

# Taming Mr. Black

## Chapter 38

Naomi's POV

"You're okay, honey?" Mom asks, passing a plate of shrimps to me.

"Hmm?" I look up from my phone as I take the plate of shrimps from my mom.

I turn to look at Rachel and Antonio on the table who are already staring at me. Charlie's smiling as he stuffs his mouth with his vegetables.

"What?" I ask, forking some shrimp into my plate.

"You've been staring at your phone, like, forever. Are you okay?" Antonio asks.

I sigh, exiting Killian's message as I drop my phone on the table, with the screen faced down.

"I'm good."

"You don't look good." Antonio says, wiping his kid's mouth off sauce stain.

"I'm fine. Maybe I'm a little anxious." I say. It's not the truth but half the truth.

Killian has sent me a message since Friday asking me if I've left his company and if I was okay. I haven't had it in me to reply to his texts and it's Sunday. Maybe I should just send him a response, telling him I'm okay since Friday but I just don't know why I couldn't. A part of me keeps telling me I was jealous, because of the woman who barged into his office when he was about to kiss me, but I refused to believe or listen to that part of me. It can't be. Why would I be jealous of some hot woman who looked annoyingly classy because she barged in on us? She was obviously not a worker, she was someone else. The surprise look in his eyes told me she was something other than just his worker. Probably his past sexmate, and I hate that the thought of Killian with some other woman annoys the shit out of me.

What's wrong with me? What's happening to me? Why do I care about who he hangs out with or who he sleeps with? When the hell did I start getting jealous?

When I was still with George, I don't remember the time I ever got jealous when his parents set him up on dates with different girls that were hotter and richer than me. Then what the hell is this? Getting irritated and annoyed because some other girl got Killian's attention and they are obviously sleeping with each other.

Oh God, this is fucking crazy.

And the worst part is that I can't stop thinking about him. Thinking about his proposal about dating me. I spent the last two days thinking about it and it was exhausting.

Do I even want to date him?

Fuck yeah.

What, no! Maybe.

Maybe I'd like to know him and try to give him a chance, but each time I think about or remember I'm directly working for him now, it just weakens me. As much as I'd love to be with Killian Black or try to get to know him better, the idea that I'm working for him and it might cause some complications for me and even his company, him not excluded, puts my feelings to a halt. And he's different from me. We're two people from two different worlds. He's nothing like me. We're not even close to being alike. He's dangerous, and powerful. What does he even want from a girl like me? A girl who once served drinks in his club.

God help me.

"Anxious about what? Your new job?" Mom asks, reaching for a glass of water to drink.

"You're really crushing on Killian Black aren't you?" Rachel says, smirking as she looks at me.

"What? Shut up Rache." I glare playfully at her.

"Yeah. You obviously do." She says, smirking as she giggles.

"Rachel, keep quiet." Mom tells her.

"Whatever. You guys are no fun." She mumbles underneath her breath.

"You wanna tell us what's up?" Antonio asks.

"It's nothing." I wave him off.

"And are you sure you want to work in his company?" Mom asks.

Is she kidding me?

"Mom. Weren't you the one who wanted me to get a real job?"

"Yeah. But a job that you want. A job that you love."

"I love it at KB Tech. It's a huge opportunity, especially for someone like me."

"Something going on between you and the CEO?" Antonio asks.

I turn to look at him and he's giving me one of his famous looks.

"Nothing is going on." I say bluntly. "And nothing will ever happen between us." I lie to myself.

I know something is definitely going to happen between us. It doesn't have to be today or this coming week, but I have a feeling the minute our lips locked in my apartment, something strong has started between us. And I can't even resist him, no matter how hard I've tried.

I feel like he's staked his claim on me. Claiming me as his without me even knowing, and marking me while telling the whole world I'm his. I know the minute we kissed, there's no coming back from how I felt the minute his lips touched mine. I can't stay away from him. I know better than to try. 'Cause the more I try to tell myself I need to stay away from him and concentrate on my job, the more he's going to chase me, and the more he makes me want to break my own rules by giving him a chance, despite all the warning bells that at the end of the road I'm going to get hurt.

He's completely swept me off my feet. Something I shouldn't have let happen in the first place.

"We know he's hot and can be attractive, but it's unethical to be involved with someone like Killian Black. He's still your boss, whether you worked as a waitress at his club before, and now you work in his company, he's still your boss. I advise whatever thing that's going on between you two, you should end it. He might be the boss and the CEO, it's still unethical to be involved with him sexually. You know that, Naomi." Antonio says in Spanish, probably so his son won't know what we're talking about.

Charlie doesn't understand Spanish that much, but he's getting there.

I sigh and cross my arms as I stare at my big brother.

"I thought you'd understand better than mom." I say in English. "And there's nothing going on with me and Killian." I speak with Spanish.

"Your brother is just looking out for you, Naomi. Work relationship with your boss doesn't always turn out great. He is hot, and maybe you're attracted to him, just don't let it get in your head when you're in the office. Also, isn't he like George? Privileged, wealthy men, from a wealthy background?" Mom says in her motherly tone in Spanish. "It doesn't matter. I just think it's safer for you if you want to be able to work in his company, you just have to be professional when you're around him. You need the job, Naomi. You and I know how much you've always wanted a real job."

Right. My family thinks I'm sleeping with Killian Black or planning to do it. Great, really great, family.

And I hate that my family is right. If I want to be able to concentrate on my job, I just need to stay away from him and focus on work. I already told him that Friday that I needed space. I just got the job and I just started working for his company, letting my guard down by putting my feelings first won't turn out great for me. A lot of people from HR already think I gave myself to Killian Black before I was able to score a job there.

Pathetic.

"Thanks for your advice." I say In English to my mom, flashing them a fake smile.

I eat lunch in a hurry as I stand up with my plate. Pulling my phone out, there are two messages from two different people. I click Killian's message open first as I read it.

From Killian: You can't keep running away from me, Ms Alderson. Sooner or later, I'll catch up to you.

And then there's another message from Killian today. I can't even begin to imagine how he got my number.

From Killian: Can you please reply to my texts? You don't how much you are fucking with my head, Naomi. And also, I wasn't joking about trying this whole dating thing with you. I'm willing to do anything to prove to you I can be the man you want.

Is he asking me out? And why is he making this difficult for the two of us? And who the hell is that Celine lady? I don't wanna know even if I already knew the answer.

I exit Killian's message, reminding myself to delete it later as I open Keiran's message.

From Keiran: Hey, you still on for tonight?

Keiran is taking me out for dinner tonight even after I told him he didn't have to. It was his own way of bidding me farewell after I announced to everyone yesterday I've got a job and I was leaving Club K. I made sure to leave the details that I now work in Killian's company. That might have raised a lot of suspicious eyebrows. I didn't want that.

I type a response.

Me: Sure. 7pm right?

Antonio walks into the kitchen. He opens the fridge to collect a bottle of water. He closes it and turns to look at me. I look away and slip my phone inside the back pocket of my jeans.

"I'm sorry I was a little harsh on you. I was just looking out for you."

"I know." I give him a small smile when our eyes meet.

"Do you like him?" My brother approaches me.

"You don't have to hide it from me. We're practically best friends, remember?" He smiles.

I roll my eyes and turn away.

"It's not what you think."

"I'm not gonna tell Mom. I'm not Charlie and Rachel." He says and we chuckle.

"I do."

Antonio doesn't say anything after my confession. He just nods and watches me.

"Does he?"

"I think he does. I guess that was why he offered me a job. And according to him he cared about me. He hates seeing me serve drinks to his drunk patrons."

"Wow. He doesn't sound like a complete asshole."

"He's not really that bad. He's nice, he can be caring too."

"Damn, you really do like him." Antonio chuckles.

"He wants us to date." I blurt out.

"No shit."

"Yup. On Friday. He said he was willing to try it with me."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means he wants us to date. He wants me to give him a chance. I don't know, Ant... I told him that relationships are the last thing on my mind. I just got out of one with George, I wasn't ready to go back into a new one with another rich, wealthy guy. Worse case, a CEO of some wealthy tech company. And also I just got a job after two years of job hunting and I needed to concentrate on my job."

"You told him that?"

"Yeah."