

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 40

Killian's POV

I step into my bathroom and shut the door behind me with my dry cleaning in my hand. I can't help but smile at the thought of Naomi walking into my room and seeing me in nothing but my towel.

Asking her to bring my dry cleaning was the only way I could see her. Since she started work on Monday she's been avoiding me. Purposefully avoiding me and I don't know why. I've been trying to talk to her but I didn't want to come off as a pest. I badly wanted to explain to her my relationship with Celine. She probably thought Celine and I had something together. Although, she's not wrong, I don't want her to hate me because she thinks I sleep around.

Well, I do sleep around, and that was before I met Naomi Alderson. I don't want her to see me as the guy who fucks anything with a vagina that breathes.

Fucking hell.

As I pull my pants up my thighs, I think of ways I want to make Naomi Alderson mine. How I'd love to please her and make her happy. God, I'd do anything for that woman. I'm willing to break every one of my rules and whatever rules out there to be with her. I don't know what this is but according to Derrick I think I have feelings for her.

Fuck, I have feelings for Naomi Alderson. What a strange thing to say. Something I have never experienced before. These past weeks, I go to bed with nothing but Naomi on my mind. I think about her everyday. I think about making her mine, and waking up to her. I think about how I'd love to make her happy and give her everything and anything that she wanted.

I'm willing to do anything for her. There's always this weird feeling at the pit of my stomach each time she's close to me. It's fucking weird, fucking strange but also overwhelming. There are strange occasions where my heart always beats so hard against my chest anytime I'm close to her, I fear it's going to fall off. Every day I crave her. Sometimes I crave seeing her before I start my day. I feel like if I didn't see her, everything would just fall apart. There are times I watched her through the glass in my office from afar. I barely can see her when she is seated at her desk, but I sometimes catch a glimpse of her when she's running errands or dropping files.

Is that what having feelings for someone feels like?

She stole my breath away the minute I locked eyes with her. She's like fire and she burns me inside out the minute her eyes are locked with mine. And when she touched me at her apartment, I wished to have her hands on me all day.

What the hell have I gotten myself into?

I wear my white dress shirt and button the buttons. I run my fingers through my slightly damp hair as I comb it backwards out of my eyes. I arrange my collar as I stare at my reflection. Once I was done getting dressed, I stepped out of my bathroom into my bedroom.

Surprisingly, Naomi is still in my bedroom, standing in the middle of my bedroom as she awkwardly glances around the bedroom with her back towards me. I stare at her back and admire the dark blue dress she's wearing and how she looks incredibly sexy inside it. Her fine ass is well pronounced in the dress as it hugs her waist and her hips. I clear my throat and she spins around to look at me. Her brown hair is in a ponytail and she looks so innocent and young.

I watch her gaze sweep my features from head to toe.

"You're decent." She mutters.

A quiet chuckle escapes my lips as I walk towards my closet. I pull out a black tie and my Rolex wristwatch as I walk towards Naomi. I hand her the tie and she stares at me with her eyebrows nearly touching her hairline. When I don't answer her curious look, she takes the tie from my hand. I give her a grateful smile and pull the left sleeve of my dress shirt up as I wear the wristwatch around my wrist.

Naomi stares at the tie in her hand.

"Help me, will you?" I say, referring to the tie in her hand.

"You want me to tie your tie? Around your neck?" She asks.

"Yeah. You can't tie a tie?" I ask her with a small smirk.

Naomi licks her bottom lip and my gaze flicks to her full lips. My cock twitches in my pants when she bites her bottom lip.

Shit.

"I can tie a tie. I just..."

"Stop thinking too much into it Naomi, just tie it around my neck, yeah?"

She looks at the tie in her hand and up at me. It's probably weird to tell her to tie my tie, I understand her hesitation. I just need an excuse to look into her eyes and have her close to me. I just can't help it.

I feel like I'm going to lose my mind if I don't have her close to me. She's been avoiding me since last week and I need to make this right.

"Okay." She sighs and takes a step forward so she's standing in front of me. She's not wearing her shoes so I'm guessing she took them out downstairs by the door.

Our height difference is fucking hilarious and she's just extremely cute. Naomi raises my collar up while she avoids my gaze. We're so close, so fucking close I can hear her heart beating against her chest. And I can hear mine respond to her heart beat. My hand itches to touch her, to feel her body pressed against mine.

"Naomi." I whisper her name.

I feel her hand pause around my neck as she takes a deep breath. She still can't look into my eyes. I bring my hand to her chin and tilt her chin upwards so she's looking at me. She avoids my gaze as she bites her bottom lip.

"What are you doing?" She whispers back, hands holding the tie that she's already tied halfway.

"I want you to look at me. Please." I whisper-plead.

Naomi sighs, with her teeth tugging at her bottom lip. Slowly, she tilts her head so she's looking directly into my eyes.

God, she's so fucking beautiful. With our close proximity, I can hear my own heart beating for her. How's she this beautiful even with barely any makeup on.

"Why are you avoiding me?" I ask her.

She shakes her head and looks away from me, licking her lips as she continues to tie my tie. I can feel the heat radiating off her body and the evident goosebumps on her arms.

"I fucking want you Naomi."

"So I heard." She whispers.

I chuckle and lick my own bottom lip.

"Why are you avoiding me? I sent you a text."

"Who's Celine?" She asks me all of a sudden. "It's not like I care or something. It's none of my business." She rambles.

I always knew Celine was part of the reason she was avoiding me. God, she looks really cute right now. Her eyes are a bright hazel and I'm assuming she's wearing contact lenses today. I wonder what she looks like in glasses.

"We used to have sex." I tell her. Her breath hitches in her throat as she meets my eyes for a brief second before looking away.

"I'm sorry. But I stopped. Ever since I met you Naomi, I've stopped being with other women. You're what I want." I whisper.

And it's the fucking truth. I haven't had sex with anyone since Celine in my office the other day. I wanted to, I tried to fuck someone, but I just can't. I barely even visit my club to get wasted. Each time I think about sleeping with any other woman that's not Naomi, weird shit, my cock doesn't respond.

It only wants Naomi. I don't know what's happening to me.

Naomi doesn't say anything after my confession, she just continues to tie my tie in utter silence. When she's done she straightens it and looks up at me, her eyes meeting my gaze.

"Why did you ask me to bring your dry cleaning?" She asks, automatically changing the topic.

"Because I wanted to see you."

"You used to see me every other day at work through your office walls."

"I barely see you." I say, eyes casting down on her as I watch her. "You look really beautiful." I whisper, reaching out to cup her cheek.

Naomi's eyes flutter as she licks her bottom lip. My eyes follow every little move she makes. I run my fingers on her cheek as I listen to her breathing change.

"You promised me, Killian."

"And I listened and did as you wanted. I'm going to treat you like my worker, you said I didn't have to treat you as such outside my company." I smile at her. Naomi smiles back as she blushes and looks away.

"I'm wearing work clothes." She says. I stare at her and she avoids my gaze. I drop my hand and move backwards as I slip my hand inside my pants pockets.

"I badly want to touch you right now. I want to kiss you, Naomi. There are a lot of things I want to do to you right now. I just..." She renders me speechless. "I'm going to wait."

I clear my throat and walk towards my full length mirror as I speak.

"There's this art show this Saturday. I want you to come with me."

Naomi slowly turns to look at me, eyes glistening with amusement. She smiles.

"Are you asking me out on a date?" She asks, with her arms crossed over her chest.

"If you want it to be."

"So you are asking me on a date then?"

I sigh. "It doesn't have to be a date if you don't want it to." I say.

Where the hell did my balls go? Why can't I just agree this is my own form of asking her on a date. I need to take her with me. I need to know her better.

Naomi stays quiet, eyes all over my face as she watches me. She drops her arms and turns to my bedroom door.

"Okay. I'm game." She smiles at me over her shoulder. "And it's not a date." She calls out as she turns to leave.

I smile as I watch her step out of my bedroom.

It's obviously a date.