## Taming Mr. Black **Chapter 68**

He's sitting on the single couch while leaning back on it.

I stand by the transparent window as I stare out at the compound. We're in the hotel suite we booked for Keith's bachelor's party.

" Stop whining like a child. It's just a little sting." Preston says.

I smile and shake my head as I turn around to look at them. Preston is drinking a beer as Andrew glares at him. " I should stop whining like a child? Are you fucking kidding me? Can you even hear yourself? I got stung by a fucking bee!" Andrew is

He's always overdramatic.

"You got stung by a bee because you messed with its honey pot. Why would you do that?" Raymond says as he walks to stand beside me.

"Well, fuck all of you. Where the hell is Keith? Is this night over?" Andrew asks, tossing his ice pack on the table.

"He's taking a shower. Probably trying to get away from you." I say.

" It means we've had enough of your shitty attitude. Today's your best friend's bachelor's party and all you've proven yourself to be is a total

shitbag." I turn to look at him as I tell him.

Andrew is speechless as he glares at me and then Raymond and Preston. He's an egotistical son of a bitch, it's not every time people get to talk to him like that. As if his vein just snaps, Andrew continues to stare at me.

" What?" I ask him, daring him to talk shit to me. I don't mind grabbing him by the collar and tossing him out this suite through the wall to ceiling glass windows. Andrew sighs, shuts his

" So the night is over?" Andrew asks again.

opens it. Keith walks out of the bathroom with his hair damp and dressed in a long sleeved t-shirt and jeans. A girl pushes a cart with a tray on top and different food perfectly arranged on it.

"Good evening gents. I was asked to bring you dinner according to hotel policy."

" Is this free?" Andrew asks.

"Yes, it's part of the suite accommodation." The girl says.

" I'm going to take my leave." She says and turns to leave.

" Wait." Andrew stops her.

" Is there like a top, notch strip club around here that's not too far?' Andrew asks.

" Shut up, Preston." He snaps without looking at him.

" It's fine, you don't have to answer him." I say, taking a few strides so I'm standing beside Andrew.

door behind her.

"The bubble." Andrew whispers under his breath with a sick smirk. "We're not going to a strip club." I say sternly as I glare at Andrew.

"Because..." I say, but got cut short by Andrew.

"Today is your brother's bachelor's party, and as his best friend I won't let you end the night just like that without having fun." " Fun? What's your own definition of fun?"

Andrew stares at me for a minute before turning towards Keith.

this, women, drinks, girls, clubs is coming to an end. You're an officially married man already. Why don't you talk to your brother so that we can party since it's the last night of you being single. You're soon gonna be a father and you know what that means. Marriage and responsibilities are going to fuck you real good you're gonna forget how to live."

" So you're saying you want us to go to the bubble, a strip club and have fun. Are you forgetting we're all married, well except for Kil, and

" And I'm in a relationship, a serious one to be precise." I butt in.

get married soon." Andrew says.

" And you Raymond, you can stay in here and count the stars while we are gone since you feel like not taking part in this. Also, gay or not,

titties in your face means nothing, as long as you keep your hands to yourself." Andrew says to Raymond before turning to look at Keith. I give Raymond a look, at the same time he turns to stare at me. I smirk and shake my head at Andrew. " So what do you say buddy?" Andrew asks Keith.

I watch him as we ride in the back of the limousine. Andrew pulls out his phone when it starts to ring. I think it's his wife calling. "Yeah, baby, we're having fun. How are you?" He says to his wife with his phone pressed to his ear.

afternoon when we FaceTime. I wonder what she's doing, how she's faring. "You know sooner or later, you're gonna have to tell her." Raymond whispers beside me.

I turn to look at him and bite my bottom lip before looking back at my phone, staring at Naomi's name on my phone and the short

Raymond nods in understanding. "Thanks. You know you don't have to come to this strip club if you're not into it." I tell Raymond with a small smile.

I chuckle and shake my head.

The car pulls to a stop outside the tall, luxurious building and we all alight the car. "This is so cool." Andrew exclaims and walks ahead of us.

" Andrew is right. I don't have to touch their titties right?" Raymond says, smirking...

Raymond and Preston follow behind while Keith and I trail behind them.

From the distance, I see the big sign of The Bubble on top of a tall building in pink letters.

New York..." Keith says, laughing. " Shut up." I punch him gently in his arm as I chuckle too.

A man approached us, dressed in a white tuxedo jacket and black pants. He looks to be in his early forties or late thirties. He smiles at us, his teeth white like his jacket. "Hello. I'm Mark. Please, do you have a table reservation? Because all our tables are booked." He asks.

Andrew opens his mouth to talk, but I beat him to it. The man raises his eyebrows surprisingly when he sees me, maybe out of recognition, I

really don't know. But, I won't be surprised if he knows me. I've been listed on Forbes as one of the top ten richest and influential men in the

USA. I'm in almost every entertainment magazine and business magazines, and that's why I don't play with my reputation considering a sick

button before stepping out of the elevator and allowing us to enter. " Have fun, gents." Mark says as he smirks at me.

The Bubble is like every strip club in New York. Red, pink, and purple lights illuminate the stage, with different braless strippers dancing around the pole. Some are even in glass boxes dancing. There are different men from different classes sitting around the red couches with strippers on their laps, and wine glasses in their hand. It reminds me of Club K. The glamor, the luxury, and the vibe.

Preston chuckles beside me.

" Whatever, Mr. Black." Andrew mutters.

In less than ten minutes, four strippers are already in the room, braless with nipple patches covering their nipples. They hold two bottles of champagne as they serve the guys with their flirty smirks plastered on their faces. Raymond looks a little uncomfortable and I try not to

walk to the wall to ceiling glass window. I take a sip of my drink, with my brother being dry humped by a stripper behind me. A song is playing in the room in a medium volume as the strippers dance and entertain the men.

Raymond looks behind his shoulders and voices out. "Keith's having fun." Raymond takes a deep breath and looks away from the scene behind us. We stare at the city together in silence as I zone out on the noise

" Raymond, and you're just telling me this?"

" You know if you weren't here, I still would have gotten us to The Bubble." "Right. No one's arguing with you, Andrew." I say.

woman is after my business, my life, and that of my woman's.

" Yes. And we would like to go upstairs, the bubble to be precise."

I steer clear off the women as I think about only one woman, Naomi. The private room is like my own personal private room in Club K, with one way transparent glass walls. The only difference is that this room overlooks the city below. I grab a glass of champagne off the table as I

Andrew looks like he's having a good time, and Preston doesn't pretend like he's not having a good time too. Keith looks uncomfortable, and I understand why. Keith has always been loyal. I am the manwhore and the man who wants to fuck around. Keith is always the type who doesn't cheat and he has always believed in love. I can vouch that the guy doesn't even go to strip clubs. If he has, I'm sure as hell he didn't

" Yeah." I say. and Andrews chuckles and hootings behind me.

called me earlier today. He said he was trying to get a hold of you, but he couldn't. He said to tell you that if you're free you should try and

I unlock my phone, surprised that there's a message from Liam 35 minutes ago and even one missed call from him and two missed calls

" Andrew..." Preston calls his name. " I, uh, I don't know, but..."

" Why not?"

"Today's your night Keith, you can't just end it like that because we went out and saw nature. In less than a week you'll be married and all of

Raymond."

" And I'm gay." Raymond points out. " Allow the groom to make this decision. He's the one getting married soon, so let him have one night of wild fun. And you Preston, you've had all the fun before Esther, chill the fuck out. Including you Killian. You've literally fucked half of New York, what more fun do you even want? This isn't about you." He says, looking at me and Preston before turning to look at Keith. " This is about my best bud who's going to

window at the beauty. I tune out his loud conversation as I pull out my own phone from my front pocket to text Naomi. I haven't heard from her since the

message that I sent her.

" She deserves to know what's going on. There's a chick out there who's claiming she's pregnant for you." "Can we not talk about this tonight? Maybe tomorrow? I really don't want to think about it." I mutter, sighing.

" Hmm."

There's a bouncer out front, stopping people that are not supposed to be in there. Andrew talks to him and says something to him. He looks past Andrew to us before nodding and letting us in. The bottom part is like a small, fancy, but luxurious restaurant with like minded people on each seat dining and laughing.

When the elevator shuts, Andrew speaks.

" Mr. Black?" He asks.

" Please, come with me."

He thinks for a moment before nodding.

something out on this crazy Lily chick that has been sending you letters." I sigh and pull out my phone and step away from Raymond. I slip out of the room and look for a restroom nearby. After searching for quite a while, I come across the men's restroom and enter as I shut the door behind me, blocking the noise from the club.

I click the message from Liam and stare at it in shock, with my lips parted in awe. No shit. This can't be real, right? FROM LIAM: We've found her address.

"Thanks for bringing me here. Australia is beautiful." Raymond says. I nod in response. " I'm happy you're having fun." " Of course." He replies, then speaks up again. "I know I'm not supposed to talk about the matter at hand, but Liam, the private investigator call him."

Killian's POV " Fuck, this shit hurts like a bitch." Andrew groans, with an ice pack in his hand as he presses it on his head.

being overdramatic.

" What's that supposed to mean Mr. Best man?"

eyes, as if he's trying to keep his anger in check, and then he opens his eyes to look at us.

I open my mouth to answer him, but a knock on the door stops me. We turn to look at the door as Preston walks towards the door and

I roll my eyes. "Thank you. We can take it from here." Preston says, holding the cart and pushing it to the corner.

"Well, there's one called the bubble. It's a club, but I'm sure it has what you're looking for." The girl says and leaves the suite, shutting the

So at the end of the day, we all got dragged to the bubble. The city lights at night beautify the street, and Keith didn't stop staring out the

"You're sure this is what you want right?" " Andrew can be a little too much sometimes, but what he said was right. I'm getting married in a week's time and surprise, I'm also gonna be a dad. So, I guess I should live a little, you know? Have a little bit of wild fun. You don't have to. I mean, Andrew said you've fucked half of

He starts to walk and we follow him. He stops in front of an elevator and pushes a button as it opens. Mark steps inside, presses a top

I smile and look at Raymond who's trying to get away from one of the strippers. I wave him over and he sighs in relief and stands up. He takes a few strides towards me and he's standing beside me. "Thanks for the rescue, man." Raymond says, holding his own champagne flute. " You needed it." I say with a small smile.

like the place.

from Naomi.

"Wait here." I say to the others before walking away. I booked a private room with strippers who will entertain the guys before coming back with a man who will take us to the VIP room. The man nods at the others and leads us to the back of the club. chuckle.

" I'm sorry. Escaped my mind. Also, you said not to talk about the matter, and also, I was going to tell you. I think they've managed to dig

Why the fuck did I put my phone on silent again?