

Chapter 21

Ready to Kick some Ass

Third Person POV ~

Malakai had decided to bring Marisol to the cabin he had purchased years ago to be able to have some quiet time together.

The cabin was on a hill... with a lake for a backyard. The trees curled around it... creating a secluded hamlet, soothing and peaceful.

What sold Malakai on wanting to own it, was the master bedroom. Overlooking the lake, four French doors opened to welcome the sounds of the night. A fireplace had been lit... and between the moonlight and the crackling firelight, a soft ambiance filled the huge room.

Malakai laid Marisol on the bed... lying beside her “You are so very beautiful. I am so lucky you chose me. I will spend my life proving my gratitude to whatever powers that be who allowed me to love you.” Then, he kissed her.

His hands travelled her body... tracing her curves... cupping and squeezing... his lips caressing every inch his hands had touched. Memorizing the feel of her skin under his touch.

They made love long into the night... knowing the memory of the perfection of this night would live as long as they drew breath.

Marisol didn't want to leave. Malakai promised they would come back often. Isaiah would learn to fish... and swim... and ice skate... with the lake right in their backyard.

The next morning found them heading back into the city. A phone call had ended their idyllic time in their little bubble. Kennedy had let them know they had some disturbing information from the undercover warriors in Morton's camp.

Arriving at the penthouse, Malakai called Sol and Robert into his office. "I am sending you both, with Isaiah, to London. You will stay at Marisol's brownstone in the city commons. We need to know all of you are safe, until this is over. In this folder, you will find all the documentation needed for Isaiah to take over the organization... Should I not make it, take this information to Naples... present it to the tribunal."

Sol asked "Can't Marisol come with us? If it's not safe for Isaiah, it's not safe for her." Marisol smiled "Grandpa. My place is by my husband's side. We fight together. We die together. It is just the way it must be."

After the tears, hugs and goodbyes, Malakai called in his top officers. Kennedy sat down, while Byron played the recording they had received the night before.

As they watched, Morton sat at the head of a long table... the police captain to his right. Paul Westin to his left. There was easily three hundred people in the warehouse.

They listened to the plans being made. Morton was on the southside of the city. Malakai to the east. They planned on setting fire to Malakai's warehouses on the docks in the west. Blowing up Colum Towers. And Winters Way... where the penthouse is.

The captain said he would keep his cops away to the north. He wanted plausible deniability in the gang war, if he was to be an effective asset in the future for Morton.

Paul Weston said he had a hundred men ready to aid in the takedown. He had all the major weapons stored in his garage... the thugs only had their handguns, until they picked them up.

Malakai looked at Byron. Byron said "Already on it... a raid is taking place, as we speak. Weston will be brought to the basement cells here. The weapons destroyed."

Marisol asked "Is the location of Morton's hideout known?" At Kennedy's nod... she said "Call our men... we are gearing up. If that fucker thinks we are sitting ducks, and just twiddling our thumbs waiting on an ambush. He has another trick coming!"

Malakai asked “You’re suggesting we go now!? In broad daylight, and take them down?” She shook her head “I am suggesting we do everything in our power to sabotage them. Disable vehicles... confiscate or destroy weapons... take stragglers into custody... diminish his forces. Then, after the sun sets, we take them down. If they are planning on setting explosives on your buildings... many of them are already within your territory.”

Kennedy said “It’s not bad, boss. We know they are going to have to come... she’s right! We can detain the members he sends. That will drop his troops down by half.”

A call came in and Malakai answered immediately “Talk to me.” A man said “Weston in custody... albeit injured. He didn’t come easily.” Kai asked “Will he make it?” At the positive answer... the call ended.

Byron said “Phase one complete. I will call the doctor to get over here to treat Weston.” Kennedy said “Calls should be coming in all afternoon. Marisol is right. Taking apart his organization a piece at a time, will weaken his defenses.”

Malakai smirked “And make him a very desperate man! Desperate means dangerous. Get men out on the streets. I want eyes and ears to the ground. Shit is going to hit the fan... and this can go south in a heartbeat.”

Marisol said “I am gearing up... I want to be prepared. Kai? I want your Kevlar on you all. now. Grandpa has Robert and the baby on the plane... they are safe! I don’t want to worry about all of you!”

Taking out her cell, she dialed Susannah... when she answered, Marisol said “You and Allen evacuate the Towers... do it now and make sure everyone goes home. I need you both to hunker down. Stay inside. Do not open your doors to anyone... but me or Malakai.”

Hanging up... she walked out to get outfitted with what she would need. By the time she was ready... she was carrying three handguns... six Chinese stars... four throwing knives and six daggers. Her black camouflage pants held Kevlar pads... protecting her femoral arteries. She had her vest on... as well as a Kevlar protected flak jacket.

Susannah called her back, telling her the building is evacuated and locked down. She tried asking what was happening, but Marisol stopped her and said “We were made aware of a bomb threat, honey. I am just not taking any chances.”

She walked back into the office... forty pounds heavier... and noticed Malakai dressed nearly identically to her. He smiled and asked “Ready to kick some ass?”