

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 27

Killian's POV

" God, this whole wedding shit is more than exhausting. I'm the best man and yet I don't know what to do." I mutter, sighing as I loosened my tie, whilst leaning back on my chair.

Raymond smiles as he glances at the magazine I pushed towards him. The magazine is an idea of places for my brother's bachelor party two weeks from now.

Raymond flips through it and I reach for my intercom to buzz my assistant, only to realize I don't have an assistant and I fired the last one, Kirsten.

" Shit." I curse, as I withdraw my hand from the intercom.

Raymond looks up from the magazine and asks.

" Are you okay? Is something wrong?" He asks, clearly concerned.

I sigh, glancing around my floor and the workers through the one way mirror of my office.

" Nothing." I wave it off.

" Are you sure?" Raymond asks.

He's a genuinely caring person. He cares too much and sometimes I don't like it. I don't think I even deserve Raymond's friendship. I treat him like shit sometimes despite the fact that he works for me and he's also my friend.

I nod. " Yeah." I point to the magazine. " So what do you think? Should we do Las Vegas?"

" There are, like tons of strip clubs in Vegas. Keith doesn't seem like a guy who would like strip clubs and casinos."

" Fuck." I rub my palm down my face. " Why the fuck did he let me be his best man?"

" Well, for one you're his younger brother, and obviously the closest male friend he has." Raymond says.

" I truly suck at this shit." I mutter. It's Thursday morning and I'm already stressed and exhausted, and I badly crave caffeine right now.

" What does your brother like?"

" Nothing." I deadpan.

" I think he likes something. I mean if you're the one getting married, and maybe I turn out to be your best man, a strip club might be the first thing that comes into my mind."

I stare blankly at Raymond.

He shrugs. " Nevermind." He waves his hand and goes back to glancing at glamorous places around the world while I try not to dwell on the fact that I might get married someday.

Might.

" Keith likes to play long tennis." I voice out. Raymond looks up from the magazine and smiles.

"... when we were younger." I continue. " So there's a possibility he wouldn't want to play long tennis on his bachelor's night."

Raymond laughs and shakes his head.

" How about camping? Is he an outdoor kind of guy? You know your brother more than anyone else."

God, I doubt that. I barely know my brother. We don't always hangout after I go into business. Even when he usually stops by my office and house and calls me often about hanging out, I always come up with excuses.

I'm a shitty person. I know.

Raymond's ideas about camping is a brilliant idea and I like it. Keith loved the outdoors when we were younger, but I'm pretty sure he hasn't gone camping these last years.

" The groomsmen, the groom, including the best man can just go camping. See the world and mother nature, and later wound back to a cabin stuck in the woods with this beautiful lake. You could swim, talk about life and love, it's a nice combo, and then drink beer and dance and listen to music." He says as he sags his shoulders.

I stay quiet, staring at Raymond. He sighs and nods his head, thinking I hate his idea when I loved it.

" I'm sorry I..."

" How come it took the company five years of you working with us before you could get a promotion to being in charge of the marketing team."

" Well, you denied me a promotion five times when I asked for it."

Well shit. I guess I'm a shittier person than I give myself credit for.

" Thanks. It's a brilliant idea. I will think about it." I say, collecting the magazine from Raymond.

" Okay."

" Do you think I can get coffee?" I ask Raymond who's standing up from his chair opposite mine.

He looks at me, a disappointed gaze to be precise as he shakes his head.

" I told you to tell HR to recruit a new assistant for me, I didn't get a word from you."

" There are no applicants even from the first floor to your floor. No one wants to work with you Killian and you're lucky..."

A knock on the door stops Raymond's speech. We both turn to look at the door and the person behind it.

" Come in." I called this person.

My office door opens and a guy walks in. Blonde short hair, tight black chinos pants, white shirt, big glasses hang on his nose, and he's carrying a laptop bag. I bring my gaze down to his features and he probably stands at 5 feet 5 inches. A little short for a guy, and he's wearing converse. And he's also gay. I can tell, thanks to Raymond and his boyfriend.

" Who asked for pizza?" I ask out of the blue, the same time the guy introduces himself.

" Hi. I'm Jamie." He frowns a little, because I just referred to him as a pizza delivery guy.

" I can wait outside if you guys are busy." Jamie says, pushing his glasses back as he licks his dry lips.

He looks nervous, glancing between Raymond and I.

" What..." Raymond cuts me off by addressing Jamie.

" No, it's fine. You're..." Raymond trails off.

" Oh. I just got interviewed for the position of an assistant to Mr. Black on Monday, which was three days ago. Well, I got called in today to start work."

What?

Okay first, if he's my assistant, he's definitely given me a bad impression on his first day because he's late. An assistant should be at work before their boss. What assistant comes to work at 10:am?

I turn to look at Raymond, at the same time his eyes meet mine.

" I didn't know." He defends himself.

" Am I fired already?" Jamie speaks from behind Raymond.

" Stop talking and shut your mouth." I snap.

" Right." Jamie mutters, and looks everywhere else but me.

I bring my gaze back to Raymond. He smiles slyly at me.

" You were looking for an assistant."

" He can't."

" Why? I can interview him myself before letting him properly start." Raymond says.

We argue as if Jamie isn't in the room.