

Delivery of Fate by Danny Blanchard

Chapter 6

Shocked by what he had just heard, Steve didn't realize that he was too late to take Claire as his wife.

"Claire, you will go to your husband this instance and stand by his side," George stated angrily, coldly looking at Steve.

Claire could only obey her grandfather and walked towards Blake, who had just arrived at the foyer.

"Claire, what's going on? Who is he? Grandfather, can someone please tell me what is going on?" Steve, who still couldn't comprehend what had happened, asked frantically.

"Steve, I've already told you that Claire is now married to this gentleman. She is no longer your concern, and you will break all contact with her from here on out." George replied coldly at Steve.

Steve was in denial, shaking his head.

"This is impossible. I don't believe you. How can this happen? Claire, I love you, and you love me, you are to be my wife, this is some joke, haha, you got me, Claire come here to me, don't play with me."

Claire stood by Blake and held her head down with tears dropping onto the floor where she stood. She could only shiver as the sobs came rolling upon her. This was her wedding day. It was supposed to be the most joyous occasion that a young woman dreams about, but this was a total nightmare. She married a stranger, and the man she loved was standing before her, destined not to be with her.

"Sir, I believe you need to leave, as my wife is not feeling well, so I suggest you forget her and move on."

Blake finally spoke and put his hand on Claire's waist, bringing her closer to him. Claire froze on the spot, her true love was in front of her, and this man she hardly knew had put his hand on her seductively, so she didn't know what to do but stood there with her head still looking down.

"You bastard, let go of my wife. How could you touch her!" Steve was furious at this time. How could he have another man touch what was undoubtedly his? He could not hold his anger anymore; he lost his love to another and laid his hands upon her.

“Why can’t I? We are wed. She is my wife, not yours, so I again suggest you leave with dignity.”

“Bastard, I’ll kill you!”

Steve then ran towards Blake with rage in his eyes.

Blake stepped away from Claire, fearing she would get hurt by Steve’s advances. Waiting for Steve to make his move, he didn’t disappoint. Steve must have trained; his hits were precise and calculated, but his opponent was Blake. He was a soldier of war, his body was tempered, and he was considered the God of War by his peers. Blake just stood there. Everyone thought he must have been frightened and too scared to move.

Steve punched came towards Blake’s face, but Steve’s movements were like slow motion. He just turned slightly to the left when the fist was going to connect, but with Blake’s reflexes, it never did. With a few more jabs coming from Steve, it was evident that every throw was missed, and Blake just slightly dodged.

“Are you even a man? If all you can do is dodge, why don’t you fight!”

Steve was getting flustered and frustrated, and he was losing his stamina in throwing his punches at this man, who he couldn’t even lay a single blow.

“According to you, I need to retaliate to prove that I’m a man. Well, I shall grant your wish and show you how much of a man I truly am.”

Blake then stood still, and when Steve came near to throw another punch, Blake blocked it and followed with a tight slap upon Steve’s face making him turn a complete one-eighty and fall to the floor.

‘What happened? One slap, and he’s on the floor. What power does this man have? I know Steve trained and is a black belt in jujitsu.’ Claire’s thoughts were a mess, and she had mixed feelings. She was awed and shocked that Blake was able to handle himself, but on the other hand, was deeply saddened that Steve was not able to take her away from all of this. She then ran towards Steve and tried to help him up.

“If you so much as touch him, you and your family will be disowned!” George pointed at Claire, who had rushed over and bent down to give Steve a hand.

“Father, don’t you think you’re too cruel?” Julie walked up to her father and asked.

“Me being cruel, what about her? She wants to cuckold her new husband on their wedding day?” George was ecstatic over his granddaughter’s behavior in front of the family.

Blake then went over and stopped his wife from helping her lover from the floor.

"Do you want our family to be disowned and penniless? My delivery job only supports myself, not a family of four, much less college tuitions."

Hearing this, Claire ran to her mother and wept into her shoulder.

"Mr. Anderson, you surely have figured out your dilemma here. Why don't you head back and rethink the situation? Do you want to take Claire, her mother, and sister away, making them disowned from the family?"

Steve looked up at the man that had stolen his wife. It was true. He didn't want to have a disowned family holding him back. Much less, his father wanted him to marry into the Weston family to gain control of their assets. He got himself up, dusted himself off, straitened his tie, and stood straight.

"If this is how it is, then so be it. I shall remove myself first." Said Steve as he headed towards the door.

"Steve! Wait, this marriage is only for three years, and he cannot touch me during that time. Please wait for me." Claire cried out to him in desperation. She had divulged this marriage as a contract for three years which pissed off George.

"Bitch, shut your mouth this instant, or I shall have no granddaughter!" George bellowed at Claire as he walked over towards her.

Claire was terrified when her grandfather approached her and slapped her for the first time in her life. She could only cry even harder into her mother's arms, feeling utterly depressed.

Steve then turned around when he heard this and gave a smile.

"So, this is a false marriage. Okay, Claire, I shall wait for you. I, Steve Anderson, shall return and reclaim my wife in three years. So long as she is still pure, I can wait."

Steve then walked away from the manor with only one thought, I will be back to reclaim what's mine, and we Andersons will control the Westons.

Seeing Steve leave but proclaiming that he would wait for her, Claire was delighted at that moment until she looked upon Blake staring at her.

"What, don't you see, that's what a real man is like. He will wait for me, and when he returns, I will be his."

"Whether true or not, who's to say what the years will bring. We may fall for each other, or we shall fall altogether. Either way, I shall be truthful and honor my commitment to you and the family. I'm hungry."

Blake then walked into the dining area to eat with the rest of the family in tow. After a few words with George about where the villa was, he, Claire, and her mother went out to take a look. He took his car, and they took theirs, into the suburbs outside the city. Neighboring homes surrounded the villa with families living all around them. It was a quiet neighborhood, and their lovely two-bedroom house with a single bath, living, dining, and kitchen was among them. Frowning at Blake getting out of his used car and the luxurious area, Julie thought he would have to hide his car in the garage so that no one would see it.