

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 16

NAOMI'S POV

The last thing I expected is waking up in Killian Black's bedroom.

The minute I opened my eyes, I was taken back by the non-familiarity of the bedroom. This wasn't my bedroom. I don't live in a luxurious bedroom with the walls painted black. This was far from unique, this was a mansion. A luxurious Mansion.

The minute my feet touched the plush carpet, I had a feeling I knew whose bedroom this is. I scanned the bedroom, glancing at every expensive piece of furniture in the room. There was a big chandelier that glowed atop my head. The bedframe was pure white, including the sheets, the pillows, and the white couch. The drapes were also plain white, and there was also a huge full-length mirror at the corner of the room.

This room was bigger than my whole apartment. I nearly panicked when I found out I wasn't wearing my dress from last night, but a white buttoned-down shirt. I checked myself and my lingerie was intact. It was strange to me. And the minute I stepped into his living room that was beyond luxurious, and my eyes fell on the sexy, familiar man behind his kitchen island, that was when I realized I wasn't really dreaming. I was at my boss's house. I was in Killian Black's house and I was wearing his dress shirt. My tummy churned at the feeling, especially since I was also wearing his shirt and it smelled like him.

I didn't expect he was gonna flirt with me or even talk dirty to me and it was strange that I liked it. The minute his hand left my body, I craved for his touch, wishing he didn't have to pull away.

And as I stepped out of his mansion dressed in the dress he bought me, I wondered why I acted salty. He did nothing wrong. He was only trying to be nice while we had a normal conversation for the first time. I didn't know why I left just like that. The dress was beyond expensive. Obviously more expensive than the monthly check I receive from Club K. Even the name tag of the dress clearly screamed "Class". It was something I wouldn't be able to afford for now.

I stared at the exterior of my boss's house, wondering where I'm gonna go from here. I don't even know where I am or where I'm supposed to go. The neighborhood is nothing like any neighborhood I've seen. I've only seen this type of neighborhood on TV. The houses are top notch and the only people who stay here are obviously billionaires, maybe celebrities.

I walk towards the main gate of Killian's property, cursing myself how I'm supposed to leave when the gates are locked.

"Hi. Mr. Black asked me to drive you home." A voice says behind me.

I twirl around at once, coming face to face with a tall man. He's dressed formally in a suit. Strong face, well good looking too.

"This way please." He says, turning around back to Killian's million dollar mansion.

I don't actually want to follow this strange man anywhere, but that will be stupid of me. Considering the fact that I don't know where I am and I don't know how to get out of here. I can get an Uber, but how am I sure Ubers are allowed in this porch neighborhood?

"Ma'am." The strange man calls my attention, clearly impatient.

I roll my eyes and follow him.

"Who exactly are you?" I call out to this strange man.

"He's my driver." A voice says at once.

I turn around and Killian is standing outside his house, with his hands in his pockets as he stares at me. His eyes rake down my body, and I know he's checking me out. He seems to do that a lot lately.

The dress he bought me is a blue dress, almost like my dress that he got rid of. Difference is that this is expensive, obviously a \$5000 dress, it's a little shorter than my dress, and it's sequin. The dress hugged my body like a second skin. It is beyond beautiful.

"Why are you asking your driver to drive me home?" I ask as I slowly approach him.

"You need a ride, don't you?" He asks.

I don't have time to respond as a black Mercedes Benz pulls to a stop in front of me. Killian's driver steps out of the vehicle and opens the backseat for me.

"Ma'am?" The driver calls for my attention.

I peel my eyes off my boss's feature as I bite my lip and stare at his driver who stands next to the open backseat door.

"By the way..." Killian says. "You should take a day off today. You can start Monday. I'm pretty sure you're still hungover." Killian says, leaning casually against his door frame.

Really? He just literally reminded me I feel like shit. My mouth still tastes weird even after brushing my teeth with a new toothbrush from Killian's bathroom. And there's still this weird headache.

I stare at him, give him a small nod as I slip inside the car. His driver shuts the door and enters the driver's seat. I stare at Killian through the tinted closed window and he's no longer standing there. I sigh, looking away as I angrily pull out my phone from my purse. It's been vibrating since I woke up this morning in Killian Black's bed and it's becoming irritating. I check my phone and it's a missed call from Bianca. I sigh and ignore the call and thrust the phone back inside my purse. The minute I get home, we are having a serious discussion. This isn't the first time she's ditched me when I'm drunk to go home with a man. We're having a discussion about this and it needs to stop.

The ride is silent as I watch the beautiful, luxurious neighborhood fly past my side of the window. I never imagined I was ever gonna find myself here. One little drink and I find myself in my boss's bed. I blush, bite my lip as I think about him undressing me and changing me into his dress shirt. He is an asshole and I least expected he'd drive me to his house last night. He could have easily ignored me in the club and pretend he didn't know me, but yet he brought me over to his house before a random guy took advantage of my drunk state.

I wonder about the look on his face when he's changing me out of my clothes. Did he close his eyes and undress me? Of course not. Not Killian Black. He's seen different women naked before and different beautiful bodies, mine shouldn't be a big deal.

It's definitely a big deal for me, not a lot of guys have seen my body, even if I wasn't naked. It was pretty weird thinking Killian Black had seen me nearly naked.

I throw my head against the expensive car seat and groan.

"Ma'am. Where do you live?" The driver asks.

I look out the window and we're out of Killian's neighborhood. I gasp silently, with the familiarity of where I was earlier coming to my mind. This part of the city is for mostly well known and endowed people. People with power and wealth. George and his parents don't even live in this part of the city and they're pretty rich.

"Ma'am?" The driver calls again.

I turn my head away from the window and stare at the driver's seat, with the driver's dark green eyes staring at me from the rearview mirror.

"Sorry." I apologize for getting easily carried away and tell him my address.

"I'm Naomi by the way. It's fucking weird hearing someone call me ma'am " I say to the driver.

He doesn't say a word, just handles the wheel with ease. I assume Killian warned him not to make any conversation with his passenger's or whatnot.

"I'm being professional." He answers at last, snapping my eyes from the tinted car window.

Our eyes meet through the rearview and I nod.

"My name's Alvin by the way. It's nice to meet you." He says.

I smile.

"Nice to meet you too."

That's the only conversation Alvin and I had, and in less than 30 minutes, Alvin is pulling up outside my apartment complex. I get down and shut the door. I thank Alvin and turn around and walk into the lobby. I see Clementine, the old lobby lady. I greet her and she smiles with so much enthusiasm. I giggle and step inside the elevator, pressing my floor button. The elevator creaks a little before ascending.

When exactly will maintenance drop by to fix this?

I tap my feet impatiently in the elevator as I watch the buttons on the panel. With a little jolt, the elevator stops on my floor and I quickly step out. God, I can't wait to get a good job and move out. The owner of this apartment was long dead even before I moved in. His oldest son inherited it and the guy doesn't give a shit about the property. He cares only about his rent and maintenance is the last thing on his mind.

I pull out my key to unlock the door. I twist the doorknob and step inside the apartment. I shut the door and take off my shoes. My apartment might be nothing like the house I woke up in this morning, but it's something I'm proud of. Bianca and I spend a lot of our savings to make our apartment look like this. It's not that fancy like some people's apartment but it's got what we wanted. Three couches, a small coffee table, and even a small plasma tv placed on the wall and a stereo set. It is comfortable.

I walk down the small foyer and to the living room.

"Oh my God, Naomi, I'm so sorry. I feel like shit for ditching you and leaving with – Holy shit! Is this dress from Tiffany's?" Bianca gapes as she stares at me with wide eyes.

"Oh my fucking God. Where did you get this?" Her hands are on my shoulders as she twirls me around.

I cross my arms over my chest with my purse in my hand as I glare at her.

"You are in trouble. You know that, don't you?" I say and politely drop her hands, sidestepping her to walk towards my bedroom. Bianca follows behind me.

"I'm really sorry. I was fucking wasted last night, and I agree, I was selfish."

"Mm." I open my bedroom door and step inside my room, leaving the door open as Bianca follows behind.

I throw my purse on my bed and groan. I'm completely exhausted and a little hungover. Thank God I drank the coffee Killian offered me before I stormed out of his house like a woman who's on her period.

"Okay, I know what you wore to the party last night in great detail. You didn't wear this. This isn't like anything you and I owned. This dress is from Tiffany's right?"

"Bianca. I'm hungry, okay? And I need food. We're gonna talk properly once there's food in my stomach."

"Okay. I made pasta. You should change out of your clothes and come to the living room."

"Okay."

Bianca excuses herself and leaves my room as she shuts the door behind her. I sigh, walking towards my full length mirror as I check out my reflection. What exactly am I gonna do with this dress? It's going to be rude of me if I return it to him. It's beyond wrong to even get rid of it. Plus, he went an extra mile to get me this dress, and throwing it away is so not me. I sigh and get out of the dress as I carefully fold the expensive material. I open my wardrobe and drop it at the bottom.

I pull on a grey sweatshirt down my head and black shorts. I tie my hair up in a ponytail and search my drawer for any hangover pill. I take out Advil and Tylenol as I leave my room. Bianca already sets the plate of pasta on the kitchen counter and a glass of orange juice. I smile and drop the pills on the kitchen counter and sit down in front of the plate of pasta.

"I'm still angry at you, you know that right?"

"I know. And I'm really sorry. I wished I could prove to you how sorry I am." Bianca pouts, biting her bottom lip.

"Just put it at the back of your mind that you owe me dinner." I say.

"Deal."