

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 13

KILLIAN'S POV

I blink my eyes and look at Naomi. She had her arms crossed against her chest as she stared at me.

" You seem to forget you're my boss sometimes Mr. Black." She says dismissively.

I smirk, acknowledging the fact that she caught me eye fucking her while she stands across from me with my kitchen counter in between us.

" And why's that?"

" You just literally had sex with me in your head while I was standing right here. That's all shades of wrong." She says softly, blushing too.

" Yeah?"

" How did I get here?"

" Drunk and you literally passed out in my arms."

" God I did? I mean I remember getting a little wasted, I remember all that. I just don't know how I got here."

A little wasted? Really?

" Like I said, you passed out. After puking all over your dress. I didn't know your address so I brought you here."

She bite her lip and nods. I brew coffee for her as I watch her.

" You undressed me?" She asks softly, as if whispering to herself.

" Something like that."

" You can't do that." Naomi says.

" Was I supposed to let you sleep with your dress on? Even with puke stains?" I ask, stretching a cup of coffee towards her.

" I didn't touch you if that's what you're worried about." I said to her, Naomi takes the coffee from me with a small 'thanks' as she sips it.

" And if it makes you feel less uncomfortable, I didn't sleep with you in the same bed. I used the guest bedroom down the hall." She unconsciously sighs in relief.

" It's not about touching me by the way..." She trails off, " It's the fact that you're my boss. And that's crossing a lot of limits." Naomi says.

" But yet you look at me like that." I whisper, making my way round the island as I approach her.

Naomi's lips pause around the rim of the mug, gulping. I stop in front of her, closing the space between us as I slowly take the mug from her hand. We stare into each other's eyes as I drop the mug of warm coffee on the island.

Naomi breathes in through her slightly parted lips as I stare into her eyes. Naomi is caught off guard, her brown eyes stare into my eyes with lust as she absently bites her bottom lip. So she's really attracted to me, huh? I notice the pores on her skin open and goosebumps fill her skin as she breathes in and out through her mouth. I tuck the strands of hair at the side of her face behind her ear as I cup her right cheek. Her eyes automatically flutter on their own will.

" Tell me Naomi, why do you look at me like that?" I whisper, staring down at her eyes and to her lips that she is biting.

" Like how?" She whispers.

" Like you want me to bend you over this counter and fuck your brains out."

She's silent, thinking, as she stares into my eyes.

" You can't say that." She says softly, blinking a little as she continues to stare at me.

" Why's that?" I whisper back, letting my hand fall from her face to wrap my arm around her waist.

Naomi takes in a sharp breath, and she doesn't stop me. I run my hand down the curve of her back, hovering a little on top of her ass. The little self control in me is stopping me from bringing my hand down and grabbing her ass.

I badly want to do that.

" Mr. Black." Naomi says. Her voice comes out as a whisper.

I know I make her uncomfortable sometimes, but this, she melting against my touch just proves that she's attracted to me. And maybe she kind of hates me, but her body responds to my touch.

I can still stay away from her. I can just move back, step away from her, tell her to take a bath and I'll drive her home and stop whatever dirty thing that I planned on doing to her. Maybe avoid her and everything will be fine. But that indecent part of me, that filthy part of me won't let me do it. I am a bad man. A dirty, secular man. Maybe I don't even deserve her, but I can't ignore the throbbing ache in my pants each time I see or think about her. I want to ruin her, I want to feel her, and hell, I want to fuck her. I want to show her she can cum with my dick inside her without having to stroke her clit.

That and more. I wanted to do dirty things to her. She might be feisty and stubborn, maybe hard to get, but she's still innocent. I can tell she had little experience with men. And her ex boyfriend, whoever he is, sure didn't make her feel all that good. He didn't show her things I planned on showing her. And that can only be possible if she gives me a chance to take her to my bedroom, with her back on my sheets.

" Mr. Black." Naomi purrs, not really pushing me away or telling me to stop.

" You need to stop." She says softly, hands flattened on my chest but she doesn't push.

I smirk, let go of her waist as I wrap my hand around her neck. I don't choke her or press against her throat, but it's tight enough to let her know I'm still her boss.

Naomi licks her bottom lip as she stares into my eyes. She doesn't fight me or ask me to stop. It's fucking crazy she's enjoying this. With her slow ragged breathing, I can tell she's completely turned on by this. By my hand around her throat and my dirty talk.

" You like it when I choke you, don't you?" I whisper into her ear.

" I don't." She lies. Right through her fucking nose.

" You don't know what you do to me when you act like that, princess. This might be too early, but I want to know you. I want to impress you." I whisper into the skin of her neck, with my hand still around her neck. " ... With my fingers and my tongue. I want to touch you, Naomi, and feel you. I want to taste you, with my tongue, and listen to you moan my name. I want to know you, princess, what you feel like with my cock inside you. I want to know if you like it rough and fast, or slow and steady. I want to know if you prefer my fingers inside you or my tongue. Fuck, I want to bend you over and taste you from behind and whichever way you want. There's so much dirty things I want to do to you, Naomi..." I whisper, with my lips hovering over her neck.

I haven't kissed her yet. I don't want to, not until she begs me to have her. I can feel her heartbeat accelerate with my hand around her neck, and fuck, my words are doing a lot of things to her right now. She's fucking horny.

" But I won't, princess. Not until you beg me to fuck you real good. And I will."

I pull back a little, letting go of her neck as I stare at her. She's quiet, emotionless as she stares at me. The silence between us is heart wrenching and for a second, I experienced what I hadn't experienced in a long time. Doubt.

Doubting if this sexual tension between us was just an act from her. Doubting if she is even attracted to me.

But Naomi surprises me when her next words leave her mouth.

" I'm sorry to say this Mr. Black, but you don't always get to have whatever thing you want. And nothing's gonna make me want you, not even your sleek, sweet, dirty lines."

Damn.

Talk about a boner killer.