

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 31

Killian's POV

Fuck it's happening. I can't believe I'm fucking kissing Naomi Alderson. I can't believe she'd give me a chance to lean in and taste her. She's fucking with my head, she's doing so many strange things to me and I don't think I can get enough of her.

I just don't want this woman in my bed, I want her to be mine and mine only. I don't want to share her, I want to keep her and mark her beautiful body with my bites.

My right hand holds her head still as our lips move in sync. She's putty in my arms as she moans into my mouth. Who knew she wanted to taste me this badly as much as I wanted to taste her.

I suck her bottom lip, biting the flesh and groaning into her mouth. Naomi's hands are all over me, running through my torso as she tries to feel my skin through the dress shirt I'm wearing. She pulls my dress shirt out of my pants and her hands start to undo my buttons just so she can feel my skin. I let go of her neck and bring my hand to her waist.

" Fuck, why are you wearing this?" I groan into her mouth, with my hand on her waist.

She smiles against my lips. I slip my tongue into her mouth, tasting every corner of her mouth as I touch her. I run my hand down her back to the curve of her waist and then, I bring my hand lower to cup her ass.

" Fuck." I groan. She moans.

I kiss the sides of her mouth to her neck as Naomi whimpers. Her hands are inside my shirt, feeling every ripples of my torso. I squeeze her ass and bathe her neck with my kisses, biting and marking her as I plant kisses on her neck. Letting go of her ass, I wrap her right leg around my waist so she can feel how aroused she makes me.

" Oh God." She moans, holding onto me as she pulls me into her.

" Fuck. You don't know how much I've always wanted to kiss you, princess." I whisper into her ear and bite her earlobe.

Naomi moans and grinds her hips, with our down regions coming in contact.

" Shit." I curse.

I slip my hand inside Naomi's shirt as I cup her breast in my hand. I bring my lips to hers again as we kiss, with my hand inside her shirt cupping her average tits and then I give it a squeeze. I reach behind her to slightly unhook her bra and from underneath her small bra, I cup her bare flesh in my hand.

I nearly lose it when her breast touches my palm. It's little, but handful and fucking soft. If I continue like this I won't be able to stop. I have to stop, but part of my self control is already gone out the door.

" Naomi." I whisper into her mouth, as she whimpers.

" Why are you stopping?" She whispers as she cups my cheek and pulls my lips back to hers.

" I'm trying to hold back or I won't stop." I say to her, as our lips move against each other.

" I don't want you to stop." She whispers.

Her one hand leaves my cheek and trails down to my erection. She cups it and squeezes.

Fuck. What's she doing? She's playing with fire and she doesn't know it. Just yesterday, she avoided me and acted like my words didn't make her wet and crave for my touch, but here we're, with her grabbing my dick and grinding against me.

God, to be honest I love this side of her. It turns me the fuck on and all I want to do right now is have my way with her. But I can't. She's probably horny and wants someone, I can't take advantage of that. But Naomi isn't letting me stop even if I don't want to stop. Our lips are locked in an intense make out, with her hand still on my crotch, and my hand inside her shirt as I tease her nipples.

A set of keys falling to the floor makes us jerk apart at once. We turn our head at once to look at the source of the noise and there's someone in her apartment. Blonde haired, dressed in work clothes, and I think she looks like the girl from Bart's. The friend that ditched Naomi to leave with her boyfriend.

Fuck.

How can I forget she doesn't live alone and she has a roommate? Naomi pulls away from me at once, like I'm some infectious disease. I smile in my head and button my shirt.

" Bia." Naomi addresses the blonde while I button my suit jacket and run my fingers through my hair to make it look as if someone wasn't tugging at it a few seconds ago.

" See you at the office tomorrow, Naomi." I say as I walk towards the door.

Naomi's friend just stares at me, surprised, and shocked. I don't care which one it is. I give her a single nod and scurry out of her apartment.

As much as I desperately wanted to kiss Naomi since I laid eyes on her, letting my guard down and touching her in her apartment she shared with her roommate was below me. I shouldn't have. I stare down at my erection and adjust my pants as I ride the elevator down. It makes a dingy sound as it descends. It's obviously old and needs repair.

I can't believe she lived here. The apartment wasn't that bad but it wasn't good either. It was manageable and she and her roommate managed to make it look comfy and nice. It reminded me of when I was still young, living in an apartment like this, but ours was worse and it was a run-down building.

A place like this doesn't suit her. I don't mind asking her to move out and maybe live with me while I buy her a new apartment, knowing Naomi she would turn the offer down. She's an independent woman and I notice she likes to work for her own thing, unlike most women I've had dinners with and brought home. They always want to feed off of rich men's pockets. It's sickening.

I walk out of the lobby of the old apartment, with the woman behind the desk eyeing me strangely. I don't acknowledge her as I step out towards the small parking lot, considering most people who live here don't have a car because of the lack of cars. I enter the back seat of my car and shut the door.

" Where to sir?" Alvin asks.

I sigh and glance at the building from outside.

" Work."

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" Sir, I've gone through your emails and I've sent messages to some of your investors about pushing the meeting to next week." Jamie says.

Jamie isn't that bad even if he just resumed today. He's annoyingly polite and says sorry too much. It pisses me off to be sincere. I look up from my phone and stare at Jamie.

"Thank you Jamie."

He nods. " Will that be all for now sir? Would you like me to do something for you?"

" That will be all for now."

Jamie bows his head and leaves my office.

I stare at my phone thinking about forming an excuse to tell my mom why I wouldn't be able to make it to dinner with the rest of the family tonight. They would know I'm lying because I'm always willing to give up different excuses just so I wouldn't dine with my mom and Keith. She's too invested in my life and it annoys the shit out of me all the time, especially when she talks about marriage and she's definitely doing that tonight.

I groan and type a response to Keith, telling him I will be there.

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When evening comes, I close for the day and Alvin drives me home. I change out of my clothes and take a quick shower. Goldie's voice read me my incoming calls and messages, including my emails. I'm late for this evening's dinner my mother had set up just so she can pry into my personal life and talk to me about marriage.

That's just part of her job. To taunt me every day of my life in finding a wife. Like who said I needed a wife right now?

I changed into a new set of gray dress shirts and black pants. I grab my suit jacket and put it on. Once I'm fully dressed, I check my reflection in the mirror before I leave the comfort of my home. I slip into the backseat of my car, and Alvin starts the car as he drives out of my house.

Not less than 20 minutes, Alvin pulls the car to a stop outside of my mother's favorite restaurant. Although their services are good, and maybe they make good meals, to me, this restaurant is just overhyped. It has the standard family kind of dining and decorations, but yet, it's not the type of restaurant it'd come to eat.

" Reservation for Karen Black." I say to the manager, referring to my mother's first name.

She smiles at me, all flirty and seductive.

" Right this way, please." She says and starts to walk. I follow her and she leads me to the far end of the restaurant.

There, my mother sits with Keith and Eve. They're drinking and talking and they look happy. Keith sees me when he raises his head and he gives me a warm smile.

" Hey, Kil." Keith says, standing up to give me a brotherly hug.

I don't return it, caught off guard by his embrace. If I can remember vividly, Keith hasn't hugged me like this before. Well, he has tried, but I've refused countless times. I tap my brother on the back and we pull apart. Keith sits down.

" Hey mama." I kiss my mother on her cheek and sit down next to her.

" Welcome son." Mom replies.

" Hi, Eve. How are you?" I ask my brother's wife.

" I'm fine, Kil. What's up with you? How are you doing?"

I just nod once and glance at her. She looks nice, maybe prettier than the last time I saw her.

" Everything's fine. You look beautiful." I compliment.

Eve blushes, and smiles warmly. " Thank you. That means something coming from you. You look good yourself."

I chuckle under my breath and turn to look at my brother. He's watching Eve and I's exchange.

" I'm not trying to snatch her away from you, Keith. Drop the guard, yeah?" I tease my brother.

He laughs softly.

" I know. You're not her type anyway." Keith tells me.

My mother laughs softly.

" Yeah? The last time I checked, I was every girl's type." I retorted.

" Don't shit yourself, Kil." Keith rolls his eyes.

" Boys, cut it out." My mother interjects. " We've already ordered, son, what would you like?" My mom asks.

She hasn't aged a bit as I stare at her. She looks beautiful and well dressed like every other day.

" What's on the menu?" I ask, turning to look at Keith who's still going through his own menu.

" Same old French food." Keith sighs and passes me the menu.

" Thanks." I mutter, and go through the menu.

Finding nothing catchy, I close the menu and drop it on the table.

" Where the hell is the waitress?" I ask.