

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 67

" You cannot do that!" Andrew says, pointing his stupid fingers at me.

The tour guides managed to get him out of the water before saltwater crocodiles could get him. That lucky fuck.

" And you cannot talk about my woman like that." I point back.

" Guys. Just fucking apologize to each other and let's continue our tour." Preston says.

Torrent and Angela stand at a corner watching with interest. Raymond just stands aside and shakes his head at our behavior. I'm pissed.

" Why should I apologize? He tossed me out of the boat, remember?"

" That's because you talked about his woman rudely, Andrew. You can't do that. You're married, take your eyes off of people's women. Killian's own to be precise."

" And, one more crass comment about my girl and I'm gonna knock your teeth out." I glare at Andrew as I walk ahead of the others.

This day is really going as planned. Keith catches up to me, making me slow my strides.

" I'm sorry about Andrew."

" No, I'm sorry Keith. I'm your brother and your best man and I've been nothing but shitty since we got here. Today is supposed to be one of the best days of your life."

Keith chuckles and nudges me with his shoulders.

" Shut up, it is. I am having fun. And maybe you shouldn't have tossed Andrew off the boat, but he kind of deserved it. He's been nothing but an asshole to you. I don't like that."

I smile. " Thanks, man."

" It's fine. And Naomi is pretty. You're lucky you bagged that one, man. You need someone like her in your life. To put you in order and keep you in line whenever you step out of it."

I smirk. " Yeah, I do."

Keith chuckles and pat me on the back. " You wanna continue our tour?"

" Sure."

Torrent and Angela take us through the forest while giving us speeches about the forest and every animal we walk past. The animals are beautiful, it's nothing like I've seen. Maybe I need this. This whole wildlife and forest shit, and nature. I've seen too many clubs, parties, hotels a lot these past years, I forget places like this still exist.

There's a silent buzz in my pocket and it's a text notification. I pull out my phone and it's a text from Naomi asking me if I'm okay. I smile and send a reply to her that I'm okay.

We walk through the forest for almost 30 minutes, with Andrew complaining about his clothes being wet all the time.

Always a child.

We stop to take in the scenery before us. Torrent explains and talks about the animals. He stops to talk about an animal that's similar to a sloth. I don't pay much attention, I just look around. Torrent and Angela have already started to walk ahead of us talking about the tropical forests. We turn to follow them only to stop because Andrew finds something interesting.

" Andrew, what are you doing?" Keith calls.

" Is this a honey pot?" He asks.

" Fucking hell, Andrew, stay away from it. If it's a honey pot then there are bees in it." Raymond says.

" Oh relax, stop being a baby. Do you know natural honey has the best medicinal ingredient? Like they're good for the body." Andrew asks as he approaches it.

" Nobody cares, Andrew. Get the fuck away from it." I say.

But he doesn't listen. The idiot touched it.

" Oh my God." Preston sighs as bees start to swim around us, buzzing loudly and all over us.

Fuck, there are a lot of them. So much it looks like a herd.

" Fuck, run!" Raymond calls, already running down the opposite path our tour guides took.

I definitely don't want to get stung by a bee so I run, including my brother, my cousin, and lastly, idiot Andrew. We run through the forest, pushing through leaves. I can still hear the bee buzzing behind us, crowding us.

" I don't want to die! I can't die! I definitely don't want to die being stung by a bee. Oh my God! Please take them away." Andrew chants behind us, crying like a baby that he is.

This is going really smoothly. Why the hell is Andrew part of the groomsmen? He's a walking disaster, and Keith knows it. How are they friends?

" Oh my fucking God!" Raymond screams, halting from our heavy race on top of a cliff.

But, I guess we aren't lucky since the bees are already crowding us, buzzing noisily around us. I really feel like punching Andrew this time.

" Well, I'd rather die drowning than being stung to death by countless, hungry bees." Raymond says and jumps off the high cliff, right into the water beneath us.

I look at the others and shrug as I jump too, followed by the others. We crash inside the water, with waves of water splashing everywhere.

" Fuck." Raymond scoffs.

I sweep my hair with my hands out of my face and glare at Andrew.

" You see what you've cause, you fucking idiot. How are you 34?" I yell at Andrew.

" Fuck you, Killian. You keep acting like you're any perfect. You fucking pushed me off the boat!" Andrew retaliates.

" Guys." Preston calls.

" Jesus, you've been trying to ruin today for my brother with your fucking, childish behavior. What are you, five? First, you openly flirt with my woman and even offered to have sex with her in my face and now you're touching honey pots when every 6 years olds knows they're not supposed to go near a honey pot. How the fuck are you a Harvard graduate?"

" I can't believe you two grown up men." Raymond mutters.

" Guys!" Preston calls for our attention again, louder this time.

" What?!" We snap our heads towards him.

" Can we do this later? The tide is coming." Preston says.

Truly enough, he's right. We swim to shore and get out of the water with everyone soaking wet. Keith is giggling like a girl and I'm fucking cold. We all stare at him like he's high on ocean water and the forest breeze.

" Why are you smiling?" I ask.

" Oh my God, that was fun!" Keith says. "We all grow up so fast and forget how to live. I haven't run like that for years and dive off a cliff, shit, that's awesome. I'm having fun and I'm doing it again."

I take a breath of relief as we sit down on the sand. Thank God, he's having. Keith's right, we all grow up so fast we forget how to live. I sometimes forget how to live. And I'm happy I came out here with people who I give a shit about, definitely not Andrew.

" At least we're all having fun and no one got stung." Andrew says.

We all turn to look at him and my eyebrows are elevated at once. Fuck, he got stung. Andrew notices the pair of eyes on him and he asks.

" What? Why are you guys staring at me?"

" Uh... your neck?" Preston says, pointing to his own neck.

Andrew brings his hand to his neck. His eyes go wide at once, and he's starting to feel dizzy because of the sting.

" Oh, fuck." Andrew mutters and collapses on the sand.

Great.