

# Delivery of Fate by Danny Blanchard

## Chapter 13

“What do you know? You’re just a kid. When will you grow up? This marriage is a farce. There is no love whatsoever, and there will never be.” Claire had flared up and explained.

Listening to her sister’s explanation, it sounded like she never gave him a chance and was too stubborn to see his good qualities. Tabitha felt sorry for Blake for enduring the hardship her mother and sister had put him through.

“Well, if you don’t want him, I guess I will have to take him. I see a lot of potential in Blake, and I believe he will prove both of you wrong and do great things in the future.”

Both mother and sister looked at each other and laughed, not only for what she had said but also for being a naive child.

“Oh, Tabby, what nonsense. I don’t believe that man can ever amount to anything other than being a deliveryman and work the rest of his life doing just that, once trash always trash,” Claire stated.

“I agree. He will always be trash.” Stated her mother to Tabitha.

Just then, the door to the kitchen had been opened, and Blake came out with their meals on a tray.

“Please, dinner is served. Come and get it while it’s hot.”

They all joined at the table and started eating. Tabitha took one mouth full and was overwhelmed by the dish’s flavors that Blake had cooked. For her, it was better than a five-star restaurant.

“Wow, brother, your cooking is amazing. I never had meals this flavorful. Why aren’t you a chef?”

Both sisters and mother looked in his direction and waited for his response. His wife and mother-in-law felt in their heart that they, too, have never eaten meals as exquisite as his, but they would never admit it to him or anyone else.

“A chef, you praise me too much. I know a few culinary dishes, and I would never be able to compete with an actual chef.”

"If I could come home to meals like this every day, I wouldn't bother going out to eat. I would stay home and enjoy. Sister, you are fortunate to have him." Tabitha had spoken without slowing down while eating.

"Who's lucky, humph? Just a dog who knows a few tricks is all."

Blake ignored his wife's insult, for he had gotten used to it and remembered back when he was in the Elon family when he was young, he would sneak into the kitchen and watch the head chef prepare the meals. One day he was caught by him, and after begging for a week, the head chef allowed him to learn all of the chef's secrets on preparing foods. By the time Blake left the family, he had surpassed his master chef. Thinking of this, he realized it was time to go back and greet his grandfather and visit his parent's graves. So, he decided to let them know he would leave for the weekend.

"Mom, Claire, I won't be home this weekend, and I will be leaving after dinner is finished and taking care of the chores."

"What? Where are you going? Who will take care of the house while you are gone?"

Julie asked her questions looking at Blake and then at Claire.

"I haven't seen my grandfather for a while, and it's been years since I visited my parents' grave. I will be going into the country."

Blake had explained to them. The Elon corporations originated in the Capital, but the family home and burial plot resided in the countryside. His grandfather wanted peace and tranquility from everyday business and moved his estate to the country.

"Humph, how do we know this is the truth? For all we know, you'll meet up with some whore you have on the side. Just remember, if you bring shame to my daughter, you can forget the money and divorce my daughter and get out of my house."

Blake didn't respond to her, not caring if they believed him or not. All he wanted to do was let them know he would not be home for the remainder of the time.

"Humph, whatever, do what you like. Mother and I can take care of the house while you're gone, and it's not like we're incapable of doing what you can."

"Sister, you will not accompany him to visit his grandfather or the grave of your mother and father-in-law?"

"Why should I? This marriage is a farse, I'm not obligated whatsoever, and I'm also part of the company heads. I have to meet with grandfather this weekend also."

'If I couldn't leave to see Steve, why should I go with Blake and visit his family.'

Tabitha stayed quiet for a time and then asked Blake.

“Brother, can I come with you?”

Tabitha saw that her sister was not going with her brother-in-law to represent herself to his family and thought it would shame them as he was married into their family, especially to his deceased parents.

Both sister and mother were shocked by Tabitha’s request. They would never guess that Tabitha would have wanted to travel with her brother-in-law.

“I don’t think it would be wise. I will be traveling to get there later, and you just got back. Don’t you want to stay with your sister and mother?” Blake didn’t think it would be appropriate to bring his sister-in-law to meet his family.

“I also forbid it. Young lady, I don’t know what they taught you at that school, but you have rebelled since you got back. Besides, we three need to see your grandfather tomorrow, and you haven’t yet greeted him.”

“Forbid? Rebel? Mom, this is the twentieth-first century. When is having an opinion and an open mind considered rebelling? Grandfather doesn’t know I’m back, so I’ll see him after the weekend. I’m already packed, and someone from this family has to represent us. What would happen if no one showed up on our behalf? How would that look upon this family? I’m just thinking of your face, being that the both of you have to meet with grandfather and neither of you can go with him.”

“So, what, his family is just country folk, what difference does it make? This country bumkin doesn’t have the prestige as our family, and what if he’s not telling the truth? He may take advantage of you. No, I will not allow it.”

“Mom, brother is not like that, he’s a veteran, and I believe in him. They have a code of honor and morals that can’t be broken.”

“Veteran, and who pray tell told you that? Him? I won’t believe it. He’s lying to you to get close and deceive you.”

“Are you a veteran? Why don’t I know of it?” Claire asked, looking at the man across the table from her.

She had always admired a military man, even dreamed of marrying one with all the ceremony of the sword formation they would walk under that was bestowed upon them.