Taming Mr. Black **Chapter 76**

Killian's POV One hour earlier

The guys decide to gather at Keith's place just to hangout before everyone leaves for Miami tomorrow. Eve's not around, she's hanging out with my mom doing what women do.

A hip-hop song plays in a low volume in Keith's apartment as the guys chug beers, talk, and laugh amongst themselves. I stand at a corner with my left hand in my pocket and my right hand holding a glass of water. At least one of us needs to be sober enough to deal with these

men. They can be children when they're drunk. " Hey." I turn around to see Keith.

" You good?" I ask Keith.

He sighs as he sways in his feet.

He doesn't look like he's been drinking since we all got here. He looks stressed and worked out. I give Keith a curt nod as he stands next to me.

I don't know, man. Maybe I'm a little nervous. I mean, in less than 48hrs I'll be married." He chuckles nervously. " Are you drunk?"

Keith turns to look at me before looking away.

Keith's quiet for a minute, he looks like he's thinking.

"You wanna talk about it? Whatever thing that's bothering you?" I ask him. "I love Eve a lot, and you know it. I want to spend the rest of my life with her and I can't wait to have this baby with her. But..." sighs. "I'm

nervous and afraid the closer the wedding gets. I feel like I'm gonna fuck this whole thing up. Including being a father. Does that make any sense?" Keith asks as he turns to look at me. I smile.

But you shouldn't forget that marriage and having a baby is not a one man's job. That's why you have Eve. You both can work it out together. I'm sure you'll."

"I can't believe you just said that." I say, as Keith laughs. " Oh, come on, stop being a drama doll." I scoff and chuckle.

"God, you're fucking drunk." I say with a chuckle.

Keith snorts out a laugh.

" Hm mm." Keith takes my water from my hand and drinks it.

stop whatever this person's planning. Someone's claiming to have a child for me. And every morning when I wake up and I think about it, I'm fucking scared, pissed, angry, and I don't even know what to do. What if I tell my family, or let's say, just Keith, what if he becomes a target? What if this sick person thinks about hurting Keith and then Naomi?

" It's nothing."

" It's complicated, Keith." " Is this about Naomi?" " No." "Then what's it? Talk to me, Kil." He pressures me.

Sighing, I turn to look at the others talking and laughing over the music. Raymond's partner is here and like always, he's sitting in a corner

with a beer in his hand and his phone in the other. He really enjoys his own company. I keep on wondering how he and Raymond keep

I pinch the bridge of my nose in frustration as I turn to look at Keith. " I'm listening."

"Keith! Shut up." I whisper-yell at him. And that really does the job.

I nod. "There's a woman. Her name's Lily Sanders."

sailing their ship for this long? They're opposite sides of a coin. Totally different.

" God, I need more water." " I thought you said you were gonna listen? I haven't even landed and you..."

" Let me guess, this is the baby's nursery?"

" Yeah."

Keith nods. We walk to the living room and he drops the empty glass of water. The guys turn to look at us, but Keith and I ignore their stares as we go upstairs. Keith and I enter his guest bedroom and he shuts the door behind him. It's pretty quiet in here.

"I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I just... I swear, that was the last thing I expected to hear from you. But please, go ahead. I'm gonna keep quiet."

" So... what's going on?" I start to pace around the room with my hands in my pocket. " Like I said, there's a woman. Her name's Lily Sanders. A few weeks ago, she sent me a letter."

"Oh my God. That's – that's a lot. You've been going through all that recently?"

"So you're saying you don't remember dating any Lily Sanders over the past years?"

I shake my head as I look away from my brother. Now I'm doubting if I should tell him.

"You wanna go somewhere quiet?" Keith asks as he watches me hesitate.

I start to tell Keith everything, about the letter, the positive pregnancy test kit, the blackmailing, the threats, about this Dwayne guy, the creepy neighborhood, Anna Montgomery and her late daughter. Everything. Keith just sits back and listens attentively and quietly. I finish my story and he's still quiet while staring at nothing.

with." " Yeah."

Keith sighs and stands up.

" What about Lily? Any Lily at all?"

" I don't remember."

" Okay."

"You don't get it, Keith. Sometimes, being me is fucking difficult. When I go out with women over the weekends, it's plainly because of sex and I don't ever remember their names the minute they open their mouth to introduce themselves. And the few women I've dated for a long or short period of time, it's mostly a short period of time. A span of months. Well, the minute I end things, I don't remember their

names after we go our separate ways. You know I'm a busy man. And maybe that kinda makes me an asshole, or a shitty person, but when

" More than a hundred women have claimed to be pregnant for me, and I don't even remember their faces or names. And I don't go around

" Have you wondered what If this Lily Sanders woman is a woman from your past? You know, before you became this?" Keith gestures to me

with his hand. "What if you guys dated before you opened Club K and even thought about expanding KB TECH? What if you knew her when

" Good. So I say, if you don't wanna ruin my wedding because you're the best man, you should take some time off after my wedding and

" I'm a billionaire." "So you've been living your life recklessly all these years?"

use it to think about anyone special at that time that you may have wronged or gotten pregnant. How's that?"

" So you don't remember any woman telling you they were pregnant for you these past years?"

" Even if I managed to figure out who this woman is, what does it have to do with Anna Montgomery and her daughter?" "When you figure out this woman from your past, I bet it has a lot of things to do with the deceased."

we're over, we're over. I don't go around keeping names."

having sex without a condom, drunk or not."

" I – shit, no."

" This is all messed up."

" Whose side are you on, Keith?"

What the fuck? I can't believe he's saying this.

"You're obviously not on my side, Keith."

I scoff. " Fucking hell."

" Tomorrow morning."

" Let me walk you out."

straight to voicemail.

the table in between them.

There's also a caption attached to the photo.

Celine? I don't even know who to trust.

what if there's truly a child?

God, this is fucking scary.

" Hey. Are you okay?" She asks.

" Can I ask you something?"

" Hm?" I look down at her.

I scoff and look away from her.

" I'm sorry."

" Are you still seeing your ex? I mean as friends."

"I'm not seeing George. Did someone tell you that?"

She would ask me how I came to know about that?

" Is there something you're not telling me?" She asks.

" Yeah. What's it?"

" Killian."

I sigh. " Yes."

" And what's that?"

'Old flames never quench so easily. I don't doubt it either.'

What the fuck is this?

office.

mind running people over."

" I did run people over." I mutter.

you were nothing? Have you thought about that?"

" You could say that." I mutter and run my fingers through my hair.

do you? Because if you do get away with it, how are you gonna learn?"

" Thinking of a better name to call you that won't sound totally bad."

sorry, maybe I failed at being a decent older brother. I guess I was shitty too."

"Yeah. And I'm sorry you're going through whatever you're going through."

"Yeah. Speaking of that, when are you guys leaving?"

" I'll keep that in mind. I should head home. I'm pretty tired."

contacts to call Alvin, but a message pops up at the top of my screen.

Keith bye and enter my car as Rick shuts the door.

Keith sighs as he approaches me. He stops in front of me and places his hands on my shoulders. "You and I know the minute Naomi walked into your life, that was when you changed for the best. She's a good influence on you and I love the way you're trying your best to be the man she deserves. All I'm trying to say is that, before Naomi, you were..." He pauses, thinking, as

"You don't look sorry." I tell him. He laughs. "Shut up. I'm truly sorry. And as much as I love your girlfriend, I still think it's not the best time to tell her. Especially when you don't know who you're dealing with." "Yeah. I wanted to wait till after your wedding, get it over with."

"Yeah, you were shitty." I say. Keith laughs sadly. "It's cool. At least we're here, trying to make amends. Right?"

Fuck. How's she successfully messing with me? I click on Naomi's contact and drop her a message to come to the office. I'm not blind, that picture was taken today. It was the exact same clothing that she wore before she left. Did she decide to have lunch with her ex after she shopped for a dress? Wasn't she supposed to be with her friend? And why are they smiling? I want to believe this is fake and it must have been photoshopped even if it looks real, but what if she really had lunch with her ex?

Maybe I do deserve this. But what about Naomi? She doesn't deserve this. She deserves so much better than what I'm giving her. Now, how am I supposed to tell her what's going on without hurting her? There's a knock on my door. " Come in." I call out.

She blinks her eyes at me in shock as she opens her mouth to speak but closes it. She scoffs in disbelief.

empty glass in my hand. She sighs and walks towards me as she takes the glass off my hand and drops it on my desk.

Fuck. A child from five years ago. That would mean this child is about five years of age.

"You're unbelievable. I cannot believe you. I can take care of my goddamn self, I don't need you protecting me. And PS, I wasn't having lunch with George. He just happened to be in the area and he dropped by I and Bianca's table. I don't even fucking like George anymore because he's a piece of shit."

"Tell me what's going on? I need to know what's going on."

"Oh, yeah? And yet, you can't even tell me what's going on with you? Because you don't trust me enough to handle it well." " It's not that and you know it." " I don't fucking know anything!" She yells and grabs her bag.

"Oh, you think I don't? Why did you ask about George and I?" " Nothing." " Don't bullshit me, Kil. I know it's not nothing." " What do you want me to say?"

"Well, I got someone to keep an eye on you because I was worried about you and I was making sure you're safe. This person reported to

me that you were out having lunch with your ex. Weren't you supposed to be with your friend?" That wasn't entirely a lie.

" I was worried about you?" " And why are you worried about me, if I might ask?" I can't answer her question. I just stare at her.

" Babe, don't say that. I trust you."

" Naomi, come on."

" I only had two drinks. You and I know it's not enough to fuck me up." I chuckle. " Right."

"Yeah. I mean, there's nothing wrong with being afraid because you're about to be married and be a father. We all know being a father and a husband comes with a lot of responsibilities. We keep thinking, what if we fuck this up? What if we tried our best and it wasn't enough? Keith nods as he smiles. " Wow. That was good. I mean, I feel a lot better when you put it like that. Who knew you could give advice?"

"How's Naomi doing? I hope you two aren't planning on turning my wedding weekend to a sex weekend?"

"Well, she's okay. She's out having dinner with her friend and shopping for a dress for your wedding." " Is something bothering you? These past few days you've been anything but okay. What's wrong?" Keith asks. I lick my bottom lip and push my hands down the pockets of my slacks. As much as I wanna tell my family and Naomi what's going on, I'm afraid it's not the best idea. This person is still out there, still plotting. And telling Naomi or even my family won't catch this perpetrator and

"Killian, you're killing me with the suspense. What's up? What's going on?" " Of course it's not nothing. I know you better than anyone and I can tell you're lying. You can trust me and confide in me, you know that? I know over the years we weren't best of friends, but I want you to know that I'm still your brother and you can always talk to me if something's bothering you. Whatever it is, we can figure it out."

"What? You cheated on Naomi? That's the last thing I expected from you. I thought you were in love with her. Why would you want another woman?" " You didn't even let me land." "What? There's more? Is she pregnant for you?" He asks and I don't answer. "Oh man, she's pregnant, isn't she? Is Naomi aware? Did she know about this? Are you even planning on telling her?"

Keith chuckles. "Shut up. We're still working on it. You know, since we don't know if it's a boy or a girl yet. Eve thought we should buy things that are okay for both genders. Whatever the hell she means." I chuckle. Keith rolls his eyes at me and walks to the couch at the corner of the room and sits down.

" Yeah." " And you didn't tell Naomi?" " I couldn't. I am afraid."

"You should be. Women could barely deal with the idea or information that the man they love got some chick pregnant. That's a lot to deal

" Wow, you sound like a shitty billionaire." Keith points out.

" It is. And I'm sorry you're going through this. Actions do have consequences, though."

permanently, you changed. You became a different person. Over ambitious, money driven, desperate, you freaking name it. And when you

became rich, you became worse. And I believe you've hurt a lot of people, women included. You don't expect to just get away with all this,

"Yours, of course. But we can't turn a blind eye to how reckless you lived your life before you even became rich. When dad left,

he clicks his tongue. I watch him ponder over something in his head for nearly a minute till I can't take it anymore. " What are you doing?"

"Got it. You were like a child. You do things and you don't even regret them. You messed people up. You were so over ambitious, you don't

"You see. And that was when we grew apart. It's not because I don't care about you, or love you, I just stopped reaching out because..." He

drops his hands off my shoulders and takes a step back. "You changed. You were at the other side of the world and I was just there. And I'm

" Great. We'll meet you guys there, then." " Yeah." " Take it easy on yourself, yeah?"

Why are they even sitting together? I thought she said they were over. I have never been the jealous type. I barely give a shit about anyone. But watching or seeing Naomi talk with other men, especially her shitty ex, this thing called jealousy always finds its way to mess with my head. I'm afraid to lose her and I don't wanna lose her. Rick parks in the parking lot of my company and I step out of the car before he even opens the door for me. It's almost 6pm, so the workers should be preparing to close for the day. Taking my private elevator to my office, I pace the small space of my elevator.

Keith was right about everything he said. If this isn't happening to me, maybe I wouldn't have learnt my lessons or take things for granted. I

some of their names, none of them were Lily Sanders. I don't even remember dating any Lily. My hair is a mess as the elevator arrives in my

I stride in, taking in the quiet of my office as I stare at my busy workers. I wonder: What if Lily Sanders is a sister to one of my workers and

they're working together to fuck me up as revenge? That's possible. And I won't be surprised, if maybe this sister is Amber? Or maybe

I pour myself a glass of scotch, dropping the bottle on my desk while I drink from my glass as I stare at New York. I'm willing to pay any

amount of money to go back to my normal life. Where I don't have to worry about a lunatic chick claiming to be pregnant for me? God,

didn't date a lot of women before Club K, which was five years ago. And the few women I remembered dating, even if I don't remember

Keith walks me down to the living room, I bid the guys good-bye as Keith follows me outside to my car. My mind is clouded and my

thoughts are just everywhere. Rick, one of my part-time drivers, steps out of the car to open the backseat door when he sees me. I shake

In less than a few minutes we're driving down the road and towards my company. I still have a lot of things to handle at the office and I

Weird. Is she refusing to pick up on purpose? I dial her number again and she doesn't answer. I don't know how to feel about that.

need them done today before traveling to Miami. I pull out my phone to call Naomi, to check on her if she's okay. The line rings and goes

Is she okay? Did something happen to her? Did this Lily Sanders woman get to her and maybe she might have hurt her? I scroll through my

I click the message to view it and I'm surprised at the content. It's a picture sent by a blocked number and I already know it's whoever that's

fucking with me. In the picture, Naomi and her ex look like they're on a date. They're both smiling and her ex is holding her hand on top of

" Yeah. Are you okay?" "Yeah. I got your call. Is everything alright?" She asks. I take off my suit jacket and walk towards my chair to drape my jacket over it.

I sigh as I stare at her. I know she's telling the truth and I don't want to tell her about the picture and that I knew she had lunch with him.

The door opens and I turn around. Naomi walks in. She drops her bag on my desk as she stares at the bottle of Scotch on my desk and the

" After the wedding? Why? What difference is it gonna make?" " You don't get it, Naomi."

"Trust me, this isn't the right time to talk about this. I wanted to discuss it with you after the wedding."

I did pay someone to keep an eye on her, to make sure she's okay and no harm befell her. I paid the guy off after a week when he reported back that there's no threat out there and she was pretty safe. I just decided to use that because I couldn't tell her Lily Sanders sent me a photo and that was only possible because Lily Sanders was there or she had eyes everywhere. " Oh my God. What the hell, Kil? You had someone keep an eye on me?"

" Of course you're. You can't go around paying people to spy on your girlfriend, that's just plain rude and wrong. That's fucking crazy, Kil, whatever the reason is. It makes me think that you don't even trust me."

She ignores me and walks towards my office door. For God's sake, this isn't going as planned. " And just so you know, your weird ex is texting me weird messages and photos including us. Why don't you try and deal with that too, Mr.

Confidential?" She opens the door aggressively and slams it shut.