

## Chapter 19

### Momma Ripped One

Marisol's POV ~

Malakai and I stayed up, late into the night, talking. Which resulted in my sleeping in. Freaking snowball effect. Slept late... quick shower... dress... leaving with wet hair... slice of toast, cup of coffee... quick cheek kisses, and only twenty minutes late for work!

I had just barely sat down when Cyclone Susannah blows through. "Meeting with the venue manager. Payments to photographers, caterers and band. Final fitting... and shoes!"

I sighed and stood back up "Let's go. Allen! Mind the store!" We got downstairs and met with the banquet room manager. Everything was a go... we went over the seating chart and band placement.

Leaving there, I drove to the bridal shop. The dress was perfect. It hugged every curve I have. I felt sexy... beautiful, even.

Across the street, I found pretty white strappy bridal heels, with Swarovski crystals hanging from the straps. Susannah found a gorgeous pair of silver heels that matched her gray silk gown.

By the time we returned to the office, Allen had drafted all the vendors checks for me to sign. Once that was done, I had a two-hour phone conference with the London office. Nigel was pissed because a French publisher had poached two of our authors.

I said “Lock them down. With the sign on bonus we offer, in addition to that... from now on, they sign a five-year exclusive clause contract. If they wish to leave... they will have to buy out their contract. Get on that, today. I want all existing authors we have to sign it and have it back to us. By close tomorrow. Prorate them according to the time they have already been with us.”

Nigel laughs and said “And that’s why you wear the pants in this operation!” We discussed a few other minor issues and concluded our meeting just as Malakai showed up to take me to dinner.

Susannah and Allen joined us again... and she was going over the last details for our wedding. Malakai smiles and kisses my knuckles “I am counting down the hours”. I laughed and said “Five days? A thousand and tenth left?” He chuckled and responded “Something like that.”

Allen said “I don’t want to rain on your parade... but we did a head count today. I sent out fifty invitations... then fifty emails to alert your guests to the change of venue.”

I nodded and told him “Thank you for that. I doubt all fifty... well hundred with plus ones... will show.” Allen shook his head “That’s not it. I sent out fifty engraved invitations with one RSVP card inside. To date, we have received one hundred RSVP cards back. Someone is duplicating the cards.”

Kai said “If they duplicated the rsvp cards... odds are they duplicated the invitation. I will alert security. No one gets in... unless their name is on our guest list.”

I sat momentarily dumbfounded. Why would someone do that? Is Malakai that important... or is it part of Morton’s ploy...

I asked “Is it Morton? Or reporters? I’m confused. It seems like such a stupid thing to do. Crash a wedding you weren’t invited to.”

Malakai said “Weirdos... thrill seekers... reporters hoping for an exclusive photo. Anyone... really” Susannah said “No... they have already duplicated fifty. Who knows how many more will come in the mail? This is something else. You have two hundred people show up... and only fifty on the list. The fakes know you have to go through everyone in the crowd. Postponing the wedding by an hour or more. A lot can happen in an hour.”

I looked over at Kai “Why didn’t we just elope? This would all be over with.” He shook his head “No! We don’t postpone the wedding. For any reason! We will postpone the cocktail/hors d’oeuvres hour. Not the ceremony. Do away with the cocktails altogether, if it calls for it.”

We said good night to Allen and Susannah, and swung by the hospital to check on Robert. His guards said he had done good this evening... and was sleeping. So, we just headed home.

Halfway home, Malakai's phone rang... once he answered, Byron responded "Boss... two of our boys were approached by the southside gang. They are meeting the boss tonight... we should be able to observe the meet and greet."

Kai chuckled and replied "Meet us at the penthouse... I'm pulling in now." I had been so interested in the call, I hadn't realized we were already home.

As we rode the elevator up, I asked "Only two were approached... are the other three not at the group home yet?" Malakai shook his head and replied "No... They are. They are just observed for several days... before they are spoken to."

Kennedy was already waiting at our door... grinning like a fool. Kai opened the door and we all entered the office to wait for Byron to buzz up. I ran and checked on Isaiah and Grandpa. And ended up bringing them back to the office with me.

Isaiah climbed right up into Kai's lap... and snuggled in. He leaned down and asked "My little man sleepy?" He nodded his little head. Kai grinned and said "You didn't want to lay down without seeing Daddy?" Isaiah shook his head no. I giggled and said "You're spoiling him." Kai laughed and told me "Nope. Just loving him a little louder."

Byron finally arrived and set up his tablet to show on the television. He turned and said "These two men are Jeremy and Ryan. I have their contacts on a split screen... so we will get two different angles."

Right now, all we could see was cars and street lights zipping past them from the car ride they're on. Kenneth said "Dive team C will be checking in... in another hour. They're going to want to know what to do with the weapons."

Malakai tells him "I want them destroyed. Bust the firing pins... remove the triggers... dump them in the river... I don't care. Melt them down. Whatever you think best... but I want proof they have been done away with. Absolute proof!"

We turned our attention to the television. Jeremy and Ryan were thrown into an abandonment warehouse. Or it looked abandoned. Fifty guys proceeded to jump them. I heard Kai lowly say into a mouthpiece "You're going to have to let them mark you. Remember you are teenagers. Not rangers, today. But give it to them enough that they know if they fuck around... they'll find out."

After Ryan went down the fifth time, I hit my feet. "I shit you not! That bastard is mine! The night we move on him. I want to beat the shit out of him! Hurt our boys as some kind of hazing bullshit. That is straight up street thug bullshit! Still jumping newbies in? Isn't your dumbass brother like thirty? Man needs to grow the fuck up!" Kennedy started chuckling.

Byron said "Damned if we ain't got us a Momma Bear! You go, Momma! Rip 'em a new one!" Kennedy said "I'd pay to see that!"

Isaiah looked up at his dad and asked "Momma ripped one?" Sure! Everybody had a meltdown at that! Men!