

## Chapter 16

### Whatever It Takes

In an abandoned warehouse on the southside of Columbus ~

Morton was throwing shit... screaming at his people. “One job! One fucking job! In. And. Out! Two old men watching a kid! I need that fucking kid!”

One guy said “Boss... they had at least fifty guards. We only went in with twenty. We didn’t have a chance!” Morton shot him in the chest “Not Helpful! Anyone else have little pearls of wisdom to share?”

He turned to his Sergeant at Arms “Get me Weston!” The sergeant said “It’s risky to bring him here, boss. I believe he’s being tailed” Morton growled “On the phone, you dumb fuck! Get him on the phone!”

About an hour later... an entire hour that Morton had sat and stewed in his anger... he was finally on the phone with Weston. “What can you tell me, Weston? You better pray what you are about to say, is enough to keep you alive. Right now, I am inclined to blow your brains out. You said that kid was always

with his grandfathers until dark. You never said shit about additional security. What else have you left out? Is that kid even Malakai's?"

Weston stuttered "I had no idea they had beefed up security. What reason would there be? Malakai hasn't faced an attack... no one has alerted them to our movements. I would know! I have bugs all over that place... we have access to all his video surveillance. No mention of why they would increase security!"

Morton groaned "Yeah. That was probably me. I spotted him out with that woman... and felt compelled to rattle his cage a bit. Okay! That's on me. How do we know the kid is his?"

Weston said "He admitted it... in front of the whole family... when Anna and Bonita faked that whole kidnapping thing you planned. They fucked that up, in a hurry... and Marisol figured it out right away."

Morton growled "Your entire gene pool swims in the shallow end... don't they!? I fucking swear to God! I have to do everything myself! Where are we with the gun shipment? I am going to need that firepower, if I am going to win this war!"

Weston responded "The Swordfish will be docking at Rickenbacker... three days... 4:45 a.m. Two thousand fully automatic AK-47s... and ammo. They will be offloaded into warehouse number 817. Port Authority has been... compensated... to sign off on the inspection of the cargo. It will be released the next day by ten in the morning. Ready for delivery... unless you would rather personally pick it up."

Morton scoffed “Again... shallow fucking gene pool! You moron! I can’t show my face right now and you know it! Malakai is on high alert... He has been putting more security measures in place, as we speak. I have to recruit more warriors. Especially now that I lost seventeen men! Arrange a delivery service to pick up my merchandise. I will let them know where to drop it, once they are enroute. No more fuckups Weston! You are on your last leg!”

Morton stepped out into the common room. He looked at three kids he had recruited several months back “How are things in the group home? Any new kids?”

One of them said “We are supposed to be getting two newbies tomorrow. We were told to show them around school on Monday. And a rumor three others were being transferred by Friday. I heard they are really bad. Set fire to their last group home... killing the house mother.”

Morton nodded. Then an evil grin crossed his face. “My kind of guys! Okay! Make friends with them... get to know them... see if they might be worth my time. You know the drill... no mention of why... who... where... when. Do not say anything about money. I want to know if they can be loyal without monetary compensation.”

Back in his office, Morton sat with Spider, his right-hand man. Spider asked “Mort? We have been friends for ten years... your brother has been Mafia head for six of those. Why are you so desperate to bring him down now? I mean, I get it! You hate him... but this push feels like it’s more than the last few times we’ve tried.”

Morton sighed... then sneered “He has a kid, Spider! A gawd damned heir! Everything that useless sperm donor told me I needed to do... if I wanted to be the perfect boss! ‘Settle down, Mort. Raise a family, Mort. Set down roots... establish ties to the community, Mort. Prove yourself invaluable!’ We are mafioso, for the love of God! Everyone should be bowing down and licking my boots! Top of the fucking food chain! We are supposed to eat men like my father for breakfast! Damned pussy! Wasn’t man enough to maintain the reputation we deserve! Then... he turns it over to Malakai as a punishment because of my nonconformity. What kind of bullshit is that? Malakai is weak... undeserving of the power! How is he going to rule the world weaving flower bonnets and singing Kumbaya around a maypole?”

Spider busted out laughing “Nice! That mental image just took up permanent residence in my brain. I won’t be able to ever look at him again without laughing.”

Morton grinned “I tend to exaggerate in my frustration. The gist of it is... Malakai took what is mine. I am taking it back. Whatever means necessary, dude! Whatever it takes!”