

# Taming Mr. Black

## Chapter 56

Killian's POV

I grab the pregnancy test kit and the obvious positive sign nearly scares the shit out of me. And then there's another photo, it's an ultrasound of an unborn baby. I drop it and pick up the Lily flower that's attached. I bring it to my nose and it's fresh. I'm already standing as I stare at these things on my desk. Lastly, there's a letter. I quickly pick it up and tear it open. I pull out the paper and unfold it. It reads.

'Dear Mr. Black.

How are you today? Obviously you're fine, I'm very sure of that. Because you're living your best life, sitting on top of money, with your little, slut worker as your girlfriend. I'm very sure you've got my present. Don't be scared, because you're a father now, well going to be a father soon.

I know you don't remember me. You don't remember anyone at all, I'm pretty sure of that, because you're a disgusting manwhore, and a degenerating asshole. I know you don't remember that night. That night you whispered beautiful things in my ear and promised me everything. God, I was a fool to think you were going to make me happy. You promised to love me. You loved me. But then you used me, tossed me aside after you got me pregnant! You said I wasn't good enough. I wasn't classy enough. I wasn't beautiful enough.

Well, I'm not angry anymore. At least I've found you, and it's time to take responsibility for what you put inside me. I'm not gonna give birth to a bastard and suffer alone while you go around partying with your little, slutty girlfriend. What's her name again? Oh, I remember. Naomi Alderson.

You're gonna do as I say, and if you don't, start imagining Naomi in a coffin with a face you won't be able to recognize. I will hurt you, hurt her more, and I'll ruin her life the same way you ruined mine. I will destroy her and destroy everything about her. You don't deserve to be happy. You don't even deserve anyone's love. I believe you can't count how many women you've played and used, and that's because you're a conceited man. If you think I've come to play, first, you should start thinking about what everyone's going to think after I send them photos of you and Naomi doing the unbelievable.

Yours sincerely,

Your beloved baby's mother.'

" What the fuck!" I scream, tossing the letter on my desk as I move away from my desk.

Oh my fucking fuck. What the fuck is going on! Who would send this? Who the hell is this? Who the hell would do this? Is this some sort of joke? Who could possibly be this woman? This can't be true, right?

Of course it's fucking real. There's a baby's ultrasound. A positive pregnancy test kit. But it can be anyone's child. It can be any woman I had sex with who probably wants to ruin my image with this shit. It can be.

I grab my phone and dial Raymond's number. He picks up on the third ring.

" Killian?"

" Please get your ass straight to my office. Something has fucking happened."

I hang up and toss my phone on my desk as I turn to face the translucent wall with the perfect view of New York. I'm distressed right now. I don't even know when my hands start to shake.

God knows I'm not ready to father anyone. I can't be anyone's father, at least not now. I have a lot on my plate and I just found love in the arms of Naomi. It took a lot of chasing from my side before I could get her to trust me that I can be the man she wanted. With news like this one, it's obvious it will ruin my new found relationship. Just when I just found happiness, someone out there thinks I don't deserve it and they're trying to ruin it.

There's a soft knock on my office before the door opens. I turn around to see Raymond. He shuts my office door as he walks towards my desk.

" God, you look like shit. What's going on? Is it your brother's bachelor party tomorrow? Are you having second thoughts about it again?"

I point to my desk. Raymond raises his eyebrows as he grabs the photos. He stares at the picture of Naomi and I, the ultrasound, and then he looks at the positive pregnancy test on my desk.

" What the fuck?"

" Exactly. What the fuck?" I run my fingers through my hair.

" Naomi's pregnant already? What's this? Am I supposed to say congratulations?"

" Read the fucking letter, Raymond. Someone's trying to ruin my life, my relationship, and the company I worked so hard to build!"

Raymond's eyebrows touch his hairline as he drops the pictures and picks up the letter. He reads it quietly while I pace the floor of my office.

" Okay, shit. This isn't happening. Who sent this?"

I run my palm down my face in frustration.

" It was mailed to my house this morning. My driver brought my mail to me this morning."

" Oh my God. This is... this is big. This is fucking big."

" Who would do this?!"

" Obviously a girl you had sex with maybe during one of your wild nights."

" How the fuck am I supposed to remember that? I've had countless wild nights these past 7 seven years!"

" Calm down, Kil. We should be able to figure something out. You need to remember."

" I can't fucking remember! Do you know how many girls I've been with? I've never had sex without a condom. I don't trust these women."

" Well, if you've never had sex without a condom, how the hell did you get someone pregnant?"

" What if I'm not responsible and this crazy woman is trying to ruin my life?"

" But, what if you're responsible? This person is threatening to hurt Naomi."

" Oh God. Fuck!" I'm already pulling at my hair while trying to think about my wild nights and any woman I had sex with without a condom.

Fuck, I can't remember shit. Ever since I became this man, I've never been with any woman without protection. Some women are desperate, they would do anything just to have their fingers deep inside my pockets. Naomi is the only woman I've ever had sex with without a condom. And I made sure she gets contraceptives, because I don't think any of us is ready to be anyone's parents.

" Why is there a lily attached? Was her name Lily?"

" I don't know, Raymond, fuck!" I push the mug of coffee off my desk as it falls to the floor breaking.

" You need to calm down, Killian."

" I can't. There's a woman out there claiming to be pregnant for me. How can I be calm?!"

Raymond sighs as he stares at the letter in his hands.

" You know when someone doesn't remember some incident in their life, it's because they don't want to remember. It's probably a bad memory, they just chuck it away, far away so they won't remember. If you keep yelling and throwing things, you won't be able to remember or find a solution. I think you need to calm down, and try to remember. Don't break things, and don't force yourself. I'll ask Jamie to call your driver and ask him who brought in this envelope. I can also get a private investigator to look into this matter, if you want."

I sigh, as I push my hair out of my face. I can't look at Raymond right now. My mind is jumbled and everywhere.

" Killian."

" Thanks Raymond. I would really like that."

He nods.

" I'll get Jamie to clean this up. Calm the fuck down." He says, packing everything this strange woman sent and putting everything back inside the envelope.

He drops it on my desk and turns to leave.

" God, I'm fucked."