

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 30

Naomi's POV

I lean against the wall leading to the hallway and I clear my throat. He whips his head to my form as he studies me and my new attire.

"You're making me uncomfortable if you keep staring at me like that." I mutter and cross my arms.

Killian smirks. "I can't say I'm not disappointed. You look really sexy in the first outfit."

"Yeah. Because you could see my nipples."

"They were beautiful. And you looked beautiful." He whispers, still standing in the middle of my living room as he continues to watch me.

"God, you're disgusting."

He chuckles underneath his breath. "You liked me being disgusting. It makes you wet." His voice dropped impossibly quieter than usual.

I stare at him in disbelief and I hate that he's right. He turns around so his entire self is facing me.

"What are you doing here? How did you find me?" I changed the topic at once.

He raises his eyebrows and glances around my apartment again. I don't know if he's disappointed or just surprised I live here.

"You live alone?" He asks.

"Nope."

"Mm. Your roommate in?"

"She went to work."

"Mm." Killian licks his bottom lip and approaches me, taking slow strides towards my form with his hands in his pockets.

Right now he looks intimidating and more predator-like. He stops in front of me, eyes cast down as he stares at me.

"Matilda told me you came."

I slightly shrug my shoulders nonchalantly.

"Okay. So."

He tilts his head to the side, with his dark gaze fixed on me, not for once blinking.

"So she told me she didn't give you the job."

"That's correct. And she made me look like a fool." I say. My arms are crossed over my chest and chin tilted upwards as I stare at this towering man.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know. I was worried you bailed on me."

"I would never do that. Considering I needed the job and I was tired of filthy men staring at me like they wanted to eat me, and they will with any chance they get."

Killian's emotionless facial twitch for a second and he's back to his stoic expression. Cold to be exact.

"I want you to drop by tomorrow. I'll have Alvin pick you up."

"What? I mean why?"

"Because you're not going back to waiting tables and having filthy men stare at you like they want you." He grits out.

I am quiet, with my arms still tightly crossed as I stare at this man. I don't know how but we're standing impossibly close, with my back against the wall and Killian towering over me.

I sigh and look away. He can't just look at me like that and don't expect me to lean right in and have his lips against mine just so I can know what he tastes like. Maybe that will make me stay away and forget him for good.

Just one kiss.

"I don't know, Killian."

"What don't you know?" He's back to whispering now.

"I don't know if that's a good idea."

"And why's that?"

I shrug as a response.

...

...

...

"You're dropping by tomorrow with your resume and Alvin will come pick you up. It's non-negotiable. You want a job, I'm offering you a job."

I exhale a breath I didn't know I was holding and then I nod.

"Is that a yes?"

"Yes. And I'm not gonna work as your assistant."

"Okay."

Okay? Wow. He didn't fight it. That's nice.

"So how did you get my address?" I ask him.

"Matilda."

Oh. That explains him showing up here out of the blue. I was given a form to fill by the front desk, and that includes my information like my address and phone number, before I was called into Matilda's office.

"You could have just asked Matilda to give me a call instead of driving here by yourself."

"I wanted to see you." He tells me.

"Why?"

"You want me to tell you why." It's not a question but it sounds like he's asking me a question.

"I'm just surprised to see you."

"Why's that?"

"Killian Black won't pay me a visit unless it's something important."

There's a slight tug at the corner of his lip. A small smirk but it's gone the minute he smirked.

"Shouldn't you be leaving?" The room is strangely warm, or it's probably me because of our close proximity.

I can't seem to think properly, with him standing here, so close to me. God I want to lean forward and inhale his manly scent mixed with his expensive cologne. And I just don't want that, I want more rather than just leaning in, but that will be absurd after the pep talk I gave myself.

I know if he doesn't leave I might do something I might regret when morning comes.

"Do you really hate me? Or you're just sending me wrong signals?"

I can't believe he thinks I hate him. Although he pisses me off, hating this beautiful bastard is the last thing on my mind.

"Because that won't stop me from chasing you." He whispers.

I bite my lip, with my chin still tilted up as I look at him.

"Stop doing that." He whispers.

"Stop doing what?" I find myself whispering back.

Surprisingly, Killian's hand reaches upwards and he strokes my bottom lip with his thumb, pulling it out from my teeth.

"That." He whispers, hand holding the back of my head.

My arms are no longer crossed and I don't even remember when I dropped them. He's leaning against me, head tilted to the side so he can whisper into my ear.

"You don't know how much I crave to have a taste of you." His voice is deep. His breath is warm against my skin and it sends that electric feeling down my spine and straight to my core.

God, what's he doing to me?

I draw in a sharp breath as I involuntarily shut my eyes, trying to even my breathing. I can't win this game with him, I don't think I will. The more he chases me, the more he breaks my walls around me, and the more I want to have him. I want him to hold me. I want him to touch me. Fuck it, I want him to do a lot of things to me.

I open my eyes, only to lock with perfectly beautiful gray eyes.

"Will you do me the honor of having a taste of you Ms. Alderson?" He whispers, his lips merely brushing against mine.

Fuck it, I want to have a taste of his lips against mine too. I want to know what his lips taste like with mine molded against his in perfection.

I don't think as I voice out.

"Yes."

Killian captures my lips at once as he kisses me.