

Chapter 007

Killian's POV

To say that I was affected by her presence was an understatement of what I felt for her. Maybe I was horny? It's no surprise at all, though. I'm a healthy man. Of course I'd feel such things.

"Jared wants to see you, brother. It's been a month since you two saw each other," Ethan Falcon, my brother, said from the other line.

I chuckled as I drank the wine of my glass.

"I suddenly wonder if I was Jared's favorite. He has always been asking for me. There was no time that he did not miss me." I said to tease my brother Ethan.

He let out a chuckle from the other line. "I swear you're just dreaming, Killian. That has been the illusion of yours since then. Maybe you already need someone beside you? Perhaps, a wife?"

I raised an eyebrow even if he cannot see me. I smirked at that.

"I don't need a wife, brother. I can't see myself settling for someone. I don't believe in love."

"That's what I said to myself years ago, but look at me now. I'm head over heels on my wife."

I chuckled. "I swear, I won't fall in love."

He chuckled from the other line too. "I also swear, you're gonna fall for someone this year."

I smirked then shook my head. It's never gonna happen. Me? Falling for someone? Tss. Love is not my thing.

I ended the call when someone knocked on my oce's door.

"Come inside," I ordered and Drogo, my right hand, entered my oce. "Is there any news you have for me? I presume that's a good one, eh?"

He sat on the chair in front of my table. "I'm afraid my news for you won't make you happy, my lord."

I turned serious because of what he said. "What is it?"

"Governor Eddard Rises recently blocked two of our transactions. One of which has been canceled because of the delay. While the other one, we planned on pushing it through for today but..."

"But?" I leaned on the table as I waited for what he would tell me.

"The ocials seem to have known our pathways, they have put military enforcements in all of those and I am afraid we won't be able to send the drugs to their destination."

I massaged my nape, stopping myself from hitting Drogo.

"Who told you those were drugs?" I narrowed my eyes on him. His eyes widened and he could not speak, like a sh has gotten his tongue. "Those are guns, Drogo! Those are all legal!"

I could not even remember when was the last time we became a producer of drugs! Sometimes, I nd my job hard not because of my work itself but because of the men I have on my side! Damn!

He gave me a small smile as he caressed his nape. "I t-thought..."

"I want to punch you, you know that?" I said as I let myself fall on my swivel chair.

I closed my eyes and massaged my forehead.

"I thought those were drugs since you asked me to be careful."

I opened my eyes in an instant and cut him off. "Of course, Drogo! You need to be careful because those were high valued guns! Goodness! I suddenly want to f*****g kill you!"

He caressed his nape again. He always does it everytime he makes something wrong to me. And now, he's doing it again.

Hays.

If only I don't treat Drogo as my brother, I shouldn't have stripped him all the titles that he has. But I can't.

When my mother threw me away, it was Drogo who found me rst. I don't know how to live in the streets but he helped me doing so. In the days that I had nothing to eat, he was the one who provided.

He helped me to stand with my own feet. And even though I had no strength to do so, I was able to stand still. And now, I owned the biggest manufacturing company of guns and missiles in the country and soon in the world.

"I'm sorry, my lord," he sighed and when I looked at him, he is now bowing his head to me.

I let out a deep huff and stood. I held his shoulder and tapped it twice.

"Just make sure you're not going to repeat the same mistake again. Go and look for the plant for me. Message me about the updates of them."

He instantly nodded his head at me. "I still have something to tell you, my lord."

I raised an eyebrow, signaling him to tell me about it.

"We have captured one of our men stealing some of our manufactured guns. Those guns are the ones we are planning to send to Mr. Calves Robles."

I clenched my jaw. The type of people I most hated are those thieves.

"Bring him to me in the Crest."

He put his right hand on his chest. "I'll do it, my lord."

(The Crest is where Killian kills the people whom he wants to kill.)

"Who asked you to do it?" I asked the man who stole from me with my low voice.

Drogo and two of our men are behind me. The man who stole has his hands and feet tied.

I believe that when you steal, there's a reason behind it. I can't understand why I was being stolen for the past days?

I know for sure this connects to my enemies. Because if not, I'm sure as f**k this f*****g man would not dare steal the guns and missiles I have planned on sending to Russia for Mr. Calves Robles. And I can't imagine how those fuckers have found their way inside my men already.

He shook his head. "No one, my lord. I did it myself."

My st stopped him from talking. He groaned in pain and the blood on his lips make me smile. It satises me for a moment, but I know it still not enough. I want his life. He is a traitor. I know someone asked him to do this.

"I'll ask you once more. Who asked you to do it?" I asked him with my voice carrying power and command.

His hands, even though tied, are trembling. Some tears on the side of his eyes already fell.

"N-No one."

I glanced at Drogo and signaled him to do it. He nodded at me then punched the man with his gun. Blood ows through his head and it drops on the oor.

"It seems like he won't talk, my lord."

I c****d my head on the other side. "Call our nurses and ask them to treat this fucker's wound. Tell the maids to clean this room too."

Drogo nodded. "Is he going to remain in Crest?"

I observed the man whose eyes are pleading at me. If only he confessed the person behind it, I would've saved his life from my anger. Unfortunately, he did not. He made it to himself.

"No, let him rest. We won't kill him. He'll be back on his work as a slave only that he won't have something to earn."

"M-My lord, I have a family that's expecting for me." He pleaded with a husky voice, tiredness can be heard at his voice.

I held his jaw and forced him to look at me. "Tell me who ordered you to steal from me, then. Tell me."

He gulped and his eyes pointed behind me. I sighed and looked at Drogo.

"Go outside, you all."

They nodded their head at me then left the Crest.

"Now, tell me who ordered you?"

"I d-don't have the name, my lord. I did not see the face too. But I heard his men calling him 'The Dragon'."

The Dragon? This is the rst time I heard that. I let go the man's jaw and left the Crest.

I haven't heard that code yet. The Dragon. But I know that it's one of my enemies. The question is who?

I suddenly wonder if 'The Dragon' was also the one behind Del Real's stealing case to me? If that's the case, it will be easy for me to nd that Dragon. But when they are different people, I know for sure I'll have a hard time about it.

Drogo and the two men are still outside the crest, so when I went outside, I saw three of them there. They all looked at me and bowed their heads.

"Did you already call the nurses and the maids?"

Drogo nodded.

"Yes, there they are." He pointed where the maids are. "While the nurses are on their way."

"Okay, then. Come to my oce and we'll talk about something."

I ordered then walked away.

"The Dragon?" Drogo asked, confused.

I played the wine of my glass. "Yes, I'm sure it's his code."

"His? Are you sure it's a man?"

"I don't know," I muttered.

"What if the man is lying again?"

He will not. The man is one my men. I know whether they are lying or not. I have seen and transacted various faces in my life and I have mastered how to identify those who lie.

"He is not," I answered shortly.

"I have not heard that code name. It's new to my ears."

I drank on my glass then put it on my table afterwards. I stood up and walked towards the window of my oce behind my table.

"I am just wondering..." Watching the wide city of New York, I put my hands on my pocket. "It is possible that Ernesto Del Real knows who the dragon is. Especially if that was also the person who ordered him to steal from me."

"How are you going to ask the old Del Real, then? Even if you send someone to ask him who the dragon is, he won't answer it of course."

A smile appeared on my lips.

"And who told you that I will ask Ernesto Del Real?"

I hold his daughter. She is my pet. I will use her as a tool to know who the dragon is. And I swear, I will let them know who the real devil is. I will let them meet the lord of death in an instant.