

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 49

Killian

" Oh, you guys are decent." My mother says as she smiles at Naomi.

" Sorry, you had to see us like that." Naomi says to my mother.

" It's fine, I've seen worse."

I clear my throat and give my mother a look. She pretends not to acknowledge that. I roll my eyes.

" What are you doing here? In my room?"

Mom gives me one of her famous motherly looks.

" Sebastian dropped your dry cleaning before he left for the weekend. I helped put your things in order."

" Right."

" I'm still your mother, Kil. You can't stop that."

I open my mouth to argue but she's already staring at Naomi with a big smile on her face.

" Please, come and sit. I made dinner, rice porridge. It's a traditional dish we always make in Sweden." Mom says, holding Naomi's hand and pulling her to sit down.

I sit next to Naomi while my mother dishes out food for the two of us.

" So what's your name, sweetie?" Mom asks.

" Oh, I'm Naomi. It's a pleasure to meet you Mrs. Black."

" Please don't call me that. Black is my family name. I'm Karen. It's a pleasure to meet you too. I've heard a lot about you, you sure did a lot to my son." Mom smirks at Naomi.

She chuckles nervously.

" Did he tell you that?" Naomi asks.

Mom chuckles too. I just sit there and listen to these two women talk about me like I'm not in the room.

" Nah, he just wouldn't stop talking about you. I'm happy you finally gave him a chance. This son of mine has been lost for a while. I'm glad you found him."

" Really mom."

Mom smiles and pushes a plate of her traditional recipe towards Naomi.

" Please enjoy yourself." Mom says and gives me mine too.

" Thank you, Karen."

With a small flash of her rare smile, we start to eat. Once we're done, mom starts her interrogation.

" So how did you two meet?" Mom asks.

" Mom, she... "

" I worked in his club. As a server. We met the day he visited his club." Naomi says before I can stop my mom.

" Wow. This is so beautiful. You won't believe I met his father almost the same way. Only he didn't own a club, but I worked the bars and he just waltzed in, stressed, and exhausted. We talked, I served him a drink and that was how it all started."

Naomi giggles.

" That's really beautiful."

" Thank you. I hope he wasn't hard on you. Sometimes my son always forgets every woman is different."

" Yeah, he did forget that for a while." Naomi says and turns to look at me. She winks at me.

" Well, I'm Swedish, I'm pretty sure Killian hasn't talked about me."

" Yeah, he hasn't. Don't blame him." Naomi says. " I'm from New York, my mother is from Cuba."

" Wow. She speaks Spanish really well? I've always wanted to visit Cuba."

" You never told me that." I say. Mom glares at me.

" Just say you forgot." Mom retorts. Naomi chuckles.

" Right."

" Please, continue darling."

Darling? Alright. They're already becoming best friends.

" My mom speaks well and she made sure we learned her language too."

" We? You have siblings?"

" Yeah. An older brother, and a younger sister." Naomi answers.

I eat quietly, quietly wishing my mom will stop with the interrogation.

" You know I've always wanted a female child." Mom says at once and I give her a look.

" What happened?" Naomi asks.

" Oh, Killian happened. I had an older son, his name's Keith, and he's also getting married. I don't know if Killian mentioned that."

" Oh." Naomi turns to look at me and I shake my head.

" Mom, please, let her be for five seconds."

" Why? I'm still getting to know her."

" You'll know her, definitely not today. Some other time." I say, pleading with my mother with my eyes.

All of these details I'm the one who's supposed to be telling her about my family, my life, not my mother. She doesn't have to hear that from my mother. I love my mother, but she's always too much.

" Alright."

" I'm sorry we have to meet like this, Karen." Naomi says, giving my mother a small smile.

" I'm really happy I got to meet you. I'm happy Killian has someone in his life. We usually have this family dinner every now and then. I'm going to ask Killian to invite you so we can catch up, yeah?" Mom says and stands up.

" Yeah, I'll really like that."

Mom smiles as she pulls Naomi for a warm hug and pecks her cheek.

" You should invite her to Keith's wedding as your plus one. You should." Mom says to me as she pats my back.

" I should leave you two alone. Just don't do anything I wouldn't do."

" We're not sixteen, ma." I say to my mother. Naomi giggles.

" I warned you. And Naomi, if he does anything crazy, you tell me, and I'll deal with him myself."

" I'll sure do, Karen. Thank you for the food. It's really good."

" I'm glad you enjoyed it. See you kids." Mom says and walks out of my kitchen. I hear her shoes recede into the living room.

" I can't believe she just referred to us as kids."

" You're still her kid." Naomi points out, standing up as she starts to clear the table.

I stand up to help her.

" I like her. She's funny, and really sweet." Naomi says as she turns on the faucet after placing the plates inside the sink.

" She's trouble and sometimes she forgets we're no longer fourteen."

" All parents act like that. It's their own way of showing they still care about you. And they do." I watch her as she speaks.

" You should leave the dishes, Sebastian can do that tomorrow."

" I want to. And give Sebastian a break."

" You're beginning to sound like my mother right now." Naomi washes the dishes and I rinse, wipe them dry as I keep them back inside the cupboards.

Once we're through with cleaning the kitchen together, something that I haven't done in a while because I have people who do the dishes, cook, and clean the house, I wrap my arms around Naomi and pull her to me, kissing her neck, as she melts into my kisses.

" Can you please spend the night?" I ask her, planting little kisses on her neck. "Please." I pressure her.

I have never begged anyone to spend the night before, they always do without me asking. There are a lot of things I need to learn if I want to be with Naomi. So many things.

I pull my head back to stare at her. She's thinking about it, pondering if sleeping in my house with me tonight is a good idea.

" We don't have to sleep in the same room. I can take the guest room."

" What good will that do? I guess it's the same as not spending the night at all."

" Right." I bite my bottom lip as I think of another angle to approach this.

" I really want to hold you tonight." I say as a matter of factly. " Tell me, what do I have to do to make you lie next to me tonight? I need to feel you." I whisper.

" For a start, stop talking and come here." She says, gripping onto my shirt as she pulls me to her before she kisses me.

I'm taken by surprise, but I kiss her back anyway. With my body pinning her against the kitchen marble counter, I trail my fingertips on her skin. I slip my fingers inside my shirt that she's wearing and my palm comes in contact with her bare skin. Naomi whimpers against my touch, and I slip my tongue inside her mouth as we kiss desperately.

My fingers linger on her stomach, brushing up towards her breasts, but I stop. I stop kissing her, with my hand still inside her shirt as she opens her eyes to stare into mine.

" Why did you stop?" She asks softly.

" If I don't stop now, I won't be able to stop. At least there's still a little self control left in me, I should hold on to that."

Naomi smiles, her eyes are filled with lust as she stares into mine. She brings her hand down, straight to my pants as she cups me through the material of my sweats.

" Fuck."

She runs her fingers on my member, teasing it before she squeezes.

" Now, who was talking about stopping?" She whispers.

God, why does this side of her turn me the fuck on every time.

" I want you to touch me, Killian." Naomi whispers against my neck as she touches me. And then she surprises me by slipping her hand inside my sweats as she grips me bare.

Fuck this shit.

I hold the back of her head and pull her into me as I press our lips together.