

# Delivery of Fate by Danny Blanchard

## Chapter 7

Mother and daughter talked about how luxurious the home was and how tiring it would be to keep this home cleaned with all the detailed chores. A two-bedroom house with a single bath, living, dining, and kitchen was a lot to handle for them. Blake just let them talk, paying them no mind as he looked at the home smiling.

"I don't know. We could get someone to come once a week and take care of the home. What do you think, mother?"

"Why spend unwanted money when we have someone right here? We'll give him an allowance to pay the utilities and groceries for the week. He can take care of the cleaning and cooking himself."

"You're right; it would be better and cheaper to have him do it. He could at least show some worth."

While the mother and daughter had made up their mind that Blake would be the one responsible for the chores, he went into the most oversized bedroom to have a look. Only then did Claire notice that he had left them and went into the bedroom, so she followed him in.

"Hey, what are you doing? This room will be for my mother and me, and you will not be allowed here, do you understand?" Claire scolded him with her arms on her chest.

"Claire dear, I don't think that will be possible. The mother needs her privacy. Why don't you take the next room, and he takes the couch?"

Blake had seen the couch, at least the most petite sofa he had ever seen, so he protested right then and there.

"Are you both out of your minds? I will not be staying on the couch. If anything, I will share my room with my wife, just as it's meant to be."

"You, you. How dare you think of staying in the same room as me." Claire protested at the very thought of sharing a room with a stranger.

"Well, I guess I will have to inform grandfather that this will not work, and mom will have to move out."

"Move out? I'm not going to leave you alone with my daughter in the same home, and I'm certainly not allowing you to sleep in the same room as her!" Julie also protested against the very idea.

"Well, I don't see any way around it, she's my wife, and it's only natural to sleep in the same room."

"Okay, Claire, you will be sleeping with mom from now on." Julie reluctantly folded, for the idea of him sleeping with her daughter was just unheard of for her.

So that was how their first night went. Mother and daughter didn't sleep in the same area in their large family estate, so she did not know that her mother could snore so loudly and powerfully. Claire thought the roof would have fallen in if given a chance, so she didn't sleep well that first night in the home together. On the other hand, Blake had a very peaceful sleep due to the soundproof walls.

The following day, Blake got up before daybreak, went into the spacious backyard, started exercising, cleaned himself up, started the chores for the day, and got breakfast ready for the two women and himself. He had lived alone for a long time, became quite familiar with the kitchen, and was a decent cook. When the two women finally arrived, they looked at the meal in front of them and drooled as the meal gave off a great aroma.

"What's this then?" Asked Julie as she tried to hide her salivation and anticipation of the food in front of her.

"It should be called breakfast," Blake replied as he started to grab some of the food for himself.

"I know what it's called. I didn't know that you could cook," Julie answered him in a condescending tone.

"I learned when I left home. Please have a seat and begin before it gets cold."

Julie and Claire sat down and didn't say a word as they ate their meal. They both looked at one another, and a faint smile was seen on both faces. It was the best meal that they had ever tasted. Even the top chefs in the estate couldn't compare to Blake.

When it was done, they didn't even praise him for breakfast, and they just got up and walked away, leaving the dishes to him. After taking the plates to the kitchen and washing them, he got ready for work.

"And, where do you think you're going?" Julie asked as she sat on the couch looking at the television, flipping the channels.

"I'm going to work; I still have a job, you know."

"Humph, some job you have, why don't you quit and stay here and take care of the house." She said, not looking off the television program she had decided on.

"That won't do. I still need the work to compensate for the utilities and groceries, and what you two allowed is not enough." Blake then walked out, not looking back at Julie.

"Where is Blake going?" Claire asked as she left her and her mother's room seeing the back of Blake as he walked out of the house.

"He said to work, can you believe that? He claims we don't give him enough allowance for the house."

"Well, it'll just help with finances. Just let it be. For now, I'm off to the company. Love you, mom."

Claire then kissed her mom on the cheek and headed out.

A week had passed just like that, but you could see the fatigue on Claire's face from not getting enough sleep, and she made a decision. She had to get to the other room. After dinner, Blake cleaned the kitchen and dishes while Claire made arrangements in the other room. When Blake returned to his room, he was surprised to see Claire sitting on the bed and a quilt and pillow on the floor.

"You will sleep on the floor while I sleep on the bed. If you have any ulterior motives towards me, I warn you I will not hesitate to kill you."

Hatred could be seen coming from Claire's eyes as she spoke.

"So, what made you decide to sleep here with me?" Blake asked as he headed towards the makeshift bed.

"It doesn't concern you, just know I will not hesitate to kill you if you touch me."

"I promise you it is the furthest thing in my mind to touch you, princess. Why would I anyway."

Hearing this from Blake made her even madder at him. How dare he think he's more than a dog to her? She then calmed down and lay in the bed. Blake took the light off, got under his quilt, and laid down when the door bursts open, and Julie ran in.

"Claire, why are you in here? Get out this instant!" Julie realized that her daughter was not in the room with her when she decided to go to bed and ran into Blake's room in a panic.

"Mom, I'm sorry, but I can't do it anymore. You snore too loudly, and I can't get any rest."

"Snore, I don't snore. How could you say such a thing in front of a stranger?"

“Mom, go to bed. I have the situation under control. Blake will sleep on the floor while I have the bed. See, he’s over there, and I have a deterrent in case he has any ideas.” Claire pulled a rather large kitchen knife from under her pillow.

Julie saw this was how it was. Still glaring at Blake, she left them be, returning to her room.

“You know you can be at ease. When I said I would not touch you, I meant it, so rest easy,” Blake said to Claire when everything had settled down for the night.

“Humph.” That was all the reply he received. Claire couldn’t believe that what he said was the truth. Wasn’t he a man? Didn’t she tempt him at all?

The night went on, and they both slumbered, and it was the first time Claire had slept peacefully since she arrived. Blake got up the following day, got into his daily routine, and it continued like this for the three strangers living under the same roof.