

# Delivery of Fate by Danny Blanchard

## Chapter 9

"How are we out? I just bought some two days ago?" Regretting it the moment he said it.

"That was two days ago. Do you want me to starve? Listen, if my daughter didn't marry you, you wouldn't be able to eat what we are eating in your lifetime. Get some steaks. I'm now in the mood for steak."

"Yes, mom, I just finished. I'll run by and grab some steak for tonight." It was all he could do to answer her.

"Humph." That was all she replied when she hung up.

Blake could only smile as he looked at his phone and put it away. He went to his car and drove to Elon Delivery Services for his daily pay, or getting steaks for his wife and mother-in-law would have been troublesome. With the bit of money his wife supplies him each week, he had to depend on his pay to accommodate their desired food and daily upkeep.

Arriving, he gave his pleasantries to Sara, received his pay without delay, and left for the grocery store. Coming home, he saw his mother-in-law on the couch watching her program. He greeted his mother-in-law as he walked toward the kitchen.

"I'm back. I'll start dinner as soon as I put the groceries away."

"Humph, trying to starve me is all you are good at. Hurry with dinner. Claire will be here any minute from work. That girl works too hard. Why did she have to marry trash like you? She could have been served hand and foot if only she had married into the Andersons."

Julie berated Blake as soon as he entered, and she always reminded him that he would never be better than Steve Anderson. She wanted Steve as her good-son-in-law.

"You know Steve went out of state to branch out the family business, and he's now the director of the real estate branch over in Missouri. Now there is someone who shows promise. I will never understand that old man's thinking in letting you marry my sweet daughter."

Blake had endured this since he got married, and he got used to it and didn't even comment, and he just continued preparing dinner. When it was almost finished, Claire walked into the home, took off her high heels, and flopped onto the couch with her head held back and her eyes closed.

“Blake, what am I not seeing? How could you be so slow.”

Blake ran into the living room with a nice chilled glass of red wine that he had prepared for his wife when she got home. She would drink wine before her meal and unwind from her workday.

“Sorry, my dear, I was preparing the last part of the meal when you walked in. Here’s your glass already chilled for you.”

“Humph, I don’t know what I will do with you.”

Claire responded to him, holding the glass in one hand and swirling the liquid to allow it to breathe. Blake then turned on his heel and went back into the kitchen to finish dinner.

“Claire dear, did you hear about Steve? He went to Missouri and started a branch for Anderson’s business. Oh, why couldn’t you have been sooner in getting that man.” Said Julie as she sat next to her daughter, looking at her expression of shock.

“When did this happen? Why didn’t he let me know?”

Claire had asked her mother. Claire has been secretly seeing Steve since her marriage. They would sneak around, have meals with each other, and walk in the park, getting gifts from him, just like a married couple.

“I just found out this afternoon. His mother had called to give me the news. He left just last night, something about a merger at that branch, and it was very sudden.”

“Dinner is served. Please come and get it while it’s still hot.”

Blake had just entered the dining room with the meals when mother and daughter stopped talking.

“I’m not hungry right now. I’ll go into my room for now.”

Claire got up, left the area, went into the room she and Blake shared, and locked the door.

“Mom, what’s with Claire? Is she not feeling well?”

“She’s just tired, is all. She must have had a rough day today. I’m sure she will eat later, and who’s your mother? Please could you refrain from calling me that?” Julie had sat down to eat, still staring down at Blake.

Claire had gone into her room and sat on the bed. She looked on her phone, and there were no messages from Steve that day. Claire felt depressed and alone at that moment, and the tears started to fall heavily, throwing herself onto her pillow. While she was

crying, her phone lit up, and she received a text from Steve. Seeing this, she wiped her eyes, and with excitement, she looked closely at his text.

'Claire, I had to fly to Missouri to handle the business, and I will be here for the full duration of the crisis. Please forgive me for not calling or texting you, but I have been busy.' Steve.

'It's quite alright, dear. I know you are busy with the company. Please keep in touch. I miss you and love you.' Claire.

Claire texted back as she laid back down, looking back at his text, feeling lonely.

Steve had just received Claire's text back when a slender arm wrapped around his chest and tried to pull him from his side position in the bed.

"Hold on, let me put my phone away, dear, then we can continue. Okay, so, where were we?"

Steve had turned over and looked at the beautiful woman's face as she smiled lovingly into his eyes. She was the daughter of a business partner looking to merge with Steve's company. She caressed his cheek and gave him a passionate kiss on the lips.

"Dear, who did you just text?"

"Don't you worry, it was just work? They can't do anything without me, and I had to confirm the transactions from today." He lied to her and replied by kissing her back.

After finishing their meals, Blake returned the dishes to the kitchen and cleaned up when Claire entered the dining room.

"Blake, I'm ready for my meal; please serve it to me." She said, walking out of their room and sitting by the dining table, waiting for him to serve her meal.

Blake then took her dinner and warmed it up in the microwave oven. After it was warmed up, he brought it in front of Claire.

"What took you so long? Do you have any sense of time? Why did you make me wait for so long?" Claire stated as she looked at her steak that was reheated. She was upset about Steve and wanted to vent her anger on Blake.

"Princess, if you had been here when it was done, you wouldn't have had to wait for me to reheat it for you."

