

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 9

Naomi's POV

Charlie and I visit a bowling alley. He has always wanted to bowl. We played and I taught him how to bowl. He failed countless times but won just once. He was over the moon when he scored one. I bought him a popsicle as a gift. I was broke, but I had to scrape out cash from where I never thought I'd scraped just to make this boy happy today. He was indeed happy. He giggled and laughed as he rode an automatic toy horse. Later I took him to play dodgeball. It was really fun. Charlie was literally the sweetest person in our family. He's the light in my brother's world and I really loved the kid. By the time we played all the games, I was completely broke by the end of the day.

We stopped at a small diner to eat and I bought him a small plate of dessert. I didn't order anything, I just went through the pictures I took as Charlie ate. I lock the screen of my phone and place it down on the table as I smile at Charlie.

"Enjoying yourself?" I ask. He doesn't answer, just nods.

I sigh and look around the diner. It's Saturday evening and a lot of customers are beginning to step inside. The bell on top of the door rings, signaling their new customer. I stare at this new customer and cuss underneath my breath. All of a sudden, the place seems small in the presence of my boss, Killian Black. He's dressed in a dark green denim jacket, and black pants. I don't get to stare at him for too long because his eyes meet mine at once.

He's surprised to see me. His eyebrows shoot up and then he stalks to my table. I quickly scan him upside down and God, he is looking incredibly good looking dressed so casual. He's wearing a dark turtle neck shirt underneath his dark green jacket. He looks like every other guy, except he's fucking handsome. His golden brown hair is styled perfectly and it matches his golden skin.

Why does he have to look this sexy and handsome? I don't miss the eyes of men and women that stare at him as he walks gracefully towards my table. Men envy this man, and women wants to have sex with him.

"Man, fuck my life." I mutter underneath my breath.

"Checking me out already?" My boss asks, with a slight smirk gracing his cold demeanor.

I've never really seen him genuinely smile or laugh before, even on TV. He's always so cold, collected, with a permanent scowl-like look on his face. It's always this one sided smirk and forced smile. What's it with wealthy men and powerful men?

Speaking of wealthy and powerful, why's he here? In a local diner like this one?

Killian stops next to our table, his eyes taking in Charlie and for a mini second, he looks more surprised and disappointed. He thinks he's my kid.

I should laugh because it's funny, but I don't, because my boss is already next to me as he speaks.

"Who knew you had a kid." Killian says and sits down next to me.

I try not to think too much at our close proximity or his rich, expensive cologne that just occupies my brain cells all of a sudden. I'm having that weird feeling at the pit of my stomach again. Whatever this weird feeling is, it needs to stop. Killian Black isn't the man I should be attracted to.

"He's not my kid." I say softly as I try not to look at my boss who's staring at me and Charlie at the same time.

"Yeah?" I feel him smirk and I make the mistake of staring at him.

His perfect – God I hate myself that I had to use that word 'perfect' to describe his eyes. His gray eyes stare into my dark ones and I look away.

"He's my nephew. My brother's kid."

"Interesting." Killian looks away.

"Hi. I'm Charlie." Charlie says to Killian. He's never been good with strange people or new people, but strangely enough, he's comfortable with Killian.

"Hello." Killian smiles at Charlie. A sly one sided smile. I know he doesn't smile, at least not a genuine one, so I'm not surprised at his one sided sly smile.

"I'm..."

"Killian Black." Charlie says. "I know you."

"Really?" Killian asks, genuinely surprised and interested that my little nephew knew who he was.

"Yeah. You made that talking lady app thingy that also switches your light off and on. I've seen you on TV too. And Naomi always talks about you. She watches you a lot on TV anytime she drops by my Nana's place." Charlie says and licks his lips off chocolates.

"What?" I exclaim and bite the inside of my cheeks.

See why you shouldn't do certain things in the presence of kids? You think they're not watching, but they're always watching and they embarrass you when you least expect it. My boss is an arrogant egotistical asshole. Telling him that just increases his ego by two.

He might even start to think I'm attracted to him and I'm like every other woman who's on the line to know what he looked down there below his belt.

Ugh...

"Really?" Killian whispers and turns to look at me. There's a glint of amusement in his eyes as he stares at me. His lips curl the slightest as he watches me.

"That's not true." I defend myself at once.

"Charlie?" I playfully glare at my nephew. He blushes and looks down at his plate.

"I don't talk about you. Maybe I do, a little. But, please don't flatter yourself and think that maybe I talk good stuff about you. Definitely not."

"Yeah? Hey Charlie, does she say good things about me?" Killian asks.

I glare at my boss as I turn to give my nephew an eye signal. Charlie smirks and looks down at his plate. I hear Killian chuckle silently underneath his breath. He turns to look at me again.

"What are you doing here?" He asks instead.

"I should be asking you that. What are you doing here?"

"You know I'm still your boss right? You seem to forget sometimes." He asks and I bite my lip.

I sigh and look anywhere else but my boss. He's staring at me and it's making me uncomfortable. Why's he here? Why's he sitting next to me and making me feel uncomfortable by this close proximity?

"Why are you here? I mean... sitting in my booth." I ask softly.

"Because I want to." He answers at once. I scoff and chuckle underneath my breath.

Right. He is here because he wants to.

"Naomi, can I get the chocolate and strawberry pie? You know it's one of my favorites." Charlie says, biting his bottom lip as he stares at me with big doe eyes.

"I'm sorry, honey, not today." I say to my nephew. This kid have no idea that I'm broke as fuck right now. Before I pulled the stunt that I pulled yesterday, which I'm sure I'm already jobless, I hadn't collected my monthly check and it's just the middle of the month.

"Please. It's my birthday, remember?" Charlie pouts, with his bottom lip out. He puckered his bottom lip, with big puppy eyes. He knows I can do anything for him each time he stares at me like that.

Shit.

I hate that my boss is here. I don't want to give him the idea and impression that I'm broke and I can't give my nephew what he wanted. I'm not broke, well I'm a little broke, agreed. But I can afford the simplest things out there if I wasn't saving money to go back to school and get my masters degree.

"It's fine." Killian Black says at once.

"No..." Before I can stop him, he's already calling the attention of the waitress and she's heading towards our table.

"You don't have to. I don't want you to." I protest. Killian ignores my existence and hands the waitress a bill, giving her a specific order to get Charlie whatever he needs.

I bite my lip and stare at my nephew who's all jittery and happy on his seat opposite my boss and I.

"We have a lot to talk about." Killian whispers for my ears only.

"Yeah?" I scoff. "The last time I checked, you owe me an apology on behalf of your manwhore friend." I grit out.

Killian Black turns to look at me, I bite my lip out of instinct. His gaze shifts from my eyes to my bottom lip and I look away from him to Charlie who's staring at us with a small smile.

"You seem to talk a lot, Naomi. And you don't listen either. Do you?" Killian speaks softly, with his gray eyes staring at me, taking every info of all the imperfections in my face.

The waitress comes back with a big pie. It smells really nice and beautiful. She drops it on the table, along with a milkshake.

"This is too much sugar for him." I complain.

"Thank you, Mr. Killian." Charlie says. Killian gives him a small smile.

"You're welcome. Assume that's my birthday gift for you. Happy birthday by the way."

"Thanks." Charlie smiles and starts to eat.

Killian surprises me when his hand rests on my arm, gently tugging me to come with him. I look down at his hand on my arm and slowly at his eyes. I try to ignore the weird electric feeling I'm feeling at the pit of my stomach.

"Come on. A word? Outside." Killian speaks softly.

"Why?"