

Chapter 5

Loser of the Year

Malakai's POV ~

Marisol handed me the salad to put on the table... while Isaiah was smacking Sol with a rubber spatula. She brought out chicken alfredo and garlic bread... while the servers poured wine...and water.

She was cutting Isaiah's food up, when Kennedy and four of my men came in. I said "I called them. I take no chances with my son... or with you... and especially not Sol." Making him laugh.

Marisol smiled and nodded. She told them "Sit down, boys! Have some dinner..." telling the servers to bring five more plates and pour drinks.

I told my men... "By twos. Two eat... two stand watch. You can swap out." She was watching me... then, I heard her say "Shit! That was hot!" I laughed and whispered "We've been hotter." She squeaked and blushed bright red. Making me laugh harder.

We were just finishing up, when one of my men said “Car coming up the drive. Dark blue. Mercedes. Four doors.” Sol said “It’s Robert. Marisol? Keep it below nuclear... yeah?” She laughed and said “I will behave. As long as they don’t come for me.”

I handed the baby to the nanny... telling her to lock them in, until I came for him. She smiled and responded “Yes, Master Winters.”

We all sat back down at the table... my men at the doorways. Robert slammed through the door and charged for Marisol... she throat punched him. Looking at Sol she said “In my defense, he came for me!”

Robert was back on his feet... and she said “I will listen to you... out of respect for my grandfather. Make one derogatory statement against me or about my son... the conversation is over. Call me anything outside of my name, this conversation is over! I have had sex... one time in my life. I gave my virginity to the father of my child. That man is very much a part of my son’s life. Before you accuse me of getting pregnant outside of marriage... that is exactly what Bonita claimed she did... and you were okay with it. Your double standards do not work on me. Before you call me a slut, remember, I have made love to and with one man... I doubt we have enough fingers and toes in this room to count Bonita’s escapades. So... if it doesn’t apply to Bonita... it doesn’t apply to anyone else. So, what can we help you with?”

Anna said “You ungrateful little bitch! You got pregnant on purpose! Bonita told you she was pregnant and you were jealous. So, you ran right out and fucked the first man you see. And who do you choose? A mobster! A common gangster.”

I growled “Lady, you are fast becoming an enemy. You may want to reel that back in. Or this common gangster will show you what a mafia boss can do!”

Robert choked out “What kind of person you are, Marisol. I don’t even know you anymore! You aren’t the daughter I raised.”

She laughed “You don’t know me, anymore? Anymore?? You never knew me. You never saw me. You never heard me. You didn’t raise me... My grandparents did. And we ascertained a long time ago... I am not your daughter. I haven’t claimed any of you for three years. Don’t pretend like you ever cared. You’re just worried about the scandal to your name!”

Bonita screamed “You were never a part of this family! You never loved us! All you have ever done is take!”

Marisol laughed again... she stood up and walked over to me... sitting down on my lap... she whispered “Hold onto me... I will kill that bitch.” Don’t have to tell me twice. I pulled her in tight, against my chest.

She said “I never asked to be a part of your family. You’re wrong, though. I did love you... back when I wanted to be accepted. All I do is take. I took a beating for a Ming vase that you broke. I took being grounded because you were sneaking out... I took three days in a little closet... with no food or water, while I nearly bled to death... for the beating I took for you having a boy in your room... but you said I was who snuck the boy in. What I didn’t take was every boy you ever liked... I didn’t take your fiancé... I didn’t take away your trust of men. I didn’t take your mother and father away from you!”

She screamed “You bitch! Still acting like you’re better! Well, you aren’t! I am! I took Jason? Well, watch me take this one, too” She reached for me...

I snarled “Touch me and die. You don’t hold a candle to this beauty in my lap. You may have taken the boys she liked... but that’s what they were. Boys. A man would see through you. He wouldn’t touch you with his brother’s dick. You reek of skank... liquor and last week’s fuck. You’re disgusting and vile. So, no... you can’t take me... from anyone. But especially not from the love of my life.”

She whined “Jasonnn” and he laughed “Don’t! Just don’t. You know what!? I’m done. Three years of this torture is enough. I am divorcing you, Bonita. Papers will be served by tomorrow afternoon!” He pulled his phone out, and walked out of the room... dialing someone.

Bonita and her parents stood there in shock. Sol busted out laughing “I haven’t been this entertained in years! I wish I would have videoed it! Would have made a great TikTok topic! I bet it would have gone viral! Damn it!”

It was my turn to laugh. I asked TikTok? Marisol nodded “It’s his new thing. He dances with Isaiah... TikTok... he feeds Isaiah... TikTok... this morning, he and Isaiah were superheroes... towel capes and all. Isaiah was diaper man and Grandpa was Real Teeth... which is mean... “

Kennedy was laughing hysterically and begged “no more... Dear God! That’s too funny!” I said “Certainly leaves a permanent stain on my image of you, Sol.” He laughed “My great grandson is the schinizzle.” Marisol said “Grandpa? No. Just no. No schinizzle.”

We all started laughing and then Marisol said “Oh shit! Y’all still here?” Which made us all laugh again. Robert snarked “For a mob boss, you are extremely rude. I wonder... does your brother know how you act?”

I laughed “Mmm... Pretty sure he doesn’t care! But, please, feel free to call him and tattle. I’m sure he will reward you for your loyalty!”

I sighed. I didn’t want to address my family dynamics yet. I said “Marisol...my brother Morton... is a mob boss. Not mafia. He’s the oldest. He was supposed to take over. But, he’s too brutal... He likes women... he takes them... married or not... my father denied his petition to take over. Morton killed him. The will was ironclad... but he tried to kill me, anyway. I made him regret his choices. He knows better than to mess with me. And Robert... you just made an enemy of me. So, you lost one daughter three years ago... you just lost your son in law. Now, you have lost the protection I would have provided... out of respect for Sol. You seem to be Loser of the Year, right now.”