

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 10

Naomi's POV

Killian rolls his eyes and tug at my arm again. I restrained myself.

" I get it. I work for you, maybe I used to work for you. You still don't have to treat me like this." I grit out in a whisper

" You really want to do this Naomi?" He grits out. " Cause a scene? In front of your sweet little nephew and the customers? When are you just gonna listen without having to cause a fight?" Killian says softly as he stares at me. His hand is still on my arm. Slowly, he lets go.

" And I'm treating you nice, princess. You should see the way I treat other people. Come on. Outside." Killian stands up and Charlie's head jerks up to stare at my boss.

" See you around, Charlie." Killian pat his head and walks towards the exit.

Did he just call me princess? Princess? Should I even be offended or amused?

" I'm gonna be back. Just sit here okay. I won't stay long." I say to Charlie.

" Okay. I'll be fine." He gives me a small smile and I get up.

What does he even want from me?

" Do you have to do that?" I ask once I step outside the diner.

" Are you always annoying?" He asks.

We're at the parking lot of the diner, and thankfully no one can see us.

" And are you always bossy?" I ask him.

Killian doesn't say a word as he stares at me.

I scoff and cross my arms.

" You didn't have to get my nephew that."

" It's just a pie, not a fucking house. Stop thinking about it." He says and licks his lip. I try not to focus on his red full lips, but I fail and he catches me staring.

I look away, not before I see a sly smirk on my boss's lips.

" Also you didn't have to call me princess." I say sternly.

Maybe I should have ignored his use of pet names, but I need to drop it out there that I'm not interested in him and I'm not one of his girls.

" And why's that?"

" Why? Because I'm not interested in whatever game you're trying to play."

" Game?" Killian asks, thrusting his hands inside his pocket.

" I don't know Mr. Black. I'm not interested. You're not even my type."

Killian pauses at once, taking in my word and registering every meaning behind it. He smirks, for a second as he looks around the parking lot.

" Right." He mutters and clears his throat.

" Why did you leave the club this morning?" He asks, bringing his gaze back to me.

" Why did you ask me to sit and drink with you?" I ask him my own question that's been bothering my mind.

Killian stares at me, for the first time today, his eyes stare at me from my head to my toe. He doesn't even try to be subtle as he stares at my body. I shift my weight from one foot to another at his brooding stares. I've never felt this way before because a guy is staring at me. Well my boss is just not any other guy. He's Killian Black. An arrogant Billionaire who always gets what he wants. His stares make me conscious of myself and he's not looking away. I stare down at my blue crop top and black boyfriend jeans and white sneakers. My hair is in a ponytail, with little strands at the sides of my face.

Finally he looks away, not before I hear him mutter 'fuck.' underneath his breath.

Naomi's POV

" You don't get to ask questions, Naomi. And ever since I met you, you've been doing just that and it's fucking annoying."

" And why's that Killian? Why do you get to ask questions and I don't get to ask mine?"

Killian raises his eyebrows in bafflement, not for once backing down from his stares.

" Killian?" He whispers, as if testing his own name on his tongue. His cold, brooding, and domineering stares leave my body, and for a second I can breathe properly.

" I mean Mr. Black." I correct myself, with my arms still crossed against my chest.

" You sure are feisty, aren't you?" Killian turns to look at me again, raising his eyebrows as if daring me to speak. " And stubborn." He adds as he continues to stare at me.

I might work for this man, but I never for once thought this day might come. I have been working in the shadows ever since I got a job in Club K. Killian Black didn't know I existed and I was happy about that. And ever since he knew I worked for him, I don't like the feeling that he's just getting started at turning my world upside down. And now I find myself asking why is he interested in me all of a sudden? What exactly does he want me from? Why me? Why did he even ask me to sit down and drink with him? There are so many questions going through my head and I need answers.

" What do you want from me?" I ask him the one question that's been bothering me.

" What do you think I want from you?" His voice comes out hoarse, and deep. God, fucking sexy.

It sends a weird vibration down my back and I'm breathing weirdly. My boss is in front of me, too close and I can't breathe. I can smell his cologne, and him standing so close to me right now makes me small. He's tall, I have to crane my neck upwards to stare at him. Killian stares down at me, dark gray eyes staring into my dark eyes, watching me, observing me. God he's fucking mysterious. And annoyingly attractive.

And I hate that I find him attractive. I hate that my body responds this way with his mere words. What am I gonna do if his hands are on my body? Faint?

Hell no.

Before he laid his eyes on me, I've never acted this way before, and him suddenly finding me interesting all of a sudden shouldn't change anything. I try to tell myself that.

I'm just in one of my phases. This weird attraction will pass given time. Definitely. Hopefully.

" What do you think I want from you, Naomi?" He asks again, this time in a whisper.

I bite my lip and draw in a deep sharp breath through my slightly parted lips.

" I don't know. Maybe, you tell me." I tell him, thanking myself for my little act of not showing him I'm intimidated by him or as if his deep voice isn't doing something to me right now.

" Do I make you uncomfortable?" He asks suddenly.

I bite my bottom lip, with Killian's eyes shifting from my eyes to my lip.

" Yes." I breathe out. " You make me uncomfortable."

I don't know if he's just too egotistical or a complete asshole, he doesn't show any emotions as he stares at me. Killian moves back from me, giving me space to breathe properly.

I can't look into his eyes. I don't like how they make me feel each time he stares at me with his gray eyes that hold a lot of different emotions. Emotions that I can't interpret. To say he's mysterious, it's an understatement. He's intimidating.

It's quiet between us as our eyes locked. None of us backed down from this intense eye contact and weird sexual tension between us.

" I need you to come back to work tomorrow. No further questions. And try your best not to slap more people." He says and I watch him turn his broad back to walk towards his car.

I don't notice the two bodyguards or whatever they're, standing next to a black expensive car.

" By the way..." Killian stops to turn to look at me. " You should quit hiding your body with these heavy, baggy clothes that look like parachutes." He says and continues his walk.

" It's called boyfriend jeans." I call out to him. " Dick." I mutter that last part.

" I heard that, Naomi." Killian Black says and stops outside his car, with the bodyguard opening the backseat door for him to enter. " And it's big." Killian smirks and winks at me.

What?

I stand on my spot with an open mouth as I stare at my boss disappearing into the backseat of his car. The guard shuts the door while he scrambles into the passenger's seat and closes the door behind him. I watch the car drive out of the parking lot with my mouth still slightly opened.

Did Killian Black just flirt with me?