

Chapter 20

It's Honeymoon Time

Malakai's POV ~

Robert came home from the hospital yesterday. Just in time for the wedding, today. Sol is walking Marisol down the aisle. I doubt... even if Robert was well enough... Marisol would ask him to do it. She's still working on forgiving him.

I am on the ground floor... watching the doormen. There is a crowd of over three hundred people outside. My men inside Morton's gang haven't heard anything about it being them... causing this mayhem.

I stepped to the door and addressed the crowd "If your name is not on this list... You will not be allowed inside. I don't know who... and I certainly don't know why... but only fifty official invitations went out. Whatever your game is, we aren't playing. You don't have to go home, but you can't stay here!"

Walking back inside, Kennedy handed me a whiskey. "It's your wedding day, brother. Let us handle that nonsense. It is literally in my job description." I

smiled and shrugged “I just want this day to be perfect for Marisol... the priest is even christening Isaiah with his new surname.”

Kennedy grinned “No shit? That’s awesome, bro! Little man finally coming into his own! Our prince!”

I ordered the cocktail hour to be pushed back until two hours after dinner. Drunk people like hors d’oeuvres, right? Either way, this ceremony will proceed on time. It’s all I care about, anyway.

Byron came over and told me the majority of the people out there were reporters. All hoping for photographs of the ceremony. I told him that there would be no photos of my bride. A press statement will be released in the morning. He nodded and went outside to deliver my message.

Our guests had finally gotten seated. Robert was wheeled in and sat in front. I stood at the altar, with the priest and Kennedy.

Perfect by Ed Sheeran began to play. Susannah came up the aisle first... followed by my little munchkin. Who stopped at every seat to say hello on his way to me. I couldn’t help it... he had me smiling so big at his antics.

Then, the music changed to the bridal march... the doors opened... and there stood a vision in ivory... her smile was radiant. She never took her eyes off mine.

I stepped forward and took her hand in mine. I whispered “You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.” She giggled and said “You clean up sooo nice!”

The priest read the traditional ceremony... then it was our turn to recite the vows we had written. I have spoken in public a thousand times. I have never been as nervous as I was, in that moment.

Marisol. My Marisol. I never believed in love at first sight. But then there was you. I couldn't believe my luck. I was convinced the heavens were finally smiling on me. It took us three long years... that are just a blip in time, now. I have you. You have me. This is forever, mi amore'. There will never be another love as perfect as ours. I love you. I will always love you.

She teared up and smiled through them... whispered "Shit! That was good!" I laughed and waited to hear hers.

Malakai. Because of you, I know what love is supposed to be. Because of you, I have been given the greatest gift a person can ever receive. Because of you, I now understand what it means to love unconditionally... and to be loved unconditionally. I am never more me, than I am when I am with you. I love you. You and our son are my very reason.

The priest announced he would christen Isaiah and the boy was having none of it. He twisted... and turned... stomped his little feet... until Marisol used a tone that would have made me sit up and take notice... two words... and the little one was as quiet and still as a mouse. "Young man!" That was all she said... and Isaiah was done!

Once the ceremony was completed... and everyone had been seated, we were introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Winters... then Isaiah was introduced to the crowd... Isaiah Solomon Winters. My chest swelled with pride. My family!

The nanny and the healthcare staff had taken Sol, Robert and Isaiah upstairs to the penthouse... and I took my bride to the dance floor.

Kennedy and Byron each danced with her. She bugged Byron about 'our boys', wanting to make sure they were okay. She's really a mother hen... but all the guys love her for it.

Several people came over to talk to me about business or protection matters. My wife... hah! My wife. love that. politely told anyone that business would wait until we returned.

I had arranged a brief two-day honeymoon... neither of us wanting to be away while Morton was planning. It would be just like him to try and attack, while I was out of town.

Marisol changed out of her wedding gown... into a beautiful champagne colored cocktail dress... flared at her hips... and reaching mid-thigh. My God! She was enchanting. I am such a lucky man!

We snuck out the service entrance... and into a waiting SUV... four guards... blacked out windows. Five in a row... all leaving the underground garage at the same time, each going different directions.

Twenty minutes into the ride, John said “Boss, we got a tail.” I turned and looked behind us... watching the vehicle following us... They were weaving in and out of traffic... coming up on is fast.

I heard Marisol on the phone with Kennedy... giving him our location so he can send men to us. I pulled my Glock 47 MOS and chambered a round.

Marisol had a weapon in her hand... and I raised an eyebrow. She grinned “Springfield Echelon. Latest in 9mm... easy to handle... barely any recoil. And yes. I can fire it... with 99.9 percent accuracy.”

Will this woman ever fail to surprise me? I am impressed. It never even occurred to ask about her weapons experience. I knew she could fight... now I know she can shoot.

A lifted black dodge ram charged up behind us... edging closer to us. John told us “Seatbelts. He’s going to try to pit.” Marisol said “Get in the left lane... let him edge up towards our rear quarter panel... then whip hard right.”

I started to ask what her plan was, when she smiled and told me to trust her. She spun around in her seat... John shifted lanes... the dodge moved up to pull a pot maneuver just as she put her window down, and shot out both front tires.

The truck did a tilt... spun out on the pavement and did an end over end flip three times, before landing on its roof off the shoulder of the highway.

We were out and over to the truck in seconds. Six guns, drawn and ready. Two guys were crawling out. Banged up and bleeding. The first one out started screaming “You killed Ben... You killed Ben...”

I growled “Shut the fuck up! Or you will join him. One of you better be telling me something!” Two of my guys checked the guy left in the truck... making sure he was dead. We confiscated their weapons... and sat them down on the side of the road.

Kennedy and Byron pulled up at the same time the police Captain did. I watched him step out of his vehicle and march up to me. He sneered “I should have known you were involved.”

I looked him dead in the eye and responded “I wasn’t involved, asshole. I was on my way to my honeymoon. These fuckers tried ramming us. Get your facts straight... and maybe do your job for once!”

He grinned “You’re the big mob boss! These punks shouldn’t be any problem for you.” Marisol asked “Why the fuck are you even here? How are you even here? We haven’t called for ambulance or police presence. How’d you know?”

He snarled “Watch your tone. A passing motorist called it in... and I was nearby. I took the call.”

Marisol said “I call bullshit! We made sure to be away from any traffic so as not to risk unnecessary injury. Weren’t you a detective working homicide when my husband’s father was killed... and the murderer was released on a technicality?”

He lunged for her and Byron grabbed him. “You don’t even breathe in our queen’s direction.” I said “So, I was right! You are riding in Morton’s pocket.”

I looked at Kennedy. “Take these two for medical treatment... and hold them until I get back!”

I kissed my bride and said “It’s honeymoon time!