

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 19

KILLIAN'S POV

" I fired her yesterday."

" I am aware." He said and sat down on the chair opposite of mine. " You didn't tell me the reason."

" She was a flirt. She was trying to have sex with her boss, which is me. I hate tardiness and unprofessionalism."

" Really? You've fired four of your assistants in less than three months. No one's willing to take the job anymore, especially our workers."

I glare at Raymond.

" Is this about Naomi?" He asks.

" What?"

What has Naomi come to do with this? She doesn't even work for me?

" You've been acting strange since the day I saw her in your house dressed in your shirt. I don't know what happened and maybe it's your business and it's fine if you don't want to tell me, but we're friends Killian. You can't be this distracted by a girl who serves alcohol in your club. You've got a company to run, Killian."

" I'm aware I have a company to run and that's exactly what I'm doing." I sound colder than I intended.

" I know that, but..."

" Raymond, do you have anything else to say?" I ask my friend. I don't want to sound or come off as rude, but I just can't help it.

I agree I've been a little distracted lately, but Naomi's not the cause. There are other things bothering me.

Raymond sighs and nods defeatedly.

" You're supposed to have dinner with your brother today. He called my phone, telling me you're not picking up your phone. I just thought it'd be nice to remind you."

I nod.

" Thank you, Raymond."

He doesn't answer as he stands up.

" I advise you to get a new assistant."

" You can tell HR to set up a vacancy, and I need an older woman. A woman with a husband and kids. The husband and kids don't really matter but I want someone aged. My mother's age if possible."

Raymond smiles slightly and nods.

" And also if you desperately want this woman, I think you should work harder to win her heart. Not every woman wants your money, Killian. You shouldn't forget that. Try to impress her with something other than cash. Try to show her you really want her, not just want to have sex with her." Raymond says and leaves.

Now how the fuck am I supposed to impress Naomi when she is always uncomfortable around me? She can't even stand me. What does she even want? How can I make her mine? The right place and person to get an answer is my older brother, Keith. I should probably return his call back.

I look through the menu for anything light to order. We're in a small, but expensive restaurant outside of the city. Keith loves to come here. Surprisingly he met Eve here for the first time. I think their love story is a love at first sight kind of thing. She was a chef here, and that fateful day Keith and I decided to come out here to eat. His steak was raw and poorly cooked. He hated it, decided he needed to see the chef and that was when Eve showed up. At first sight, she got my brother tongue tied. Eve is beautiful, tall, curly brown hair, her skin is like chocolate, and she's kind of pretty. Well not my type but she's pretty good looking.

It didn't take much effort and convincing from my brother and the next minute these two are already engaged.

" Still finding it difficult to order?" Keith asks, looking at me from the top of his menu.

" I'm not hungry." I say.

I drop my menu and usher the attention of the waitress.

" What are you getting?"

" Chicken Alfredo. It's pretty great."

" Hmm." I nod, glancing at the busy life of New York.

It's Friday evening and the street is piled with different kinds of people, coming and going.

" What can I get you both?" A female voice asks.

I turn away from the life outside of this transparent glass as I stare at the waitress. She's smirking.

" I'll get the chicken Alfredo."

" Wine please. The whole bottle." I say to her.

She stares at me, a little unsure as she nods and leaves.

" The whole bottle?"

" You know I don't like my wine poured into a glass. I prefer the whole bottle. Plus, aren't you going to drink?"

Keith nods. " Yeah."

" Good."

" How's business?" He changes the subject.

I shrug. " Good."

Keith nods again. " That's good to hear."

" How's Eve and the baby?"

Keith smiles at my question. I guess Eve is the best thing that's ever happened to his life.

" They're both fine. Eve's bump is slowly becoming more evident. I can't wait till we get married."

" I'm happy for you, man."

" Thanks. What about you? You've been in one of your moods since we got here and I'm thinking a woman's behind it."

Is it obvious that I've been thinking about Naomi since the day she left my house? I don't know why I couldn't stop thinking about her and how she left my house in a bad mood a week ago. Is it because I bought her a dress without telling her or because I brought her to my house when she was wasted? All in all, she didn't leave in a good mood. She acted salty and strange.

I don't understand her and it's fucking with my head.

" Before you lie, you just thought about her right now." Keith says.

I scoff.

" I've been stressed, Keith."

" You're a workaholic, but the long time I've known you baby brother, you've never complained about your business or your company. You might always be stressed, but you never talk about it. Tell me, who's the lucky woman?"

Lucky woman?

I nearly rolled my eyes at that. I think I'm the lucky one. I don't even deserve her. Because hidden beneath her feisty and strong-headed attitude, lies a pure, innocent woman. An independent, beautiful woman. A woman who hasn't been treated the way she deserved.

" Killian..." Keith calls for my attention.

I open my mouth to deny his claims but my mouth clamps shut at the sight in front of my eyes. Naomi walks into the restaurant with a guy standing impossibly close to her. I stare at him with a glare, eyeing the man she's with. He leads her towards a table and that's when I recognize him. He's the man from Bart's. The man who kissed her.

That fucking fuck. Why are they together?

I can recall perfectly well that she told me he was her ex. Why is she with her ex? Are they back together? What does she even see in this fuckin' prick?

Didn't he try to assault her knowing she was drunk and vulnerable at Bart's? What is it with women and their exes? Can't they just move on without coming or getting back with their exes? I don't know when I ball my fists beside me. I want to punch the asshole and tell him she's mine.

He says something to her and she smiles. She fucking smiled!

I watch him pull out a seat for her and she says something to him, 'thank you', obviously as she sits down. She glances around the restaurant and her eyes lock on mine at once.

Fuck me.