

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 12

KILLIAN'S POV

" So how's business, Killian? Making more money as always?" Harry says, but I'm not paying attention.

The loud music and drunk people makes me want to get the hell out of here and go back to my house. Harry and I aren't really friends, in fact I don't even have a lot of friends. I don't know a lot of people in my life that I can call my friend. Raymond and I became friends the first few months he started working with me. Before, he worked below me and he got promoted. Guess that was when I even knew he existed.

It took me about three months to actually talk to the guy and another two months to call him my friend. And I think Raymond's the only guy I can call my friend, and maybe my cousin, Preston. Well he's also family and that's a bonus for him.

All my life what I've known is making more money. Grabbing the next business opportunity and turning it into millions. I didn't have time for friends or even love. And Harry, he's this guy I call an acquaintance. We're familiar with each other and he's the owner of Bart's. He's looking to expand and he wants me to invest in his club with one third of the club's shares going to my bank account. It's a nice deal, but I don't think I want to invest in a club like Bart's.

I sound like an asshole right now, I know.

When I don't reply to Harry's question, he takes that as an excuse that I'm not interested in talking about my business to someone who wants me to invest in his own club. He goes about talking about his own business and how I'll benefit from Bart's if I decide to invest in it. I scan the bottom floor of Bart's, with my eyes glancing at the drunk youths on the dance floor. I stop on a particular brunette and squint my eyes at how familiar she is. She's dancing with another girl who has dyed blonde hair.

Naomi.

What the fuck is she doing here?

I watch how guys try to dance with her and she pushes them away. I bring my eyes down her body, biting my bottom lip at how sexy she looks in a tight blue dress. Her long curly hair bounces down her back as she dances. Fuck, what I would give to have her curls in my hand as she grind that fat ass on my cock.

Now I'm being filthy. I've already crossed the line the minute I fuck faced another woman with Naomi's image In my head. I knew there was no way back. I want this woman and I'm gonna have her despite the warning bells ringing in my head. She giggles as she walks towards the bar with her friend. I stand up at once, wanting to have a better view of Naomi, totally forgetting that Harry is giving me a speech about his club.

Right now I'm not interested, I've never been interested in Bart's. It was Raymond's idea. Thinking it's a nice investment if I just show a little interest by investing.

" Mr. Black." Harry calls my name.

" I'm gonna think about your offer, Mr. Bart." I say, taking a sip from the glass of liquor he offered me.

Fuck, whiskey. I don't drink whiskey. I take my eyes off the dance floor and glance at the dark liquid in this thick glass in my hand. I frown and stretch the glass to my guard who's been standing at a corner. He hurries to take the glass off my hand.

" You don't like the drink?" Harry asks.

I sigh, fighting the urge to light a cigarette as I watch Naomi. My doctor thinks it's time I give it a break for the time being. Naomi's friend is with a guy and the guy is talking to Naomi. She is drunk. I can tell by the way she giggles and slightly staggers even in her sitting position.

How much did she even drink?

Harry asks a question but I don't hear shit. My entire attention is on the olive skinned brunette that makes my cock twitch in my pants every time I stare at her. The guy leaves with Naomi's friend and she looks bored. Suddenly another guy approaches her, and they happen to bump heads together by mistake.

God she's fucking wasted. They talked like they knew each other and as I watched her follow the guy to a corner, I wondered how he's related to her. He says something to her, but she's too drunk to pay attention. The next minute, he's leaning in and kissing her.

What? I glare at the asshole who's touching her and I don't notice that I'm gripping tightly at the banister. I don't even notice Harry standing next to me.

" I gotta go. I will have Raymond call you for a proper briefing." I say to Harry as I rush down the stairs, with my guard behind me.

I push people off my part as I approach Naomi and this guy who's touching her like she is his. I don't care who he is or what relationship they had, he has no right to touch her.

" Don't fucking touch me." Naomi says to the guy but he's not having it.

It's been long since I punched someone and I've never really seen a reason to punch someone since Club K's official opening, really.

" She said don't fucking touch her. What part of that don't you understand?" I say. The guy is surprised because he recognizes me.

Naomi's fucking drunk and beyond wasted. It's obvious she's a lightweight and she doesn't know how to control her alcohol intake. She rushes outside the club and I know she's about to puke her guts out.

I follow her outside, shooting a glare at this fucking asshole as I follow Naomi out. At this state anyone can easily take advantage of her. I can't let that happen.

" Get the car." I say to Alvin, my guard, and without any question, he leaves.

I watch Naomi puke out her intestines.

" Fuck." I mutter.

She stands upright in wobbly feet.

" Come on, we should take you home." I wrap my arms around her, and she leans against my body with her face pressed against my chest.

" Killian?" She mutters.

" How much did you drink?" I ask, shrugging off my suit jacket and draping it around her.

She's fallen asleep already as she breathes in and out with her slightly parted lips. My car pulls to a stop in front of me and Alvin gets down, opening the backseat for me. It's pretty hard to place Naomi in the backseat of my car. Once I finally maneuver her inside my car, I slide in next to her and Alvin shuts the door. Naomi mutters something in her sleep and scoots into me. I fight a smile as I stare at her. She looks peaceful, beautiful, and innocent when she sleeps. Not the girl who always argues with me and hates my guts.

" Where sir?" Terry, my driver asks.

" Home."

I sip my coffee, with my right hand on my laptop's keypads. I scroll through my emails, deleting the irrelevant ones while skimming through the ones Raymond sent me. I click on the email sent to me by my marketing department involving our new virtual assistant and an upgrade on our already launched app.

" No way. No fucking way I'm in here." I hear a familiar voice mutter.

I look up from my laptop to see Naomi In my living room, eyeing the beauty of my home. She's wearing my white dress shirt that's a little big on her. It falls on her mid-thigh, doing little to nothing in covering her thick thighs.

The minute I drove her to my home last night, I had to change her out of her dress. It smelled like puke and it had a little puke stain on it. It was fucking hard undressing her last night as I wear her my dress shirt.

Fuck, it was pretty wrong, but I went to bed last night with Naomi's tits in my head and my hand buried inside my pants as I get off. I couldn't get the image of her in a dark, red lace bra, and red lace panties out of my head. As I buttoned the dress shirt last night with Naomi fast asleep, I tried not to look like a pervert as I stared at her body.

Jesus, she was fucking irresistible.

Naomi's eyes meet mine as she slowly walks towards my kitchen. I don't know what's more sexy. Naomi in my house in her morning glory or the fact that she's wearing my buttoned down white shirt with nothing but lace panties and bra underneath it.

" Oh my God." She mutters and rubs her eyes.

" No fucking way." She mutters, biting her lip as she stares at me.

" Good morning." I said to her,

" How did I get here?" She asks, chewing absently on her bottom lip.

I stare at her bottom lip for a minute or so before bringing my gaze to her eyes.

" You're gonna answer me or continue staring at me like that." Naomi says, pulling at the sleeve of my oversized shirt that she's wearing.

Right. Her bratty and feisty attitude is back. I can't say it doesn't turn me on when she acts feisty or like a little brat, because it makes my dick twitch in my pants and I find myself thinking about putting her mouth to use with my cock down her throat.

I smirk, grabbing my cup of coffee and bringing it to my lips. I take a sip, with Naomi's eyes on my lips. Is she attracted to me or am I hallucinating? Sometimes she acts like she wants me, or maybe attracted to me, and other times, she looks at me like I'm the devil's advocate. Fuck, she's confusing. She messes with my head and I know nothing about this woman.

" Coffee?" I ask her, dropping my mug on the countertop.

" I need to know what I'm doing here. Dressed in..." She looks down at her body, tugging at the hem of the dress shirt.

" You don't remember?"

" A little... I think." She sighs and bites her red plump bottom lip.

I wish she knows how she always fuck with my head when she does that. Her brown curly hair is braided at the back with a few strands sticking out at the sides of her face. Naomi is a beautiful woman and any man will be lucky to have her. Fuck, I will give anything to have her. I want her to wake up like this every other morning in my bed. I want to see her naked. I want to hear her moan my name as I kiss her full red lips and bite into her neck. I want to know what she feels like with my dick inside her. Is she the type of woman who moans loudly or quietly? I don't care how perverted I sound, or how dirty my thoughts are considering she works for me and I'm her boss, I fucking want Naomi.

I fucking want every part of her. I want to own her. I want to have her. I needed to have her. Every night I go to bed, she's the only thing I think about. She's becoming a distraction, a distraction I don't need, but I can't help myself. I've always put work before pleasure and I've never mixed work with pleasure, but Naomi is doing something to me no woman has ever done to me before.

I want to bend her over my kitchen counter and fuck her from behind. I want to see her naked on my bed, with her hands tied behind her as I fucked her from behind while she moans my name.

Fuck, Killian, get a grip.