Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 75

Naomi's POV

" Ooh, here comes Mr. Asshole." Bianca mutters, lifting up her glass of water to mask her smirk.

I roll my eyes at her words, but smile.

I turn to look at George who's close to our table. He doesn't look bad or even different. He's wearing his work clothes, so I guess he's just out to get something to eat. George stops by our table.

He's uncomfortable as he stares at me with a small smile.

" Hi, Naomi." He greets. Hands in his pockets to keep his nervousness in check.

" Hey. George."

George looks at Bianca. With a curt nod, he says. " Bianca."

" George."

" You don't look bad." George tells Bianca.

" Oh, I know. I hear that a lot." Bianca flashes George one of her goofy smiles.

" Can you please excuse us? I would like to talk to Naomi in private." George says, shifting his gaze to me for confirmation, before looking back at Bianca.

" You sure?" Bianca asks.

" Yeah."

Bianca looks at George as she stands up. She grabs her purse and turns to look at me again.

" I'm just gonna go round the block. Just call me when you're done."

" Copy that."

She nods and we watch her walk away.

" She's not that bad." George states, planting his ass on Bianca's empty chair.

" What do you wanna talk about?"

" Always straight to the point, huh? I've always really loved that about you."

I try not to roll my eyes as I look at anywhere else but George. I guess George should be the last person I want to sit down and talk with. The farther we're from each other, I think the better.

And come to think of it, is it possible George is behind the incriminating letters and pictures he had sent me? Is that even possible? Also, he wasn't there at the art exhibition. Celine was there.

" I've missed you, Naomi."

" You know I'm dating someone, right?" I ask him.

George sighs defeatedly as he looks around.

" And I thought you were seeing someone."

" It didn't work out. They don't work out. They're not like you."

Okay. What's he trying to do?

" George, you should try and understand that I'm never getting back with you."

" Yeah, I know that. And I think it would be unfair of me to ask you to come back with me. I mean, I didn't treat you the way you're supposed to be treated when we were still together. Also, I'm aware you're now with the lion himself."

" What are you talking about?"

" Killian Black. Not to be judgemental here, Naomi, but what did you see in him? I get it he's rich, but I have known you as a girl who went after material things for men."

" You're doing exactly what you said you wouldn't do. You're being judgemental, George."

" I'm…" He sighs and rubs the spot in between his eyes.

" I'm sorry if I come off as judgemental. I worry about you. And why didn't you tell me you were working for him? Did he make you do this? Did he make you date him with the promise of giving you a job?"

What? Is he freaking serious right now? God, he sounds like every other woman in KB TECH who thinks I don't deserve my job.

" I can't believe you decided to stop by to have a chat with me, only to sit down here to judge me. You're doing exactly what these white girls at work are doing. Telling me I didn't deserve my job."

" That's not what I'm saying."

" Then what are you saying?"

" Why are you mad at me?" He flares. " You're the one who's been avoiding me and acting like the enemy when all I've tried is to be friends with you."

" Oh, really? In case you're forgetting, I don't owe you any friendship. And friends don't judge friends and indirectly call them whores for getting a job in a top company."

" Naomi, please, stop. I didn't call you a whore. I'm just worried about you."

" Well, don't. I'm not a child and I can basically take care of myself. I don't need you looking out for me, I don't need it. So please stop."

" Why him?"

I bite my bottom and look around for Bianca. I think it's time to get the hell out of here.

" He treats me better than you can ever treat me."

George scoffs out a laugh.

Is he mocking me?

" Right. Like he's ever treated anything better before." George mutters under his breath.

" Excuse me?"

" I'm sorry."

" Right." I start to gather my things.

" Are you leaving?" I ignore his question.

After tossing everything that belongs to me inside my bag, I zip it and turn to look at George.

" Do me a favor and stop contacting me. Don't ever drop by my apartment ever again. Don't come to my work place without my permission and please, stop contacting me." I stand up. " We're done, like months ago, George. I know you knew that. Stop trying to restore what's never there. We were never in love so don't act like I took something away from you the minute I break up with you. Stay. away. from. me." I'm trying to keep my cool, but it's obvious I'm yelling because customers from other tables are already turning their heads to look at the scene.

I see Bianca at the end of the restaurant and tilt my head to the curb, giving her signal it's time to leave.

" Naomi, what do you think you're doing?" George grabs my arm.

I turn to glare at him. " Don't you fucking touch me. Ever."

I snatch my hand from his grip and start to walk towards Bianca who's already heading towards us the minute George holds my arm.

" Should I go over there and punch him in the dick? Or his nut sack" Bianca asks.

I chuckle and shake my head.

" Nah, that's not necessary. He was just being an asshole, like always."

Alvin pulls the car to a stop next us and we slide into the backseat. Once the door is shut, Alvin starts to drive. Through Bianca's side window, I stare at George who's standing and staring at the car.

" Fuck."

" Are you okay, Ms. Alderson? Was that man bothering you?" Alvin asks.

" No, Alvin. Thanks for asking."

" Okay."

" Seriously, what happened back there? I was only gone for like, three minutes, and he was already being his asshole self again?" Bianca turns in her seat to ask.

I sigh, press my head against my side window as I watch the tall building and cars pass by.

" We can talk when you're ready." Bianca places a reassuring hand on my shoulder before pulling away.

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" Rachel, who's there?" Mom's voice calls from the kitchen as Rachel stands by the open door to welcome me.

" Sister. Hi, Naomi's friend." Rachel greets us, ignoring my mother's question.

" Hey, girl." Bianca says to Rachel. " You look wonderful."

" Thanks." Rachel answers flatly and walks back into the house.

Bianca sighs and turns to look at me as we step into the house, with me shutting the door.

" When is she going to like me?" Bianca asks.

I chuckle.

" Give her time. She's just an hormonal teenager going through one of her phases."

" Hm. I don't think it's a phase. The girl doesn't like me. I mean, we've been friends since college, and she's never been nice to me even when I say nice things to her. You know, no one's ever been mean to me before. I'm always a catch. Everyone likes me."

" Right." I reply flatly as I start to walk towards the living room, with Bianca behind me.

" Why won't she just like me? Seriously? Naomi's friend? She now calls me Naomi's friend. Like that is my name." Bianca mutters and I chuckle.

Bianca's right. Rachel doesn't like her. And each time we ask her why, because my family likes Rachel, including Charlie, she just gives me meaningless excuses about not really liking her.

Weird.

" Luna." Mom calls when she sees me.

Bianca leans close to me to whisper. " Luna? She still calls you that? Cute." She giggles.

" I'm gonna punch you in the boob now."

" Sorry. I'm gonna shut up now."

" Come here, baby." Mom hugs me.

" Hi, mama. You look better, thank God." I say as we pull apart.

" Yes. Thank God." My mom smiles.

She turns to look at my friend.

" Bianca, darling. Come give me a hug."

" Hi, Mrs. Alderson. I heard what happened." Bianca whispers to my mom as they hug.

They pull apart eventually.

" I'm sorry I couldn't stop by at the hospital. Work." She smiles and stretches a fancy bag at my mom. " I didn't know what to get, so I just… I don't know if you'll like it."

Mom takes the bag.

" Thank you, sweetheart. That's so thoughtful of you." Mom embraces Bianca again and kisses her cheek.

" Rachel, bring this to my room." Mom gives the bag to Rachel and she takes it.

" Why don't you sit down? We just got you out of the hospital." I say to mom.

" How are you doing?" I ask mom as she sits down.

I drop my bag and sit next to her. Bianca sits down on the opposite couch.

" I'm fine. Stronger. How are you? You look beautiful. Killian's doing a great job."

" Please." I giggle. " Where's Antonio?"

" Here." Antonio's voice calls from the stairs.

We look up as my brother bounces off the stairs wearing a t-shirt and jeans. How's he home?

" Hey, Naomi."

I stand up to greet him and he pull me in for a hug.

" Hey."

We pull apart and I sit down.

" Bianca." Antonio acknowledges my friend.

" Toni."

Toni? Nobody calls him that and he hates that nickname.

" You look good."

" Oh, I've heard that a lot recently. I guess it's pretty amazing to be living again."

" Right. How's work? How are you doing?" Antonio asks Bianca.

They're literally having a conversation without including mom and I while pretending we're not even in the room. I turn to look at my mother, tuning out Bianca and Antonio's laughter.

" What's this?"

" I don't know. I guess they haven't seen each other for a while. What's it? A year? Two?" Mom says, standing up to leave.

Why don't I believe that?

I stand up too, without my brother or Bianca putting a pause to their conversation. I walk to the kitchen to pour myself a glass of water. Rachel sits in the kitchen table writing in her notebook.

" How's school? How are you doing?"

" School is fine. I'm fine."

" Still seeing that kid?"

" I don't have a boyfriend if that's what you're worried about."

" Right." I mutter, pouring a bottle of cold water in a glass. " Where's Charlie?"

" Next door with the neighbor's kids. They're playing." Rachel answers without looking up.

I turn to look at the living room, watching Bianca and my brother talking and laughing like they're a couple. I take a sip from my water as I watch them.

" They're dating if you haven't figured that out yet." Rachel says behind me.

I turn to look at her, nearly choking on my water.

" What did you say?"

" That they're dating? Well, yes."

" And how would you know that?"

" Because they're literally flirting with each other right there. Also, Antonio has been going on dates. Strange and long midnight calls. It's not like I listen to his conversation, I just happen to hear it. And now your best friend shows up, they're all lovey dovey. Gross." She makes a gag noise.

" Hm." I turn around to stare at them and they're sitting impossibly close.

" And you know it's weird calling him Toni. God, he hates that name." Rachel says.

" Right. I'm gonna go confront them." I finish my glass of water, drop the glass in the sink. " Be a darling and wash that, yeah?" I pat Rachel on the hair and walk to the living room.

Mom's already there, sitting on the opposite couch talking with the alleged couple.

" Right?" Mom's saying to Antonio and Bianca as I sit next to her.

" Yeah." They laugh and I just sit down and stare at them like an idiot.

They stop laughing as everyone's eyes dart towards my form.

" What's going on?" I ask, eyeing every person in the room.

" Naomi's just thinking you two are in a relationship." Mom says. Way to go mom.

Always straight to the point.

" What?" They say in unison.

" Why would you think that?" Antonio asks.

" Maybe because you two are flirting with each other." I point out.

" What? Me, date Toni? No shit. What?" Bianca laughs nervously.

" See? She just literally called you Toni for the second time and you're not even repulsed by it."

" You don't like to be called Luna, but people still call you by that name." Antonio says.

" Luna is my middle name. Toni is like a weird form of your name. You hate it. You think it's the female version of Tony and it sounds too English. You literally hate it when you're called Toni. But Bianca calls you Toni, and you're blushing. That can either be you have a crush on her or you two are really dating."

" Who gave you this theory? Rachel?" Antonio asks.

I roll my eyes.

" Mom, are you gonna say something?" I ask my mom.

" No. I'd rather just sit here and listen to you kids bicker back and forth."

" This isn't bickering." I say.

" Naomi, hon, your brother and I are not dating. He's just too…ugh. How do I put this in a nice way?" Bianca clicks her tongue as she obviously pretends to think. " He's just not my type. Period."

" Yeah, whatever." I wave her off.

" So, you're leaving for Miami tomorrow?" Mom changes the topic.

" Yeah, I think. Eve's having her rehearsal dinner in Miami and Killian wants us to be there before the others start coming."

" Aw, he wants to have you to himself, huh?" Bianca asks, smirking as she wiggles her eyebrows.

" God, you're such a slut." I tell her, shaking my head.

" You be careful, sweetheart." Mom says. " That boy really loves and cares about you. It's not every day you see powerful men adore women. And be a dear and try to call us so we know you're okay."

" I already told her to take pictures." Bianca says.

" You should." Antonio says.

" I'm really proud he's not like that ex of yours. That boy put you through so much." Mom says.

" Right." I mutter.

My phone rings in my bag, putting a pause to our conversation. I pull out my phone as I check who's calling. It's Killian. I send the call to voicemail and toss it back inside my bag.

Didn't we just get off the phone a few hours ago? Is something wrong?

" Is he still contacting you?" Mom's voice snaps me out of my thoughts.

" What?" I ask, looking at my family and friend.

" Are you okay, Naomi?" Antonio asks.

" Yeah. Just stressed and you know…my high school best friend is getting married and I'm really… Don't worry about me. What were you asking me?"

" If George still contacts you." Bianca says.

" Ooh." I run my hand through my hair and sigh. " George and I are over, mama, and there's nothing that's ever going to bring us back. And him contacting me wouldn't change that, either."

" That is not the point." Antonio says.

" Then what's the point?" I ask, biting my bottom lip as my phone rings again.

Fuck, is something wrong? I've been stressed because I'm always thinking about these messages and thinking about the possibility that, what if this psycho person sending these messages wants to hurt us? Hurt Killian?

" The point is he shouldn't be contacting you at all." Antonio says.

My phone vibrates and it's a message from Killian. I stare at the phone in my hand, wondering, thinking about what's wrong. I'm supposed to spend the night at home with Bianca, watch crazy shit in our comfy pajamas, and then Killian and I are traveling together tomorrow.

Why does he want me to come over now?

" Are you even listening to what we're saying?" Antonio asks, snapping his fingers in my face.

" Stop. Jesus, I need a break." I say, standing up.

" We should get going. I'm supposed to drop by the office and handle some stuff. Killian and I are having dinner tonight and he wants me to come over. I think his mom's there too. She wants to meet me."

" I thought she already met you." Bianca says.

I glare at her, giving her a signal to stop talking.

" Luna, honey, are you okay?" Mom asks.

" Yeah." I grab my bag. " I'm gonna call you as soon as I get to Miami, ma, okay? Antonio is here, so I believe he'll look out for you."

" I'm not that sick or old, I can take care of myself."

" Just being careful, ma." I say with a smile. I lean down to kiss her cheek and turn to look at Antonio and Bianca who are looking at me like I've gone crazy.

" Later, Toni. Rachel, I'm leaving."

" Okay!" Rachel calls from the kitchen.

" Come on, Bianca."

" Later, Mrs. Alderson. Bye, Antonio." Bianca says, flashing a smile to my family as she scurries out of the house with me.

I open the backseat of Alvin's car parked in the curb outside my house and step inside. Bianca enters too and shuts the door.

" What's going on? You're freaking me out. What's happening? Did something happen? Is Killian okay?" Bianca asks as Alvin reverses the car to drive onto the road.

" Why do you all keep thinking that? Killian is okay, all right? He's fine. I wasn't lying about dropping by the office and meeting Killian's mom."

" Okay."

We fall into a comfortable silence as I text Killian I'm on my way to work. Did something happen?

" So you and my brother…" I start a conversation as I turn to look at Bianca.

She's scowling at me.

" I thought we trashed this topic already."

" Did we?"

" Antonio and I are nothing, you know that?"

" Oh, I don't know. Rachel says Antonio has been going out a lot lately, and you, you've been going out a lot too. And you're dating this mystery guy who's got a kid. You still haven't told me this guy's name."

" Naomi, trust me."

" Should I?"

" Ugh. God, why are you being annoying?"

" I'm not. Look, I don't care if you choose to get with my brother, Bia. You're literally my best friend and we've got, like, a sister's code where none of us would date any members from each other's family. Especially brothers. So, it's just pretty weird you two were talking like you've been talking these past weeks and months."

" Jesus. I don't fuck with sis code, Naomi. Ever. Believe me, Antonio and I are nothing." She rolls her eyes. " He's hot, yeah, but he's not my type, really. He's not even close to my type."

" Hm."

" What are your types?" I ask, smirking.

" Oh, you don't want to know." Bianca says chuckling.

I chuckle too.

We fall into another comfortable silence as my phone pings again. It's a message, from an unknown blocked number. I unlock the screen as I stare at the message. I already know the quantity of the message before even opening it. It's a picture. A picture from earlier.

Me and George are sitting outside the outdoor diner after Bianca left. I remember this scenario, it was when he was indirectly calling me a whore and I actually looked angry.

But in this picture, there are so many things wrong. For one, I'm smiling, like I'm enjoying myself. And two, George is holding my hand on the table, he's also smiling.

To any other person, It looks like we're on a happy date. And the caption this person added to the picture is:

' I wonder what Mr. Black is going to think when I send him this picture, you lying, cheating whore."

Oh, shit.