

# Taming Mr. Black

## Chapter 64

Naomi's POV

The rest of the evening went smoothly. After dinner, I clear the table with Grace and Rachel. I guess after mom realized Killian can understand Spanish, she fell in love with my man. They're literally best friends now. As I lean against the counter and drink water from a glass, I watch mom, Antonio, even my tía, converse with Killian as they talk and laugh. Killian looks free, with his guard already dropped.

I am happy as I watch them. At least they ended up in good spirits at the end. At first, I thought mom was going to give me one of her many speeches throughout dinner, while she talked about Killian in Spanish. I'm happy it turned out great, better than I imagined.

Rachel is washing dishes and I just watch my boyfriend with my family. Grace walks in with a glass of wine in her hand.

"How did you bag such a man, Naomi? Fuck, he's so hot." She ogles at Killian as she bites her bottom lip.

"Don't curse in front of Rachel, Grace." I say.

I hear Rachel scoff next to me and I turn to glare at her.

"Naomi, Rachel is not a kid. Stop treating her like one. She can literally handle herself." Grace says.

I really don't have words for her right now. I glare at her and roll my eyes.

"Are you visiting Charlie or are you back together with my brother?"

"We're not together. I'm just visiting Charlie. Plus, your mom thought it would be nice if I stayed for dinner. And I'm glad I did..." She smirks and flicks her gaze towards the living room where Antonio is having a conversation with Killian.

Killian notices a pair of eyes are watching him, he raises his head and our eyes meet as he winks at me. I blush and look away.

"Wow. Isn't he the finest thing you've ever laid your eyes on?"

"Grace, back the heck away, alright? That's my man, and stop looking at him like that."

"Breathe, it's not like you've not been having female competitors. Killian Black is a hot shot, and I am pretty sure a lot of women are already on the line waiting for your relationship to just magically end. I don't mean it the wrong way, sis, but you know it's true. I'd treat him like an egg if he's mine."

"Yeah, well, he's not yours. And aren't you, like, in a relationship or something?"

"Did Antonio tell you that?"

"Yeah."

"Right." Grace sighs, with her almost half glass of wine in her hand.

"Yeah, well, the fact that I'm seeing someone new doesn't mean I shouldn't appreciate an attractive person when I see one."

"So you met him in his club, aunt Naomi?" Rachel asks from beside me.

"Yeah. And all that fangirling, you need to stop." I say as I walk to the sink and start to wash the glass.

"What? He's hot." Rachel says and I glare at her. "Aunt Grace is right, you gotta stop treating me as a kid. I'm not a kid, and there's nothing wrong if I appreciate the work of God."

"To the living room, Rach. Now." I tell her.

She sighs and drops the last plate on the racks before she turns to leave.

"And you're not allowed to talk about boys, young woman!" I called after her.

I rinse my own glass and keep it before turning to look at Grace who's giving me one of her many judgemental looks.

"How long have you been visiting?" I ask.

"A lot, why?"

"You really need to stop encouraging her about boys, Grace. Rachel is 16, not 18 or 20. She can't be talking about boys, boldly to be precise, and you go around and support her. You need to fucking stop." I say as I turn to walk out of the kitchen.

I turn to look at Grace above my shoulder as I say, "And peel your fucking eyes off my man, or I'm going to pinch them out."

I join the others in the living room and stand next to Killian who's still talking with Antonio. They're talking about business and the stock market.

Men.

Killian wraps his arm around my waist, with his hand hanging impossibly low on my back.

When the night finally comes to an end, mom kisses Killian on both cheeks, including my tía before we walk out through the door and into the night. Alvin steps out of the car to open the backseat door and we slide in. He shuts the door and in less than a minute, we're driving down the road, with Killian pulling me to him as he kisses me.

"I've been wanting to do that all night." He whispers into my mouth.

I smile, and turn to look at the front seat, but Alvin, like always, has already pulled up the divider.

"Thanks." I say against his lips.

"For?"

"For tonight. For everything, really? I know my family isn't like yours and they're kind of hard to handle, but I'm really glad you handled them perfectly."

Killian smiles.

"They're not bad. It's not like anyone can resist my charm." Killian says, smirking. I roll my eyes, with a small smile on my lips. "Your mom's fun, I like her. And your brother too. Including Rachel, she's a smart kid. I really don't want to start on your tía. They're all fun."

"I'm sorry about my mom."

"If I had a sister, and she just got out of a bad relationship, I would have acted that way too. Your mom was being protective, just like every mothers. Don't blame her for looking out for you."

"Yeah, but she..."

Killian silenced my words with a kiss. I smile against his lips and melt into his touch and kiss him back.

"I love you, Luna. You should not forget that. And I'm willing to say it over and over again."

"I love you too, Jefferson." I say.

"God, not that name." Killian says and laughs.

"It's still yours."

"Sadly."

I giggle and lace my fingers with Killian's.

"Why didn't you tell me you could speak and understand Spanish?"

"Well, I wanted it to be a surprise."

"That's so not cool. God, that dread in my mother's eyes when she realized you understood every word she said. Jesus."

Killian laughs. "I'm sorry. It's fucking weird sitting there and pretending I couldn't understand shit. I wanted to pretend I can't understand what you guys are saying, but I guess it's nice you know."

"And you had to inform me during my family dinner. Well thought out, Mr. Black."

"I'm sorry." He leans close to me to whisper. "And you literally don't know what you do to me when you call me by my last name in that voice of yours. Fucking sexy."

"Hmm. I can only imagine." I whisper back, biting my bottom lip.

I feel Killian smile against my neck.

"You little tease." He whispers.

I giggle and pull away.

"Did your dad really teach you Spanish?"

Killian sighs as he looks at me. "Yeah. Guess it was one of the good things he did for me before he fucked us over."

"I'm sorry."

"You didn't do anything."

"I know. I'm just sorry you had to go through that growing up."

Killian smiles and nods. "Thanks."

"It's tomorrow right? The bachelor's party."

"Yeah."

"What are you planning tomorrow? Hope there's no strip club? I don't want some chick dancing all over you. You're mine, Mr. Black, don't forget that. All mine."

"I can't forget that, even if I try. Plus, there won't be strip clubs. Keith isn't like that, and Eve's going to kill me."

"Eve's the bride?"

"Yeah. She's going to kill me if I take her man to a strip club. So it's just boring old stuff."

"Like drinking and talking all night?"

"Something like that. I wish you could be there, you know?"

"Missing me already?"

"You bet." Killian says.

I smile and bite my lip as I squeeze his hand laced with mine.

"But at least I've got you all night, princess." He whispers as he leans forward to whisper against my neck. "All of you."

Killian kisses my neck and I close my eyes and melt into his touch as I let him mark me.

"I don't think it's good if I spend the night." I say.

Killian pulls back a little to stare at me.

"Afraid I won't be able to keep my hands off you?"

I smile and roll my eyes.

"You know it's not that." I say, grabbing him by the collar as I straddle his thighs.

"It's more like keeping our relationship our business or it's gonna be HR's business."

"Why don't you leave that to me to handle?"

"Where's the fun in that?" I whisper, hands already trailing up his torso.

"Then spend the night, Ms. Alderson. Just say yes." He whispers and his voice sounds deep, yet sexy just what I like.

His grey eyes are clouded with lust and I can feel him slowly getting hard underneath me. His hands are on my hips, holding me down against him.

I lean forward and whisper. "Yes."