## Taming Mr. Black **Chapter 77**

## "Hey, calm down, alright? Are you ready to talk about it now?"

Naomi's POV

" God, I can't believe him. How can he treat me like that?"

After I left Killian's office, with both my ears bringing out smoke and Killian not even chasing after me or calling me back, I made Alvin drop me off at home. Bianca's already at home making dinner for the both of us. She tried to talk to me and she even asked me what was wrong,

I didn't answer her. I just stormed to my room, changed out of my clothes and took a cold shower. Killian had already given me ten missed calls. I turned my phone off in anger and just went to bed. Bianca came to knock on my door, forcing me to come out and talk to her. I did listen to her.

She made me hot chocolate as we sat on our favorite couch in silence with Regular Show playing on TV.

" Calm down, Dorothy. What happened? You said you were going to drop some files at the office but you came home all pissed."

" Killian. He..." I sigh.

" Take it easy. One word at a time." " God, fucking stop, Bia. I wasn't involved in an accident, stop treating me like that."

" One, stop treating me like a child."

"I'm sorry. I just care about you, what do you want me to do?"

" Mm mm. Come here, my sugar. Tell Mama what's bothering you." She coos as she pulls me to herself. "Shut up before I punch you in the boob." I warn her but snuggle close to her anyway.

Bianca laughs at my threat and I smile.

" What happened?"

"Killian knew George stopped by our table today. He thought I had lunch with George. And he told me he paid this guy to keep an eye on me and spy on me. I guess this guy told him he saw George with me having lunch."

" Why would he pay a guy to keep an eye on you?"

" He doesn't trust me. He thinks I'm a child and I can't handle my own shit." " He said that?"

" Of course not. I'm just rephrasing his words. He's a dick." " Hmm."

"We got into a fight. I was angry. Something's definitely up with him and he is not talking to me, that's just messed up. I thought he loved me. I thought we were in a relationship, why can't he just talk to me?"

out what you think is actually bothering him? What if he doesn't want to hurt you?"

" Did you tell him all these? This whole speech that you just said?" Bianca asks.

" Have you ever wondered what if he's keeping some information from you to keep you safe? Or he's afraid you're gonna get hurt if you find

kitchen.

"That's bullshit. What's it that's happening that he thinks will hurt me if I find out? I don't care what the problem is, but communication is key to any healthy relationship. He should trust me enough to talk to me. Whatever it is that's there. We could handle it together."

I pull away to scowl at her. She laughs. "I didn't." I sigh. "I was really angry. I also told him about this weird chick that's messaging me."

" What did he say?" " I didn't let him speak. I just stormed out." I sigh and lean against the couch, throwing my head back as I stare at the ceiling.

Bianca laughs. "That's why you love me." She stands up. "I'm gonna go check my food and come back in a minute. Drink that hot cocoa

and I'll be back. In the meantime, I think you should turn on your phone and call him. Stop being a bitch." Bianca says as she walks to the

" Did I just fuck this up?" I mutter underneath my breath. " Of course not. You guys just had a misunderstanding, you're gonna figure it out. You could also go talk to him and hear his part of the

story. Something you should have done before storming away."

"Oh, God, I hate it when you're right." I groan.

I hear Bianca laugh. "Yours of course."

" Well, you don't sound like you're on my side."

" He didn't look like he was willing or even ready to tell me his part of the story." "Then give him some time. He's gonna tell what's up when the right time comes. You can't just force him, honey."

" What the eff, girl? Whose side are you on?"

" Just call him. It's sad enough that you're sad. Hearing you whine about your love life while restraining yourself from doing the right thing, is sadder. So call him, okay?" "Right." I mutter underneath my breath and roll my eyes.

"So about Eve's wedding. That's her name, right? Your highschool best friend who turns out to be your boyfriend's brother's partner?"

"Something like that. I haven't really seen it, though. I'm guessing it's big enough to accommodate wedding guests till the whole shit is

"How rich is your boyfriend exactly? Are you sure he doesn't have, like, a kid brother? You know, the one who's gonna share similar looks

"Come on, don't slut shame me." Bianca says, giggling. "I'm gonna miss you, though. You're leaving tomorrow and I'm pretty sure you

"You really should take pictures, maybe one of these days we'll take a girl's trip to Miami. Just you and I. We'll sunbathe and live in our

I begin to tune the TV, flipping through channels.

" Just good? Nothing fun happening at work?"

" Good." She answers from the kitchen.

" I don't work at KB TECH, sweetheart." Bianca says as she returns to the living room. She sits next to me.

"How's it going at work, anyway?" I ask Bianca as I pick up the TV remote.

"Yup." I stop at an entertainment channel and drop the TV remote on the coffee table.

"Not really rich rich. I guess Killian's got a yacht."

" Is there really gonna be a yacht party?"

" So I heard. Eve wants the reception to happen in a yacht. It's fancy, you know that stuff." "Where are they gonna get a yacht? Is her daddy rich?"

"Nothing fun, Naomi. I mean it's a place of work, what interesting shit were you expecting?"

" I don't know. Maybe an asshole chick trying to ruin your life." I mutter. Bianca laughs from the kitchen.

" No shit. Killian's got a yacht?"

and financial status like your man. Hmm?" Bianca asks, smirking as she wiggles her brows. " God, you're such a slut."

bikinis and maybe stare at pretty men."

" That sounds really fun." I smile.

" Whatever, mom." I groan.

" Of course you will."

" I'll get it." I announce, grumbling.

over."

won't be back till Monday. This house is gonna be boring as shit." Bianca says as she wraps her arms around me and pulls me close to her. " I'm not moving out. Just going for a fun ride in Miami."

I stand up to go to the bedroom to grab my phone when the doorbell rings.

The microwave dings. " Desserts ready." She stands up and rushes to the kitchen. " And fucking call him already, you thickheaded bitch." Bianca calls from the kitchen.

I shake my head at Bianca's teasing and walk towards the living room door. Looking through the peephole, I'm surprised to see the person on the other side of the door. I bite my bottom lip, take a deep breath and open the door.

Killian's eyes lock with mine as he takes in my form. My hair is in a messy ponytail, I'm wearing an oversized t-shirt and a SpongeBob

I turn to look at her and she's peeking out of the kitchen.

" Great." Bianca smiles at him and goes back to the kitchen.

"Do you wanna step out for a bit? I really need to talk to you." Killian says.

" Do you wanna come in?" I ask with a sigh.

pajamas. Point is, I look like shit.

" Hey."

" Um, hello Killian."

" Hi. How are you doing?"

" Hi." " Naomi, who's there?" Bianca calls from the kitchen. " Oh." I hear Bianca's voice behind me.

"Okay. I'm gonna go inside and change. You can come in and wait." I leave the door open and hurry towards my bedroom.

His attention flips from the TV to my form as he takes in my outfit. He smiles and stands up and nods in acknowledgement.

In my bedroom, I change into a knitted light blue, halter neck short dress and white sneakers. I remove my hair from its ponytail and run a

Bianca gives me a look and I shrug. She smiles and gives me a thumbs off, before disappearing into the kitchen again.

brush through the strands and then put it up on a high ponytail again. I don't bother to apply makeup as I step out of the bedroom. Killian is sitting on a couch opposite the TV when I step into the living room. I don't see Bianca anywhere so I assume she must still be cooking or maybe in her living room.

" I'm ready." I announce.

" After you." He gestures to the door.

"Bia, I'm leaving!" I call out to my friend.

" Ms. Alderson." Alvin greets me with a smile.

Okay, sir." Alvin nods and starts the car.

" Alvin. It's nice seeing you again."

" Where to, sir?" Alvin asks.

" Just drive."

" Alright. Have fun out there." She calls from the kitchen and steps out. She gives me a small smile and ushers me out. Killian bids goodbye and we step into the hallway and towards the elevator. We ride the elevator to the lobby quietly. Killian leads me to his car with Alvin already waiting by the car. He opens the backdoor when he sees us.

Through the divider, I see Alvin slide into the driver's seat.

He pulls the divider up for privacy and drives out of the parking space. With me sitting on the other side of the backseat, I stare out the window. I hear Killian sigh beside me and then he slowly moves so he's sitting close to me. He places his hand on my thigh and I feel that electric feeling at the pit of my stomach like it's the first time we're meeting even if we'd have sex not once, not twice.

"Hey, I'm sorry." He whispers into my neck and I refuse to look at him.

me, you should know that." I say, eyes flicking between his lips and eyes.

" Stupid stuff. It's as if she's trying to blackmail me or something."

that's not really an excuse, I know that. And I'm really sorry."

I can feel his warm breath tickle my neck, and the beautiful sweet smell of his cologne hits my nose.

I shut my eyes and take a deep breath before turning around and staring into his beautiful eyes.

" I'm sorry for being a dick. I'm sorry for treating you wrongly, and I'm sorry for acting like an asshole. I'm also sorry for making you feel like

I can't talk to you. Trust me, if there's anything bothering me, you're the first person I wanna run to. It's just.. lately, I've been stressed and

"What's going on Killian? I have a feeling you know about this crazy bitch that's texting and sending me stupid messages. You can talk to

a scandal as rumors says, he's been forced to give out a job to a 24 years old graduate with the promise of sex.' No shit, that doesn't look

"Don't worry about stuff like that. It's not like we're fooling around. We're in a relationship so don't worry about that. I can handle that."

" Just some crazy bitch sending me pictures of us. I think she wants money and I have a feeling she's working with someone from the office.

"You too." Alvin opens the backdoor of Killian's Mercedes Benz and I enter, followed by Killian.

" Are they pictures?" "Yes. Pictures of us. Things that can maybe ruin your company's name. I can already imagine the perfect headline: 'Billionaire, Killian Black in

good on a business front page, don't you think?"

"I can actually take care of myself." I tell him.

" What did she send you?"

" What's going on, Kil?"

" Nothing that I can't handle."

"I know that. I also want to take care of you and that's because I love you and not because you can't handle your own shit." He says.

Like I said, it's nothing that I can't handle. I won't let anything happen to you."

"You have to talk to me." I say and hold his hands. I look into his eyes before asking: "What's going on?"

The feeling is building. My heart is beating fast and I'm a moaning mess as Killian slips a finger past my wet entrance.

"Fuck, you're so wet." Killian groans against my neck.

to the side and he begins to play with my core.

I kiss him back, hands reaching out to run through his hair. His mouth molds against mine and I moan into his mouth. He lets go of my cheeks and plants his hand on my lap. Slowly, he runs his hand up my skin, setting my entire body on fire. Killian palms my hips, pushing my dress upwards to have his way with my body. My hands fumble with the buttons on his dress shirt as our lips move together in sync. Lips and tongue all dance in rhythm. Killian pushes my thighs as his fingers come in contact with my heat.

"Oh God." I moan into his mouth. Killian latches his tongue against my neck, marking my neck with every little kiss. My panties are pushed I moan.

"God, I like that." I moan to his circular motion on my sensitive skin, a little too loud, with my fingers still grasping his dress shirt.

" Oh, fuck." I gasp.

" Always so fucking tight." Killian releases the hook at the back of my halter neck, revealing my bare breasts. He groans, with evident hunger in his eyes. Killian starts to run trails of kisses down my neck to my breasts. His mouth worships my hard and sensitive buds as he runs his fingers all over them.

Without giving me a minute to get used to his finger, Killian adds a second and a third. His thrusts are slow and I love the fact that he's

taking his time with me. I moan, clenching my thighs against his finger. Killian increases his pace, with his lips and teeth marking me as his.

I'm close. I can feel the orgasm build to a point that I'm sure I won't be able to take anymore. " I want you to ride me, right here and right now." Killian growls into my ear.

I moan into his mouth as we continue to kiss. His lips worship every part of me as we make love at the back of his car. With every slow and fast thrusts, Killian whispers how much he loves me against my neck, my breasts, and my lips as I ride him to orgasm.

I bite my bottom lip and smile. "What are you gonna do about this girl? Is she threatening you?" " Not really. Don't worry about her. I'm pretty sure she won't be texting you anytime soon. After Keith's wedding, I'm shutting her up for good. She's probably some desperate chick who's broke and she wants money." I nod. "I'm sorry I stormed out. I should have at least talked to you and not get mad just like that. I didn't give you a chance." I say softly, with Killian's hands still entwined with mine. I stare at him and he stares back. We stare silent for a while, with houses and cars passing by the tinted windows. His eyes flick from my eyes to my lips. "I really wanna kiss you right now." "Why don't you put your hands on me first." I whisper. " Fuck. You look sexy when you say shit like that." Killian whispers back and groans. He cups my chin and pulls my face towards his. Slowly, he puts his lips on mine. My wall melts at his mouth against mine as my heart beats ten times faster. " Fuck." Killian groans.

He doesn't have to ask twice and I'm already straddling his hips and unbuttoning his pants and pulling his zipper down. Killian wraps his arms around my waist and we start to kiss again. Slowly, I sink down on his shaft, taking every inch of him till I'm full.