldier either. Chief General War God, I never heard of that rank in the military. What branch did you serve?"

Tabitha had been standing in the doorway with her hands on her hips, listening to Blake's conversation with awe and respect.

"So, you heard. You know it isn't polite to listen in on a private conversation. I'll have to kill you and your entire family to keep this top secret." Blake replied, ignoring her question.

Tabitha became wide-eyed with fear looking at her brother-in-law.

"Don't look at me like that. I was only joking. Like I would do something like that. Remember, I fought for your freedom."

She loosened her fear and looked at him with an angry face this time. She was scared that he would have done that to her and her family.

"Look, I'm sorry, it was a feeble joke. If you would like, I can make it up to you. What do you say?"

"Okay, well, let me tag along on your meeting? I find the military life fascinating."

"I don't know. The General may not like that. We may indeed discuss very secretive materials."

"If it comes to that... I will leave the room. No problem."

Tabitha became very adamant about going to his meeting, so, in the end, he agreed to let her come. They both walked out of the room, and, looking at the time, Blake went straight into the kitchen and started preparing dinner. Tabitha wanted to help with the dishes, but Blake was strict with her, so she went to her mother and gave her company in the living room.

When the meals were almost done, his wife came home, took off her shoes, and flopped onto the couch like she always did with her head back, eyes closed. Blake rushed to her side and handed her red wine. Without a word, he returned to the kitchen.

"He must love you to be there for you with a glass of wine at the end of the day."

Tabitha was sitting next to her sister. Claire hadn't noticed her and was startled when she heard her sister's voice.

"Tabby, when did you arrive?" Claire put her drink down and hugged her sister.

"I've been here. You must be really into your world not to have noticed me sitting here."

"Don't be ridiculous, and to answer your question, no, there is no love between us. He does it, so he doesn't get scolded by me."

"I don't know. It looked like brother enjoyed handing it to you," Tabitha said, feeling a little jealous of her sister.