

Chapter 17

Don't Break Kennedy

Marisol's POV ~

We had just gotten home from the hospital... and I began dinner. Kai and Ike were watching Lion King... in a newly redesigned living room... full of bean bags and overstuffed, oversized pillows. One sofa remained... two end tables, with cushioned edges. This man! One extreme to the other!

I had just finished with bacon wrapped ranch baked chicken, mashed potatoes and corn... when the buzzer sounded. Kai answered it... and allowing Kennedy and Byron up. I grabbed two more place settings and slipped Isaiah into his high chair.

We enjoyed our meal... and Malakai cleaned Isaiah up... getting him ready for bed. While I cleaned the kitchen. We both knew Kennedy and Byron were bursting with something they have discovered. One of our cardinal rules is no business in front of the baby. That time will come soon enough.

I prepared a coffee tray with desserts... and gathered everyone in the office. We got comfortable and Kennedy said “We intercepted a phone call between Weston and Morton. It was... informative. Weston is the one who told your brother about Isaiah. Morton thinks Weston was not as forthcoming with his information. It’s better to just listen, instead of me explaining what was said.”

After the recording played. Malakai went straight into boss mode... and I was clenching my thighs at the sexiness he exuded! UGH!

He said “I want eyes on that ship! I want the bill of lading and I want the Port Authority inspectors in our custody. Tonight! We will put our own people on it. Eyes on Weston. All times.”

I asked “Were we able to backtrace the call? Find the point of origin? It would give us an idea where Morton is holed up.” Kai looked at me “Beauty and Brains! I am a lucky man! Well, Byron? Back trace?”

He dialed a number and asked, into the phone if the call had been traced. After he hung up, he told us they didn’t... that the two guys who usually handle that weren’t on duty.

Kennedy said “Isn’t that like Tech 101 or something? First thing you learn at computer school? I just thought everyone could do that.”

I laughed and said “I have a driver’s license... doesn’t mean I can fly a plane!” He asked “what?” Malakai said “Meaning she learned to drive a vehicle... doesn’t mean every vehicle operates the same. Everybody has something they specialize in.”

I said “Okay! We dropped the ball... this time! He is going to be gunning for Weston... once his shipment delivery goes south. He’s already suspicious...and frustrated. Only he and Weston know about the guns... so it stands to reason... he will believe Weston is a traitor.”

Kai said “Absolute truth. We need to get Weston into custody. No move on him until the time Morton expects delivery. Now... how are we going to work this?”

Kennedy said “Morton will have eyes on that shipment... from the second they offload the ship. We have no way around that. If they don’t check in on time... Morton will know something’s up.”

I sat up and asked “May I?” And Kai said “You never ask, baby! You are a Mafia Queen... we all bow to you!” I giggled and said “I want a crown! But! My idea... The Swordfish begins her journey days... weeks... even, before that, depending where it originates. They file a sea route... just as planes file a flight plan. What if we find out where their last fuel stop is... before Rickenbacker board the ship... exchange the weapons... with... I don’t know... limbo sticks, for all I care... then, we can just watch the docks and warehouse 817. We don’t have to engage with Port Authority. Although I do want to know who is getting their pockets padded.”

Byron grinned “That’s ingenious! I have just the guys! We have six ex-navy seals. They can enter the ship from the water side.”

Malakai laughed “We have our missing link! All these years we have been missing a woman’s voice! I literally bow down to you, Mi Reina! I love it!” I shook

my head and asked “You’ve been missing common sense? I would give anything to be a fly on the wall in Morton’s hidey hole. Think about it!? The entire process will be observed. The offload of his crates...the stocking them in warehouse 817. The guards who will make sure no one gets in, to sabotage the shipment. The inspectors signing off on customs. Boom! Out the door and delivered... Oops! What happened?”

Malakai cracked up... pulled me into his lap and told me “I am not sure if I am impressed, as fuck... or a little scared. That is a devious little mind you hide behind this beautiful face.”

Kennedy laughs “Yeah! But I love the way that mind works. This plan is solid! Fool-proof. It can’t be tied back to us... in the event this ever gets to the tribunal in Italy!”

I sit up “Wait? What? Tribunal? What?” Malakai laughed. “Kennedy, if you broke my bride, I break your neck.” He laughed and said “Mafioso started in Italy. It is still a Very big deal over there. They have eight godfathers and one Don sitting on the Tribunal. Mostly for turf wars... power struggles... which is what this is. Both of those. Morton wants our territory. He also wants to be mafia head. If he can kill Kai... the tribunal will have to recognize Morton as the last of the Winter’s bloodline...”

I snarled “He wants to kill my BABY? He THINKS I would sit idly by while he kills my baby? My husband? That piece of shit is a dead man walking! If he dares! Even thinks to dare!”

Malakai whispered “Baby? Are you broken? Can I break Kennedy now?” Making me laugh. I shook my head “No. Don’t break Kennedy.”

Kennedy looked up and said “Yeah! No! Good plan! Let’s go with that! Don’t break Kenedy.”

We all laughed. I think he’s really scared.