

Delivery of Fate by Danny Blanchard

Chapter 5

Blake awoke early that day, washed and ate a light breakfast, and headed to Elon Delivery Services to meet with Mr. Wilson. When he arrived, Mr. Wilson led him to one of the best shops in the city and bought him a costly three-piece suit and leather shoes. Later he looked into the mirror, and even he was astonished at his image.

"I clean up pretty nicely." It's been a while since Blake had dressed in a suit other than his military uniform.

"That you do. Now let's get you to your wedding, shall we." Mr. Wilson then patted his shoulder as they walked towards the counter and paid the clerk.

Blake chuckled under his breath, but it was getting pretty late, and he had promised to arrive around seven. He then went straight to Weston Manor after dropping Mr. Wilson back at the company.

"Where is that boy? It's almost seven. Did he run away? I swear I'll hunt him down if he doesn't show." George was looking at his watch as he muttered to himself.

Claire was in a long plain-looking white gown that shaped perfectly to her figure as she sat looking at her grandfather, getting more upset as the time ticked by. She was upset also; not only was she forced back into her room the night before, but she was monitored, and she and her mother's phones were confiscated, so they couldn't even call Steve to let him know what was happening.

Just then, Johnson walked in. "Master, Mr. Elon has arrived."

When Johnson announced Blake's arrival, you could see the tension melt away on George's face, and he relaxed considerably. All this was to save his family and business.

"Good, good, send him in."

Blake then walked into the grand room, where everyone was sitting. Everyone gasped as this handsome man walked in. Even Claire had to look twice, and she wavered a little as she looked upon her future husband.

'What am I thinking? Even a dog will look good if you dress him up.' Claire thought to herself, calming her feelings.

"Blake, my boy, please sit down on the sofa and let's have some tea, shall we."

“Grandfather, tea would be great.”

Blake showed a composed, manly aura at this moment when he sat down, and Johnson poured him a cup of tea.

“Blake, I hope you don’t mind. I added a clause within the contract to protect you and the interests of the couple.”

“Oh, and what should that be? I thought all was talked through last night.”

“To ensure Claire stays pure during these three years, she has to prove it every month until the contract is up. If there is a breach of contract, she, her sister, and her mother will be disowned by the family, but in doing so, she also specified that you would not be able to do anything that will dishonor her or the family.”

“I understand, if you don’t mind, I’ll look over the contract, and if it’s to my liking, I shall sign it and then the marriage license.”

Blake was handed the contract and looked over it thoroughly. It was very straightforward and very binding. He would receive three million dollars if the marriage is a failure, and if he breaks the contract, he would owe Claire fifteen million for compensation. In contrast, if she fails the contract, she and Blake will divorce, and her family will be out of the prominent family. It was pretty cut and dry, so Blake signed the contract and handed it to Claire. Not a word was spoken between them as they sat there reading and signing.

Next was the marriage license. After signing, they were legally husband and wife on paper.

“Now that the formalities are over. The gift, I will be giving you two a two-bedroom villa in the suburbs, and you both can move into it today.”

“What? No way, she will not live alone with this peasant!”

Claire’s mother yelled out her dissatisfaction with their moving in together.

“It’s only natural that they live together. They’re a couple now, and they must have their privacy.”

George refused his daughter’s claim.

“I don’t care. Why can’t they live here with us as a family? We can look after one another.”

“Yes, grandfather, I don’t want to move. I like living here with you and everyone else.”

Claire started to complain while moving closer to George.

"Enough, it has been decided. You, Claire, are old enough, and you're not a child anymore. It's good to have a husband and to live with him on your own."

"I refuse. I will not have my daughter living alone, I will go with them, and nothing you say will change my mind."

"Now you listen here..." George was annoyed at his daughter for interfering in the relationship.

Blake spoke up and interrupted them.

"Grandfather, it's fine if mom wants to stay with us, it's okay. We as the younger generation should look after our parents when they get older."

"Who are you calling, mom? I will never acknowledge you as my son-in-law, and who's old?"

Just as Julie rolled her eyes, George spoke to Blake.

"Are you sure, son?"

"Yes, it's fine. It'll make Claire more comfortable if I agree to her mother staying."

"What say you, Claire?" George then looked at his granddaughter.

"I still don't want to go; I love staying here with all of you, but if mom is coming, then I'm fine as well."

"Then it's settled. You should move in together today after the great wedding feast."

Just as they got up to go into the dining room, there was an uproar in the foyer.

"Claire, where are you! Come out here now. I want to see you!"

A young man a little shorter than Blake with handsome features, dark brown hair, and blue eyes that actors would die for, he was the envy of men and fantasies of women. Donning a designer-tailored suit, he yelled that he must see Claire in the foyer. It was Steve Anderson, and he was trying to contact Claire all night and morning. He came quickly to the manor to check on her as Johnson tried to calm him down.

"Please, sir, do you not know where this is? Please control yourself."

Just then, a slap was heard coming from the foyer. George was the first to arrive and saw his butler holding his cheek that had just been slapped.

"What the hell is going on in here? Do we the Westons not mean shit to you?" George was angry at the scene that was taking place.

"Grandfather, where is Claire? I haven't been able to contact her since yesterday afternoon. Nothing has happened to her, has there?"

The young man was frantic, walking towards George.

"Who the hell is your grandfather? Listen and listen well. Claire is no longer your concern, so you might as well head home."

Just then, Claire walked into the foyer. Without realizing it, all her emotions came to the surface. Not caring about her surroundings, she ran into his arms and started to cry.

"What's wrong, Claire? What happened."

George saw his granddaughter in his arms of Steve and was furious.

"Get your hands off of my granddaughter this instant! Claire, do you not want to save my face! What a disgrace to your family and new husband!"

Hearing her grandfather, she pulled away from Steve and held her head down, not looking up with tears streaming onto her face and dropping to the floor.

"I'm so sorry, grandfather. His sincerity in finding me just moved me." Claire muttered, hoping the man beside her would take her away from this nightmare.