Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 15

KILLIAN'S POV

I don't know if this weird, strange, and new emotion is jealousy, but I can't stand another man touching her or even leaning to kiss her for no damn reason. I should be the only man doing that. Naomi stares at me with her dark brown eyes as she sips her coffee. After gulping for a long minute and me watching her lips wrap around the rim of the mug, she drops the mug on the counter.

- " He's no one."
- " He kissed you."
- " People kiss random people everyday, that doesn't mean they're anything special."
- "You're being defensive, that means he played a very important role in your life. Is he your boyfriend?" Naomi glares at me as she looks away, staring at the stainless white walls of my kitchen.

" He's my ex. Happy now?"

- " He had his tongue down your throat. So obviously he wasn't just your ex." Okay, now I am being a complete dick.
- I shouldn't have sounded like that.

"Fuck." I run my fingers through my hair and lick my bottom lip.

- "Forget I asked that." I mutter towards Naomi who's not looking at me.
- " Of course I will. Because it's weird." She says.
- I smile, as a breathy laugh escapes my mouth.

" Preston said you're a born New Yorker."

- " Talking about me with my manager now?" She asks, with an underlying teasing tone in her voice.
- " Well you're extraordinary. I couldn't help myself." Naomi blushes as she avoids my gaze for the first time today. She's really strange, isn't she? One minute she's bold, raising shoulders with
- me and questioning my orders. The other minute, she's a shy, pure girl, blushing at my words and avoiding eye contact.

Really strange. "Yeah. I am from New York, but I wasn't born here. I was born in Baltimore, Maryland. Small City, great people. We moved here, New York,

when I turned ten."

"Why? Why did you move?" I can't believe I am having a normal conversation with her without the two of us arguing or me flirting with her. She licks her bottom lip and stares at her fingers, avoiding the question like always.

" My daddy died." She says suddenly, after a long silence.

" He was a veteran. Went to war when I was eight, never came back. My kid sister was just born too. My mother couldn't stay any longer, she

wanted us to come back home, where we originally belonged. So that was how we moved." She says, meeting my eyes for a split second

before looking away.

I bite my lip, staring at her and imagining how that would have been hard for her. " That must be really hard... for your mom."

" It was. For all of us." She says, slowly twirling around her mug that I notice there's no coffee inside.

in a bar fight. It is embarrassing to talk about, especially considering the man I've become now.

- "Yeah. I know that feeling." I say, not really planning on talking about me or how my father fucked us over and left and then got murdered
- Thankfully Naomi didn't question my word. "And how did you find New York? I mean since you were eight? Did you like it here when you first came? And Baltimore..." I ask her.
- Naomi smiles. A genuine smile that is pretty contagious, even for me, because I am also smiling slightly as I stare at her. "Truthfully, it was shit. New York is nothing like Baltimore. New York is loud, hard, and everyone just struggles so hard to get and live. The

city is just crazy. I remember it was pretty hard to fit in at school. We didn't have a lot of friends, well except my older brother. Me, I'm just

this nerdy, awkward kid with glasses." I can't say I'm not surprised, because I am. How can she be the awkward kid at school everyone didn't want to be friends with? She's so fucking sexy. Beautiful. She's literally irresistible.

" You wear glasses?" She tucks her hair behind her ear, still biting onto her lip as she blushes a little.

"Yeah. Sometimes. Other times, I just opt for lenses." She says and shyly points to her eyes.

I smile, staring at her dark eyes.

" Are you wearing one now?" I ask softly, watching how she bites her lip.

with me. " No." She says.

Surprisingly, it was relaxing and beautiful to listen to her speak. I liked it and I wanted her to speak more often without fighting or arguing

I nod.

"Your eyes are beautiful." I say softly, staring at her eyes.

- " Thank you."
- "Sebastian?" Naomi asks, probably wondering who the hell is Sebastian.
- "Yeah. He's my cook. Today is his day off work." I say. " Wow. I'm surprised you don't have a female cook." Naomi says. I chuckle.

"I ordered food not too long ago. I hope you're hungry? Sebastian isn't around to cook today."

- " I had. She tried to fuck me, I fired her."
- Naomi's eyebrows shoot up, with a slightly open mouth as she stares at me. I smirk. "Wow." She clears her throat. "So where are you from?" Naomi surprises me by asking.
- bottom lip.

"Yeah. Wikipedia is right. I'm Australian. My mother is Swedish though. And before you ask, yes, I was born and raised in this country. New

window while I watched my company's name in big letters from afar. I guess it finally happened. I love New York, and yeah, you're right, it's

" I mean according to Google and Wikipedia, it says you're Australian, but sometimes they just spew out shit online." She says, biting her

" No shit." "Yeah. Reasons why my company's headquarter is in New York. I've always dreamed and wished that one day I'd just stand in front of my

York to be precise."

I smile, genuinely smile as I stare into her eyes.

loud and crazy, but that's the thing that just makes it different from every other place in the world." I say. And it's fucking sexy how she listens.

I chuckle. " Probably because I didn't grow up there."

Fuck. I don't want to talk about my childhood or my father. Especially to someone like Naomi. A woman I'm trying to impress. My childhood

" Is that why you don't have an accent? An Australian accent. You sound like every other American guy." She says.

" What are you thinking about?" " About what your childhood looked like. And also about your dad?"

was shitty. My father was abusive. He would hit me and my brother, including our mother, until we grew up and hit him back. God, I despised the son of a bitch. He's a cunt and I hated talking about him. Even in Interviews when I'm asked about my father, I don't say a thing. Telling the interviewers my personal life should remain personal.

mind was clean. It should stay that way, at least for now.

" I don't want to talk about my childhood. Especially my father." I say.

" So where did you go to college?" I ask, enjoying our little conversation.

She smiles and nods, biting her lip. She's thinking.

"How did you know I went to college? I could simply be a highschool dropout." " Well you're not. So..." " You really asked about me from my manager. Wow." She says, smiling a little and biting her bottom lip.

I try not to think about what I want her lips to do. I've successfully had a normal conversation with this woman these past minutes and my

" Okay. I went to NYU. Graduated two years ago. I studied marketing." " Why marketing?"

" I wanted to know you."

Naomi nods in understanding.

" I loved creativity. And good communication. Marketing just happens to be the best fit for a career. At least for me." I nod.

the boutique." Raymond says, but stops on his track when he sees Naomi.

Raymond a straight look and shake my head 'no.'

" I have to ask, since you got rid of my dress, what am I gonna wear when I leave for home?" She asks.

- And right on cue Raymond walks in, holding a shopping bag with what I asked him to get early this morning. He doesn't notice Naomi yet. "You asked me to get a size 10 dress. It was pretty hard, considering I don't have a girlfriend. I had to get help from the girl that works at
- "Oh." Raymond blurts, staring at Naomi In my shirt as he looks over at me, raising a questioning eyebrow. I know what he's thinking. That I brought Naomi home to fuck her when we've only known each other not less than three days. I give

"Uh..." Naomi trails off, staring at the man and the bag in his hand. " I'm Raymond. He is my friend and my boss." Raymond introduces himself, stretching his hand out for a handshake.

If Naomi was uncomfortable about forty minutes ago, she sure as hell was more than uncomfortable now.

- I walk towards him and take it from him. "Yeah." I answer, taking the bag and stretching it to Naomi.
- " I'm gonna be in the living room." Raymond says, with his footsteps receding out of the kitchen. " You didn't have to buy me a dress." She states.

She doesn't take it but stares at it, and then me. She's confused.

I sigh. "Rejecting a gift is rude, Naomi. I know you know that."

" Hi. I'm Naomi." They shake hands and pull hands apart later.

" Is this for her?" Raymond asks, raising the bag in the air.

She sighs and slowly takes the bag from me. "Thanks. But I'm returning it the moment I get home."

" I should get going." Naomi says at once.

"You needed something to wear back home, right?"

- " It's a gift. I don't want it back. If you don't want it when you get home, burn it." I say sternly, thrusting my hands into my pockets. My doorbell rings at once, sounding across the house. It's probably the food I ordered about forty minutes ago.
- " I'll get it." Raymond calls.
- " I'm sure that's the breakfast that I ordered. You need to eat." " I'm fine. I should leave. Thanks for bringing me here. And thanks for the dress." She says and leaves my kitchen in a hurry.

bye to Raymond as she leaves my house in a hurry, not for a minute sparing me a glance.

Seriously. Are women always this complicated? One minute they're having a normal conversation with you, and the next minute, they're walking out of your house not for once staring at you. Now where did I go wrong?

I hear my front door close and Raymond walks into the kitchen with two takeouts. He glances at the kitchen for Naomi as he opens his mouth to speak. I glare at him and he clamps his mouth shut. He knows not to question me when I'm in a bad mood. Naomi and I were having a nice conversation and all of a sudden, the tension is back. Now I'm wondering and asking myself where did I fuck up? Raymond drops the takeout on the kitchen counter and turns to leave. A few minutes later, Naomi walks into the living room, saying a quiet