

# Taming Mr. Black

## Chapter 54

Killian's POV

I hear his laugh until the call disconnects. With a deep breath, I start cooking. Earlier, I ask Alvin to go pick her up and she'll be here soon.

I arrange the dining table, go upstairs to my room to take a shower and then I come downstairs, at the same time the doorbell rings. I check the time, it's 7:30 already. I open the door and Naomi stands in front of me, looking really gorgeous in a blue dress. I scan my eyes down her dress and the v-neck exposing a decent amount of cleavage.

She really look beautiful.

"Hi." She smiles at me.

"Hey." I wrap my arms around her waist and kiss her on the lips.

It takes a few seconds before she responds. We pull apart, I shut the door, and walk her towards the dining room.

"You really did cook dinner."

I smile at her and pull out a seat for her to sit down. "I had a little help. From YouTube." I tell her the truth.

Naomi giggles and smiles.

"I should have been here with you, helping you out."

"I know. But I wanted to make you something, even if it's not that perfect."

Naomi smiles, and that just assures me more.

"You look beautiful."

"Thank you. You look handsome."

"I just got out of shower."

"I figured. The damp hair." Naomi says. She sits down properly and scan the table as I start to uncover everything.

"You made this. Wow, they look good."

"I hope they taste better than they look. I didn't taste it. Afraid I fucked up." I admit.

"Okay."

She grabs a fork and I watch her take a bite out of the chicken. She chews and I just stare at her how mouth moves and I hate that I'm thinking dirty right now.

"Wow." She says and clears her throat.

She doesn't say anything further as she just continues to eat. I won't lie, this was a lot of effort from me. Growing up, I loved to cook. I literally helped my mom in the kitchen when Keith's out, but I guess the minute I turned into an adult with lots of responsibilities, a lot changed. Including cooking my own meals.

I start to eat too while I continuously watch Naomi. Her hair is a lot more curly today, framing her small face. Her lips are a lot redder, she's wearing lipstick. And her eyes, the most beautiful pair of eyes I've ever seen, are a hazel brown. She's not wearing contacts like that day in my office. The day I had my tongue on her.

"Do I look okay? You keep staring at me."

"I can't help myself. You're beautiful."

She blushes, teeth already tugging at her bottom lip.

"Thank you. And I must admit, you're trying to seduce me. Aren't you Mr. Black?"

I smirk. "Is it working?"

"Maybe, try a little harder."

I laugh, and she giggles.

"This tastes really good. I mean, the meat is a little overcooked, and there should have been more salt, but it's really good."

"Great. I'm never cooking again."

"Oh, come on. For a man who uses his hands for a lot of things other than cooking, this is amazing."

A man who uses his hands for other things? Damn, she's going to kill me. If she only knows I want us to skip dinner while I have my hands all over her. I desperately need to hear her moan my name again.

"Thanks. That means a lot, coming from you."

Naomi doesn't say anything. She just blushes and continues to eat. When we're done, she helps me clear the table even when I ask her not to. I pour wine for the two of us and we go to the living room.

"So you wanna show me around your compound or not?" Naomi asks.

I smile. "Sure."

With her hand in mine we step outside. It's already nightfall and the compound is brightly lit. I have to admit, my compound looks more like a luxurious hotel at night. Naomi looks around, pleased at everything she sees. This place cost me a lot. It's my safe haven.

"Do you ever feel lonely staying here alone?"

"You wanna join me?" I ask.

Naomi chuckles. We're at the pool and the blue lights inside the swimming pool makes it glow.

"I didn't say that. I'm just wondering."

I don't know what to say to that. The truth or half the truth.

"Sometimes." I admit.

We stop walking and stop by the deck of the swimming pool.

"Are you alone right now?"

"I have you now."

She smiles.

"That's sweet. But, are you alone right now?" She tilts her head and I understand her question.

I chuckle.

"Maybe. Alvin and a few guards are in their quarters. It's pretty far from here."

"So if you touch me and I moan really loud, they won't hear?"

What's she driving at? If only she knows how she's fucking with me right now.

"They won't."

"Good."

She lets go of my hand and turns towards the swimming pool as she starts to untie the strap of her dress around her neck. Once the strap loosens, the dress falls to the floor. She's wearing white lace panties and nothing else.

My gaze sweep down her back and her fine ass and it's taken a lot of self control not to just drag her back inside my house and touch her.

"Fuck." I mutter.

Naomi turns to look at me from above her shoulder. She winks at me and jumps inside the water. She squeals.

"Really cold. You wanna join me?"

"I'll watch." I call out to her.

"Your loss."

I stand on the deck and watch her swim.

"So who taught you how to swim?" I ask.

"PE, highschool." Naomi answers, swimming to the deck where she rests against it.

I nod.

"So, where's your brother?"

"New York."

"Okay. He's like how many years older than you?"

"Three."

"Is he the guy I saw you with at the restaurant the day we had a chat in the restroom?"

"Yeah, that was him."

"Aw. He's cute." She winks at me and dive back into the pool.

"Is he getting married?"

"Yeah. Next week. I want you to come with me."

"As plus one?"

"As my girlfriend."

She swims back to the deck and gets out of the water.

"You'll need a towel. It's cold." I say, running my hands down her back to create warmth for her.

"I just need you right now." Naomi whispers.

She slips her cold hand inside my shirt, trailing her fingertips on my skin as we stare into each other's eyes. I lean down and kiss her and she responds immediately. I bring my hand down her back and grab her butt. Naomi moans into my mouth as she brushes her fingers up my skin. I lift her off the floor and she wraps her thighs around my waist. I bend down with her in my arms to pick up her dress, before we continue to kiss and I walk us back inside the house.

Gently dropping her on top of my bed, I remove my shirt and climb into the bed, right in between her legs as we continue to kiss. I run my fingers up her thighs, trailing my fingertips on her beautiful skin. We're both shirtless, with her panties and my jeans yielding our bodies from touching. I bring my hand to her waist and pull her pants down. I sit up on my knees and pull her panties down her ankles and to the floor. I stand up, get out of bed, with my gaze on her body.

I stare at her, lying on my bed naked, with her gaze fixed on mine. God, she's beautiful. The most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Naomi kneels in front of me on the bed, giving me a better view of her body. She touches me, with her hands brushing up my torso slowly. With her eyes locked on mine she kisses my stomach, and then, she bites.

Her hand fumbles with my button before removing it. She's nervous.

"If you don't want..."

"I want to." She cuts me off, with her eyes fixed on mine.

She looks down at the bulge in my boxers as she pulls down my pants. I step out of my boxers and start to kiss her again, gently lying her properly on my bed. When our bodies touch each other, Naomi moans into my mouth. I stop kissing her to plant kisses on her shoulders and chest. There are still faint hickeys from me on her skin and I mark her again.

Her fingers run through my back with every bite on her skin. And when I thrust into her, she moans, cries my name, and I nearly lose it. Fuck, she's tight. So fucking tight. How long has it been since she's been with someone? A year? Two years?

I feel my walls breaking around me at every slow thrust into her. Naomi pinches my back, fingers digging into my back with every stroke. I'm trying not to be rough with her and it's killing me. Our lips move in sync with each other, molding together. I can't feel my lips, but that doesn't stop us from kissing passionately. With every thrust into her, I feel like our souls bind together.

Her legs are around my waist, her foot on my butt, urging me to go deeper and deeper into her. And I obey, pushing right in and pulling out. I try to hasten my pace, while trying not to hurt her at the same time. She's like an egg to me. My precious little egg, and I'm afraid to break her. To crush her. So I go gentle on her, taking my time with her as I make love to her.

It's different from every sex I've had. This is a lot different. This is something more. Something I've never had before. I feel like our souls are connecting, and joining together as we make love. Her cries of pleasure send bliss into my soul and I find myself falling deeper and deeper in love with her.

Her legs clenched around my waist. She's climaxing, and she moans my name at her release. A few strokes in and I'm already spilling inside her, filling her up. We breathe deeply and I kiss her tears away from her eyes.

And then she whispers three words against my lips, setting my soul on fire and binding our souls together.

"I love you, Killian."