

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 70

Killian's POV

It's Sunday, and me and the guys came back from Australia this morning. I haven't had time to see Naomi. The minute I returned to the country, I made sure to call Liam, the private detective I hired to find information about this strange woman so that we could check her address. I needed to see her even though I wasn't sure how I was going to react. I just needed to see who was threatening to harm Naomi.

As we stand on the quiet street of a downtown neighborhood, I ask myself if this is real? She can't be that dumb to write down her real address when mailing those letters. No one's that dumb. The neighborhood is far from the neighborhood I live in. This neighborhood is poorly managed, with cheap houses and even the street lights obviously don't work. Raymond's with me. He decided to tag along and I let him.

"Her name is Lily Sanders. I mean according to the name she's been using when sending you those letters. Do you know any Lily Sanders."

"I don't." I answer absentmindedly.

"I figured. I did a little research and found out Lily Sanders doesn't exist."

"And this supposed address?" Raymond asks, leaning forward a little to stare at Liam standing by my side.

"This is the address she's been sending the letters from." Liam says.

"And why do I have a feeling that her last name and Celine's actually matched. Celine's last name is Sanders, right?" Raymond speaks as he looks at me.

I sigh, with my hands in my trench coat pockets. I don't look at Raymond, instead I stare at the supposed house of Lily Sanders.

"Celine doesn't have a sister, and yes her last name is Sanders."

"I think Celine has a lot of reasons to want to hurt you."

"Oh you think?" I ask Raymond sarcastically, trying not to roll my eyes at his obvious thinking.

Every person has one or more reasons to want to ruin my life. I've broken so many hearts, fucked a lot of people over, and even taken countless business opportunities that weren't rightfully mine because I played my cards right. So, I don't know what to think anymore. Celine and I weren't anything and she knew that. She knew her boundaries and didn't try to cross it. Although, recently, she's been trying to flirt with me while using dinner requests, but I always turned her down. She knew I was in a relationship and I love Naomi. Is that even a good enough reason to hunt my life. Also, I've never had sex with Celine without a condom. Never. So she definitely cannot be pregnant for me.

"Should we check it or do we keep on standing here?" Liam asks.

I sigh, and with my hands in my trench coat pockets, I cross the street. The houses have little porch in them, and this particular house that we're supposed to check is poorly taken care of. Liam knocks on the door and we wait for a reply. For another minute when a response doesn't come, I pull out my right hand from my pocket and knock.

Nothing.

"Hello." A man from the next house calls for our attention. He's standing on his own porch and he looks to be in his late forties.

"Hi. Please, do you live here?" Liam asks the man.

"Yes. And the house you're knocking on, nobody lives there. The couple who lived in that house died six years ago. Who do you think stays in there?" The man asks.

Liam sighs and twists the doorknob, it's locked.

"Do you have any idea if they had any daughters?" I ask.

"They don't. They never liked kids. Hated 'em." The man says.

"Thank you!" Liam says and twists the knob again, probably thinking it will magically open.

I sigh and turn to look at the street. It is obvious from the start that nobody lives in this house and nobody's that dumb to write from their real address if they're threatening to hurt someone.

"Don't you think we should check the apartment? For anything? The people who live here might be dead, but that doesn't mean anybody can't use this place to write letters. Someone might even be secretly living here without the knowledge of the other neighbors." Raymond says.

"He's right." Liam says and opens his wallet. He pulls out a pin and begins fishing the lock.

"What are you doing? Are you trying to break in?" The man asks and I'm surprised he's still standing there.

"Calm down, sir, I'm a cop." Liam says, with his head and his focus on unlocking the door with a pin.

With more twists and turns, the lock finally gives way and the door opens. We stand outside as we stare into the barely lit small foyer. It looks empty from where I stand. I take a step forward and enter this apartment. There are cobwebs in the air and I try to use my hand to move them out of my face. It's really empty, no furniture, nothing, just bare empty space with dust on the floor and the air. It's dirty and truly looks like a place someone has abandoned for six years.

"There are millions of addresses in New York, why did she pick this one? It should mean something right?" I ask.

"I think it does. We ran prints for the letters you've been receiving and there was a frequent print. It was in all the letters. His name's Russell Dwayne. A guy who works as a mechanic, he's not married. I talked with the man who works at the postal office. The postal man says the person that usually drops the letter is a boy and according to the man that works there, this boy is in his late twenties and his description matches that of Russell Dwayne's. I will be interviewing him tomorrow to get more details from him." Liam says.

"She doesn't drop the letters herself. Smart. Just what I thought." I mutter, sighing.

"There was no print that matches a woman. The prints on the letters were just yours, the delivery guy, Russell, your driver, no woman. If a woman's writing these letters, she's pretty smart. She's wiping off her prints, maybe by wearing gloves. And the letters always have this faint smell of flowery perfume." Liam continues.

I don't know how to feel about this, but I'm obviously angry and pissed.

I walk to the kitchen area and it's just the same as the rest of the apartment. Bare, empty, dirty. I pull out a glove from my coat and wear it in my right hand. I begin to pull out every drawer, including Raymond while the detective check the other parts of the house.

"We're gonna find her, Kil." Raymond says to assure me.

"I know." I mutter. "But, I just hope she hasn't hurt Naomi before we do."

I open the bottom cupboards and there's nothing that can compromise her in here. I sigh in irritation and walk out of the kitchen and outside the apartment. I take a deep breath, since I barely can breathe inside. I pull out a packet of cigarettes, pull out one, and slip it in between my lips as I light the end. I take a drag and exhale out the smoke through my nose and mouth with the cancer stick still situated in between my lips.

"I thought you quit." Raymond whispers beside me.

"I thought I did too." I mutter.

Stress and a lot of thinking makes me turn back to smoking even when I'm supposed to be clean. I can't help it.

"Fuck."

"Yeah, I'm fucked. I don't know what I'm gonna do if this strange woman hurts Naomi. I can kill the bitch myself if she does."

"She's not gonna hurt her. I mean why would she? You're the one she's mad at, not Naomi. I think the important thing right now is for you to talk to Naomi, tell her what's really going. She's going to understand."

Yeah? I can't tell her now. I can't tell her some chick is claiming to be pregnant for me and even threatening to kill her if I don't cooperate. It's sick and I hate it if she's got to worry about something like that. I need to know who's doing this before I talk to Naomi. Right now, I don't have a plan. No plan at all.

"Look what I found." Liam steps onto the porch as he says.

Raymond and I turn to look at him and he's holding a picture. I take the picture from his hand and bring it to my view. It's a baby's picture. A girl who's about 8 months old and draped in a Christmas sweater and someone's holding her. The person who's holding is cut off from the picture, just the smiling baby.

"Who's this?" I ask, turning it around to look at the back for any name. It's bare.

"That's what I'm going to find out." Liam says and takes the picture from my hand. "The old man says the couples who lived here never had a child. So, this could be someone who has been visiting this house or the late couple's child."

"We should leave and I'll further look for any names, and faces to match this picture. You should try and rest and think of any woman from your past who you must have hurt. Maybe an old fling." Liam says as he steps down from the porch.

If only he knows I've hurt a lot of women.

There's a letter waiting for me when I get home. And this time I think she used another postal office. I pour wine in a glass as I stare at the letter in my hand. I refrain from opening it, I'm not ready to see its content, because tonight I'm supposed to be taking Naomi out on a date. I don't want to be in a mood when I'm supposed to be happy I'm with my woman.

My phone rings and I pull it out of my pocket. I drop the letter on the marble kitchen counter and stand up.

"Hey, Keith." I say as I answer the phone.

"Hey. How are you doing?"

"I'm great. Still drunk out of your ass from last night?" I ask, smiling.

"Fuck you, Kil."

"I bet you still smell like those strippers."

Keith groans in the background and I chuckle. The weekend turned out great. Keith and I took a tour around Australia and later, Andrew talked him into visiting another club later at night to get wasted. They drank shots from the stomachs of strippers and their tits were just out with only a thong bikini. This morning, with a serious hangover, Keith vowed never to listen to his friend again. It was crazy.

"How's Naomi by the way? She good?"

"Yeah. Well, I haven't seen her though."

"What? Isn't it like 6pm in the evening?"

"Yeah, I've been busy sorting some shit out."

Like looking through my memory lane and thinking about girls I've dated, hooked up with, even old flames. I barely could put a name to their faces and I can't even remember what they look like.

This is hard.

"Are you okay?" Keith asks, with concern laced in his voice.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I've got a date with Naomi tonight. We're eating out."

"Can I bring Eve over and let's do a double date? I should properly meet Naomi. Also, Eve wants to meet her."

"Aren't you, like, hungover?"

"Shut up, I'm not. Seriously, I'm great. What do you say?"

"Let me talk to her first and I'll call you back."

"Great. I'm expecting your call."

"Yeah." I hang up and dial Naomi's number.

She picks up on the first ring.

"Hey." She says on the phone. She sounds happy, like someone who's having fun.

"Having fun without me, huh?"

She giggles on the phone. I still can't completely grasp the idea of me dating Naomi. It still feels like magic she accepted to date me. I may be hot and rich, but I'm definitely not the man Naomi would want to date. I have the worst personality and we didn't even start off on a good foot. I was a flirt, and indecent. She's just too good for me.

"What? No. Bia and I are just talking and watching a movie. What's up?"

"I miss you and I can't wait to see you tonight."

"Yeah? I miss you too. And I can't wait to hear all the juicy stories about Australia."

"About that. My brother, Keith, wants to do a double date dinner. He's bringing his fiancée, Eve, and he wants to properly meet you. I told him I wanna talk to you first if you're okay with the idea."

"Why not? Sure, I would like to meet him, too. He seems cool."

"Thanks."

"What should I wear?" She asks in a quiet whisper. "I'm so nervous right now."

"It's just Keith."

"He's still your brother. Another important part of you."

"Just look hot, yeah?"

"Hot, right. Code name for red, isn't it?" She whispers.

I smile and chuckle.

"If you keep on whispering in my ear like that, I'm not sure I will be able to control myself that long without wanting to take you in the restaurant's restroom." I whisper to her.

She stays quiet on the line. I imagine her biting her lip and blushing.

"You're a bad boy, Killian." She tries to sound more confident, but I can hear her wetness in her voice.

"I really do miss you, and I can't wait to see you tonight."

"Me neither. And why don't you show me how much you miss me when we get to your bedroom. You can show me with your hands, your lips, and even that whip..." She purrs, softly and seductively.

My dick twitches in my pants and I'm groaning as I shut my eyes for a second. How can she do this to me over the phone when she's not even here? I shove my left hand into my pockets as I take a deep breath. She barely flirts or talks dirty, but when she does, she always has my dick responding to her silent words and whispers.

"Now I feel like riding over to you right now and bringing you back to my bedroom." I groan.

Naomi giggles. "I'm gonna see you tonight Mr. Black."

"Can't wait." I hang up and take a deep breath as I stare at my junk that's still hard.

"Fucking hell." I mutter, grab the envelope on the counter as I walk out of the kitchen with a throbbing boner.