

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 60

Naomi's POV

Jamie chuckles shyly. " Well... for a start the way he looks at you and the way you look at him. It's pretty easy to tell something is going on. And you're always in and out of his office."

" I'm not always in his office." I protest. Jamie chuckles.

" I know that too." He smiles.

" So what about you? Are you seeing anybody?" I use that as an opportunity to ask if he's seeing anyone. Stefan owes me a lot for this.

Jamie blushes and looks at his food.

" I take it as you're dating someone."

" Nah. I'm not. I just..." He sighs, then looks at me. " I'm single for now." Jamie finally says.

" Searching?" I ask and take a bite from my sandwich.

" I don't know, really. I think it depends on the person. I'm new to work and I'm trying to focus and not get distracted."

I nod. " I understand." I say as I think about the time I use to tell myself work first and relationship comes later.

It's crazy how meeting the right person can change you.

" So tell me about yourself. I barely know anything about you."

" That's true." Jamie nods and takes a bite from his pizza.

" I'm from Oklahoma, from this small town. I'm my family's only child. I moved out when I was 17. I just graduated high school. I studied computer engineering at MIT and graduated last year. It was by luck I got this new job in KB Tech. It was pretty difficult at first."

" You went to MIT?"

" Yeah." He chuckles.

" Damn. You must be brilliant. I studied marketing, graduated from NYU about two years ago. I used to work at a club, Killian's club, and then I got this job."

" You originally from New York?"

" Yeah. My mom's from Cuba. Why did you move out of your parents?"

Jamie looks at me, probably thinking if he should tell me about his past.

" We're friends, Jamie. I literally just spilled to you that I once worked at Killian's club before I got this job. I won't judge you."

He nods with a small smile on his lips.

" My parents were different from most parents. They couldn't accept me for who I am."

" Damn. I'm really sorry about that. It must be really hard for you considering you were only 17."

" Yeah, it was. They're trying to reach out now."

" Did you reach out to them?"

" Yeah. A few months back. It was my mom. She called to tell me my dad died."

" Oh my God. I'm..."

" It's fine. He wasn't really the best father out there. The day I came out to my parents, it was..." He sighs. " It was crazy. My father didn't take it well and he resulted to what he thought was the best remedy to cure homosexuality. Like you can actually cure it." He chuckles sadly.

Damn. I imagine 17 years old Jamie being abused by his father because he was different from most kids.

Nope. It was a sour sight to imagine.

" Well, he's gone. It's his loss he didn't get to have you in his life before he left."

Jamie chuckles. " Thank you, Naomi."

" Why were you named Jamie? It's a nice name. A little..."

" Feminine?" He chuckles. "My parents loved to watch movies. Especially my mom. Also, she thought I was gonna be a girl. I guess I disappointed her."

" It's sweet. It still suits you."

" You think?"

We laugh together.

" We should hang out sometime outside work. I'm always hurdled up on my couch every other weekend with my roommate. I have nothing important to do. We should hang out."

" I would like that."

" You live alone?"

" Yeah, I do. Well, I used to live with my ex until we split up and I moved out." He explains and I nod.

I pull out my phone and give it to him as I tell him to put in his number. It's a little obvious, his ex was like his late father. Abusive assholes. Jamie stores his number in my phone and I dial his number so it appears on his phone for him to save. We continue eating as we talk about stuff we both enjoy doing. When time to get back to work reaches, we pay for our food, stand up, and we leave together.

The rest of the day is a little busy for me. I don't see Killian throughout that day even as I check out of the building later in the evening. Jamie was already gone when I was done for the day, including most workers. It's past six in the evening. I want to check on Killian but I talk myself against it. People still think I'm fucking my boss. And they won't stop until I prove them otherwise.

My mom called earlier and she wanted me to drop by so we could have dinner. She claimed it has been long since we last sat together to dine as a family.

My mother can be demanding.

As I walk towards the exit of the building, I'm surprised to see the familiar car that's parked by the curb. The man I least expected to see is leaning against the car.

" What are you doing here?" I ask him as I approach him.

" Naomi." He sighs, but smiles nonetheless. " How are you doing?" George asks.

I roll my eyes. I'm not surprised he's here. I'm just surprised he dropped by today, the very first day Bianca told him about where I worked.

" I'm fine. What are you doing here?"

" I uh..." He shoves his hands inside his black suit pants. " I was driving by and I decided to stop by. Bianca told me you worked here, I decided I should drop by and see you. It's been long since we last saw each other. Can I give you a ride?"

" No. She doesn't want to ride with you." A familiar, deep, but yet sexy voice growls behind me.

I don't have to turn to know who it is.

God, this can't be good. Whatever thing that's about to happen is not gonna be good. I thought he closed for the day already since it's pretty late.

I feel Killian standing next to me. His warmth and his cologne is the only reminder I need to know he's standing really close to me. Like he's trying to tell my ex who I belong to.

Him of course.

" What the fuck are you doing here?" Killian asks my ex.

George is a little frightened by the tall man standing next to me but he doesn't show it. Killian is something he's not, and I'm glad he knows that.

" Seeing Naomi."

" She doesn't want to see you." Killian laid his claim. " Get in the car, babe."

Babe?

" Babe?" George voices out.

I don't notice Alvin, Killian's driver, standing next to Killian's black Mercedes Benz with the back door open. I want to argue and tell Killian, George is nothing, but my ex, and we're kind of friends, but I think against it. I sigh, give George a small nod as I slide inside the backseat of Killian's expensive car. I watch the two men glare at each other as Killian joins me in the backseat of his car.

Alvin climbs the driver's seat and starts the car.

" Where to, sir?" Alvin asks.

" Just drive." Killian says, and Alvin obeys.

We drive for minutes in silence. I try to open my mouth to explain to Killian George and I are nothing, but exes who are just friends, but I close my mouth and talk myself out of it. His jaws clenches, and he's not in a good mood. I wonder if it has something to do with him seeing George outside his company or something more.

I'm 100% sure George showing up uninvited in his company has a lot to do with this. I'm sure of that.

" Alvin." Killian calls and Alvin stops the car in the middle of nowhere.

I'm surprised as to why he asked his driver to stop the car as I look around the not-so-busy road through Killian's tinted windows.

" Take a walk." Killian says to Alvin.

Alvin doesn't argue, but turns off the car and steps out of it. I watch him walk a safe distance away from the car before I turn around to stare at Killian.

" Why..." Killian surprises me by claiming my lips at once.

He cups my face with one hand, with the other pulling me close to him. I'm taken aback by his sudden dominating attitude, and surprised kiss, as I return the kiss, molding my lips against his in sync. I moan into his mouth when he slips his hand inside my skirt and he grabs my thigh. His fingers on my bare skin sends different emotions straight to the sensitive part in between my legs.

He stops kissing my lips to plant butterfly kisses on my neck, down my collarbone as he bites me there. I moan, not really caring we're parked by the road in the middle of nowhere. Killian kisses my neck again, and to my earlobe where he whispers.

" You're mine. All of you."

He bites my earlobe, making me shiver. "Every part of you." He groans, kisses my neck, and marks me there again.

" Mine."

He doesn't have to tell me twice. He's stolen my heart, and I know I belong to him. I'm his.

His and only his.