

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 41

Killian's POV

"Have you had breakfast this morning?" I ask Naomi as we climb down the staircase.

She's in front of me, her ass tight as hell in that dress as she bounces down the stairs like a six years old. I can't take my eyes off her, or even her body, and I'm losing my mind the more I stare at her.

Naomi turns around to look at me, catching me in the act. I fake cough and look away, pretending as if I wasn't staring at her ass a few minutes ago. Out of my peripheral vision, I see Naomi smirk as she looks forward.

"What is your cook making?"

"I don't know. Something fancy. You'll like it, he's good."

We walk into the living room and straight to the kitchen.

"Good morning, Mr. Black." Sebastian greets me.

I nod in response. Sebastian has been working for me for over five months now, but I treat and act around him as if he just started working for me three days ago.

"How's work these past days?" I ask Naomi. She sighs and looks at Sebastian before looking up at me.

"Great."

"Coffee, sir." Sebastian hands me my coffee.

"Thanks, Sebastian." I take a sip, with my eyes on the brunette sitting across from me.

"Do you want coffee or tea?" I ask her.

"I'm fine. Thanks." Naomi gives me a small smile. "In fact, I think I should head to the office. It's still my first week, I can't be late."

"It's not yet 8:am, Naomi. You should stay for breakfast." I protest.

Naomi opens her mouth to argue, obviously, but I stop her.

"I insist."

She sighs and nods. I'm surprised she didn't argue with me or tell me one of her famous words like, 'no'. I'm thinking it's because Sebastian is here, she probably doesn't want to disrespect me, or argue with me in front of my cook.

How thoughtful.

"Two plates, Sebastian. And we'll eat here, no need for taking it to the dining room." I say.

"No problem, sir."

A few minutes later, Sebastian excused us, and Naomi and I were eating in silence. She hasn't said a word since I stopped her from leaving. I watch her eat, and that makes her blush every second that she gets.

"So how long has he been working for you?" Naomi speaks up after long minutes of silence.

"Five months."

"Wow. This is delicious. I can't even make this perfectly well."

I chuckle underneath my breath. Naomi smiles shyly.

"How was your weekend?"

"That was five days ago, Mr. Black."

"You really don't have to call me that when we're alone. You should get used to calling me Killian."

"I will, when I'm ready." Naomi says with a smug grin. "And my weekend was eventful. I spent time with my family, went to grab dinner with Keiran."

"Who's Keiran?" I feel myself growing jealous of this Keiran guy.

Is he a guy I should be worried about? A guy who wants to steal her from me? A competition? I'm not the most perfect guy out there, in fact, I'm far from perfect. I have everything any man would kill to have, and having a woman has never been a problem, but not Naomi.

Every day I fear some guy's gonna win her heart and sweep her off her feet even though we're not together, I fear losing her. Fuck, I'm still jealous of her ex, especially since that day I saw them both at a restaurant.

Now there's Keiran.

Naomi smiles, like she can see my internal battles of losing her to some guy who's probably better than me. Shit, I can't believe I'm feeling insecure.

What the fuck is she doing to me?

"He's a friend. Work the bar at your club."

"Oh."

"Yeah. I can't believe you're jealous."

"I'm not. Why would I be?"

"I don't know." She drops her fork as she whispers. "Why don't you tell me?"

I stare at this woman in front of me. The one woman that I've ever chased and still chasing.

"He's not asking you out is he?"

"Wow, now that's your jealousy speaking."

"I can't watch some other guy steal your heart, Naomi." I whisper, with my eyes locked on hers. "And I can't watch some other guy stare at you, definitely not a guy who works the bar at my club."

"Really smug."

"Are you still seeing your ex?" I blurt out at once.

Now I did sound jealous and she can see that. I really don't care about her ex, I just wanna be sure he's not gonna be a problem for me. I can't stand the chance of competing with another man for Naomi. I'll fucking do anything for her, even if I have to punch her damn ex to back the fuck off and that she's mine.

I can't believe how I sound right now.

"You're really jealous, Killian. Maybe, you should accept it." Naomi smirks as she leans forward, with her breasts pressed against the edge of the counter.

My eyes land on the small v-neck on her dress as I stare at her beautiful cleavage.

Fuck.

I move my gaze to her eyes and she's already staring at me, with a sweet smirk on her lips. Obviously she knew I was just staring at her breasts.

"I'm shameless, you told me that."

"And I wasn't wrong." She says with a smile as she moves back before grabbing a bottle of water.

"You wanna tell me about your ex?"

"You're right. He's just my ex."

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During the car ride to work, Naomi sits at the far end of my car as Alvin drives us. She's been quiet throughout the ride and I just watch her. God she's fucking beautiful, with barely no makeup on and a bright red lipstick.

The more I stare at her, the more urge I have to just hold her and pull her to me as she sits on my lap while I taste her lips.

What I'd give to fucking kiss her again.

Naomi turns her head to look at me and our eyes meet, with both pairs locked in an intense gaze. Her eyes not so discreetly travel down my body as she checks me out. I don't try to hide mine too, as I check her out, imagining all the dirty things I wanted to do to her at the back of my car, starting from...

"Do you think about anything other than sex and work, Mr. Black?" Naomi whispers. She stares at my lips for a second before bringing her gaze to my eyes.

"What do you think of me, Ms. Alderson?" I whisper back, turning my body to face her.

Naomi bites her lip as she avoids my gaze. She's blushing.

"A man with words, and a man who knows what to say and when to say them." She whispers, her gaze flicking to my form for a minute before she looks away.

"I'm capable of a lot of things, Ms. Alderson. Things you don't want to imagine." I whisper.

She turns her body towards me, so I have her full attention. She stares into my eyes, and I have a feeling she's horny, or she was thinking about our kiss and my hands on her.

Fucking hell. She has no idea what she's doing to me and the battle I'm having with my dick while I sit next to her at the backseat of my car.

She has no fucking idea.

"Things like what, Mr. Black?" For the first time in forever the sound of Mr. Black coming out of her mouth makes my cock twitch in my pants. God, it sounds sexy coming out of her mouth.

"You don't want me talking dirty to you at the back of my car Ms. Alderson." I say to her.

We're surprisingly close, with the back of my car radiating heat despite the fact that the AC is turned on. Her dress rides up a little, exposing a fair amount of her thighs and I can't help but stare. I feel my self control slowly tossing out the window. If we don't get to my company this minute, I'm going to fuck her right at the backseat of my car without holding back.

There's so much she's doing to me right now with her eyes, and her full attention on me, and the obvious lust in her eyes.

"Try me, Mr. Black. I want to hear the things you're capable of." Naomi whispers, with her body leaning against the seat as she watches me.

I have never seen her this way before, well except for the day we kissed at her apartment and it was nothing compared to this. This Naomi is something I've never experienced before. All sexy, hot, wild, bold, and fucking unpredictable. Some of the combinations that I've always loved in a woman.

I move towards her on the backseat as I try to play my cards well. For a start, I place my hand on her bare thigh and she doesn't slap it away or care to push me or ask me to back off.

That's a good start, right?

I know she wants me, but sometimes I'm confused about her mixed feelings that she keeps sending me. But this, this is different. This is Naomi trying to play with fire and if she's not careful it's going to burn her.

"Looking at you right now, you should see how much you're fucking with my head." I whisper, with my thumb slowly rubbing circles on her skin. "Why don't we start with what I want to do to you right now?" I whisper into her ear, and I feel her pulse race as she gulps. "I want to push your thighs apart and slip my hand inside your dress as I feel your warm skin against my fingertips. Fuck, I want to feel your juices against my fingers as I brush your pussy lips apart, and then, I'm gonna slip my finger inside you, feeling your wetness and your cunt. And then, I'm gonna fill you up with another finger, pushing right in and out. I will listen to you moan my name, silently at first, and then loudly because you love it and it's going to feel so fucking good. You're going to grip my shoulders because the feeling is too much, and you're gonna moan my name and tell me how good I make you feel with my fingers." I whisper, with my hand gripping gently onto Naomi's thighs.

I don't slip my hand inside her dress as I promised her. I just let it rest on her thighs as I listen to her heartbeat accelerate. She's wet, and horny, and her breathing has changed.

"I will let you lie on this backseat and push your dress up, with me in between your legs. I'll first taste your sweetness and your juices on my fingers in my mouth, and then I will fuck you with my tongue, tasting you in and out as I eat you out like you're my birthday cake. You're gonna moan, and squirm, Naomi, cause you'll love every bit of it. You'll love my fingers buried inside you and my tongue fucking you, and you're gonna cum on my tongue. Right now I want to taste you Naomi, I've thought about it, and whispering it to you right now, you should see how you affect me. I want you to sit on my face, and ride my face however you want. And then you're gonna sit on my cock, fucking ride on it like my little girl. You're gonna cry out my name, and tell me no one's ever going to fuck you like I'm going to fuck you."

God, I want to tell her more. How I want to bury my length inside her every morning and night. How I want to make her my woman and mine only. How she's been giving me sleepless nights, and how I can't help but think about her every time that I get and every night before going to bed. There's so much I've got to say, so many dirty things. I want to tell her I want her and I'm never gonna want any woman but her. I want to tell her I won't stop chasing her, not until she's completely mine. I want to tell her, I'm afraid of losing her to some other man, and I'm afraid I'm going to fall in love with her and she's not gonna love me back because I'm not what she needed or what she wanted.

That's the hardest part. Falling in love with her and she not loving me back. The thought alone makes me pull away from her, giving us a little space as I stare into her eyes. Her eyes are filled with lust and hunger. She wants me and I know she thought about everything I whispered to her. She's fucking wet, and I know she'd let me fuck her on the backseat of my car without any effort.

But I don't want that. I don't want to fuck her at the backseat of my car. I want something more from her. Naomi is speechless, with her lips slightly parted as she stares at me.

Thankfully, the car pulls to a stop, snapping Naomi out of her lust trance. She clears her throat and sits properly, looking away from me as she arranges her dress. She's shy.

I hear the front door of my car open and then my side door opens. I get down and Naomi opens her side door as she steps out of my car with her bag in her hand.

Alvin shuts the door and I give him a grateful nod. As I button my suit jacket, I watch Naomi awkwardly walk ahead of me, obviously running away from me. The thought makes me smile as I head towards my empire.

There's only one thought in my head as I watch the woman who makes me feel these weird emotions walk away; I'm gradually falling for her.

And I'm falling deeply and hard.