

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 71

Naomi's POV

" Which one of these dresses says, I'm decent, just a little flirt, and I would really like to get on with my man tonight?" I ask Bianca as I raise two dresses up.

These dresses are from top brands and labels that I've only seen on TV and celebrities and I never thought I would wear any of these. Killian had gotten me a personal shopper and she bought me all of these dresses, shoes, bags, and even jewelries. I complained about him spending too much money on me, but Killian held my face and whispered I deserved every inch of it.

Each time I open my closet, I still can't believe I own any of these clothes. The shoes and bags were mostly from Chanel and one other brand in Paris. Now when I walk through the elevators of KB TECH in new designer clothes every other day, I notice the women now stare at me with respect, like I actually belong and not just some gold digging whore.

" Hmm..." Bianca examines both dresses. " I'll go with the lemon. It's slutty and decent enough. You're meeting his brother tonight, right?" Bianca asks as she sits on my bed.

The painting he bought me from that art gallery is in my bedroom wall. Each time I look at it, I still can't grasp the idea of owning something that expensive. I literally do not feel comfortable having something as expensive as that.

But Killian keeps telling me I deserved it. Everything.

" Yeah. And trust me, I'm nervous."

I keep the blue dress and spread the lemon dress on my bed. I pull out an open toed silver stilettos with straps and drop it on my bed. I've less than an hour to get ready.

Bianca chuckles. " Yeah, I get it. There's nothing you can't handle, I trust you."

" Well, he seems okay. Friendly, even." I say.

My phone vibrates on the bed. I reach for it and stare at the caller ID before tossing my phone back on the bed.

" George?" Bianca asks, staring at his name displayed on my phone screen.

" Yeah. He says he wants to talk. I just...I don't think it's wise to see George now."

" I told you he wants to get back, you didn't believe me." Bianca says.

I groan and grab the dress off the bed. I remove the hanger and go to my bathroom to get dressed.

" He's probably regretting now that he should have stood up for you and not let his parents talk you down. He's a total shitbag and a fuck stick. I wonder what you saw in him anyway." Bianca says from my bedroom.

I roll my eyes and chuckle.

" He's not that bad." I say, as I get naked and put on the dress Bianca picked out.

" It's funny how you justify his attitude."

I step out of my bathroom wearing the dress.

" I'm not justifying George's attitude, okay? Once upon a time, he was what I needed. We were happy and doing fine, and then things got ruined. It's life, it happens." I sigh and turn to the full length mirror to stare at my reflection.

The dress is a bodycon, lime colored satin dress, with long sleeves and a v-neck attached with a collar. There's a split on the right thigh that reaches my upper thigh. It's a little decent, but also sexy.

" I'm sorry, I said that. I just hate seeing you hurt."

" Funny I hate seeing you hurt also. Wanna help me with my hair and make-up?"

" Yup. I'm going to polish you, Killian is going to cum in his pants without actually touching you."

" Ew, Jesus, you didn't just say that. God, you're so disgusting."

" Oh, shut up, you both are definitely going to swoon all over each other throughout the night and then take it to his bedroom, you lucky bitch." Bianca says with a smile as she makes me sit on the dresser chair.

" You're such a slut." I say, smiling to myself.

Since I know nothing about makeup, Bianca always does my makeup. When she's done, I stare at my reflection in front of me with a small smile. My hair is in a neat back ponytail that's braided with a tearing in the middle of my hair. My makeup is light and I look good. I wear my shoes and tie the strap around my legs as I stand up.

" By the way, what are you gonna do about Celine?" Bianca asks as she sits on my bed.

The dinner with Celine's friends yesterday didn't turn out great. I nearly flipped the table and beat the shit out of her. God, she was sweet, weird kind of sweet, still. And also Celine showed her real dirty character. That bitch is a snake, slow, and poisonous. She talked about the relationship she had with Killian when Bianca asked her how we met. She indirectly called me a slut and even said Killian liked her and they had a relationship Killian won't be able to forget in his life. She said so much shit and I just couldn't take it anymore. Her friends were rich snobs and one of her male friends tried to flirt with me. They were all arrogant and they rubbed it in our faces that they were rich.

The little self control I had left was the only thing that kept me from grabbing her hair and slamming her face on the table. Bianca and I had to leave when we've had enough.

" Nothing."

" Nothing?"

" Yeah, nothing. It's not like Killian's hooking up with her. She's a slut. An attention seeking whore."

" I think you should tell Killian."

" Why?"

" Because Celine was his ex."

" They never dated."

" Right, they had sex and that means, once upon a time she was what he needed."

" God, I can't believe you'd say that." I grab my purse and phone and head towards my bedroom door.

" Come on, I didn't mean it like that. All I'm saying is that you should talk to Killian to peel her off your back. She's like a pest."

" I'm not a child, Bianca, I can take care of myself." I give her a half hearted smile as we reach the living room.

Thankfully, the doorbell rings.

" Don't wait up tonight. I might spend the night." I say as I open the living room door.

" Have fun." I hear Bianca say as I shut the door behind me.

Killian stands in front of me looking extremely, breathtakingly good looking. He eyes my outfit and smiles.

" God, you look beautiful." He whispers as he leans down to kiss my lips.

I smile against his lips. " Thank you, you look hot and handsome."

He's wearing black suit that's perfectly tailored and ironed with a grey dress shirt. His suit jacket is left unbuttoned, including the top two buttons of his dress shirt.

" Ready to leave?"

" Yeah."

Killian wraps his arm around my waist as he walks me down the hallway and towards the elevator.

The restaurant is a fancy and luxurious french place. The settings, everything is just beautiful. Killian's reservation is at the rooftop of the tall building. When we get to the top, I ogle at the beauty. There are few chairs here with white fancy canopies hovering over the tables and chairs. I guess this means this part of the restaurant is reserved for wealthy people. There are gold railings surrounding the floor which you can hold onto and gaze at the sky. New York from the rooftop is beautiful and it's nightfall. There are gold lights which illuminate the rooftop. A song is playing at a low volume and the chairs and tables are well designed and are black in color. There's a grill at the corner, a bar, and even the music stand.

Killian pulls out a seat for me and I sit down. Killian sits next to me with the waiter hovering over our table. Keith and his fiancée are yet to come.

" Can I get you anything for a start?"

" No, thank you. We're waiting for our guests."

" Sure." The waiter nods and leaves.

" This place is beautiful." I turn to say to him as I smile.

" Do you like it?"

" I love it."

" I'm glad you do." He whispers as we just stare at each other in silence.

" You really do look beautiful." Killian whispers.

My bare thighs are on display as I sit down. Killian places his hand on my thigh and leans close to me and kisses me. He grips my thigh as if trying to pull me close to him. I kiss him back, hands holding the lapel of his suit.

" Adults. You guys should get a room." A voice says.

Killian smiles against my lips as he stops kissing me.

" You fucking asshole." Killian says, chuckling, as he stands up to hug this new guest.

It's his brother, I think, and a woman is standing next to him. She's pregnant, with a slight baby bump showing through her evening red dress. I stand up when Keith turns to look at me.

" Hi." I greet him with my hand outstretched. " I'm Naomi."

" Keith Black. You look astonishingly beautiful."

I smile. " Thank you."

" This is my soon to be bride, Eve." Keith Introduces the brown skin woman beside him.

I turn to look at her, as she stares at me with familiarity in her eyes.

" Naomi?" She asks.

" Evelyn?" I ask her too, smiling at the familiar face in front of me.

" Oh my God." We both scream at the same time.

I pull her to a hug at once and she hugs me back.

" What the hell is going on?" I hear Keith ask Killian.

" I don't know, man." Killian says.

Eve and I pull apart, smiling widely.

" What are you doing here? I'm sorry, you're the Naomi he's been talking about? How can my best friend be dating Killian Black and I had no idea." Eve says in Spanish.

I giggle as we both try to ignore the men's oblivious stares.

" Look at you. You're pregnant, God, I'm so happy I met you. After highschool, you were just gone." I reply in Spanish.

" I was just gone? You were gone, Naomi. You went to college, we lost contact. You know we moved."

" Shit, I didn't know. I looked for ways to contact you, but nothing. God, you look so beautiful."

" Oh please, you look better. You've grown so...tall." Eve says in Spanish as we chuckle together.

" Ladies." The men calls for our attention.

We stop laughing to look at them.

" What's going on, babe?" Killian asks. " You know each other?" I forget Killian speaks and understands Spanish.

" Yeah." Eve answers.

" We used to be best friends in highschool."

" Really?" Keith asks.

" Yeah. My family just moved to New York and my English wasn't that great. Naomi and I clicked off immediately when we found out we understood the same language and we were both Hispanic. Everything was easy with her and it took a few months before we became best friends. My parents moved again, Naomi went to college and we lost contact." Eve says, smiling as she looks at me.

" Shouldn't we sit down?" Killian asks.

" Right."

We chuckle and sit down. Me and Killian on one side and Eve and Keith sit opposite us.

" Is this like a reunion or something?" Keith asks.

" Yeah, it is." I say.

" God, I've missed you so much." Eve says.

" Me too. You really look amazing."

The waiter comes back and takes our orders. Eve and I continue talking, with the men left out of our conversation. They just watch in silence.

" What do you do now?" I ask Eve.

" I went to a culinary school and I got a job at this great restaurant. I'm sort of a chef now."

" That's great. Is that how you two meet?" I ask.

Keith smiles and Eve giggles.

" Yeah. He hated my steak and asked to see the chef, and there I was." Eve says and I chuckle.

" It's not like I hated your steak, it wasn't that well cooked and I ordered a well cooked steak." Keith defends.

" It's the same thing. A lot of customers like their steaks not properly cooked with the insides pink." Eve defends.

" I don't think a lot of people like it like that. Well, Killian does. He is an alien." Keith says.

I chuckle and Killian smiles.

" Oh, come on, it tastes better." Killian says.

" Oh no, I don't think so. I really don't like it with the insides pink. I like mine well cooked." I add.

" Traitor." Killian leans close to whisper into my ear. I smile.

" God, I wish we'd reunited earlier, you would have been part of my bridesmaids. You're coming to my wedding right?" She asks me as she turns to look at Killian. "You're bringing her right?"

" Yeah. I mean, I would like it if she'd be there." Killian says.

" Of course, I'm coming. I'm definitely not missing your wedding for anything."

The waiter comes back with our orders and carefully sits them on our table. He pours the wine and pour it in three glasses with Eve having a glass of water instead. As we eat, we talk to each other about mundane things. Eve tells the story about highschool, especially the crazy, and embarrassing ones. The men laugh and contribute to the conversation. Everything is going alright until my phone rings. It's Antonio.

" I'm sorry, I gotta take this." I apologize and stand up as I walk to the corner as I answer the phone.

" Antonio."

" Where are you?"

" Out, with Killian. Is everything alright?"

" Mom's in the hospital. She collapsed."

" What?" I gasp, as my blood runs cold at the sudden news.

" Is she okay?" I ask.

" I don't know. They're not letting us see her. You should be here."

" Yeah, I'm on my way. What hospital?"

" I'm gonna send you the address right away." Antonio says and hangs up the phone.

I take a deep breath, drawing back the tears that are already threatening to slip out of my eyes. I turn around and Keith, Killian, and Eve are already staring at me. I guess they heard my outburst. I slowly walk towards the table with shaky hands. God knows I'm not ready to lose my mother too. I don't know what's going to happen to us if she dies.

" I gotta go." I say. " My mom..., she's in the hospital and I..." I'm speechless and I don't know what to say. My heart is beating fast and I'm scared something terrible is going to happen to my mom.

" It's okay, I'll drive you." Killian says and stands up.

" We're gonna talk." Eve says, giving me a small smile.

I nod. Killian's fingers wipes the tears at the bottom of my eyes and that's when I know I've been crying.

" Come on, let's go."

With Killian's hand on my arm, he pulls me out of the restaurant.