Taming Mr. Black Chapter 39

Naomi's POV

Antonio sighs.

"We can't tell you who to date and who to love, Naomi. But sometimes, dating someone doesn't necessarily stop you from your job. The fact that you and George's relationship ended pretty messed up, doesn't mean your other relationship is going to turn out bad. And you're right, you just got this new job, and getting involved with your CEO slash your boss isn't advisable. It's against a lot of work ethics."

" I know that."

" Yeah. And him being the boss doesn't change anything either. There's work ethic for a reason. But, if you think you want him, don't let anything stop you. Don't let excuses come between you and your feelings, Luna." My brother barely addresses me with my middle name, Luna. Well, except he's passing a meaningful message. " You can handle some pressures from work. You've handled worse. So don't let anything or anyone stop you from being happy, not even your bad relationship with George. Killian might be different, even if he's stinking rich. You just gotta do what you want and be with whoever you want to be with it, as long as they are good."

I smile. I guess that's exactly what I was looking for. A good speech like that.

" Thanks, Ant. I really appreciate your kind words. Can I play a little hard to get too? He's not used to rejection, he's just getting used to it."

Antonio laughs. " Of course. Just don't do that a lot. Men hate it, I hate it." He says, chuckling.

" Noted." I chuckle.

My phone vibrates in my back pocket and I pull it out.

" Is that him?"

" Nah, It's Keiran. My friend. We work together at Club K. We're grabbing dinner by 7. Farewell dinner." I explain to Antonio as I read his message.

" Okay."

I look up at Antonio and slip my phone in my back pocket.

" I gotta go. Bianca and I have laundry to do today."

" Wow. You two are still friends? That's great." Antonio says.

" Of course we're still friends. Is that your own way of checking on her?"

" Something like that. She's pretty."

" And off limits. Stay away, Ant." I tell my brother. He laughs.

" Whatever, Luna."

" It's been a while since I've heard that name."

" You made us stop calling you that. You said it made you feel like a child." Antonio says.

" And I'm not wrong." I protest.

" Oh you're."

I smile and hug my brother as I peck his cheek before hurrying out of the kitchen.

" Bye, mama. Thanks for the food." I say to my mom and hug her. I peck her on the cheek, ruffle Charlie's hair, and pinches Rachel's cheeks.

" Stop, I'm too old for that." Rachel giggles.

" No, you're not." I say and pinch her cheek again.

" See you, family." I wave and leave.

With Killian's dry cleaning in my hand, I step out of the back of Killian's car and shut the door.

" Thanks, Alvin." I say to Killian's driver before turning towards Killian's house.

" No problem." I hear Alvin say.

I knock on the front door of Killian's house before turning the knob and letting myself in. The house looks the same just like the last time I was here. Quiet, calm, and beautiful. But this time the air smells really good, like someone's cooking. When did Killian start cooking? It's probably his cook, Sebastian.

I rearrange Killian's dry cleaning on my shoulder and head towards the kitchen. It's Thursday morning and I got this weird message from Killian asking me to pick up his dry cleaning. Like why would he ask me to pick up his dry cleaning? Wasn't that supposed to be his assistant's job? Why me? What was he trying to do? That wasn't part of my job description and he knows that.

At the end of the day I agreed. I haven't seen the man since last Friday when Celine barged in on us. I've been avoiding him, not because I didn't want to see him but because I don't know how I was supposed to act around him, especially since he wanted us to date and he wanted me to think about it. And also the job was really stressful. One of the marketing executives was a pain in my ass. A cold, good-looking, really tall woman named Amber. Giving me loads of work to do, and asking me to work past my lunch hour, like what the hell?

God, I hated the bitch. I hate to think she treats me like an intern. I've been going through research for the company's new product that will be launch soon, while handling Amber's coffee, and taking orders from her like she was my boss. Aside from Killian, I work under Raymond Knight, Killian's friend, and he is my boss. I'm supposed to take orders from him, but Raymond always treats me like his equal. He's nice, really nice, and he always tries to help me these past three days whenever I needed help.

" Hello." I call out as I stand outside the kitchen door.

There's a man there, washing dishes and cooking at the same time. He turns to look at me, with a polite smile on his face.

" Hi."

" Hey. I'm Naomi, and I'm here to give my boss his dry cleaning. Is he in? Mr. Black."

" Yeah. He's upstairs. You should check his room."

" Sure. Thank you." I smile at Killian's cook and walk away.

I climb the spiral staircase upstairs. I walk past the guest bedrooms and towards Killian's. I stop in front of his bedroom door and knock. There's no reply, so I knock again. Still nothing. The door is already open when I push it. I step inside, glancing around the luxurious and familiar bedroom of Killian Black. I think back to the time I was here. How I woke up in his bed wearing nothing but his dress shirt, and my panties. And then I think about the incident in his kitchen, how I almost let him have his way with me because he talked dirty to me. There's so much to Killian Black that I'm yet to uncover.

The bathroom door opens at once and Killian steps into his bedroom, with nothing but a towel. He's surprised to see me and I'm shocked to see him. Half naked. I look like a child who got caught by her mother for stealing meat from the pot. That's exactly what I look like.

What the hell did I just walk in on? An almost naked Killian Black, obviously. And hell, did he look super hot?

Our eyes are locked and I'm trying my hardest time not to bring my gaze down his defined body. He stands still next to his closed bathroom door with his hands around the hem of his towel, probably trying to tie it properly around his waist since he wasn't expecting I'd be in his bedroom.

My eyes betray me and I drag my gaze from his beautiful grey eyes to his torso, taking my time to stare at his bare stomach with water dripping down his torso. I bring my gaze down, past the ripples of his torso as I follow the water that glides down his body as it disappears into the hem of his towel.

Holy shit!

How's he that hot? How can he be that hot? What am I still doing here standing in the middle of his bedroom with slightly parted lips and shock written all over my face? Why can't I move my feet? Why am I staring at him with that look on my face?

" Naomi." He addresses me.

I clear my throat, snapping myself from whatever thing that just happened. I can't believe I just died for a second for just staring at this man in nothing but a towel. Fuck, he is sexy.

I've run my fingers over his body when we kissed in my apartment and I least expected he'd look this hot. God, this is too much for my eyes to take in and my brain to handle.

" Mr. Black." I greet him, trying my best to focus, while I try not to look at him or his naked torso that's still dripping with water.

His hair is damp, and his lips are swollen, and a little redder than usual. Who knew someone can look this hot with nothing but a towel on?

Killian smirks as he approaches me.

Uh oh.

I bite my lip, with my heart already beating fast while I clutched onto his dry cleaning in my hand.

" Hey." He says and stops in front of me, with his bright grey eyes staring at my face.

" I'm sorry I had to see you like this." I voice out. " I knocked, but there was no reply so I let myself in. I'm really sorry." I apologize.

" There's no need for that. At least you liked what you saw." He teases me.

" I didn't say that." I blush.

Killian smirks. He brings his hand around me, with his eyes locked with mine. I don't miss the heat radiating off his body or the butterflies at the pit of my stomach.

Why the hell is he still standing in front of me without a shirt on? With nothing but his towel on? My fingers itches me to reach out and just run my fingertips on the surface of his stomach. I want to feel the hard muscles against my palm.

" Can you put some clothes on?" I ask him, at the same time he takes his dry cleaning from my hand.

Oh. I thought he wanted to touch me when he brought his hand around me.

Damn.

" You had it." He tells me, raising his dry cleaning up for me to see as he turns around towards his bathroom.

" I'll wait downstairs."

"You don't have to be shy because I'm with a towel, Naomi." He says as he opens his bathroom door. "You had me in your hand in your apartment, remember?" He turns around to give me a coy smirk and a wink before closing his bathroom door.

Had me? Had what – shit! How can I forget what happened between us in my apartment that day. That wasn't me. I was wild, and horny, and really touchy. I can't believe I'd even touched him down there.

God I need meds.