

## Chapter 10

### It's Perfect

Malakai's POV ~

I shut the car door so Marisol wouldn't be upset by anything I was about to say. I will tell her about it... when I can explain.

I snarled "What are you doing here? You know better! Any one of my men see you, and you are a dead man."

"I came to warn you... You are going to lose your throne! I will be the only ruler in the whole of Columbus." I laughed and replied "This is not Camelot. You are not the conquering hero. There is no throne. You are a two-bit thug... with delusions of grandeur. Pathetic, actually."

He scoffed "You have a weakness now, brother. It will be your downfall. It is a very pretty weakness, though. I wouldn't mind tapping that... before I slit its throat... that is."

I gritted my teeth “You’re barking up the wrong tree. That young woman is a business associate. She happens to be leasing offices in my new building. Hopefully, she doesn’t back out of the deal. As for you... get back across your territory marker! Oh! Your little buddy... Paul Weston... remember him? He won’t be around for you to use him as your cash cow. Better find another sugar daddy!”

He faded back into the shadows and whispered “You’ll see me again. Sooner. Rather than later!” And he was gone.

I got in the car and said “Call Kennedy.” As soon as he answered... I growled “Care to explain how my brother crossed into my territory. Or hey! Even better... how he knew where to find me. Now, he’s seen Marisol, and guessed what she means to me. He threatened her, Kennedy! He fucking threatened her! We prepare for war!”

Hanging up on Kennedy, I roared. Marisol reached over and took my hand. She said “We can increase my guard, from four to six... I will have Grandpa increase security around the mansion. Isaiah will never be without one of us... and never off premises. We keep him home. Why don’t you move in with us? Temporarily ... or we can discuss something else. I would just really like you with us. I ... we... would feel safer.”

I smiled “Can we share a room? Hmm?” She laughed and hmm’d herself... and said “Maybe... it’s another thing we can discuss.”

Sol was waiting in the foyer, when we arrived. He said “Kennedy called. I have already alerted my security detail. And I am bringing some more in. Will you be staying here... or bringing Marisol and the baby to stay with you?”

I shook my head... “I will stay here, temporarily, if that’s alright... I will need a series of rooms to set up a command center. I will also be putting my men around your walls. If I feel the place has been compromised. I will then consider moving them to the fortress.”

Marisol excused herself to spend a little time with our son. Sol nodded and said “Follow me...” We went to his study, and he poured us some whiskey. I asked where Robert was... and he shrugged...” Hiding in the rafters... for all I know!”

I told him “Morton is a gang leader. No structure... No discipline. He has about a thousand followers. All kids, except maybe two or three. Kids are unpredictable. They don’t follow any rules of engagement. The thought of firing their gun pumps adrenaline through their system so fast, they are reckless. The problem is... that is the Only thing they think about... Firing their weapon... Not killing someone. Or being killed. It’s the thrill of the gun... makes them feel like men.”

Sol smiles “And you are struggling... knowing you may kill quite a few. I get it. Just remember, son. A gun can’t kill you... without someone willing to pull the trigger. It doesn’t care the age of the person firing it.”

Shaking my head “No. I am not bothered by the people I kill. They either deserve it... or they’re trying to kill me. In which case, they’re going to die. I am struggling with how Marisol will feel... seeing that side of me.”

Sol laughed “Don’t underestimate that girl. Many people do...and have regretted it. She will most likely be standing right beside you... firing her own weapons. She’s pretty damned good! That girl... Marisol loves you... she can’t say it out loud yet. Still working on her trust in her own feelings, Jason and Bonita destroyed her faith in herself. Give her time.”

I grinned “I’m not worried. I know she loves me. She shows me in little ways... every day. I will wait forever for her. She is my whole world.”

I went in search of Marisol... she was just finished dressing Isaiah from his bath. As soon as he saw me, he ran... screaming “Daddy!” and she said “Fine! You snap his pj’s. Your turn for reading him a story! I’m grabbing a shower.” And all my blood rushed to my dick! Ugh!

I read the story of the princess and the pea. Apparently, ‘toopid gorls sleeping on a pea needs a time out. I tried making him say the ‘er’ sound in girls... but he’s stuck on ‘or’.

Marisol came back in, and we tucked him into bed together. She told him I would be there for breakfast for a few days... and that he would be staying with Grandpa instead of daycare for a while.

She laughed and said she didn’t think that through. He’s excited now. We turned on his wave machine and dimmed the lights... he calmed right back down.

I asked if I could speak with her before bed... and she led me into her room. It was just like her. Soft pastels... and calming furnishings. I sat down in a chair and she climbed onto the bed. Sitting cross legged... waiting.

I looked in her eyes, telling her “My brother is a thug. He is a very bad man. He wanted to take the mafia back to what it was in the beginning of the last century. My father and I refused to allow that to happen. I began training to become the leader... In case, Morton didn’t straighten out and follow rules. He didn’t... and when my father told him he would not be taking over... He stabbed him in the heart.”

She stood up and climbed into my lap “You can’t scare me away. These past several weeks has taught me that some men mean what they say. I love you, Malakai. I think I have... since our first meeting.”

I stood up... still holding her in my arms... I reached in my pocket, and pulled out a box. “Three years ago, I met a girl. I spent the most amazing night of my life...and when I woke, she was gone. I was crushed. I sent my men out. Every day... I never stopped looking. I bought this... that day. The day you disappeared. Will you marry me, Marisol Andrews? Will you finally make an honest man of me?”

She laughed and said “As proposals go, that was not too shabby! Yes, Kai! Absolutely yes! I will marry you.”

I slipped the five-carat diamond on her finger and said “If you want something different, we can go shopping.”

She looked puzzled and asked “Why would I want something different? This ring spoke to your heart... now it speaks to mine. I wouldn’t want any other one. It’s perfect!”