

## Chapter 4

### Let's Tell Grandpa

Marisol's POV ~

Grandpa has teased me all morning. I am nervous. Not about Malakai saying he loves me. About him being mad about Isaiah.

I had fixed an early lunch... and put the baby down for his nap. Malakai arrived at eleven, sharp. I showed him into the dining room.

I took a long drink of water... then fixed us each a plate of food. Stalling, at its finest. I finally sat down.

I began "The night we... that night... something happened. I didn't realize it, until I was in London. I looked for you... I had Susannah and Allen look for you. They would go to that bar... and ask around... hanging around... but you never showed."

He smiled “Don’t be nervous. Whatever it is... we will work it out.” I nodded and said “I was looking for you to let you know I was pregnant. I thought it only right you knew.”

He sat there a minute... then he said, angrily, “What did you do? Where is my child?” I was perplexed a minute... then, I realized he thought I aborted my baby!

I snapped “You fucking jerk! How dare you insinuate something like that!? You think I would kill my own baby?”

He blinked... he mumbled “I am so sorry. That’s my ‘fuck around and find out’ voice. I don’t know why I used it on you. I can’t envision you ever harming anyone. All I can think is it was a shock.”

I said “That’s strike one! Two more... and you’re out. Now. You have a son. His name is Isaiah Solomon Andrews. We can talk about adding your last name. He turned two, three days ago. He is as precocious and busy as a five-year-old. He is highly intelligent and needs constant stimulation. A bored Ike is a naughty Ike.”

He was grinning from ear to ear. He asked “Who does he look like? You? Oh please... you! Those blue eyes would be deadly on a man!” I laughed “Let’s not get him to manhood just yet. He is made over in your image. There’s no mistaking who his father is.”

He said “I want you to know... I am in this for the long haul. I never meant anything more than when I said I love you. We can go at whatever pace you

need, but please give us a chance? Before you answer... you need to know something.”

I smiled and asked “What? That you’re a mafia boss... and not a mob boss, because that is a great insult to the mafia. That you have most likely killed before... and you will most likely have to kill again? I already know all that. I also know you have a good heart... for the people you care about. I respect and appreciate the way you look out for Grandpa. And you are high on his list of praise recipients!”

He looked at me, wide-eyed, and said “And that’s not a deal breaker?” I shook my head “I understand the need to kill. I have done my research... I know you only take contracts on serial killers... rapists... and child molesters. Being a mother, I get it. I know I would kill anyone who hurt my son.”

He smiled and nodded “So, I have that chance?” I nodded again... I heard the monitor... and turned the screen on... Isaiah was stirring from his nap.

I asked “Would you like to meet your son?” He nodded and his eyes got glassy. I took his hand and walked up to the baby’s room.

I opened the door and spoke softly. He stood and said “Momma” I lifted him out of the crib and kissed his neck... inhaling his sweet baby sleepy scent.

I whispered “Momma brought someone to see you. Remember how Momma told you, every night... how we would keep looking until we found... who?” He grinned and said “Daddy! Find Daddy? We find?” I laughed and said “He found us!”

Malakai stepped forward and put his hand on Isaiah's head "He looks just like me." I laughed again and said "Told you!" Isaiah held his arms out and Malakai froze.

I said "It's okay. He just wants you to hold him." He stood there a minute... then he took him in his arms. He held him close... while Isaiah patted his back, in comfort.

I hear Isaiah say "Don't cry, Daddy. You find us." I felt tears burn my eyes... getting mad at myself, all over again. I should have tried harder! My little man missed out on two years with his dad!

Malakai held his arm out, and I walked into it... he wanted that family hug...the one that makes you feel whole. He asked "Can we take him out? Go somewhere? I really don't want to be apart from him, yet."

I said "Sure... Tell you what... you dress Ike... while I change into something more park suitable, and we will go there. Just take his diaper off and hand him a pull-up... he knows how to put them on."

I ran to my room... slipping on shorts and tank top... pulling my hair into a high ponytail. Tying my shoes, I bounced back into Isaiah's room... just as Malakai tied his shoes.

We walked the three blocks to the park... even though Isaiah wouldn't stay in the stroller... preferring to sit on his dad's shoulders. It was just adorable.

We had been at the park about twenty minutes... and we had been to the slide... the swings... the slide... the rocking horse... the slide... You get the picture.

We had just sat on the bench, so Isaiah could have a snack. When fucking Bonita was stood in front of us! Damn it!

She said “Oh this is too funny! Imagine bumping into you. Who’s the kid?” Isaiah immediately reacted to the negativity in the air and crawled into Malakai’s lap... whining “Daddy”

Bonita simpered “Oh! I didn’t know you had a kid.” He snarled at her “Why would you know anything about me? I don’t answer to... You! And yes... I have a son! I don’t own a kid... but maybe I do... I do own that ranch on the outskirts of town.”

She tittered her fake little laugh, that she thinks is flirtatious. I said “What do you want, Bonita?”

She tells me, “I was on my way to visit dear Grandpa.. when I saw you sitting here.”

I laughed “Are you trying to give him a heart attack? You never come here! So... what do you want, Bonita?”

She sneered and started to spout some other bullshit...when Isaiah said “Momma” and reached for me. Bonita started laughing and said “Oh My God! Daddy is going to shit fits when he finds out Miss Goody Two-Shoes is a whore.”

I yawned “Shit bricks. Not fits, dumbass! And since when did you father give two shits about me in the first place?”

She said “Not you, stupid! The mob king! That’s your baby daddy!” I laughed “I know who my baby’s father is... where’s yours, Bonita?”

She screamed “You bitch! Just had to bring that up! Always acting so much better! Look at you! Sprouting bastard kids and still acting like you’re better.”

I had her up and hanging by her throat... “Do you know how easy it would be to kill you? This is your only warning. Ever call my son anything other than his name... it will be the last word you utter.” I dropped her on the ground.

I lifted Isaiah in my arms, letting Malakai push the stroller... Isaiah said “Mean lady, Momma. You play?” I laughed and said “Yes, my little man! She is very mean. And yep... Momma played... she said a bad word... so Momma played her game.”

Malakai asked “Should you be telling him that was a game?” I looked directly at him and said “Yes! He is two... his core memories haven’t kicked in yet. I will begin his training at three... he will learn discipline... when to use force and when not to.”

He nodded “Makes sense. I will learn... be patient?” I grinned “It isn’t easy... and now he’s entering the terrible twos... so it’s going to be that much harder.”

He groaned... and I laughed. Then I asked “Hey! Would you stay for dinner? I am positive that bitch and her family will show up!”

He said he would... and I said “Let’s tell Grandpa.”