

# Taming Mr. Black

## Chapter 11

NAOMI'S POV

" You know your boss wants to fuck you right?" Bianca asks as she applies make-up on my face.

I glare at her from underneath my lashes. She looks at me and chuckles.

" What?"

I roll my eyes, staying still as she continues her makeup on my face. It's Saturday evening and Bianca and I are getting ready to party at Bart's. The club where her new boyfriend or fuck buddy Lucky, is a DJ. I don't feel like partying really, but that will offend Bianca. I already promised her this morning before I took Charlie out that we were gonna party together. Plus, her boyfriend, Dean, broke her heart and she needs me to be there for her. To be there for her, means getting wasted tonight.

I'm a lightweight. Two glasses in and I don't recognize myself anymore.

" Are you really avoiding this topic?" Bianca asks, closing her makeup kit.

She plugs in a curling iron to curl my hair. I shake my head and stare at her.

" What do you want me to say?" I ask her, biting my lip.

" Well... I don't know."

" Bia, Killian doesn't want me."

" And how do you know that? You just practically told me he flirted with you. And earlier, which was yesterday, he asked you to drink with him. Dude, he wants to fuck you."

" Ew, don't say fuck out loud like that." I said to her,

Bianca raises her eyebrows as she stares at me. I chuckle silently and smile.

" You surprise me everyday."

" My boss, Killian Black, doesn't want me. He's just messing with me."

" And why would he mess with you? I might not know the man personally but I'm pretty sure he's not the man that messes around. You know he wants you, just admit it." Bianca says as she starts to curl my hair.

I groan. I don't want to talk about my boss and his strange antics. Why would he even want me? He's a fucking Billionaire, with an ego the size of his bank account. He clearly can get any woman he wants. And why is he attracted to me all of a sudden? Although he's mysterious, I can't tell why my boss seems so invested in me all of a sudden. Even if he wants me, I'm not fucking interested. He might be sexy, super attractive, gorgeous, and rich, he's not the man that's capable of loving anyone. And also, I'm not the type of woman that fools around with guys. I may have clicked the pause button concerning relationships, I want nothing to do with Killian. He's mysterious, strange, and God... an asshole. A complete, sexy asshole. And he has a shitty reputation with women. The guy basically sleeps around. And I'm not that kind of girl that wants to get involved with someone like that.

" Look, Bia, I really don't give a shit if he wants me or not. I don't want him."

" Why's that? Every girl wants Killian Black."

" I'm not 'every girl.' He's a slut, he fucks around."

" Okay. Every guy fucks around. That's what makes them men. It's a perk for being a man, I'm pretty sure you know that. So, you shouldn't be affected by the fact that your super, sexy boss sleeps around."

" And I don't want to be involved with men like that. I am not interested. He's not my type."

" Hmm." Bianca hums, twirling my already curly hair around the curling iron. " Well, that won't last for long. He's charming, you won't be resisting for too long."

" Fuck you, Bia."

Bianca laughs.

" Please don't burn my hair." I tell Bianca.

" Shut up, dork, I know what I'm doing."

" Right." I mutter and take a deep breath.

" What's up with job hunting?" I ask Bianca after a long silence.

" I don't know man. What about you?"

" I'm starting on Monday."

" I thought Killian gave you your job back."

" He never really took it from me in the first place, so." I shrug. " And also, I am really tired of my job. It's not something that I want. I am resuming job hunting. I don't know, maybe I can get lucky."

" Yeah. Maybe I should do that. Working as a cashier is shit. Some of these customers are fuckers, girl. I really don't get why life is so fucking unfair." Bianca says.

I chuckle and smile.

" And speaking of unfairness. George's father is rich and he's also kind of rich, and he has this important position in his family's company. It's pretty weird he couldn't get you a job these past years of you two dating and he constantly complains about how he hates your waitress job." Bianca says.

She unplugs the curling iron and grabs a comb to slide through my hair.

" I've thought about that a lot of time. I think his father warned him about giving me a job in his company. He was gonna get disowned if he tried it."

" God, he's such a pussy. I'm happy you dumped his ass. He's a little bitch." Bianca says and drops the comb on my dresser.

She steps back and looks at me.

" You look good." She smiles at me.

I twirl around in my chair to stare at my reflection in the mirror. I run my fingers through my hair and smile. We're both dressed. With Bianca wearing a tight mid-thigh green dress, and I am wearing a dark blue dress that's also short and mid-thigh.

" You're pretty good. You should start a makeup class." I say, Bianca smiles.

" Maybe one day. I might consider starting one." Bianca says as she checks out her reflection.

" Damn girl. We ready to party or what?" Bianca asks.

" Well, let's get wasted."

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Bianca and I throw our heads back as we down our shots. Bart's isn't anything like Club K, but it's pretty epic. It's fancy with so many people scattered around on the dance floor. It's Saturday so a lot of people came out to party. Lucky, Bianca's new guy is really the DJ. Bianca won't stop staring, smirking, and winking at him.

God, that's the thing with a new relationship. It always messes with your head.

" Wanna dance?" Bianca asks me as I gulp my second shot.

I don't know the name of the alcohol but it tastes really good and it burns my throat when I consume it too. I'm tipsy and I'm not planning to stop either. That's just me with alcohol. Once I get into it, I don't fucking stop until I'm forced to stop by my friend or get kicked out because I start screaming on top of my voice that Donald Trump is an Antichrist. It's mostly the latter.

I'm crazy.

I bounce to the dance floor with Bianca who's also tipsy. We dance to the song and Bianca constantly waves and blows kisses at Lucky, who catches it. I laugh, dancing side to side with Bianca. A few guys try to woo me but I push them away. I have had enough of guys and I don't want anymore guy problems.

Once Bianca and I have danced our legs out, we go back to the bar and plop down on a vacant seat. Bianca and I order more shots as we drink. The liquor burns my throat and I really want to stop right now, but I don't have it in me. I hate that I can't control my alcohol. It's pretty insane.

Lucky strolls over when someone else takes over the DJ stand. He wraps his arm around Bianca's waist and kisses her hair. By this time I'm drunk and I'm slurring my words.

" Hey." Lucky smiles at me.

" Hi."

" I didn't get your name earlier today."

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" Oh... I'm..." fuck, what's my name again?

" Naomi. Her name's Naomi." Bianca answers giggling.

" Yeah. I'm Naomi." I say, smiling.

" Nice to meet you. I'm Lucky."

" Yeah. Lucky to meet you too." I tell him. He chuckles.

" You wanna go home girls? I can drop you off, Naomi. You're a little..." Lucky says, but I cut him off with a wave of my hand.

" I'm fine. You guys can go ahead, I'm okay."

" Are you sure baby?" Bianca asks me.

I roll my eyes.

" I'll be fine. I can take care of myself. I'm not tired yet either." I say. My vision is starting to get blurry, and I'm beginning to see two of everything, but I don't back down yet.

" Okay. I'm gonna call you." Bianca pecks my cheek and leaves with Lucky.

Now I'm bored and drunk.

" Naomi?" A familiar voice calls my name.

I spin around a little too fast and slam my head against this person.

God that hurts.

" Fuck." We exclaim at the same time.

" George?" I call his name, rubbing my forehead a little. The hit clears my vision a little, thankfully.

" Hey." He smiles at me. " God, you look really beautiful."

I bite my lip and smile.

" Thanks? What are you doing here?"

" Oh, My buddies at work..." he tips his thumb behind him to point at God knows what. I don't bother to look at whatever thing he's pointing at. I just smile and nod.

" Since it's Saturday, they thought we should just go out to have a drink. I'm happy I met you."

" Hmm."

" Can we talk at a corner? In private?"

" Uh?"

" Please. Just a minute, I promise."

Well the dick was once my boyfriend. What's the worst that can happen, huh? I hop off from the stool I'm currently sitting on and nearly fall on my face. George quickly wraps his arms around my waist and I push him away.

" Don't fucking touch me." I slur.

" God, how much did you drink? Do you need a ride home?"

" I'm fine, I can take care of myself." I answer as I follow George to a corner to talk, with my footsteps slow and sluggish.

How drunk am I exactly?

" What do you want, judge?" I ask and giggle at the mention of 'Judge.'

" I'm sorry, Naomi. I want you back and I'm sorry for everything I've done."

" Okay."

" I love you Naomi. Please give me a chance to work this out." George says.

He's pretty close to me and he's holding my chin up to stare at him. Fuck, I literally can see two George in front of me. I should go home.

" George, we can't. You're a nice guy, trust me, but we can't work. It's just impossible." I say to him.

" I'm gonna do whatever it takes to have you back. I want to be with you Naomi. Only you. I love you." He says.

What the hell is going on?

George cups my cheek and surprises me by kissing me. I push him away, but he leans in to kiss me again. Forcing my mouth to open.

" What..." I try to say something with our lips locked but I can't.

This is disgusting and annoying. I'm drunk and my ex is kissing me against my will. I bite onto his bottom lip hard when he doesn't let me go and he screams like a girl, cursing, and hissing. I might be drunk, but I'm not defenseless.

" What did you do that for?" He cries.

" You were..." I palm my forehead.

God, why's the ground moving? Or is the club spinning? Oh God!

" Come on, Naomi, I'll take you home." George's voice is distant but I hear him.

" Don't fucking touch me." I smack his hand off my arm.

" Naomi..." George says, but someone's voice froze him on his spot.

" She said don't fucking touch her. What part of that don't you understand?" The voice sounds familiar.

What's he doing here? Is he stalking me now? I turn around but I can't see properly. Everything is two and my legs are wobbly. Damn, I want to throw up.

" What..." I don't hear anything as I rush to the place I'm sure is the exit, pushing people out of my way.

I finally make it outside with a pounding head and blurry vision. I rush to the sidewalk and puke my stomach out.

" Fuck." I hear that familiar voice again.

I bend down and puke my guts out again. God I feel sick. I'm never drinking again.

" Come on, we should take you home." Warm hands hold me against a strong masculine body and I lean against it, basking in that familiar rich cologne.

" Killian?" I mutter.

I don't hear his response as I slip into consciousness.