

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 73

Killian's POV

Today is Tuesday and it's 8pm in the evening. Through my bedroom floor-to-ceiling glass window, I stare at Naomi swimming in the pool at the back of the house.

She's bare from her waist up, but wearing a white thong up her ass as she swims from the edge of the big swimming pool to the other edge. I stare at her before turning away and looking at the brown envelope in my hand. It's Lily Sanders' letter that she sent this past weekend that I refused to open. I tear out the letter, tossing the brown envelope to the side as I stare at the content on the white paper.

She doesn't write her letters in the modern way. Like using pens. But instead, Lily Sanders uses a typewriter, writing out every word perfectly. I guess she's trying to get rid of her prints. She's smart, I'll give her that.

'Dear Mr. Black

How are you doing? Good, I suppose. You're probably wondering why I'm writing to you after just sending you a letter recently. Well, I must confess you're a very hard-working man. I'm also aware you're fighting really hard to know who I am. It's a shame you don't remember me, you don't know how much that hurts me. I'm going to go straight to the point on why I'm writing you this letter. Well, I know you visited the address I used in writing you letters. I know you were pissed and angry you couldn't find any proof to know exactly who I am. I stood from afar as I watched you and that pathetic friend of yours and even your PI looked through the house. I'm not dumb, Killian, obviously I don't live there. Of course not, what do you even take me for? It was funny though. Watching you as you looked for clues, you poor bastard. Well, I'm writing to tell you that I'm not getting rid of this child whether you like it or not. And I'm going to hurt you, and hurt that bitch you called a girlfriend. You made me this person, Killian. A grieving, heart broken predator. And I'm going to make you regret ever meeting me in the first place.

This will be all for now. If you're wise, you'll tell that PI of yours to stop investigating. He won't find shit on me. I made sure of that. And before you even decide to talk to Russell, he doesn't know me and he hasn't even seen me before. (evil laughter) So tell Liam to back the fuck off or I'll do something you won't ever see coming.

Take care, my darling Mr. Black. Our baby needs you to be healthy and capable. Okay? BTW, have fun at your brother's wedding. You'll need all the strength to go through his wedding without trying to rip your own hair out.

Ciao, my love.'

I read the letter over and over again and I feel like breaking something. Anything. I run my hand through my hair and scream. Thankfully, my room is soundproof so Naomi won't hear me screaming. I'm not ready to tell her what's going on. I don't even have it in me to tell her anything. I look back at the swimming pool and Naomi isn't there anymore.

She's probably on her way to my bedroom right now. I quickly wrap the letter back and put it inside the envelope. I open the nightstand drawer and toss it inside. I lock it and run both hands through my hair in frustration.

What do I fucking do?

She was there? She saw me that day? She saw us walk into the supposed apartment she was writing from. She would definitely smile at us in mockery for thinking we would find anything to finally put a face to this person. The only thing we could come up with was a child's picture. No one's ever riled me up this much before. And a woman who was obviously playing me and sending me incriminating letters is already trying to fuck me over.

What was I even thinking? Dating this woman and that woman? I blame myself and my fucking dick for always wanting a release. I am the reason this is happening to me. I'm the reason some psycho bitch is after the only woman I fell in love with.

What would Naomi think if I tell her some woman from my past is claiming to be pregnant for me? I'm not dumb. This said woman wants a place back in my life. And since Naomi is in it, she sees Naomi as a threat and she's trying to get rid of her. And that's something I'll never allow.

Naomi walks into my bedroom with her towel wiping at her hair and her breasts bare. I smile, pushing the thoughts of a psycho bitch threatening me to the back of my head. I smirk, biting my bottom as I stare at her slightly damp skin. She's beautiful, always beautiful and she's going to be the death of me. That, I'm sure of.

"Hey." She smiles at me.

I take a few steps towards her until I'm standing in front of her.

"Hey, baby."

Naomi blushes, smiling, like we're just meeting for the first time. She wraps the towel around her chest as I wrap my arms around her waist, bringing my hand down her waist and resting impossibly close to her ass.

"Are you okay?" She asks, with concern laced in her voice.

She runs both her hands through my hair.

"You look stressed. Is something the matter?" Naomi asks as she wraps her arms around my neck.

As much as I try to hide the worry in my eyes, the worry of losing Naomi if this child that this woman's threatening me with is real, Naomi seems to see through my charade.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I'm happy you're spending the night. I know it's too much since you're supposed to be spending time with your mom."

"It's okay. I checked on her before going to work this morning. And also, she has Antonio, Rachel, and even Grace. She's gonna be okay." She assures me.

I smile.

"We're leaving for Miami on Thursday."

"So I heard."

"Good. I want to have you all to myself before everyone starts arriving on Friday. There's so much I want to do to you." I whisper, leaning close to her. "I already called Rania, your designated personal shopper, and she's taking you shopping to get a dress for Keith's wedding on Saturday."

"What?" She smiles. "You don't have to do that. There are a lot of dresses in my closet that I haven't even worn yet. I can pick from any of these dresses and you know they're hot."

"I know. I want you to look exceptionally beautiful on Saturday. I want everyone to know you're mine."

"They already know I'm yours." She whispers, standing on her toes as she pecks my cheek, and then my lips.

"So you're going shopping with Rania, right?"

"Sure. I want Bianca to come with me."

"You're bringing her to Keith's wedding?"

"No, she doesn't want to come. I just want her to go shopping with me. We've both been busy with work and we barely hang out. We're always tired at the end of the day of work, we just eat dinner and go to bed."

"Sure. You can take her with you."

"Thanks."

"You don't have to thank me. You have every right to hang out with your friend."

Naomi smiles.

"I wanna kiss you right now." I whisper, slowly leaning down.

"Then kiss me." She says.

I tug at the towel until it is free from her body as I toss it to the ground. I lean down and plant a kiss on Naomi's lips. She kisses back immediately. I press her against my body, with her bare breasts pressed perfectly against my bare chest. I wrap my hands underneath her thighs and lift her off the floor, wrapping her legs around my waist. We kiss desperately, and Naomi moans into my mouth. I lay her flat on her back on my bed as I start to pepper kisses all over her perfect skin.

I kiss her neck, her cheeks, and then her lips. I kiss her neck again, biting into her skin and leaving a mark on her skin. I kiss her chest and then her taut nipples. I tease her hard nipples with my tongue as I press into her so she can feel how much I want her this minute. Naomi moans, running her fingers against my skin. I try to forget the biggest problem that's bothering me as we get undressed. And as I make love to her, with her walls clenching and tightening around my base, Naomi's moans drown my problems.

She cries my name, reminding me for the millionth time how much she loves me and I don't hold back to tell her and show her how much I fucking love her and the length I'll go to keep her safe and mine forever.

Raymond sits opposite me in my office as we talk about Keith's wedding that's on Saturday. We'll be traveling on Thursday to Miami for Keith's wedding that's taking place on Saturday. While the others are supposed to be in Miami on Friday, Naomi and I will be leaving earlier because I want to be alone with her. Being Keith's best man means I will barely have time for her during the wedding.

"Have you heard anything from Liam?" Raymond asks.

"Nothing." I reply absentmindedly, staring at the emails Jamie forwarded to me.

"I'm sure he's gonna call."

"Of course he will. What I want to hear is good news. Positive news in the hopes that will make this whole thing just... go away." I say, sighing, as I lean back on my leather swivel chair.

"You know, sometimes, I always assume this is a dream. A bad dream, and I always hope to just wake up and go back to my normal life."

"But it's not a dream, Killian. This is really happening. A sick woman is out there sorting for your head."

"She doesn't want money, that's the most painful part. I don't mind paying her off and willing everything away like it's just another nightmare."

"What do you think she wants?"

"A chance back in my life, of course. She knows I can't allow that. I won't allow it, so she's trying to hurt Naomi to make me succumb to her bidding."

"And what if she succeeds in hurting Naomi?"

"I won't allow her to do that."

"You don't even know who you're dealing with. That would have made everything easier. She is a ghost."

"Speaking of ghosts. She was there that day. She said she saw us trying to break into the apartment. She stood from afar and watched us."

"That's fucking creepy."

"Real fucking creepy."

"Do you think it's someone from the office? Like a jealous worker who hated the idea of wanting you and not having you."

"I don't think it's a jealous worker. I have never had sex with any woman who works for me. You of all people should know that."

"What if she's not truly pregnant?"

"And how the fuck am I supposed to know that? Without knowing who she is and where she lives, all of this is futile. We can't know until we know who the hell I'm dealing with." I say, pissed, and worst still, exasperated.

"That's true."

My phone rings and I look at the dialer. It's Liam. I pick it up and put the phone to my ear.

"Liam."

"Good day, Mr. Black."

"Any good news?"

"Well, not much. I talked with Russell Dwayne about Lily Sander's. He said they never met."

I'm not surprised. Lily mentioned that in her last letter.

"Okay..."

"He said he contacted her online and they never really did any physical exchange. She was going to pay him about \$100 for every letter he successfully delivered to the post office. And she did pay him. He said without him knowing when and how, the letters were already at his doorpost waiting for him to deliver it. Everytime. They talked through burner phones and according to him, she sounds like every normal working class woman. So from what I've gathered, we're dealing with a woman who's rich. A woman with class and intelligence. She's smart." Liam says.

Fuck, this isn't good. I can't say I wasn't expecting this. I was. Even worse.

"We ran prints and did some DNA searches considering the baby in that picture, we couldn't come up with much. The baby's dead, Killian. She died five years ago and she was birthed by a woman named Anna Montgomery. Anna Montgomery is dead, Killian. She died two months after her baby died. They both lived in New York and maybe in that house. So tomorrow, I'll be stopping by the apartment again and questioning other neighbors about a woman called Anna Montgomery who lived there six years ago. Hopefully, I'll find useful information before you get back from your brother's wedding."

I stay silent as I process Liam's recovery. I shut my eyes and pinch the bridge of my nose with my eyes shut.

Jesus. Where do I start from?

"Thanks, Liam. And I forgot to mention she sent me a letter the day we visited the apartment. She knew we were there. According to the letter, she saw us."

"No problem. I will have someone look around for any strange woman while I talk to the other neighbors."

"Thanks for your help."

"No problem. Have fun at your brother's wedding. And for the meantime, don't trust anybody, not even your friend, Raymond." Liam hangs up and I toss the phone on the table.

"What's up?" Raymond asks.

I stand up and turn around to stare at the city that appears small from the top of the building where my office is located. I don't know who to trust. And maybe it sounds absurd of me to not trust anybody, not even Raymond. He might even know who's taunting my life and sending me blackmailing letters.

I'm so fucked.

"Killian, did something happen?"

Of course something happened.

The child in that photo is dead and her mother is Anna Montgomery. They both died five years ago. Now, who the hell is claiming to be pregnant for me? And how's Lily Sander's woman related to the deceased Anna Montgomery?

I grab my phone from my desk and tap Liam's contact to send him a message.

"I need to be excused, Raymond." I say, not really turning to look at him.

He gets the cue and stands up to leave.

To Liam: Can I get a picture of Anna Montgomery sent to my phone?

I press send and drop the phone on my desk and run my hand through my hair. I pace my office and scream.

"Fuck!"