

## Chapter 15

### Fuzzy Titties

Malakai's POV ~

After dropping Marisol and the baby off at the hospital, I raced my way to the office. I was met at the doors by Kennedy and Byron, my head of surveillance.

Once inside my office, I sat and demanded "Talk to me! What do we know?" Kennedy said "Everyone who attacked Andrews mansion are no names. No record. I mean nothing. No family history... they grew up in foster care. Mostly group homes. No criminal history. It looks like they are recruited right from the high school. Half of them underage. The only claim to fame these kids have ever had is their ignominious deaths on the manicured lawn of one of the most influential corporate magnates of our century!"

Byron said "I am working on backstories for five of our guys that look young enough to still be in high school. Going to plant them in the foster care system as troublemakers and rabble rousers... hopefully one or more will catch the eye of the recruiters."

I nodded and told him “No unnecessary chances! I don’t want our people harmed. I want them GPS chipped. Make sure any cameras or listening devices can’t be detected... and are waterproof. If they are approached, I absolutely want to know immediately!”

I turned to Kennedy “I want eyes on Weston. Morton has to have been in contact with him. And find out how in the fuck my son’s identity was revealed!”

Kennedy asked “Are we certain the baby was the target? Maybe we got it wrong. What if Solomon or Robert were the actual marks?”

I growled “Solomon overheard them saying they were there for the kid! Their words! How the fuck did they know Isaiah was there... or that he is my son!? Stop wasting my gawd damned time and find me some fucking answers!”

He practically ran from the office. Byron hot on his heels. This frustration is mounting...and my family is in danger! I will burn this world to the ground before one hair on their heads is harmed!

I called Marisol and as soon as she answered, my voice must have still reflected my anger. She asked “Is Kennedy’s head still on his shoulders?” I chuckled... she knows me so well “For now. He keeps serving up platitudes and trying to placate me, I can’t guarantee he keeps it.”

She laughed and then told me Sol is being Satan Incarnate. The worst patient the hospital has ever had... according to the head nurse. He has to stay, at least,

one more day... because of the repairs done to his femoral artery... and he thinks he should be out, beating the pavement... killing everyone who looks at him wrong.

Robert is still in a coma, but the doctors said it is because of the massive amount of blood loss. Telling her not to worry. The longer the coma persists, the less pain he is aware of... and he is healing. The ventilator was removed and he is breathing on his own. Which is a good sign.

A couple hours later, Kennedy came back. “Solomon’s house has been compromised. We found fifteen listening devices... all over the mansion. More importantly, his video cameras have been hacked. Troy found evidence of tampering two weeks ago. Which means someone has been watching... since the Bonita fiasco. Weston is in it... up to his eyeballs. He sent his wife to Italy... she left out at 2:37 this morning. I ordered his security hacked... we should have visual within a couple hours.”

Okay... I was a little impressed. Lighting his ass up earlier garnered results. I can live with that. “Good work, Ken!” He puffed up... calling him Ken lets him know how much I value him. This man is my brother! We grew up together... went through our military service together. Fought... cried... and laughed together. He matters! And I need to make sure he knows that.

“Kennedy... about earlier...” He held up his hand “Stop, Kai. Just don’t. I am not so sensitive as to believe that anger was directed at me. It was the situation. Marisol is my sister, now. Isaiah, my nephew. That makes Solomon and Robert family... and for family, we ride or die!”

Byron knocked, and Kennedy let him in. “All the backstories are completed. The guys are downstairs with the doctor... getting microchipped... also, they are being fitted for MojoVision contacts... in their own colors. They will be able to capture audio and visual and we will be able to see and hear everything they do. I already have four dedicated techies assigned. It will be their only job, until we see this shit done!”

I grinned “Excellent! Progress! I should light a fire under your asses every morning!” The both laughed and said “Please don’t.” Byron chuckled “If I wasn’t shaved bald... you would see my hair is entirely gray now! I’m 24, dude! 24!” Making me laugh.

I hurried to the hospital, to let Solomon know what we have discovered... and what progress was being made. I rounded the corner, after I stepped off the elevator... and a tiny, bubbly voice screamed “Daddyyyy!” and I just knelt down... dropping my briefcase... to catch 25 pounds of suppressed tiger energy, barreling into my chest. Best feeling Everrr!

Marisol stood back... watching... her eyes glistening with tears. I went to her immediately... believing something had happened “What is it, baby? What’s wrong?” She just shook her head and wiped her cheeks. “I deprived you of two whole years... time you can’t get back. How can you forgive me so easily?”

I smiled and kissed her little nose. “There is nothing to forgive, mi amore’. You didn’t know my name. I didn’t know yours. We searched. We couldn’t find each other. We are exactly where we have always been meant to be. It was three years of deprivation, for the record. I missed morning sickness... cravings... sore boobs... swollen feet... hormonal mood swings that could melt paint off a wall. Labor pains... you calling me every foul name in your repertoire. Next

baby... I will be there for every single second... cheering you on... ducking when you throw shit... feeding you chocolate when you cry.”

She laughed and said “I wasn’t that bad. I don’t think. Scratch that. I probably was that bad!” I kissed her again... and we walked in to see Sol.

Marisol sat Isaiah on the sofa... turning on his tablet and setting it to a learning game. I explained everything we had discovered and the actions we were taking to countermand anything else they may try. He agreed the penthouse was the safest place for our family right now.

The attack on 9/11 sent me into a frenzied discovery of the highest security measures that could possibly go into constructing skyscrapers. My building has reinforced steel girders and beams... that flex with high winds... earthquakes... or bomb attacks. Eight-inch-thick bullet proof glass covers every window. A tank with a battering ram couldn’t penetrate. Even an RS-28 Sarmat missile would be deterred. The place is a veritable fortress.

I let Marisol know I had designers in the penthouse, as we speak... baby proofing the entire place... A hospital bed was being set up for Sol... as well as an in-home healthcare aide would meet us in the morning.

Isaiah yelled “Daddy! Daddy!” Clapping his little hands, he squealed “Titties! Fuzzy titties! Come see, Daddy!” And I hurried over to snuggle my little man and watch some fuzzy titties... because what grown assed man could resist that?

Sol looked confused as fuck. “I may be old... but damnit! I want to see titties! Even fuzzy ones!” and Marisol grinned “Kitties, Grandpa! He’s watching cat videos.”