

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 23

KILLIAN

Damn.

This isn't the first or second time I've been rejected by Naomi Alderson, but every new rejection seems to pierce me right through the heart like it's the first.

I might have been with a lot of women, but none of them acted this way. It's always easy with them. I don't have to go through all of these just to get a woman. But Naomi isn't letting me in anytime soon. She's a competition I'm trying to win. A challenge I'm trying to achieve, and every one of her rejection just makes me want her more.

Pushing me to keep chasing her.

She's so unique. She's like a pure art that can't be found in any museum. She makes me wonder what the hell I'm doing sometimes. She makes me doubt myself. She makes me doubt everything I have known about women.

Naomi doesn't want money, she doesn't want fancy dinners and all that shit that you can use to get a woman. What the hell does she want? What the hell do I have to do for her to open that iron gate she used in guarding her heart? What do I have to do to make her mine? To mark her as mine?

Maybe I just need to give my brother a chance. He suspected Naomi was the woman on my mind when we were having dinner but I refused to talk about her to him. He's smart, and he always knows when business and money are the reason behind my bad mood. This time around, a woman has found her way into my head and that woman is a cocktail waitress in my club. A woman who stole my attention the minute I set eyes on her.

Stealing one last glance at the restroom mirror, I walk out of the restroom as I go back to meet my brother. He's done eating, so finally we can leave. I can't bear sitting here while I watch the woman I want have dinner with a man who's supposed to be her ex. I can't believe she'd get back with him.

Women.

"We should leave." I say sternly. My stoic expression is back on my face and I need to get the hell out of here.

Keith smirks as he sneaks a glance at Naomi who's talking with her ex. Her body language already tells me that she's not enjoying herself. She probably wants to leave as much as I want to get out of here too.

"Trouble in paradise, huh?" Keith smirks.

I roll my eyes and glare at my brother.

"I already paid, what are we waiting for?" I ask my brother.

"We're gonna leave right now, sure. But you need to promise me that you're gonna tell me what the hell is going on with you." He says.

I shake my head at his childish stunt and stand up to leave. Keith stands up at once and struts behind me to catch up with me. I try not to look at Naomi and her date as I walk towards the exit, with Naomi's gaze burning my back.

Fuck.

Alvin pulls my car in front of me as he gets down from my car in a hurry and opens the backseat door for me and my brother. I enter first and Keith slips in next to me. Alvin shuts the door behind Keith and enters the driver's seat. In less than a minute, Alvin drives onto the road with the divider pulled up.

I unbutton my suit jacket as I watch different buildings pass my side window.

"So what's up baby brother?"

"You really need to stop addressing me as baby brother, Keith. It's fucking weird." I say, without turning around to look at him.

I hear him laugh, a quiet laugh.

"Okay, Kil, what's up? You want to talk about what's troubling you? Lately we barely have any kind of brotherly conversation. It's always about work, work, work with you. It's a new start, something other than business got you this riled up. Is she the one? The girl at the restaurant." Keith says.

I sigh and remove my gaze from my side tinted window. I relax into my car seat as I turn to look at Keith.

He's right. We barely have any kind of nice conversation. It's always about business with me. I barely even hangout with my family or even Raymond. I only called him over to my house to talk business. And the few times he'd accompanied me to my club to have a little fun, we talked mostly business. It's becoming a habit I need to break.

"Yes." I break the silence at once. "She's the woman who's been fucking with my head lately."

"Okay. And how did all this start?"

"Met her in my club. She's a cocktail waitress."

"She works for you?" Keith seems surprised as he stares at me with knitted eyebrows. I don't reply, and he sighs. "Oh boy, I least expected that. Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why her?"

"I don't know. We met nearly two weeks ago. I've tried to pursue her but she keeps rejecting me."

Keith laughs. A hysterical laugh, and the louder it gets, the more annoyed I am. Now I know why we don't talk about anything other than business.

He can be annoying sometimes.

"Are you done?" I ask him when he's done laughing.

"Wow. You're like this Billionaire every girl wants to sleep with, and then you get rejected by a girl who serves alcohol in your club. What the fuck?"

"You're not helping." I mutter.

Keith sighs and looks at me, with a small sympathetic smile on his lips.

"You really need to stop doing that." I glare at him.

"Right." He mutters. His sympathetic smile is replaced by a smirk.

I sigh this time. "You know you're the last person I'm supposed to be talking to about this type of stuff. I don't know what to do. I feel like she's attracted to me, but yet she keeps rejecting me."

"That's because the way you're going at her shows her you only want to have sex with her. And that's the thing with you."

"You're being judgemental, Keith."

"What? Of course not. You just need to accept the fact that you're not willing or even ready to let any woman in. She knows that. She sees that. She knows all you do is play with women. Sleep with them, bid them adieu and it's over. She's probably not that type of woman who wants to be played. You can see that yourself. She might be attracted to you doesn't mean she wants to be involved with you. If you're willing to win the heart of this type of woman, you need to realize she's different from every other woman you've been with."

"I know that."

"If you know that, then you have to change your game, brother. She isn't that woman who you're gonna pay for fun. Or maybe just use your sweet lines to take her to bed. You need to change your perspective. If you're looking for fun and sex, I advise you look for it somewhere else, and not your cocktail waitress."

Now I'm defeated. I just don't want sex from Naomi. I think I want more. The farther she pushes me away, the more I'm intrigued by her. The more I realize I want her. I want to keep her. To claim her. I want to wake up next to her every morning with her naked and tired because I fucked her good the previous night.

I want to...

"I can't believe you're having dirty thoughts about her right now." Keith Interrupts my thoughts as he chuckles.

"What makes you think that?"

"I know you, little brother. God, you're so perverted."

I scoff.

"Seriously Killian, you need to quit it. I've known you since forever and I know you can be perverted and flirtatious when you want to. I think you should tone it down with your cocktail waitress. Like you said, you think she's attracted to you, and like I said, you gotta know her, man. Take her to dinners, have a normal conversation with her."

"You're suggesting a relationship. You and I know I don't want that right now." I say to my brother.

I have a company to run. Being in a relationship with a woman might just get in the way of a lot of things. I don't think I want that now. I want Naomi, desperately, but I don't think I'm ready to be in a relationship yet.

"You should be with someone, Killian. Your cocktail waitress isn't a bad choice."

"Is that how you had Eve? Dinners, normal conversation, indirect persuasion."

"Maybe. And we're happy together. And in love."

I sigh.

"What's her name? The waitress that's got you in this position, catching feelings." I don't have to look at my brother to know he's smirking at me right now.

"Fuck you, Keith. I'm not catching feelings. And her name's Naomi."

"Damn. Pretty name for a prettier woman. She's beautiful. Good taste and choice."

"She's not mine, yet." I point out.

"Then make her yours. For a start, tone down your flirting, and sexual offers."

I try not to laugh at 'Sexual offers.' Really? Is that what he thinks I've been doing with Naomi? Offering her sex?

Fucking hell.

"I don't offer her sex, Keith."

"You know what I mean. Telling her all your dirty lines. I know you're good with that mouth of yours. You can literally make any woman go weak on her knees when you turn on your flirt mode."

Okay, this time I laugh. I shake my head at my brother as I laugh.

"We're no longer youths or teens. I don't do that shit all the time now."

"I'm glad you remember we're no longer teens. You're a grown ass man now, Kil. Get a girl. Try to know Naomi and don't just fuck her in your head whenever you're free. Be her friend. Take her out, you know what I mean. Have a respectful conversation with her. Ask her about her favorite band... women like shits like that. You'll be surprised in no time, she will warm up to you. Trust me."

I look out the window, realizing we're in Keith's neighborhood. I gifted him the house he's currently staying as his and Eve's engagement gift. He was surprised, but he loved it. I'm happy for my brother. He's with someone he's in love with, and she loves him also, and they're expecting a baby. Literally the best thing that can happen in any man's life, but yet I don't see myself being in love in the near future. It's not that I don't want a relationship or maybe try to be serious with someone, I just assumed since I'm always about work and sometimes I might not be available, that might be too much for most women to handle. I might even start to fall in love with her, and she might cheat on me with another man with an excuse that I'm not always around or I'm too involved or dedicated to my company. I don't want that for any woman. That feeling of being in a relationship with me and still feeling like you're alone.

I don't fucking want that for anyone.

And that brings me to Naomi. Keith's right. Naomi isn't the woman who's going to fuck you because you're rich and hot, or maybe you had a nice dick. She's the woman who's going to fuck you after she knows you, like you, become comfortable with you, and maybe date you first before she let you slide right in.

And that's not me. I don't have to date you because I want to have a taste of you. But Naomi has proven otherwise. This is a different kind of boat that I haven't rocked before. A different woman. She makes me wonder how she's able to make me want her this bad when I've yet to taste her. This is more than an attraction. With Naomi, it's something I've never felt before. That deep urge, that feeling to just keep her, mark her, and make her mine and mine only. This is all new to me.

And it scares the shit out of me.

"And when exactly did you start wanting your workers?" Keith snaps me from my jumbled thoughts.

"I don't look at my female workers. Never have."

"Wow. This is more romantic than I thought. So what do I call this? Likeness at first sight?" Keith asks with a smirk.

I just shrug my shoulders. "Something like that."

"You gotta keep chasing her, man. You don't give up."

I give him a small smile. "Right. Thanks for the talk. It was helpful in a way."

The car pulled to a stop outside Keith's apartment.

"You wanna come in?" Keith asks.

"Nah. Maybe some other time."

"You should consider visiting some other time. Maybe bring Naomi, that's if you two finally decide to date. Eve would like that."

I smile at my brother and nod.

"Sure."

"See you around. Mom wants you to stop ignoring her calls. You should try and call her back."

"I will." I'm deadpan.

Keith laughs and steps out of my car.

"See you later, little brother."

He shuts the door before I can scold him about calling me little brother.

That little shit.

Alvin starts the car and drives out of Keith's neighborhood.

The minute I get home, it's already nightfall. I strip out of my clothes and step inside my shower. As the warm water cascades down my back, Naomi's the only thing on my mind.