

Chapter 22

Worth Killing For

Third Person POV ~

Malakai and Marisol left Winters Way... with Kennedy and Byron. They had already called all their warriors to arms... and scattered them around the city.

As they were nearly to the highway, an explosion ripped through the city. Kennedy said "Colum Towers." As glass and debris rained down all over the downtown area in a ten-block radius, they stayed on course to get to the south side.

Malakai and Kennedy each dialed their phones. Malakai said "Report?" He listened... then asked "Casualties?" He threw the phone and yelled "FUCKKK!"

Marisol took his hand, and quietly said "We grieve later. Right now, we avenge the innocent. It's time for payback. We need to fuel our rage."

Kennedy said “We have nearly a hundred in custody. Our guys are making their way to the warehouse where Morton was last seen. Let’s do this! Morton’s head will be on a spike by morning!”

As their caravan flew south down the highway, reports kept coming in. First responders had made it to the scene of the explosion... still no cops... Firetrucks had arrived on the docks and gotten control of the fires in the warehouses. Over two hundred people were hospitalized... and over sixty deceased.

Malakai’s warriors had control of the city. They were declaring a civilian version of martial law. Sending people home... clearing the streets... They explained to the population that it was going to get worse, before it could get better.

Exiting the highway, they saw the warehouse that was their target. There were ten guards... pacing around the perimeter. Pulling binoculars out, Kai saw two of the guards were his men. One signaled to him there was over a hundred inside.

Malakai searched the area for his warriors... when he realized they were getting into position... he breathed a little sigh of relief. Three hundred veteran fighters were in position to strike.

The sun was setting and Kai jumped to his feet “Go! Go! Go!” And en masse, the soldiers rose, and charged the warehouse.

Marisol ran beside her husband... drawing her Echelon...and chambering a round in preparation. Her left hand touched a knife... reassuring herself its readied for battle.

Malakai waded through the fighting... swinging his knife, left than right. He tried not to kill... the majority of the guys they were fighting hadn't even reached eighteen yet.

Kicking the door of the warehouse off its hinges... they were met with a barrage of gunfire. He was struck in the upper left arm... but watched, horrified, as Marisol took a full blast to the chest. She went down immediately.

Before he could get to her, Morton reached her. Yanking her to her feet... he held her back to his chest... with a gun to her head.

Malakai growled "LET HER GO!" and Morton just laughed "Oh no, dear brother! Not until this little coup has ended." Kai was losing blood exponentially... as the adrenaline rushed through his body, he could feel himself getting lightheaded.

Morton said "Have a seat over there! You will see papers laid out... awaiting your signature. They release all your holdings to me... as well as documents relinquishing your title... handing the empire over to me. Once you have done that... the little lady and I will drive away from here. I will release her, once I am safe."

Malakai snarled "That's not what's going to happen, Morton. Even if I sign these papers, you will not survive long enough to enter a vehicle. Harm my wife again, and you won't walk out of here, at all."

Morton sputtered “You’re refusing!? You think I won’t kill this bitch?” He cocked the hammer on his gun... and Marisol said “Kai... baby... focus on me. Do you trust me?” He nodded... and she nodded back. All this happened as Morton was screaming at her to Shut Up... and yelling at Malakai to sign or she dies.

Malakai shook his head and told him “It would do no good to sign anything over to you. All the evidence against you for killing father was sent to the tribunal. You’ve been living on borrowed time. Your pocket cops are being arrested as we speak. Weston is in custody. Half your little boy soldiers have been detained. You lost before you got started.”

Morton screeched “Is she worth it, Malakai? Is she worth saving? The only way you can is to hand over the city! You have ten seconds to choose. Your wife! Or your kingdom!”

Malakai chuckled “I choose both! My wife is my kingdom! Something you won’t ever understand! Everything else is just window dressing!”

Morton yelled “Ten seconds! 10... 9... 8...” He counted down... and Malakai never took his eyes off Marisol... his countenance increasingly worried. She asked him to trust her... he was trying!

At the 2 count... Marisol’s left arm flew up and over her head... a dagger in her hand. She sank it into Morton’s left eye... and he fell. She landed with him, but scrambled away from his thrashing body.

Morton was screaming bloody murder... rolling back and forth. Malakai walked over to him... with his own weapon drawn. Marisol had found her feet, and was leaned against a wall.

Malakai softly said "You asked me if she is worth it... If she is worth saving. Morton. She is worth everything to me. She is worth giving up my position... my wealth... she is worth the very last breath in a suffocating world. She is worth dying for."

Marisol stumbled her way to her husband, looking down at Morton, staring with his one good eye. She whispered "And my husband... my man... is worth killing for!" As she put a bullet in his brain from her own gun.

She yelled for Kennedy to help Malakai...as he fell to the ground. Byron and Kennedy charged through the door, lifting Kai... they raced to the vehicles.

Within twenty minutes, Malakai was rushed into surgery. Marisol sat on an uncomfortable chair outside the operating room... not budging. She waited. Every time the doors opened, she jumped up.

Four hours later, a surgeon came out "Winters family?" She and Kennedy walked over to the doctor and he explained "I removed the bullet. It snapped the humerus... and nicked an artery. He had some muscle damage... but I repaired it. He will be fine... six weeks in the cast...probably two months of physical therapy. You should be able to see him in an hour or so."

He walked away... and Kennedy pulled Marisol into his arms, as they both cried. He turned her to help her sit down, and she collapsed in a dead faint.

Kennedy yelled for a doctor... getting her into an examination room... nurses cutting her clothes away. Her breathing had gotten shallow. She was struggling to catch a breath.

Once they had gotten her injury exposed, they realized the round that Morton had shot her with, hadn't penetrated her Kevlar... but it had bruised her entire chest. And broken three ribs.