

# Taming Mr. Black

## Chapter 46

Naomi's POV

The sexual tension between us during the car ride was overbearing. Killian has his eyes on me, checking me out and swearing underneath his breath. I smile, knowing he's having an internal battle with himself.

The car stops outside this fancy art gallery. Alvin rushes down from the car as he opens his boss's side door. Killian gets down and Alvin opens my side door. I step down from the car, with Killian already by my side with his arm around my waist. I'm surprised to see paparazzi surrounding the exits with their cameras and mics, while security tries to stop them from jumping on important people who are also coming down from their cars.

Tonight, Killian has a bodyguard.

" Oh shit." I try not to panic at the sight of the media.

" Keep your face down, and look away from their cameras." Killian whispers as we walk towards the exit. " I got you, babe."

Babe? Oh God, what's he trying to do to me? Does he want to give me a cardiac arrest?

" Mr. Black, Mr. Black, here. We hear you're nearing the top list in the most influential bachelors in the country, how do you feel about that?" Someone calls out.

Another speaks again. " Mr. Black, who's this new lady?"

" Is she just your date, your fiancéé, or just a new conquest?" Someone asks from the crowd.

Conquest, really?

I tense in Killian's arm and he notices. He rubs soothing circles on my waist as we hurry into the building, with these people still screaming obscene questions at Killian. Once we are inside the building, I politely step away from Killian.

" How do you live with that?" I ask him.

" You mean the paparazzi? I don't."

" Hmm..." I nod. " So how many women have you brought to these types of events?" I ask.

Killian sighs. " Naomi..." He doesn't finish his sentence before someone approaches us. It's a lady. A beautiful woman dressed in a blue dress. She's hot.

" Killian." She's all teeth and smiles as she hugs Killian.

" Hi, Hannah." Killian says as he hugs the woman.

She's a little short, petite to be precise, with platinum blonde hair, and nice curves. She should be in her late thirties. They pull apart and Hannah turns to look at me with a wide smile on her face. I plaster on my fake smile as I stare at her.

" Hi. You must be..."

" Naomi." I introduce myself as I stretch my hand out for a handshake, but Hannah surprises me with a hug.

We pull apart later. " I'm Hannah. Killian's attorney. You're beautiful."

" Thanks."

" And trust me that's the hottest dress I've seen on anyone." She praises me further and I give her a small smile.

" Thank you."

" You're welcome." She turns to look at Killian.

" I least expected to see you here. Did Maverick convince you to come?"

" Something like that." Killian smiles at the lady.

" Well, come on." Hannah turns around to leave and Killian follows with his fingers laced with mine.

He pulls me to himself and whispers into my ear.

" I've never brought anyone here before, ; Luna. You're the first."

I whisper back. " Cocky, huh?"

He chuckles quietly but doesn't say anything. The exhibition is surprisingly filled with people from different classes. I notice the eyes of men and women are on me as they stare at my dress, and mostly the man walking side by side by me and his hands entwined with mine.

Hannah stops to talk to a man and the man turns to look at us. Killian smiles and releases my hand to shake the man. Killian Black isn't the man that has a lot of friends. I've noticed that. And when he does, he treats them more than just his friend, but like his brother.

" How's your brother, Keith?" The man who turns out to be Maverick asks.

" He's great. The wedding is not that far away again. We're gonna see you there right?"

" Of course, I can't miss Keith's wedding for anything."

" Not even an art exhibition?" Killian teases the man, and he laughs.

So he has a brother? I don't know that and I'm just finding out. I excuse myself to look around, not even bothering to tell Killian. I stop by different arts as I admire them. I've always loved art, and it pains me that I can't draw. I don't think I can do anything other than what I learned at school. Well, I can sing. When I was a teenager I joined the church choir. Aside from singing, I don't remember knowing how to do any other thing.

" Beautiful, isn't it?" A female voice speaks from behind me.

I turn around and I'm faced with Celine.

What's she doing here? Why's she everywhere that I go?

" Oh my God, that dress! Did you get it from Tiffany's? Zara? Chanel? This is really gorgeous." Celine says, eyes moving up and down my body with a small smile on her face. " And that diamond necklace is to die for. God, this is beautiful. You look really beautiful, and different."

What's she doing here? Why's she here?

" I'm thinking you're wondering what I'm doing here." She says and stands next to me as she turns to look at the art I was looking at earlier.

" I know Maverick. He's a great guy. And I love art, and as a model and business woman, it's my job to meet new people. You don't know where the next business proposal and opportunity lies." She says.

I won't be surprised if that's the reason Killian decided to show up. Wealthy people, always wanting more.

" You look beautiful. Who are you here with?"

" Oh." I speak up for the first time since she said a word to me.

My eyes scan the wealthy people hanging around and admiring arts as it lands on Killian. He's talking with another man, I guess Maverick is long gone.

" Oh." Celine speaks next to me and I turn to look at her. She smirks. " Who knew something was going on between you two?"

" It's not what you think."

" No, please, it's fine." She gives me a gentle smile. " I mean he's hot, sexy, who wouldn't want to fuck him right?" Celine says and I feel like I want to throw up.

I can already imagine Killian and her in his office, or his house going at it like animals.

Gross.

" Amber would kill to fuck Killian. And it's okay. Once in a while, we're all allowed to have fun. Even if it has to be with the CEO."

" I'm just his date, nothing is going on." I tell her. I sound a little cold and irritated and Celine doesn't miss my change of attitude.

Surprisingly enough, she's still collected.

" Like I said sweetheart, I don't judge. It's cool. A little advice from a sis, don't get caught. The scandal, you won't be able to handle it. Trust me."

God, I need a drink. Do they serve drinks in this exhibition?

" And oh!" Celine says again. " You're still on for our hangout tomorrow?"

" I'm sorry, I'm grabbing coffee with a friend." Even if I wasn't grabbing coffee with a friend, I'm definitely not hanging out with her and her rich friends.

" You can bring your friend over, my friend won't mind."

" I don't know about mine." I flash her a fake smile. " Please excuse me, I need to find something to drink." I say. Not waiting for Celine's weird conversation, I walk away, quickly as possible.

I found the bar, with servers mixing drinks. I give the blonde server my order and he starts to mix my drink. After mixing, he slides it to me and I gulp it all at once. I cough at the harshness of the liquid. God, it's so hot.