

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 61

Killian's POV

The last person I expected to see outside my company is this guy Naomi claimed is her ex. John, Jude, whatever the hell his name is. As I walked towards the exit, I couldn't help but glare at this asshole leaning against his Maserati as he talked to my girl. Without doubts, he's a man with his parents still in control of his life.

A child.

I didn't care what they were talking about, but I just didn't want him here. And then he opened his mouth and started spilling shit. His body language was obvious. He wanted her back. He wanted her to be his after he kicked her out of his life for his own obvious reasons.

I was jealous and I wasn't ashamed to admit it. I didn't care. I wasn't planning on leaning back while I watched other men try to take what was mine. What I cared so much about.

" I uh..." He shoved his hands inside his black suit pants as he tried to look nice. " 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?" Her ex said, using that as an opportunity to give her a ride.

Who even does that? Drop by your ex's place of work for the first day and try to give her a ride.

This man was obviously nothing like me. He was still a man under his parents' wings and bank account.

I didn't know when I voiced out. " No. She doesn't want to ride with you."

I stood by my girl and glared at her ex. He wasn't looking bad, she obviously had good taste in men. He was tall, not taller than me though, but he was tall. He had dark hair, he dressed impressively and I must admit he's got a great stance.

He was surprised to see me and I could see he was frightened by me. I was far bigger than him. I didn't want to talk about money and power.

" What the fuck are you doing here?" I asked Naomi's ex as I gave him a once over.

I noticed he tried to stand taller, as if he was trying to pass a message to me he wasn't afraid of me.

Of course he was.

" Seeing Naomi." He spat out.

" She doesn't want to see you." I laid my claim. " Get in the car, babe." The mention of babe seemed to register in Naomi's ex's head as he was surprised.

He didn't bother to hide his baffle.

" Babe?" He voiced out, looking at Naomi before staring at me.

Maybe I didn't have to. Maybe it was a dick move for coming out and telling this guy in front of me who Naomi belonged to, but I wanted him to know she wasn't available or in the market. She was mine and heavens knew I wasn't ready to compete with any man for her, and her ex included.

Naomi was surprised and she looked as if she wanted to argue. I might come off as possessive and annoying to her right now, but I didn't care. She's made me fall in love with her, and I've fallen helplessly and hopelessly.

So she shouldn't blame me if I'm being possessive when other men look at her.

Naomi gave her ex a nod and slipped inside the back seat of my car. I glared at her ex, and he didn't try to hide his anger towards me. Shooting him a death glare, I joined Naomi at the backseat of my car and Alvin shut the door.

Alvin climbed the driver's seat and started the car. My mind was everywhere. My company, my business and a psycho woman who may or may not be carrying my child. God forbid I'm ready to father a child with a woman I'm not in love with. She could probably even be one of my one nightstands.

And it annoyed me so badly that I couldn't remember having sex with any woman without protection. I can't be that careless. I knew what these women were capable of. They're desperate to have my baby because of child support, money, influence, and all that shit.

I always made sure I used a condom and I disposed of it myself. Naomi happens to be the only woman I've ever had sex with without a condom. She was different.

" Where to, sir?" Alvin asked.

" Just drive."

Throughout the quiet ride, Naomi opened her mouth to say something but she shut it after, willing herself not to bother trying to explain. My hand itches for me to grab her and pull her to me and kiss her. I wanted to show her I won't let any man take her away from me. I wanted to show her how madly she'd made me fall in love with her and how much I cared about her.

But I restrained myself.

After driving for a few minutes I made my driver stop and ask him to take a walk. Naomi opened her mouth to speak but I silenced her with my lips, kissing her and claiming her over and over again. My hands were everywhere. On her waist, on her hips, and her thighs. She moaned into my mouth as I whispered my claim over her.

Once we finally pulled apart and stopped kissing, Naomi stared at me with wide eyes and red, plump lips. She takes a deep breath and smiles.

" Why was he here?" I finally asked her.

" Checking on me."

I know that already.

" Why?"

Naomi sighs. My hand is still on her thighs and our eyes are still locked. She looks away, shifting her gaze elsewhere. She finally looks at me, with her hands on my cheek. She gives me a warm smile.

" I promise you, Killian, George and I are not together."

So the assholes' name is George? Not surprised. He looks like a George.

" We're friends and he's smart enough to know I've moved on and we're never getting back together."

" Did you love him?" My question takes her by surprise.

" No. He was great, but he never did get to sweep me off my feet." She says.

" So you don't love him?" I'm just trying to be sure.

She giggles and runs her hand through my hair before leaning closer to peck my lips. She whispers against my lips as she locks eyes with mine.

" I'm not in love with him. I was never in love with him, and we're just friends. Trust me."

I do trust her, I just don't trust that John, George, whatever her ex name is.

I nod. I take my hand from her thigh and sit back properly.

" What happened between you two?" I ask.

" We didn't fight or argue or anything. I thought I deserved better, and I was right. His parents didn't like me. They thought I wasn't enough for their only son. They wanted a woman with class, with an influential last name and background. I didn't have any of those..."

Damn, his parents are dicks. How could they do that to her? Naomi might not come from a family with billions and connections, she's what every man would kill for. Beautiful, intelligent, hard-working, independent, optimistic, nice, strong. I can go on naming every beautiful quality about Naomi.

" He couldn't stand up for me. And then there were times his parents would make him go out with beautiful, classy women. It was just so toxic. I had to leave. It wasn't working and he knew that. But then he couldn't get the idea we're never getting back. We came to terms to be friends."

A fucking coward. I could smell his cowardice from afar before I even approached the douchebag.

" Did you become friends with him because you were sorry for him?"

Naomi turns to look at me and smiles.

" No. George isn't that bad. We're just friends and I'm going to say it again, I'm never getting back with him."

I nod.

" Thanks for telling me all this."

" You're welcome."

" What are you doing tonight? I still want you to spend the night at my place." I say. I'm starting to sound demanding, I just can't help myself.

" I'm supposed to be having dinner with my mom tonight. The entire family I guess."

I want her all by my side tonight and I don't want to let her go. The reason is simple, since I met her and spent the night with her in my bed, I just dread going back to my house and spending the night alone in my bed. Now I'm starting to believe what my mom told me, that I was alone before Naomi came into my life. She's probably right I guess, because I badly want Naomi back in my bed again. We don't have to have sex or do anything, I just want her by my side, cuddled next to me, preferably naked.

And two, there's still this psycho bitch out there who's threatening to hurt Naomi for no fucking reason. Strange thing is this woman doesn't want money. She doesn't want anything from me. I think she just wants to ruin my life and my company.

Earlier, when Raymond brought Alvin to my office, I asked him if he saw who brought my mail. He said it was the delivery man. I already sent a message to the delivery company asking them about the address of this anonymous person who sent me that letter. By Monday, I'm expecting a positive reply.

" Are you okay? You've been acting differently." She says.

" I'm fine." I say. I can't just tell her some girl is claiming I've gotten her pregnant.