

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 62

Killian's POV

It's gonna be a disaster. Whether it's true or not, it's going to ruin my relationship. Naomi might never look at me the way she looks at me now. I can't risk letting her go. That's why I've got to find this fucking bitch and sort this shit out once and for all. For now I need my head on straight for my brother's bachelor's party tomorrow.

" Can I come with you?"

" What?" She's surprised as she asks.

Yeah, I'm also surprised at my question. I can't believe I'm offering to meet Naomi's family. My insides should be burning and my conscience yelling I shouldn't dare, but I wanna be where she is. If that means having dinner with her Hispanic mother, who may or may not like me. I can handle everything, including Naomi's family.

After all, we're together right?

" Can I come with you to dinner with your family?" I ask her again.

Naomi smiles and shakes her head.

" I don't think that's a good idea. My mom's not like your mom. She's..." Naomi shakes her head a big no.

" Are you afraid to introduce your boyfriend to your family?" I tease her with a smirk.

" I can't believe you'll think of that. You know I'm not afraid. I don't think you're ready."

" How would you know that?" I ask.

She sighs and looks anywhere else but me as she fiddles her fingers like a child. I chuckle and hold her hands with one hand.

" You don't want me there?"

" What? No, it's not that. I want you there. Just don't have your hopes high. My younger sister basically fangirls over you whenever she gets the chance."

I chuckle. " Really?"

Naomi rolls her eyes. " Yeah. She's probably gonna die standing for a second when she sees you in real life finally. It's annoying."

" Are you jealous?"

Naomi glares at me playfully.

" Fine, we're gonna go have dinner with my family."

" Great. And you're still gonna spend the night, right?"

Naomi looks at me with a twinkle in her eyes.

" I will try to keep my hands to myself." I promise her.

Naomi chuckles and nods.

" I gotta ask. What's your dad like? And your brother? I've only met your mom. And the internet isn't saying much about your dad." She asks.

I go quiet, and my hand holding her hands tense around hers. She notices my tense hand and my reluctance.

" I'm sorry. You don't have to tell me if you don't want to." I squeeze her hand gently and smile.

" It's not that." I push her strands behind her ear and twirl the end of the strand around my finger.

" Well, you might like my brother. He already likes you and he hasn't even met you yet. He's great, probably better than me. My dad, there's really not much to talk about. He was a great man, also an asshole. He was a drunkard and would hit us, me especially and even my mom when we were young. He was an abusive cunt."

Her eyes widen like saucers when I tell her my dad used to hit me. This time, she's the one holding my hand and squeezing it, trying to reassure me she's got me.

" We grew up and we fought back. He was powerless, and we won't let him hit our mom. He walked out of our lives when I was fifteen. He never came back. A few months later, we heard he was dead. Got into a club fight and was stabbed right in the gut. He didn't make it." I say and look away, reminiscing the news as if it was yesterday.

I can still remember the look on mom's face and how she broke down. The man might be an asshole, but my mom loved him. So much, it was just annoying. Especially when he hits her and we try to fight back and she tries to stop us, telling us he's not that bad, that he was just depressed because he lost his job.

What a sick excuse.

Before he became abusive, he wasn't that bad. But I remembered before he started hitting her fully, he first started with slaps, then he would apologize and blame it on my mother. Claiming she made him hit her by not keeping her mouth shut and talking back at him.

He was a sick fuck.

" I'm sorry to hear that. I shouldn't have asked that if I knew."

" You didn't know. And not a lot of people know about that. You shouldn't tell anyone." I smile at her.

" I won't. And thank you for telling me."

Naomi kisses my lips and tries to pull away, I don't let her. I cup her cheek with one hand and bring her lips back on mine as I kiss her. She kisses back, hands already trailing on my stomach through the material of my dress shirt.

Right now I feel like we should skip dinner with her family and go straight to my place while I tear out her clothes and bury my cock inside her.

Fuck, I would really like that. Also, I want to meet her family. Whatever this is that I'm doing with Naomi, it's fucking serious and I'm planning on spending my entire life with her. I want to be with her, every day, night, year. I want to spend each Christmas with her, including new years and even spend time with her on her birthdays. Every fucking year. I want her by my side. Words can't describe how much I want her and how badly I've fallen for her.

First things first, I need to find this strange Lily woman and sort her out. If she's truly pregnant for me, I really don't know what to do. I want Naomi to carry my babies maybe in the future, not some nameless chick from one of my countless one night stands.

We stop kissing and I trail my thumb on Naomi's swollen, red bottom lips.

" You're beautiful."

" Thank you."

" On Friday next week is Keith's rehearsal dinner, I want you there with me."

" Are you sure about that?"

" I should probably tell you he's having his wedding party in Miami. You're flying with me. I want you there, by my side." Naomi's taken by surprise as she stares at me with wide eyes.

" Please."

" What about work? Raymond's going right?"

" Yeah, he's a groomsman. And don't worry about work, I'll sort it out. Just say yes."

Naomi smiles and pecks my lips before saying, " Yes."

" Thank you."

I call Alvin back and he slips inside the driver's seat of my car. Alvin has been my private driver for over four years now. The guy is 36 years old and I see him more as family than my driver. I always give time off whenever he asks or when he doesn't even ask. He deserves it.

Naomi gives him her mom's address and Alvin starts the car as he reverses and speeds down the road. The time is already 8pm when Alvin pulls the car to a stop outside a small detached house which I immediately assume is Naomi's mom's house. It's not that big, but it's okay and can definitely accommodate a family. It looks better than I imagined. There's a small fence around the compound and a black Lexus is parked outside in the driveway.

Naomi buzzes her way in and the gate opens. Alvin drives down the driveway. The outside is a little small and it can't take up to three cars. Alvin manages to park my car without causing much fuss.

" Here we are." Naomi is nervous and she's trying so hard to hide it.

I smile and hold her hand.

" It's okay. We're just having dinner with your family."

" Right. Sure."

" Calm down and stop being nervous."

" I'm gonna try."

I peck her cheek and Alvin gets out of the car and opens the back door for me. I step out of the car and hold my hand out for Naomi to take it.

As we walk up the front porch, I wonder if I should have stopped by my house to change. If the suit isn't even too much. Maybe I should have opted for a pair of jeans and jacket. I don't want her mopped to think I'm trying to impress her. Naomi is also dressed in her work clothes so she's gonna understand we're just getting out of the office.

Naomi rings the doorbell and we wait for someone to open. We hear chatter and giggles behind the door before the door springs open and a girl is standing in front of us. She's young, probably fifteen or sixteen and I assume she's Naomi's younger sister. She's dressed in a big t-shirt and jean shorts and her brown hair like Naomi's is tied in a ponytail atop her head.

Her gaze lands on me, wide eyes like saucers, mouth wide open. She's shocked to see me? Okay, I don't expect that.

I give her a small smile.

" Hey Rache." Naomi greets her.

" Who's at the door, Rachel?" Someone calls from inside the house.

" Oh my God, I'm having a panic attack. This should be a dream!" Rachel screams and turns around as she runs into the house screaming incoherent words.

Naomi turns to look at me. " I told you."

Right.

She leads me into her mother's house and I follow suit.