

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 63

Naomi's POV

As we walk towards the living room, I turn to look at Killian who's surprisingly okay and confident, whereas I'm freaking out inside. I never wanted him to come. It's not like I don't want him to meet my parents or I don't want my parents to meet the man I'm in a relationship with, it's because I don't think I'm ready to be in the same room with my mom and my boyfriend. Mom's a warrior. She will literally harass Killian with questions and observations while speaking Spanish to him. She's just too much sometimes, I just get mad. And when she finds out he's my boss, the one she sees on television and the one Rachel won't shut up about, I'm pretty sure she'll bring up my past experience with George.

She's capable of doing that.

"Are you okay? You look afraid." Killian says.

"I don't look afraid." I defend.

For the years George and I dated, he's only met my mom once. The day I invited him over for dinner and trust me, the dinner didn't turn out that great. My mom harassed him with different questions and when she found out he was from a wealthy family, she wasn't pleased. She came to the conclusion he was a privileged white kid who's still got his parents controlling his life.

Well, she wasn't all wrong.

George's parents still control his life till date even after our break up.

Killian smiles at me as he rubs his hand on my lower back reassuringly. I take a deep breath and turn towards my family. The house is wild and I can see Rachel in the kitchen whispering something to my mother who's trying to prepare the table. I see two people I haven't seen in a year talking amongst themselves. My Tía, Sofia, and her husband, Mateo.

What the hell are they doing here?

Is that why my mom asked me to come home for dinner? And of all the days, today happens to be the day I had to invite Killian over.

Really? Fuck.

"Oh shit."

"Luna." My Tía calls my name, at the same time my mom and brother turn to look at me.

Tía Sofia approaches me and engulf me in a warm embrace. She's my mom's older sister. She's pretty shorter than me, petite, with long dark hair, and bronze skin tone. She's no longer a young woman, but my Tía still looks good.

"Hi. Aunt Sofia."

"Naomi." Her husband approaches me too and embraces me.

My aunt and her husband started speaking Spanish about how grown up I've become and how beautiful I look. Aunt Sofia even thinks I'm adding weight, and she starts assuming that I'm pregnant. She and her husband continue their argument in Spanish before they finally stop.

And that took literally 3 minutes.

God, this is embarrassing.

When the embrace and praise comes to a halt, my entire family turns to look at the tall, good-looking, confident man standing beside me dressed in his crisp, tailored, custom suit made just for him.

God, why did I let him come today?

"Who's this man?" My tía asks, giving Killian a once over as she stares at him in appreciation.

Of course she likes him already. He's attractive. Who wouldn't like Killian? With those eyes, and that smile.

God, help me.

"Hi. I'm Killian." Killian introduces himself, with that rare, attractive smile present on his lips.

Dinner is a little awkward. My mom keeps staring at me and then Killian who's sitting next to me. Antonio sits next to me, eating silently and quickly. I'm thinking he wants to get the hell out of here just like me. His baby's mother, Grace, sits next to him, eating and feeding her their kid, Charlie, at the same time. Opposite us are my mother, my aunt, her husband, and Rachel who still can't grasp the fact that Killian Black is in our house.

It's like Jesus decided to pay us a visit.

I can't ignore the tension, and I really don't know what's causing it.

"So you two are together, Killian?" Rachel decides to break the ice.

"Yes." Killian says.

"I'm Rachel by the way." She says. "It's nice to finally meet you."

Killian smiles at her. "Pleasure."

"This is my brother Antonio..." Rachel decides to do the introductions since it's taking me time to introduce my boyfriend to my family. "He's the oldest. This is his baby's mother, Grace." Rachel points to Grace. She gives him a warm smile. Killian nods in acknowledgement.

"And that's Charlie, I'm pretty sure you've met him."

"Yeah, he's an interesting kid." Killian says from beside me.

"Yeah, he is. And this is my tía, Sofia, and that's her husband Mateo. And like you've already figured, this is my mom. Our mom."

"Hello." Killian says to my mom, her sister, and her husband.

He's impossibly polite and quiet.

Mom gives him a tight lip smile.

"Hi. Nice to meet you." Mom says.

"And he's a very attractive young man." My aunt says, swooning all over my boyfriend even though she's sitting next to her husband. Unbelievable.

"Naomi didn't say she's bringing someone tonight. Sorry, if we weren't expecting you, I should have made something better." Mom tells Killian.

"It's fine. Thank you for this. It's really good." Killian says.

Mom nods.

"When did you two start dating?" Mom asks.

"Not quite long, ma." I say, giving my mom a please-don't-start look.

"Aren't you like the CEO of KB TECH? That tech company in the center of New York?" Grace asks, leaning forward to get a closer look at Killian.

"Yeah." Killian responds.

"Wow. I've watched you on TV, read a lot about you. They literally didn't say you'd look good in real life." Grace says and I turn to look at her.

She's smirking at Killian. She is obviously giving Killian the 'fuck me' eyes.

God, gross.

"Thank you." Killian politely tells Grace.

I feel like hurling my plate of shrimps at her. That fucking slut.

Maybe I'm just overreacting because Grace thinks my man is attractive. He's attractive and it's possible people are going to openly admire him even by using words.

Killian gives me an assuring look with his hand already on my knee. He rubs his thumb on my skin and I calm down.

I notice Antonio whisper something to Grace and she scoffs loudly.

"You didn't say you were going to start dating your boss, Luna." Mom says In Spanish as she drinks a glass of water.

I sigh and turn to look at Killian who's staring at me. He's probably wondering why the hell did my mom switch from English to Spanish.

"He is her boss?" Aunt tía asks in Spanish too.

Tonight's definitely gonna go wrong.

"Obviously. And he's rich. Another privileged white kid." Mom answers in Spanish, not bothering to hide her distaste.

"There's nothing wrong if she's dating her boss. They're in love obviously, you should respect that." Antonio says in Spanish.

"And who said I don't respect that." Mom says in Spanish, directing her gaze towards Antonio, before she moves her gaze towards me. "I'm just worried about my daughter, I don't see anything wrong with that. You know how privileged kids are. Or, do you want me to start talking about that ex of hers with mommy issues."

"He's not a kid." I spat in Spanish. "Ma, you need to stop. He's not George. And I've met his mom. She didn't treat me the same way you're treating him. They're good people, and his mom's great too. And about me dating my boss, let me worry about that. It's not like the world's gonna end because I'm in love with the man that owns the company where I work. I know you're worried about me, I know you want me to be happy, but please, stop staring at Killian like he did something to you. Be nice to him. Please." I say in one breath in Spanish.

Mom stares at me as she rolls her eyes, but nods anyway. She turns to look at Killian who's calm and confident in that suit. I'm surprised he doesn't look annoyed or irritated that my family decided to switch to our language. He's not dumb, I'm sure he knows why they're avoiding English all of a sudden. It's obvious they don't want him to understand what they're talking about.

I slip one hand underneath the table and rest it on Killian's thighs. It's my turn to comfort him.

"So, Killian, how did you two meet? Ignore our language banter. I'm sorry about that. I guess that was rude." Mom says in English.

"It's okay. You're a mom, and it's understandable when moms act protective around their daughters. You care about her and I understand. I'm really serious about her and I'm definitely not like her ex who didn't treat her the way she deserved. She's precious to me and I'm happy she walked into my life that fateful Friday." Killian says In Spanish.

What the shit?

He can understand my language. I'm not the only surprised one at the table. My entire family is surprised to listen to Killian as he talks in Spanish. And the most embarrassing part is that he heard everything, including all the shitty things my mother had to say about him.

Mom turns to look at me.

"You didn't tell me he can understand Spanish." Mom says.

"I didn't know." I defend myself as I turn to look at Killian who's likely avoiding my gaze.

Traitor.

"She didn't know." Killian says in English.

"You're a Spaniard?" Mom asks in Spanish.

She's really proud of her language, and she speaks her language whenever she gets the chance. She made sure we learnt it at school and at home when growing up. She barely gave us a break.

"I'm not. My mom's Swedish, my dad's Australian. I grew up in New York with my family and my dad understood Spanish a lot. His own mother had a love for the language, so she made him learn it. He used to speak the language a lot to us and it was really interesting. I easily stuff so it wasn't hard picking up on the smallest details till I mastered it." He says in Spanish.

Mom looks impressed and her eyes light up like a proud mother. I turn to look at Antonio. He smiles and shakes his head.

"She's already in love with him." Antonio whispers to me.