

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 14

KILLIAN'S POV

" 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.

I don't know if she's lying or telling the truth, but I sure as hell feel like shit at her rejection. With my hands in my pockets, I stare at, clearly and intently watch her. Wondering why she's so different.

Wondering why she had to make me chase her, pursue her, when sometimes she stares at me like she wants me to have my way with her. Like she wants me to fuck her brains out.

I don't have to talk dirty with women to have them in my bed and tangled in my sheets, but everything with Naomi is different. I'm not blind, I notice the way her breathing changed when I whispered filthy things in her ear. I noticed how her heartbeat accelerated when I wrapped my hand around her throat. Or how noticeable goosebumps crowd her skin with our close proximity.

So she's attracted to me but won't give in? Or she hates me and thinks I'm a fucking pervert. Whichever way it turns out to be, I knew I was gonna have Naomi. It might take a long time and maybe an awful amount of effort, but she's gonna be mine. That I'm sure of.

" So are you gonna properly treat me like a guest now? Or you're still gonna talk dirty to me?" She asks, breaking the uncomfortable silence.

I smirk, bringing my gaze to her breasts that's a little visible from the unbuttoned top buttons of my dress shirt that she's wearing. I can also see the slight red lace material of her bra through the white shirt.

" Wow. Should I be surprised you just rejected me the second time in less than three days?" I ask, turning my back and walking to my side of the kitchen island.

Naomi crosses her arms across her chest, ignorant about how her breasts pushed up the slightest.

" That's not rejection. I'm just trying to remind you that you're my boss." She says.

Right.

I pick up my slightly warm coffee and bring it to my lips to take a sip. My eyes wander over Naomi's body for a minute, smirking as she shifts uncomfortably from one foot to another. She's not that tall. Obviously 5 feet 4 inches tall. A lot of inches shorter than me. I can see the top of her head from where I stand. Her breasts are not the fullest or biggest, but it's an average size and it will fit perfectly in my hands. Her waist is little, and fuck she's thick. With her broad hips that matches her small waist and thick thighs. She's not the sexiest woman out there but fuck it, this woman is beautiful. She's perfect. Her legs are toned and her hair, a honey wave.

She's everything I want. Maybe not my type of woman that I've been with before, but she's worth everything new that I want to try. Everything that my cock craves.

" Mr. Black." Naomi calls, no longer crossing her arms but holding her own coffee.

" Yeah?"

" I asked what you were doing at Bart's?" She says and takes a sip from her coffee with her eyes on mine.

" Meeting an acquaintance."

" Should I be worried you're always everywhere I go?" She asks, blowing little air into her coffee.

I smile slightly, staring at her lips and imagining different dirty things her lips can possibly do. For example...

" Are you always this distracted?" Naomi's voice snaps me from my nasty thoughts.

" No. Only when it comes to you."

" Do you always stare at your female workers like that?" She asks, plopping her ass on the barstool opposite me.

I should be offended that she thinks I fuck everything on heels that works for me, but I don't. I just assume she's just curious about me. Curious to know me.

" Believe it or not Naomi, you're the first woman who works for me that I want to do dirty things to. I don't fuck my employees. Especially not the ones who serve drinks in my club." I say. Her eyebrows touch each other as she stares at me.

I think she's offended by the way she slightly glares at me.

Fuck, what did I just say?

" Then why do you find me interesting all of a sudden?" She seethes, crossing her arms across her chest again. " And please don't say 'because you're different.' That line is long overused."

I chuckle silently. " I was gonna say because you're something else. Something else that I haven't had a taste of. Before." I say softly, staring at her from underneath my lashes as my forefinger moves slowly on my laptop's mouse, scrolling through my emails.

I notice Naomi takes a deep breath.

" So that's why you resort to stalking me?"

" Why would I stalk you? I mean you're a sexy little thing, but I won't stalk you to prove my point to you that I want you."

Naomi rolls her eyes, clearly not swooning over my words. " You were at Bart's last night. And earlier yesterday, we met at Baker's. That little diner."

" I knew the owner. Bart's I mean. He wants me to invest in the club, so I decided to drop by and check it out. And about Baker's diner, I own it. Bought it a week ago and I was looking forward to an expansion and redecoration, reasons why you saw me yesterday." I say.

Naomi's full red lips forms an 'O'

" So don't think for a moment that I'm stalking you, princess."

" Right. My bad." She says and grabs her coffee as she begins to sip her coffee.

" There's no sugar in this." She frowns her face. " Who even drinks coffee without sugar?" She asks and further scrunches her face, placing the coffee mug back on the kitchen island.

" I do."

" I'm your guest. You ask me how I take my coffee and not go right ahead and make your own preference for me." She sighs.

" There's sugar in the cupboard. Help yourself."

" Thank you." She hops down from the stool and walks towards the top cupboard. She stretches her hand to open it but she can't reach it.

I chuckle silently and round the counter to help her. I stand behind her and she tense at once. We are a little close and her ass is nearly touching my crotch.

" You can always ask for help, Ms. Alderson." I whisper into her ear, as I open the cupboard and pull out a box of sugar.

She turns around facing me, with her teeth biting onto her bottom lip. I look down at her lips, feeling tempted to just lean in and have a taste of her lips.

" Don't even think about it." Naomi's voice snaps me from my thoughts as she takes the sugar from my hand.

She sidesteps me and walks back to sit down.

" How did you know my last name?" She asks, turning to look at me.

" Preston."

" Right." She mutters.

There's a comfortable silence in the room and I watch her. My mind skipped to last night at Bart's.

" Who was he?" I ask at once, thinking about the guy in the club last night who kissed her.

Maybe I shouldn't have asked her. I shouldn't care, but I can't help myself. I liked her and I think there's nothing wrong if I know a little about her. Right?

Right.

" What?" She looks up at me after dropping cubes of sugar inside her coffee.

She stirs the liquid with a spoon, crushing the cubes of sugar with the spoon.

" At Bart's. This guy kissed you. Who was he?" I ask her, with my full attention on her and my laptop on the side. I've long stopped going through my work emails and I just stare at this fascinating and beautiful woman in front of me.

She bites her lip. A habit I've come to understand she does mainly when she doesn't want to talk about a particular issue.

" Is it normal that you're asking about my private life?" She asks instead, dodging my questions and asking me her own questions instead.

Is that her own defense mechanism? Avoiding my questions and asking me questions in return.

" I'm your boss Naomi. It won't cut off my fingers if I know a little stuff about you. So who was he?" I ask sternly this time, hating myself for sounding more like an asshole.