

Delivery of Fate by Danny Blanchard

Chapter 3

"You still want benefits?" Asked George Weston, getting aggravated over the whole ordeal; what was the matter with today's youth? I would have jumped at the chance to marry into a wealthy family.

"I'm selling my freedom of three years in an arranged marriage that we both don't want; of course, there has to be an incentive."

"How about this, If you two don't continue the marriage after the allotted time, you can walk away with a million dollars." Said George Weston.

"A million is too low, three million, and it's a done deal." Blake is reputed, and how could there be such a low number for the time he had to stay with this woman?

"Agreed. What do you say on your end, my dear?" Asked George Weston, looking upon Claire with hope.

"Okay, but during this time, he cannot touch me. I will continue to be pure for my future husband. If he defiles me, this contract will be breached, and he will have to pay me fifteen million dollars back as compensation." Replied Claire looking at Blake with a bit of a smirk.

"Fifteen million. Where could I get that amount of money?" Asked Blake back to her. It wouldn't have been a problem if he had been back in his family, but he was only a delivery man.

"Not my problem, but that is my condition for this marriage. What do you say?" Asked Claire, still looking at Blake.

"Fine, I see no way out of this, so let's do this." Said Blake looking beaten.

"Good, Johnson, have the lawyers arrange the contract for these two and have the marriage licenses ready by tomorrow morning." Said George Weston.

"Sir, then if you, please sign for your delivery, I will be on my way." Said Blake handing his pad back to George.

"Hu, what? Oh yes, the delivery, okay, here you go." Said George Weston as he finally signed the pad.

"If there is nothing else, I'll be taking my leave." Said Blake giving a slight bow.

"No need. You will be joining us for dinner tonight and will be given the guest room," George replied, looking back at Blake.

"Sir, I..." Started Blake but was interrupted by George.

"Grandfather." Replied George.

"What, oh, grandfather, I need to take care of some business, maybe at a later time." Said Blake looking at George with a desperate look.

"It's good to be busy, okay I will not delay you anymore, but be back tomorrow by seven to sign the contract and marriage license and grandson-in-law if you decide to escape, remember I can find you no matter where you run."

"Si... grandfather, I'm a man of my word. I shall return tomorrow morning as planned." Blake, slightly bowing and heading towards the door to leave the dining room.

George looked at the back of his new grandson-in-law and smiled. No one knew that he had met with this young man earlier in his life and recalled that he was a direct descendant of the Elon family. Then George looked at his granddaughter and daughter and frowned, both in an upset mood.

"You two, are you still not satisfied?" asked George. "It's outrageous that you would put a chastity clause and a penalty for him; how am I to get a great-grandson?"

"Father, how else are we to preserve her for her future husband, and what difference does it make? If they fall in love, the clause will be nullified, and they will live with each other giving you great-grandchildren after three years." Replied Julie Weston.

"Claire, you will have to find Steve tonight and have sex with him and try to conceive a child for him. Only that way can we not lose face, and you will be his wife before this all starts." Whispered Julie to her daughter.

"Yes, mom. After dinner, I will contact him, let him know what has taken place, and let him take responsibility for me." Claire whispered back.

Sensing both daughter and granddaughter, George spoke again, seeing they did not accept what had transpired. "Seeing that you put a clause into the contract, I shall also put something. Claire, you will return to your room, your phone will be confiscated, and the family doctor will be called to ensure that you are indeed chaste. Then every month after, for the duration of the three years, you shall undergo an examination to prove your purity. If you lose your virginity during this three-year contract and it's proven not Blake's child, you will divorce Blake, and both mother and daughters shall be banished from the family. All family accounts shall be stripped from them, leaving them desolate.

Hearing this, both of them seemed to be deflated. Their scheme had been seen, and they no longer had any hope.

Blake had just left the manor and got into his car. It wasn't the best, but it did get him where he had to go. Sitting there for a while, he finally let out a deep sigh.

'What the hell? I'm getting married; to boot, it's a contract marriage. Well, all marriages are under contract if you think about it. To honor and cherish, in sickness and health, aren't all these binding contracts between two people?' Thought Blake as he started his little-used Chevy car and guided it back into the city. 'I'll just stop by the office and drop off my tablet.'

Blake then drove his car to Elon Delivery Services. He parked in front and walked in, thinking. 'I came here to lay low; it's the only business under the family's radar. Been here only for a few months and have already seen a lot of problems in the company. First, it all stems from my boss; he's embezzling from the company. Second, he's causing problems by taking advantage of the women who come to work here. The ones who stay have to satisfy him, and those who leave are those who decline him. The only one he doesn't mess with is Sara, the clerk, I haven't found her secret, but he is very respectful towards her. Oh well, it's none of my business for the moment.'

Blake walks over to Sara; she's a year younger than Blake, wearing business attire; she's of small height, with red hair, fair complexion, and wears glasses hiding her green eyes. She has a temperament of all business and no fun, but she's kind to him, so he greets her kindly.

"Hey Sara, I have that last delivery report to turn in. Can I get my daily pay?" asked Blake with all smiles.

"Hey Blake, sorry, but you must see Mr. Wilson. What took you so long?" Said Sara, not even looking up.

"Well, I had to wait for the client's signature and was delayed." Said Blake handing in his pad to her.

"Blake, get your ass in here!" Bellowed a middle-aged man with a receding hairline and bloated belly that the buttons could hardly cover.

"Yes, Mr. Wilson, heading there now. See you, Sara." Said Blake starting to walk towards the door that read office.

Just then, you see Sara finally look up, admiring the back of the young man who just left, smiling and shaking her head.

'Well, Mr. Elon, you still don't recognize me? Maybe it's for the best; I wonder if your family knows you are back in the States. I'll keep this to myself; for now. It seems he doesn't want them to know yet.' Thought Sara as she started back on her computer.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Wilson?" Asked Blake walking into the office.

"Close the door and have a seat; I need to discuss something with you." Said Mr. Wilson sitting behind his desk.