

Delivery of Fate by Danny Blanchard

Chapter 4

Blake closed the door and sat on a wooden chair in front of the desk. It was a fairly spacious office with an oak desk, leather seat, a couch on the side, and filing cabinets. A window with shades was behind Mr. Wilson as he sat, giving a vibe from an old movie.

"Blake, what happened during your last delivery?" Asked Mr. Wilson, sternly looking at Blake.

"I don't know what you mean?" Asked Blake with a blank expression.

"I just got off the phone with a Mr. Weston stating that you will be reporting back to his home tomorrow morning and that you will not be able to work that day. Who did you offend? Do you know who that person is?" asked Mr. Wilson getting angry. "It's the goddam Weston Family; they are one of the most influential families in the city."

"Sorry, Mr. Wilson, but I was going to explain to you as soon as I got back that I was not going to make it into work tomorrow, but I guess grandfather beat me to it." Said Blake without showing any concern.

"Grandfather, who's your grandfather? What the hell is going on?" asked Mr. Wilson, calming down.

"Well, I'll marry Mr. George Weston's granddaughter Claire Dalton in the morning, so I guess I'll be his grandson-in-law by then." Replied Blake rubbing his chin in wonderment.

"Grandson-in-law?" Asked Mr. Wilson, realizing that the man in front of him would be mighty when he marries George Weston's granddaughter.

"Yea, Mr. Weston took a shine to me when I got there and betrothed his granddaughter." Said Blake with a smile on his face.

'I'll not tell him it's a contract wedding, and being a live-in son-in-law is not something to be proud of as it is. In their eyes, I'll be trash, lower than a dog, but this is great so I can hide behind the Weston family.' Thought Blake, still smiling.

"Okay, well, why don't you be on your way, and here is your daily salary? How about I give you a bonus, seeing it's going to be your wedding day, and congratulations, my boy." Said Mr. Wilson getting up and heading towards the company safe.

"That won't be necessary, Mr. Wilson. I don't need a bonus; my wages would be okay." Replied Blake, also getting up.

"Nonsense. What did you plan on wearing on your big day?"

"I guess my regular clothes. I don't have any formal wear." Replied Blake, realizing that all he had was normal wear, not a single designer item to his name.

"This won't do; you reflect the company and me as a company representative. How can I let my best employee go to his wedding looking like a country bumkin? I'll meet you early here, and we'll get you a nice suit." Replied Mr. Wilson handing Blake his check and a stack of hundreds. "Here is a thousand dollars for your bonus."

"Thank you, Mr. Wilson. I'll see you in the morning then." Said Blake heading back to the door.

"Yes, get a good night's sleep, my boy, don't forget to come here in the morning; we'll get you all set up for your big day." Said Mr. Wilson standing in the doorway.

'What an opportunity for me. I'll get close to him; then I'll be close to the biggest family in the city. The prestige of knowing him will bring many benefits to me. I wonder what medicine that old man took to get this boy to marry into his family? That kid is fortunate, I bet it could have been anyone of my delivery guys, and they would have been picked. Better keep this to myself. It'll cause him trouble later.' Thought Mr. Wilson to himself as he walked back to his desk. 'Many benefits indeed.'

Blake said good night to Sara when walking out. She only gave him a subtle wave, as she didn't want to be bothered. He got into his car and started the engine.

"Sir? What's this about a big day with Blake?" Sara asked, taking her attention away from the computer.

"He's getting married to Claire Dalton, George Weston's granddaughter." He said happily while closing the office door.

This reality was a shock to Sara. 'When did Blake meet with Claire Dalton, much less decide to marry?'

Sara returned to the computer screen, and a lone tear escaped her eye.

Back George Weston finished his meal without any more disruptions. Had Claire go to her room to await the doctor's examination, he went into his study carrying the large envelope that held his family's and company's future.

George Weston's study could be seen as a posh room with books lining one side of the wall, a large fireplace on the other, a large oak desk with dark tones, and a plush seat

behind. He took the documents out of the envelope and thoroughly examined the contents. He knew his decision was the right course of action to save his company and family's status as one of the number one families in the city.

Four families could be considered at the top. The Anderson family in real estate, the Dalton in government, the Syrum family in the underworld, and of course, the Weston family in the entertainment business, only to be upstaged by the Elon family, who has their hands into everything. No one can come close to that family in assets or wealth, but they have not been stationed here in Swanville. But it was rumored that they would start an enterprise later in the year, and everyone wanted that piece of the pie, including George. Busy going over the documents, a knock on the door was heard.

"Yes, enter." Said George, not looking up.

A middle-aged man with a complete set of blond hair, reasonably handsome, wearing a designer-tailored suit, walked into the study and stood in front of the desk, not moving or saying a single word until he was acknowledged. George's first-born son Quinton Weston, who questioned George at the dinner table about the Anderson marriage proposal, waited for his father to finish.

Finally, George looked up. "Yes, what's on your mind, son?"

"Father, what the hell? Why did you refuse the marriage between Claire and the Anderson kid? We could have used their power and merged into one of the top leading families that could have even rivaled the Elon family." Complained Quinton Weston.

"We could have even surpassed the Elon family? He, he, son look at this document and tell me what could I have done?" asked George throwing the document into his son's hands.

Looking at the documents and flipping over the pages, his eyes got more extensive, and a feeling of panic swept over him as he continued to read. Cold sweat formed down his back, then anger infused with his terror.

"The gall of those Andersons, don't they realize what they were proposing? This would have crippled our family and resources." Said Quinton sitting in a chair, not able to stand any longer.

"Now you understand what I did and why this should never be brought to light." Said George walking over and extending his hand to retrieve the documents.

Quinton handed the papers over to his father, who took them, walked to a large fireplace, and threw the pieces into the fire forever, destroying the items within.

"The Andersons will lose face tomorrow and never divulge what they propose to use with the union between Claire and Steve." Said George looking into the flames as the last papers burned into ash.

"But father, after the three years are up, they will return to us again. I don't believe that Claire will fall for that country bumpkin." Said Quinton looking at the back of his father.

"A lot can happen within three years; a woman's heart can change even within a moment's notice. My wife was very adamant when we married, but after three years, it softened, and she gave birth to you. Believe it or not, our future lies in that man's hands for the moment. I have decided to give them a villa as a wedding present to get them closer together. It would not be good for a live-in grandson-in-law to live with us, and they would never bond here." Said George turning towards his son.

Blake returned to his tiny one-room apartment, showered, and got ready for bed. It was one hell of a day, and he was getting married tomorrow, and it seemed so surreal to him as he fell asleep.