

Chapter 23

Epilogue

Malakai's POV ~

I opened my eyes... drugged and groggy. Byron sat beside my bed. My first question was "Where is Marisol?" Byron said "I'll get Kennedy." And walked out.

My heart is racing. I can feel myself panicking. I yell "WHERE IS MARISOL?" Kennedy rushes in. "Calm down, brother. She's down the hall."

I growl out "Why? Why isn't she in here?" He groaned "She's hurt, too. She's... umm... unconscious... but the doctors said she is going to be fine."

I said "Take me to her... and stop shaking your gawd damned head! You tell them she and I are to be in the same room, at all times. If they give you any shit... you tell them I will buy this dump and turn it into a parking lot!"

I was wheeled into my angel's room. She laid so still. So pale... a machine helping her breathe. I asked "What the fuck happened? She was fine! She saved her own life. She saved mine. What the fuck is going on?"

Kennedy said "The round Morton hit her with... broke some ribs... severely bruised her lungs. That's why the machine is breathing for her. Her left lung kept trying to collapse."

I broke. I sobbed like a baby... tears streaming down my cheeks. "I did this. I brought her into this life. I could have lost her, Ken."

Kennedy slapped my good shoulder and said "Snap the fuck out of it! She chose this! She chose you! And how you dare detract from the bravery of our Queen! That girl has bigger balls than most men I know! She's fearless. Ferocious. Protective! What did she tell Morton... right before putting a bullet between his eyes!? You are worth killing for! You don't get to take that away from her!"

He's right! I know he's right. I lost sight of that for a second... allowing myself a moment of self-pity. Thank God for the people in my life who call me on my bullshit!

Marisol's breathing improved in the night... so she was placed on a nose canula... and seemed to be resting easier. I held her hand the entire night.

I stayed on the phone most of the night. There had been sixty-two deaths... a hundred people still hospitalized. Seven police officers had been arrested and charged... the captain escaped arrest... He opted to commit suicide.

My eyes had started closing... when my angel's voice asked "Kai? Kai? You're, okay?" I stood and kissed her forehead "Yes, my sweet baby. I am fine. It's you I am worried about."

She asked "What happened? Why am I here?" I chuckled and explained everything. She whispered "Go wake that bastard up so I can shoot him again." Making me laugh. The relief I felt was impossible to describe. She's okay. She's going to be okay!

We were released two days later... and Marisol was happy to be out of there. She had not been the best patient. The doctor made a joke about her not being his most patient ... and she hit him with a bedpan.

An ignorant nurse kept flirting with me... making excuses to touch me... always closing the curtains between mine and Mirasol's beds... the day she tried to undress me for a sponge bath I adamantly denied wanting. Marisol punched her in the eye and drag her out of our room by the hair.

Not the best patient...

We are nearly home and Marisol asked "When are the funerals for all the people who died?" I responded "Some have occurred... some are today... and tomorrow. I figured we will set up a press conference and issue statements. Public knowledge is we stopped a gang war, after our buildings were destroyed. The general public prefer to pretend the mafia isn't a thing."

I got her inside our room and propped up with pillows. She pulled me into her and kissed me deeply. She whispered “You don’t get to blame yourself for any of this. I have known what I was getting into. I walked into it with my eyes wide open. I meant it, my love. I will kill anyone who tries to take you away from me. You are worth killing for!”

I smiled... kissing her again. “I meant it, too. You are worth everything to me. I would give it all up in a heartbeat, as long as, at the end of the day, I have you and our son. You are worth dying for!”