

# Taming Mr. Black

## Chapter 37

Killian's POV

"Where's Eve?" I ask my brother that Sunday as I watch him handle the barbecue.

"Went out with Mom. She said something about Mani-pedi. Whatever the hell that shit means."

I chuckle, taking a sip from my beer as I turn to look at the guys. Preston and that dipshit Andrew are playing pool on the outdoor pool table not too far from Keith's barbecue stand. Raymond's talking with his engaged boyfriend, Derrick, and they're laughing at whatever thing Raymond said.

"I still don't get why you made Andrew Dickwad your groomsman." I mutter, glaring at the back of Andrew's head.

Keith chuckles.

"Chillax, Kil. He's my friend. You two need to learn to get along."

"Well, I think Killian is the reason why we aren't getting along." Andrew says, smirking at me.

Oh God, I hate this son of a bitch. He's too full of himself, and this twat sees me as a competition. I knew the guy two years ago through Keith. He's my brother's close friend and unfortunately I kind of fucked his precious girlfriend who told me she was single and I didn't know he was dating her that time. I don't even remember her name. Well, since then, this asshole just hates me and I hate him more. He disgusts me and he annoys the shit out of me. He got married last year, so I heard through Keith and he's a chronic cheat. I wonder how Keith and this bitch-face are still friends. This guy is thirty three and he acts like he's still a teenager and a high school dork.

"Go fuck yourself Andrew." I glare at him.

"Oh no, I don't have to do that anymore. I've got a wife now. My old lady. And you, my man, are still lonely and spouseless."

Spouseless? Is that supposed to hurt my feelings? God he's such a child. How the fuck did this idiot graduated Harvard?

"Andrew, you can't say that to him." Preston says.

"What? Isn't it funny that with all the billions in his account he can't even score a real woman?" Andrew says with a smirk as he turns to look at me. "You know why, princess? It's because nobody wants to tolerate your dumb ass, you chicken shit." He spits.

I clench my jaw, swallowing the beer down my throat.

Deep breath Killian. Deep breath. This asshole isn't worth your time.

I don't wanna be responsible for this idiot's death. I'm too grown up for exchanging words with this man child.

"Andy, stop. Cut it out." Keith says.

"Yeah, man, chill out. We're out here to have fun, not say shitty words to one another." Raymond says.

"Yeah, well, whatever man." He scoffs and continues to play his snooker.

The guys turn to look at me. Why are they trying to make me snap?

"What?" I ask them.

"Nothing." They go back to whatever thing they were doing.

I turn to look at Keith who's frowning at what he's looking at on his phone.

"Are you okay?"

"This whole wedding stuff is stressing the shit out of me. In less than four weeks I'll be officially married."

"Three weeks, Keith. In three weeks you'll be officially married." Andrew says.

Such a lady.

"Why the long face? Aren't you happy?" I ask.

"I am. It's just..." Keith sighs and pockets his phone. "Eve wants a wedding in Miami. A beach house kinda wedding."

"You mean she wants to wed in a beach house?" Preston asks.

"Something like that."

"And what's the problem?" I ask.

"How the fuck am I going to afford a beach house wedding, Kil?"

"First thing's first, you sound weird when you swear." I point out. He rolls his eyes, the others laugh. "And also, I've got this beach house resort in Miami. We can use that. It's big enough to accommodate the bride and groom, including the bridesmaids and the groomsmen. Mom, too."

Andrew fakes a cough. "Show off." He says, coughing.

I shake my head at his childish antics.

"And why would you purchase something as big as that?" Preston asks.

"For weddings. Anniversaries. Parties. People pay thousands of dollars for a night and millions for a week." I say.

Andrew scoffs and rolls his eyes.

"And what if someone already booked the entire week?" Raymond asks.

"Then I'm sending them home. Don't worry about it Keith. I can call the manager later when I get home that the weekend is ours and they shouldn't let anyone book it. You're giving Eve the wedding she deserves." I pat my brother on his back.

"Thanks, Kil." Keith smiles.

"It's nothing." I say.

Keith probably finds it weird. The day I bought him his house, he actually almost rejected the offer and I told him if he did we were never gonna speak to each other again. Business and myself are one reason my brother and I aren't that close. I'm a workaholic and I'd choose my company over a lot of people any other day.

I pull out my phone to check if Naomi has responded to my text that I sent her on Friday when she left my office. Nothing. She even opened the message and read it but refused to reply to my text.

Shit.

How the hell am I gonna fix this?

"What's up with Naomi?" Keith whispers, trying not to let Andrew hear our conversation.

"She's great."

"Need help with that?" Raymond joins us, while Derrick joins Preston and Andrew.

"Yeah. Thanks, man." Keith shifts so Raymond can flip the meat on the barbecue.

"Just great? Any progress with you two?" Keith asks, opening the cooler and collecting one beer for himself.

"Nope."

"She now works for us." Raymond chimes in.

I glare at him but he pretends not to acknowledge it.

"Yeah, talk about work. Naomi dropped by yesterday at the club. She was telling the others how she's got a job and she won't be working at the club again." Preston joins in on our conversation, halting his pool with the others.

I sigh and drink my beer in one gulp. I can't even remember the last time I drank beer.

Keith turns to look at me, smirking, with his eyebrows nearly touching his hairline.

"Naomi works for you now?" Keith asks.

"She has always worked for me. Should I remind you guys who owned Club K?"

"It's different." Preston points out. "What does she do? Marketing?"

"Something like that."

"You truly like her, don't you?" Keith asks. "You won't do that for any random woman." He smiles.

"Killian is in love?" Andrew dick-face asks.

"Maybe." Raymond says.

"Is it just me or Killian having feelings is kind of weird?" Preston says. They laugh.

"Why? I believe everyone is entitled to have feelings now or later." Derrick says, for the first time since we got here.

"It's different. This is Killian that we are talking about." Preston says.

"Why are y'all acting as if I'm not in the room?" I ask, dropping the empty beer bottle on the ground.

"Have you even told her how you feel?" Keith asks.

I sigh and run my fingers through my hair.

"Of course he hasn't. Pussy." Andrew says.

"I'm really at this point of tossing my beer bottle at you, Andrew. Stay the fuck out of my shit, yeah?" I glare at him.

He chuckles and smirks.

That piece of shit.

"Andrew." Keith calls his friend. "Please."

Andrew rolls his eyes and drops his cue stick before leaving. We watch him enter Raymond's house.

"I can't work with this guy." I say, referring to Andrew and the fact that he's my brother's groomsman.

"You can and you will." Keith says with his big brother voice. "And what exactly is taking you so long to tell her how you feel?"

"Oh you think I haven't?" I scoff.

"Did you tell you liked or you wanted to fuck her? You obviously won't use 'fuck', so I'm thinking you said 'taste.'" Preston says. The guys chuckle.

"Fuck you guys. I told her I wanted to try this whole dating thing with her."

"No shit." Preston and Raymond say. Keith is as shocked as the others. Derrick just smiles.

"You told her you want to date her?" Keith asks.

"What did she say?"

"Nothing. Except she wants me to give her space while she thinks about my offer. I think she hates the idea of working for me and fuckin' me." I say.

"God, that's hot. Sex and work. Good kind of pleasure." Preston says.

"I'm still surprised how you aren't cheating on Esther." Keith says.

"You know I can't. Esther will kill me." Preston says.

"Have you thought about asking her on a date?" Derrick speaks up.

He's so different from Raymond. They're two opposites. Derrick is quiet, sometimes shy I think. Doesn't talk much. He barely even looks anyone in the eye. He's pretty collected and he's nice. I wonder how these two managed to date and fall in love to even planning on getting married. Well, I shouldn't be surprised. Naomi's nothing like me. She's calm, sometimes shy. She's committed to work, family, and even relationships. She's nice, she's also collected, and brave. She works hard for what she owns and she lives her life like everyday's important. She's kind of a nerd, probably doesn't even know how to party, a complete lightweight, and I'm thinking if she's the type who moans during sex or scream.

I'm fucked up. Agreed.

"Date?" I ask.

"Yeah. I think women like that. You should take her out on a date. Have a conversation with her, maybe propose this whole dating thing. A date is a first step in chasing anyone. It shows you're willing to try something with them." Derrick says.

I bite my lip and stare at the four guys in front of me.

"I think he's right."

"I don't think she'll say yes." I say.

"Well, you don't have to tell her it's a date. It can just be a friendly dinner." Keith suggests.

"Or a friendly hangout." Derrick says.

"And what if she says no?"

"I can't believe he's doubtful about asking a woman out on a date? What has happened to you, Killian?" Andrew says suddenly.

I turn my head to look at him and he's smirking at me. He can be an idiot when he wants to, but he's right about me being doubtful about asking a woman out on a date. I can't believe I'm scared of being rejected by Naomi for the fourth time since we started talking.

Fuck, what is she doing to me?