

Chapter 8

You're on Vacation

Third Person POV ~

Sol had ordered Anna and Bonita brought to the dining room.. and shortly after that... Jason walked in with his attorney.

Sol told the attorney to lay out the divorce papers in front of Bonita. He told her to sign them... at first, she refused. Sol said "Sign them... or go to prison. The games stop now. Here. Today!" She did as she was told and Jason's attorney rushed off to file them.

Sol said "Jason... move on. Have nothing more to do with this succubus and her mother. They manipulated your entire life, up to now. They drugged you into Bonita's bed... they orchestrated Marisol catching you... faked a pregnancy... forced you into marriage... All of it... a thought-out plan to cause Marisol pain... no matter who they hurt in the process. You were a victim. Now, be a survivor!"

Once Jason was gone... Sol poured himself a drink. He offered Robert one, but he refused. He said "My guests have arrived. It's showtime!"

Malakai walked in... leading Paul and Barbara Weston... looking a little disheveled. Sol arched an eyebrow and Kai shrugged “Needed some convincing.”

Sol nodded and said “Take a seat! We have a lot to get through... and some of us aren’t going to be happy. Paul Weston... as of today, I withdraw all financial support from your family’s businesses. The shares I held... have been sold... to Malakai Winters. Your financial backing will be at his discretion henceforth. I know you helped Anna orchestrate a vehicular homicide... nearly causing the death of my granddaughter. Prison would kill you, Paul. I suggest you never allow my granddaughter’s name enter your head, again.”

Sol’s lawyer said “Mr. Andrews, the papers you requested... along with your son’s prenup.” Sol looked them over... then handed them to Robert to read.

He turned to Anna... “Your plot to kill me. Then my son... was ludicrous... at best. My will reads in such a way, not one dime would ever come to you. The prenup you signed guarantees that.

Should I die of suspicious means... Marisol inherits everything. If Robert inherited... he would live on a monthly stipend... with no access to my wealth, at all. The prenup states...no matter the reason you find yourself no longer wed to Robert Andrews, you walk away with exactly what you walked in with. The clothes on your back. No car. No bank account. No charge cards. No jewelry... and most definitely, no home.

The deal with your father was... the financial support I offered was in lieu of you ever inheriting a penny from me. Whether or not he put anything aside for you is your question. He essentially sold you... and you agreed.”

Robert said “Why, dad? Why would you saddle me with such a bitch?” Sol shook his head... “I didn’t, son. Read the addendum at the bottom of this page. It will tell you... If a wedding had not occurred within the two-year time period, a one-time payment of five million would be paid to the Weston’s and the engagement voided. That’s why the pregnancy lie! To force you into marriage with that viper!”

Robert walked over and slapped Anna. Then he slapped Barbara. Kai busted out laughing “Why did he slap his mother-in-law?” Robert said “She was there...and I had a spare.” Making Kai laugh harder.

Paul Weston sneered “I will sue you! Drag your name through the mud! Your family will never survive the scandal!”

Sol laughed “I was raised in the mud! I ain’t afraid of a little dirt. I couldn’t care less about a scandal. Whether I am famous... or if I am infamous... My name will be on everyone’s lips. Within a month... it will be old news... and my money can make a lot of things disappear.”

Malakai was impressed. He wants to achieve that level of I don’t give a fuck! The old man just threatened Paul’s life without ever saying the words. Sol is next level bad ass!

Sol said “I have decided... Anna and Bonita... you need a vacation. So, I am sending you both on an all-expense paid...year long vacation... in sultry southern climes! You are going to Mari Island.”

Both girls started yelling... begging... crying. The island had solar based electricity... no internet... or television... no phone... or cell service. Provisions were dropped once a month... when the island is occupied. There was only one way on and off the island. And that was at Sol’s discretion... when to send a boat or helicopter in.

Sol said “Oh simmer down. Christ, Robert! How did you listen to that caterwauling for a quarter of a century? Like cat’s claws on a chalkboard! Fuck! That’s painful! Shut the fuck up! Damn!”

He said “Y’all act like you’re going to the middle of the desert without any water. It’s a tropical island, for God’s sake! You have electricity... running water... plenty of food... what else do you need? You have each other for company... two peas in a pod.”

Robert quietly says “Umm... Dad? Neither of them can cook. I’m not sure they have ever been in a kitchen.” Sol responds “Best send some cookbooks, then. I damned sure ain’t forcing a five-star chef to spend a year in that shithole!”

Kai busted out laughing, again. This time Kennedy was rolling. Sol hyped up the island like a five-star resort... then he’s not sending a chef to the shithole. Kai leans to Kennedy “Now... I absolutely have GOT to see the island!”

Sol looks at Paul “Wanna send Barbara, too? Think about it! An entire year of peace... All the little pecking guinea hens. Off in their private coop.”

Kennedy said “I can’t... I can’t even... with this dude!” Making Kai laugh again. Sol looked over his shoulder... “Brian... Nick... escort the Andrews women to their homes. They are allowed two suitcases each... summer clothes. Some light jackets. Nothing fancy. No jewelry. No heels! Stay with them... and observe every article. They depart in two hours.”

“Robert, I have granted you a reprieve. You will move in here. You will observe your daughter, in her every day environment. You will not speak to her, unless she requests it. When you finally understand what it is you’ve done to that precious girl, then you may return home. You also have a year. A year to decide whether or not staying married to that Banshee benefits you in any way. I will support you... and get you through a divorce, with little notice.”

Robert nodded and asked “Will I be allowed to get to know the little boy? My grandson?” Sol said “Ask his father.”

Robert looked at Malakai who said “I will discuss it with Marisol... I would not presume to make such a decision without her.” Staking his claim and letting it be known, in no uncertain terms, he has Marisol’s back, in all things.

Sol nodded his approval...and said “Get to packing, Robert! You’re on vacation!”