

Chapter 12

Come on, Thirty Days...Look

Malakai's POV ~

It's been a week since we discovered who betrayed Mandrew. Kennedy had completed all the background checks... even Donna's. Absolutely nothing popped that would indicate any of them would betray her. Donna's background came back clean as a whistle. It's true what they say... Everyone has a price.

Morton had apparently crawled back under his rock. He hasn't been seen since he threatened Marisol. And my men have been out... beating the bushes for word of his plans. We have a few leads... and we know he is amassing warriors. All like-minded individuals... but, as I said, they are young... inexperienced... untrained. Teenage bundles of adrenaline and stupidity. A dangerous cocktail.

I am in the midst of another boring corporate meeting. Negotiating the takeover of Weston Enterprises. Solomon and Robert are here... signing over his shares to me. I already have the cashier's check in my briefcase. Thirteen million dollars. This deal better be as lucrative as it looks on paper!

Paul Weston keeps interrupting whomever is speaking... begging me to tell him my plans for the construction company his family founded over a century ago. I had finally had enough. “Weston! I am allowing you to remain on board... as a figurehead. You will still be the face of the company. You sealed your fate when you decided fucking my fiancée over was a good idea.”

He sneered “I didn’t even know you were engaged! How would I know your fiancée?” I grinned and told him “You know her... you and your daughter tried to destroy her. You better pray I don’t decide to try and destroy you... because I, unlike You... will succeed.”

Sol started laughing “Damn, Paul! Maybe you should have opted for that island vacation!” Even Robert laughed.

We concluded the meeting. Leaving it at the fact I would be touring Weston’s offices in the morning. My parting words were to Paul “Weston. If word ever reaches me again that you have had shared so much as a text message with Morton Winters... I will take great pleasure in actually destroying you!”

Solomon and Robert took their leave... while I called Marisol. I smiled ear to ear when she answered. I asked “How’s your day, beautiful?” She giggled and replied “Better now!” I asked if she would be free for dinner... and she immediately agreed.

I made reservations at Argento’s and called Susannah to ask her and Allen to join. Sol had gone to pick the baby up... and would meet us at the restaurant. I planned a small birthday party for my girl... and wanted to surprise her. I waited to tell everybody until the last minute. Less chance of spoiling it.

Kennedy walked into my office and said “The flowers and balloons are being delivered to Argento’s, as we speak. Marisol’s gift is ready... just awaiting your approval and signature.”

I grinned and hopped up “Let’s get going then! Time’s a’wastin’! And moved out the door past him... heading to the jewelers. I had designed a necklace... with a male figure... my birthstone and name engraved... a female figure... Marisol’s name and birthstone... between them both... a smaller male figure. With our son’s name and birthdate, as well as his stone. It was arranged in such a way, we could add any other children, simply by shifting Isaiah’s figure.

I met Marisol in her office and literally had to close her laptop. She looked up and grinned “It was just emails I needed to get out to London.” I nodded and Mmm Hmm’d... while she laughed and said “I swear!” I laughed and led her out to my car.

Everyone was already waiting when we walked in. She grinned from ear to ear when everyone yelled “Surprise”

She looked at me and whispered “You’re the best! You remembered...and you did this! Thank you, babe! I love you!”

I could die a happy man if those three words were the last I ever heard! What power this woman holds over me! I will never get enough of her.

We all enjoyed a great meal of varying pastas... and were enjoying a drink... while we waited on tiramisu. Susannah asked “So, when are we planning a wedding? Is a big event... or a small intimate affair? Do you have a venue in mind.”

Marisol looked at me, with a panic-stricken expression. I smiled and responded “Marisol and I haven’t discussed any of the particulars yet. But I assure you... it will be soon! I vowed to myself, this time, I would not touch her, until we were married. If you asked me, I would let you know... yesterday wouldn’t have been too soon for our wedding day. Abstinence is a bitch... and this has been building for three years!”

Marisol blushed her signature beautiful shade of red... while the rest of us laughed. She whispered “You didn’t do it with anybody else, either? All this time?” And the thought crosses my mind... she said ‘either’ meaning I am the only man she has ever been with. That filled me with such an inordinate amount of pride... like it was actually my accomplishment and not hers.

I smiled and whispered back “After you, no other woman could compare. I’m not capable of being with anyone else. I love you... and the memory of you lived in my soul. I couldn’t betray my soul.”

She threw her arms around my neck... and kissed me with all the love she felt for me. The. Best. Kiss. Of. My. Life! We were both out of breath, when we separated. I rested my forehead against hers... allowing us to gain control.

She turned to the table and said, “One month. We get married in one month!”
Susannah said “Thank God! The sexual tension rolling off you two is stifling! And sickening! I’m jealous! Allen! Gawd Damnit! You need to kiss me like that!”

We all laughed... and I realized another reason Susannah and Allen mean so much to Marisol. They always have her back... They’re her Kennedy.

We talked about the wedding... got the major details ironed out. Small, intimate affair... at Sol’s mansion. Twenty-five guests...each side. Catered. Live music. Then the schedule. Cocktails and Hors D’oeuvres... at 5... Sunset Ceremony...at 6 to 7. Dinner at eight... then dancing ‘til dawn.

My plan is a completely different style of dance... and done alone... with my gorgeous bride. Yep! Come on, Thirty days