

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 1

NAOMI'S POV

"Naomi!" The sound of my name makes me jolt up from my bed at once. I clean my eyes and stare at the person next to my open door. My younger sister Rachel stands next to my door with a toothbrush in her hand as she smiles at me.

"Good morning. Mama said I should tell you that you will be late for work soon." Rachel says and disappears down the hallway, leaving my door open.

I groan and get out of bed. I quickly take my bath, get dressed in my previous day clothes and head to the living room. The house looks lively and smells beautiful.

"Pancakes." I say as I walk towards the kitchen.

Mom's making pancakes like I predicted.

"Good morning, Mama." I say and kiss my mother on the cheeks.

"Good morning, baby. How did you sleep?" Mom asks and scoops pancakes on a plate and pushes it to the edge of the counter for me to take. I give her a grateful nod and brew coffee for myself.

"Good." I say, while adding sugar and cream to my coffee.

"Mmm..."

"Is this about that boyfriend of yours?" Mom asks in Spanish.

I groan. Every time she speaks in our language to me, I feel like a child. She always does this on purpose.

"Mama." I blow air into my coffee and take a sip. I sit down to start eating.

"I thought you two were like done." Rachel says and pokes her head into the kitchen. I glare at her.

"Out. The seniors are talking." Mom says in English. Rachel rolls her eyes and disappears behind the wall.

Mom sighs and turns to look at me. I avoid her gaze. I can't, with her right now. I don't want to talk about my bad relationship with George.

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George is my boyfriend. Well my ex boyfriend. George and I started dating when I was a senior in university. He was out of college and worked as a finance manager in his father's company. They were loaded. Rich privileged people. At first I knew the relationship was gonna hit the bus, but George was so invested in our relationship he wanted to keep going. His family didn't like me. They believed I was too under class for their son. And his mother never tried to hide it, always throwing it at my face that I wasn't good enough for their son. George was their only son and maybe they wanted the best for him. I couldn't stand it anymore. We've been dating for over two years now and it was time we just let go. There was no future between me and George. His parents didn't like me and they kept berating me to George. There were occasions they set him up with different beautiful women who are rich and share the same social class as George. I told him I was breaking up with him. George didn't take the breakup lightly. I made him understand why I can't be with him or any other privileged men for that matter.

I hated to be treated like I was nothing. I was something. I make my own money and I'm a fucking graduate. I might not be rich but I was stable. So since I broke up with George, which was five weeks ago, he couldn't help himself. He would drop by my apartment and apologize for the things he didn't even do and always demanded we start over again. George hated when someone said no to him. It's like a disease. He couldn't stand the fact that I broke up with him even when I gave him a valid reason. Well he constantly dropped by my apartment just to tell me to come back to him. Because of his constant pest behavior, I started spending some of my nights at my mother's house.

My family isn't really all that rich. We weren't poor either. We were comfortable and happy. My father was a veteran of the army. He went to war sixteen years ago, the year Rachel was born, and never came back. We got news that he died, died in action. It was hard for my mom, she cried and cried. My older brother, Antonio, and I made it our life's mission to look after her and also take care of Rachel. Antonio worked as an interior designer. The pay is pretty great, far better than the salary I earned at club k. But the problem is, he was never at home. Always out there working and trying to make more money. Charlie is his kid. He's 7 years old. His mother, Grace, divorced my brother, Antonio, because according to Grace, she couldn't date a man who's not always at home. She wanted a loving, caring husband and so they went their separate ways, with Charlie under my brother's custody. He stays with my mother since his father was barely around and there's no one to look after him.

The cab stops outside the famous club k and I get down. It's pretty early, so there aren't any teen girls and youths queuing on the line to get a pass into club k. I pay the cabbie and enter inside the club.

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"Mom, you need to cut me some slacks. There are no jobs in the city. I have tried before and trust me, I'm still trying." I grab my coat and wear it.

"I thought you hated your boss." Mom says again. I groan and roll my eyes.

"I didn't say that. I remember I only said he's an arrogant privileged asshole."

"He's never said a word to you and you hate him. Are you sure that's hate? I mean, you always talk about him every chance you get and he's never for once stared at you. I don't even think he knows you exist." Rachel says as she walks into the kitchen.

"Shut up, Rache." I playfully glare at her.

"I'm gonna go now." I walk towards my mom and hug her.

"You know I want the best for you right?" Mom asks me in English. I smile and nod.

"I know." I pull away from the hug and turn to leave.

"Don't forget your nephew's birthday is tonight. You can't be late." Mom says.

"Yeah sure. You know I won't miss Charlie's birthday for anything in the world. Where the hell is he?" I grab an apple and walk towards the living room.

"He's still sleeping. I've tried to wake him up." Rachel says behind me.

"Charlie! You awake? Oh my God Charlie, Bruno is about to eat your Spiderman toy!" I lie and pat my family dog, Bruno, on his head. He whines and tilts his head to the side.

"I'm awake!" I hear Charlie's voice and his small feet racing down the stairs. I laugh and head out of my family's house.

I breathe in the warm morning air as I look around for a cab. I see one and enter inside and I shut the door. I give my address to the driver and he starts to drive. I shut my eyes and take in a deep breath. My phone rings and I pull it out of my coat pocket. Bianca, my roommate and literally close friend, is calling me. I pick up and put the phone to my ear.

"Hey, Bianca."

"Hey, Naomi. How are you? Are you off to work?"

"Yeah, I'm good. And I'm off to work. What's up with you? Leaving for work too?" I ask.

"Something like that."

Bianca and I have been close friends since we both graduated from the same college. Bianca works as a cashier in the city's mall, not a fancy job for someone who graduated with a business degree. And I on the other hand graduated with a marketing degree and I worked as a server in this elite club called club k. The biggest club in the city and owned by Billionaire Killian Black. The bartenders and servers are mostly college graduates. You barely ever get a job as a bartender in club k, especially when you don't have a good degree. It was home for the elite men and wealthy men of the state. There are times where celebrities just drop by. The club is the most talked about club in the country and the home to nearly every Billionaire you can think of. So me being able to secure a job there, I guess I should be grateful. The pay is pretty great too. At least I get to take care of my bills and myself.

"Something like that?"

"Yeah. I'm on my way to work."

"Okay." I answer.

"George was here though. He dropped by yesterday saying he needed to see you. Well I told him you're not around. He got pissed and left." Bianca says. I sigh.

"What are you gonna do about him?" She asks when I don't say anything.

"I've told him countless times I can't do it anymore."

"You really need to work harder. Get him off your back once and for all Naomi."

I sigh and nod to no one in particular.

"I gotta go now. Be careful."

"I will." I say and Bianca hangs up.

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