

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 18

KILLIAN'S POV

This is hard.

This is fucking hard.

Trying to get Naomi out of my head is hard. I've tried and it's been over a week since we last saw each other. And the farther I tried to give her space, telling myself that she needed time with me, the more I craved her, the more I couldn't stop thinking about her. No day goes by that I don't think about her. She's becoming a distraction and I don't like that.

I can't get the image of her in my bed that Sunday morning out of my head. Wearing nothing but my dress shirt as she sleeps like a baby. She looks innocent when she's sleeping, unlike the feisty, strong-headed woman who doesn't listen to anyone.

I can't stop.

I can't stop thinking about her in my shirt trying to reach for a box of sugar, with me behind her as her butt nearly touched my crotch.

God, how can she be so fucking beautiful?

All my life I've only thought about two things. My company, and my family. Nothing else, but ever since I met Naomi, she's planted herself in my head and no matter how hard I try to forget her, and get her out of my head, she's not leaving.

Trust me, I've tried.

I tell myself I need to stop chasing her because my intentions towards this woman are pure filthy. I am her boss, even if she doesn't work for me directly, she's still a cocktail waitress in my club. That should give me the insight that we're two different people from two different worlds. She's a young beautiful woman with her life ahead of her, I shouldn't try to ruin her with my filthy intentions.

As much as I know, craving and lusting for her is wrong and unlike me, I still can't help myself. Once I want something, I always have it, even if I have to go the extra mile to get it. I want Naomi, all of her. I want her underneath me, on top of me, with my length buried deep inside her. I want her to wake up naked in my bed every other morning, with tousled hair because I fucked her real good last night. I want to mark her everywhere with my bites, so when she's out there, people will know she's taken. Period, I want Naomi to be mine. I want all of her. I want to know her, I want to have her, I want to claim her, and God help me, I want to be with this woman.

I've never craved anything as much as I'm craving for Naomi. It's strange. All I care about is business, and making more money, and grabbing any business opportunities out there. But since I set my eyes on her that fateful Friday night, she's all I think about, and there are times when I'm supposed to be in a business meeting and she's the only thing in my mind. I don't like that. I don't want to think about her, but it's not working. I've tried, and she's still not leaving my mind.

How can I want a woman so much? A woman I haven't fucked or have a taste of? There was no day that I wasn't tempted to just drive to my club just so I could see her, but I don't. I haven't even visited my club since the very first day I met her.

I can't help it. She's like a narcotic drug and I can't get enough of her. And as I pound into Celine from behind, with her breasts pressed against my office desk, Naomi is the only thing I think about, wishing she's the one beneath me instead of Celine

Celine moans, and her loud moans are beginning to irritate me. I want to pull out of her, ask her to get dressed and leave, but that will be awkward. Considering the fact that I've been fucking Celine for quite a long time now. She's an easy lay. Anytime I wanted to get off and empty my sac, I just drove to Celine or asked her to come over.

Celine and I are like acquaintances, not really friends or anything. We met during a charity event and she wasn't bad, at least she knew how to satisfy my cock. She's a businesswoman, owns her own clothing line, and her family is rich. We hit it off from there. She would drop by when she's horny and we would fuck and I would call her over just to get off too. Unlike most women, Celine isn't clingy. She understands we're just having sex and she respects my decision. Even though we've only had sex not more than four times, well today making it five times, Celine doesn't cross her boundary. And I like her for that.

We stopped hooking up and having sex nearly four months ago. The minute I called her over today, she was surprised, asking me if her number was the right number I intended to call. My mother had even accidentally walked in on us going over at it in my kitchen. When Celine had left that evening, my mother teased me about her. Telling me to give Celine a chance, saying Celine is a good girl.

Little did they know that relationships are the last thing on my mind right now.

With a silent groan, I climaxed. It wasn't as intense as I thought, probably because throughout the sex, and when Celine had my cock in her mouth, I thought about the cocktail waitress in my club. I pull out of her and walk to the bathroom at the corner of my office. I get rid of the condom and wash my hands. I stare at my reflection as I run my hands over my hair to tame it.

I go back to my office and Celine is already decent, running a hairbrush over her hair.

She smiles when she sees me. " I gotta ask." She starts. " Is something wrong?"

" What do you mean?" I ask her, wrapping my tie around my neck and working the knot.

" I don't know. You don't look yourself today. And I felt like you didn't actually want me, you know."

Celine drops her hairbrush inside her bag and pulls out a small mirror and red lipstick.

I give her a small smile. " Sorry. I've been thinking too much about work."

" I don't think this is about work. It's a girl, isn't it?" She asks, smirking as she rolls back her lipstick and smacks her lips together.

I am not surprised Celine picked up on my unusual attitude. She's a very observant woman, and that doesn't normally come in handy with a pretty face and a smart brain. Celine has all of it. She's pretty, pale skin, and tall. She's a redhead, full tits, small hips, and small butt. She's pretty successful for her age too. She's the complete opposite of Naomi who has small breasts, wide hips, average butt, not that tall, olive skinned, brunette, and Naomi's far prettier. She's nothing like Celine. She's nothing like me, and yet she makes me crave for her desperately without even trying.

" Mr. Black?"

" I'm fine. Really. I'm just stressed with work. You know how it is." I'm not willing to talk to Celine about a woman I'm supposed to be avoiding, but failing miserably.

" Okay." She smiles and grabs her bag. " You have my number, you can always call me whenever you want to get off some steam." Celine says as she turns around to leave, swaying her small hips as she steps out of my office.

I grab an air freshener and spritz the air with it. Once the room smells normal, I keep the air freshener back.

" Fuck." I take a deep breath, with my hands in my pockets as I stare at the city of New York from the floor to ceiling transparent window.

There's a soft knock on my door. I stay quiet, not really in the mood to talk about business right now. I probably should just go home and get drunk, but acting that way won't push my business forward. I need to get off my ass and that can only happen if I put Naomi at the back of my head. There's a knock again and I usher the person in.

I don't bother to turn around as the door to my office opens.

" Mr. Black." Raymond calls.

I slowly turn around to look at him. I raise my eyebrows, urging him to speak. My look is stoic, and Raymond knows that when I'm like this, I'm not in the mood for plenty talk.

" Okay. The marketing department is presenting a market campaign for the new updated virtual assistant and they're wondering if you're gonna drop by and check it out yourself before launch date." He says.

Fuck.

I rub my hand on my chin and walk towards my chair.

" And?"

" Harrison Bartholomew called today about the club. He's still wondering if you're thinking about investing in his club, and you have a meeting by 3pm today with Brock's enterprises CEO, Leo Brock."

" What exactly does he want? Leo?"

" He wants to talk about partnership concerning our new virtual assistant."

" Okay. Good. Anything else." I'm not in my best mood today, and the people who work for me and my floor know that.

" You don't have an assistant, Killian. This is her job and not mine."

I lean back on my seat as I stare at him. What does he mean by I don't have an assistant anymore?

" You fired her, remember? Yesterday?" Raymond tries to make me recall.

" Oh. Kirsten? Right."

She was a little flirt. She was slow, and there were times she dressed unprofessional to work thinking that would catch my attention. Yesterday she had a little too much lipstick and the top buttons of her blouse were left undone. I gave her a load of work to do and asked her to stroll out of my company and never come back.

How could I forget that? I remembered coming to work this morning and my assistant wasn't out of my office waiting for me with my coffee.