

# Taming Mr. Black

## Chapter 65

Killian's POV

Today isn't going as expected. Today's my brother's bachelor's party and it is supposed to be a good day. Well, it started off as a good day. Naomi spent the night, all naked and warm in my bed. We didn't make love, I just pulled her close to me and held on to her, really tight and close like she was going to slip away.

Then, she got ready this morning to leave for work and I kissed her when she wanted to take her bath. I didn't let her touch anything, nothing at all and I bathed her myself, while whispering countless I love you's to her. And I confessed to her how much I love her and how I didn't want to lose her.

Naomi was taken aback by my confessions, but she didn't say anything. She just held me and whispered her own reassuring promises into my ear. Before we came to my house last night together after having dinner with her family, which strangely turned out great, we stopped by her apartment so that she could grab something to wear to work today. Naomi wanted to take an Uber to work, but I didn't let her. I told her if she was afraid of being seen stepping out of her boss's car, then Alvin should drop her a few blocks away from my company so that she could walk the rest of the way to the office.

She agreed. It went fine. Really great morning. I already made plans for our bachelor's trip to Australia in my private plane. I even had breakfast while I chatted with Sebastian, something I haven't done for a while since I'm always busy. My morning was going great, until I got another message from that stalker, psycho bitch who wants to ruin my life and that of my company.

My stomach churned at the brown envelope in my hand as I stood in the middle of my living room.

"Are you okay, sir?"

"I'm fine. Thanks, Alvin, you can leave." I dismiss him as I turn the envelope in my hand.

There's not an address, nothing. Just a plain brown envelope with a wax seal. I tear it open and pull out the white paper inside it. I unfold it and groan at the content.

'Dear Mr. Black

How are you doing today? I'm very sure you're having a wonderful time. I guess you had a wonderful dinner at your girlfriend's mother's home. Aw, how sweet. You never did get to meet my family, did you? Of course, you don't remember. All you did was play me, used me and tossed me aside. Well, I have forgiven you because I'm about to give you a taste of your own medicine.

I'm sure you're wondering what I want from you, and you're probably doubting the baby's not yours. Oh, you poor thing. The child's yours, Killian, and I can still remember that, that night you planted your seed inside me. Of course you don't remember, and that's because all along I meant nothing to you. I was nothing to you. You treated me like I was some piece of shit you'd scrape off your shoes. And about what I want from you, oh, you can't begin to imagine. I want so much from you. A lot from you. And for a start, I want you to be mine, because you're mine and I'm definitely not raising a bastard child.

I don't need your money, Killian, I don't want your stupid money. I'm not gonna stand by and watch that slut girlfriend of yours take what's mine. You're mine, and you're gonna be mine whether you like it or not. Because, God help me, I'm going to kill that stupid bitch. And before I do that, how about I send a little message to HR about how their boss is fucking one of his employee in exchange for a job position. Ooh, that definitely won't look good on the paper. I know you know that. So, why don't you be a darling and give me what I want.

I've got my eyes on you, my dearest. Have fun at your brother's bachelor's party, my love.'

I stare at the letter in my hand with anger. Who the fuck is this bitch? Why is she trying to make my life complicated? Why? I ball my hand to a fist, already having enough of whatever game this crazy bitch is playing. I wanted to scream, but I know screaming won't change anything. Whoever this woman is, it's fucking obvious I was with her. I had sex with her, obviously. But who? That's my problem. I have no idea who she is and what she is.

And the creepiest thing about this whole situation is that she knows what's going on in and out of my life. How did she know I had dinner with Naomi's family last night? How did she know today's Keith's bachelor's party? And how did she take that photo of me and Naomi entering the art exhibition? How did she know I was going to be there? What if it's someone close to me? Someone who's fucking with me? And why do I feel like if this woman's for real, then someone close to me is giving her information about me knowingly or maybe unknowingly. There are so many theories concerning this messed up situation and they all lead to one thing. Someone close to me is deciding to fuck my life over.

Who have I offended? Who did I offend? I'm not a saint. I've definitely dated my fair share of women. I've broken a lot of hearts, it's not because I wanted to, it's because the women couldn't live with the fact that we couldn't be anything, but sex buddies or one night stands. Some of them can't just accept that I don't want them, and after one night I'm never calling you again.

It's just sick they don't want to accept it.

But is that even enough to threaten to harm the woman I'm in love with? The only person who knew I was going to that art exhibition with Naomi was Raymond. And about dinner with Naomi's family, I didn't tell anybody, not even Raymond. And about my brother's bachelor's party being today, Raymond's aware because he's one of Keith's groomsmen. And then, Naomi, and the people who work for my floor and that's because they need to know why their boss won't be showing up at work today.

Who could it be? It's definitely not Raymond. He has no reason to hate or hurt me, even if I was kind of a bad friend to him a few years ago, but still that's not a reason to rat my personal life to some person who might be stalking me and wants to harm my girl. Also, he's gay, and he doesn't find me attractive. I'm not even his type, plus he's engaged to Derrick. They're in love. Raymond's like the closest person in my life aside from my family. I tell him things, and he's always there to listen and offer advice.

I may not trust anybody, but I trust him and I know he won't do that. But then? Could be anyone from work. That's reasonable.

I've been with different women over these past years of my life and none of them I remember their names. And why I remembered Celine is because we hooked up more than three times and it's recent. Give me another two years, and I sure as shit won't remember Celine either. It's not that I've bad memory or anything, I just like to delete people out of my head the minute our relationship ends. Whether it's a work relationship or sex. If I'm breaking up with you, that's the end of you. I'm definitely erasing everything about you out of my head and that doesn't make me an asshole or a selfish prick. For me, it's because I'm a workaholic and I've got a company to run. Plus, keeping names and faces of women I've dated, hooked up with, had a one night stand with, is not healthy for me.

And that brings me to the place I started with in the beginning. Who's this person? And how can I be careless enough to have sex with her without a fucking condom? Was I drunk?

Having nobody to pass my anger and frustration onto, I got undressed, put on sweats and worked out in my gym while putting too much pressure on my body. When that wasn't working on getting rid of this irritation, and frustration, I settled for boxing, releasing my pent up anger on the poor, clueless punching bag.

I punched harder, harder, with my entire body sweating and threatening to give up on me. I didn't stop, I just continued to punch, not holding back. I think about several things I wanna do to this woman, how I'm supposed to resolve this. What am I supposed to do when it turns out she's really carrying my child? What should I do? What am I gonna do? Today is supposed to be my brother's bachelor's party and we're supposed to be having fun, but now I don't think I can have fun.

Throwing one last punch, the punching bag fell off the hinges holding it up and flew to the corner with full force. I bent down, hands on my knees as I tried to catch my breath.

There was one thing on my mind. Only one thing replaying over and over again in my head. I'm fucked.

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The plane ride was smooth. The guys made jokes and laughed. I wasn't in the mood and I'm glad none of them noticed because I tried hard to act neutral and blend in the conversation. Raymond's the only one who knows I'm going through hell, and thankfully, he hasn't asked me about the latest news about this strange woman. The mail office hasn't given us a reply on where the letter is coming from and I'm still waiting, hoping that they come up with a positive reply and her address. I guess if I can have a fruitful conversation with this woman, I can pay her to get rid of the child.

Does that make me inhumane? Of course. What am I thinking? Paying someone to commit abortion. What am I supposed to do? I'm not ready to father any child. And even if I'm ready, I don't want the child to be from a woman I'm not in love with. A woman I don't know. Some crazy chick who's got a craving for blood. I definitely don't want a child from a woman like that.

It should be Naomi, not any other woman. God, I'm so out of options.

"I wonder what Killian's got up his sleeves." Andrew says from opposite me.

I turn to look at him, with my eyebrows raised. What were they talking about?

"What?"

Preston who's sitting next to Andrew smiles and shakes his head.

"What's gotten you all shaken up? Are you okay?" Preston asks.

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"It's definitely not jet lag, is it?" Andrew jokes and I don't find it funny.

"I fucking own this plane, idiot, so I've definitely flew in it like a million times."

"Right, Mr. President. Excuse my sass." Andrew says with his shitty smirk spread on his lips.

I just want to punch the idiot and maybe release all my anger on him, but that will just make me an asshole brother and a shitty best man.

So I just roll my eyes and look at the clouds in the sky.

"Seriously, Kil, are you okay?" Preston inquires again.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Thanks."

"Alright."

Thankfully, Preston doesn't pester me with questions that I'm not willing to share answers to. Keith is out somewhere in the plane looking for something to drink.

"You need to stop thinking about it, Kil. Let's hope they're able to come up with her address and we'll have a chat with her." Raymond whispers next to me, since he's sitting next to me.

"And then what?"

Raymond sighs, not having an answer to my question.

"Imagine we talk to her and she's really carrying my child, what am I gonna do?"

"When it turns out it's really yours, first, I think you should have a conversation with your girl, and your mom. They're the most important women in your life, they can come up with something."

"Naomi will be heartbroken, hurt. She might leave me and ask me to just be with this psycho bitch for the baby's sake. Mom's gonna ask me to accept it."

"What if I don't have to?"

"You don't have a choice."

I always have a choice. And I know the choice I'm supposed to make and it's definitely not a good one. If she's blackmailing me and threatening to harm Naomi, which I won't allow, God knows I'm willing to pretend some chick isn't sending weird letters about having a baby for me. I am definitely gonna do that. But, I can't jeopardize Naomi's safety for anything. I love that woman and I can't stand anyone hurting her. I won't let it. And with a bitch like that on the loose, she's willing to do anything to prove a point to me that she's not here to play.

I'm pretty sure of that.