

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 2

NAOMI'S POV

The first person I see the minute I step inside the club is Keiran. He's a bartender, works the bar frequently and he's my very good friend. Keiran is hot. Short blonde hair, one sleeve tattoo on his left arm. He's pretty tall, not that tall and he's attractive. He's literally the ladies' man. Most female customers who drink by the bar every other night always flirt with Keiran and drop him a lot of tips. He's beautiful to the eye and you just can't ignore him even if you try.

I walk towards the bar and sit myself in front of Keiran. I'm pretty early today. Since it's Friday, I decided to come early. Fridays are one of the busiest days in Club K aside Sundays. In less than a few hours there will be men dressed in suits all over these expensive couches with girls on their lap.

There's a strip club at the top. It is the VIP area. You need a pass or a ticket to get up there. Most celebrities or wealthy bachelors and married men hang out there. It's their favorite spot in club k.

"Hey girl. What's up." Keiran greets me when he notices my presence.

"Hey Keiran. I'm good. What's up with you? You came pretty early, huh?"

"Yeah. And I'm good." He chuckles and continues to wipe the glasses used for serving drinks. "Today's Friday and it's one of our busiest days. Plus I heard the boss is dropping by today."

"Mr. Black?" I ask. I'm not surprised.

Killian Black isn't like every other wealthy bachelor in the city. I might dislike the man for no reason in particular, except he's a genuine asshole and a dick bag, but he's fine to the eyes. Killian Black is hot, sexy. He's that type of man you just can't get enough of by just staring at him. He's good looking, too attractive and that just seems to annoy me. He's an arrogant son of a bitch. I first encountered him the day he threatened to fire Keiran for nearly spilling a bottle of Scotch on him, and then he fired Kelly, Keiran's twin older brother, because he did a poor job of serving him his drink. I have never seen a conceited asshole like Killian Black before.

The man doesn't know his workers. He doesn't even know what they look like or even their names. He just didn't care. All he cares about is dropping by his club twice a week to get wasted, get high, and get fucked and leave for his multi Billion dollar company on weekdays. He is just too annoying and too much. He is the fine definition of privilege and he treats people like shit. He barely gives a shit about anyone. I don't care if he's so sweet to some set of people, the man is just a complete jerk. A good looking jerk, and I hate that he's so attractive.

He always uses the back door each time he visits the club so you barely ever know he's around, except you're asked to serve the VIPs drinks upstairs. That's when I ever know he's around. Only this year, he fired two of Club K's managers. Why? Because he believed they were doing a bad job of handling his business. The present new manager is his cousin, Preston. And for some good reasons, Preston is nothing like my boss, Killian Black. And I'm grateful. Preston is tolerating, easy to work with and he is understanding.

"Is he here to get wasted like every other day?" I ask Keiran, as I step behind the bar to go to the back room and drop my things.

"Yes, Naomi. Days like this are the days we make a lot of money, and attractive bartenders like us get good tips." Keiran says.

I smile, drop my things, and walk back to the bar.

"You know how Mr. Black is. He's pretty popular, even amongst women."

"I pity the unfortunate woman who's gonna go home with him tonight." I mutter.

Keiran gives me a long stare. I stare back at him and raise my eyebrows in a questioning gesture.

"What?"

"Nothing. How's the boyfriend doing? You know? George. The one who hates your job." Keiran says. I eye him and roll my eyes.

"We are done."

"No shit." He exclaims dramatically.

"What?"

"You guys were so in love."

"And how would you know that?" I ask. Keiran shrugs.

I was anything, but in love with George. I liked him a lot. He was pretty sweet, maybe a little controlling, but he was sweet. I never loved George. That's the reason I wasn't in my mother's arms crying my eyes out because, his parents think little of me.

"You never loved him? Damn, girl." Keiran mutters. "Does that mean I get a chance with you?"

"Not in your dreams, Keiran."

The doors to the club opens and Rita rushes in. She's a bartender and works here too.

"Hey guys." She says to us.

"Hey Rita." I smile at her.

"What's up, Rita?"

Rita sighs and drops her bag on the bar top.

"Were you running?" I ask. She sits down next to me on a barstool.

"Something like that. I heard Mr. Black is coming today."

"Like every other Friday." I point out.

"He might be attractive, but hell, he's scary." Rita says. "A glass of whiskey please, Keiran."

"Get it yourself, Rita, and make sure you add it to your tab." Keiran says to her. She groans. I chuckle.

"I don't know if you guys noticed but, Killian doesn't give a shit about us or anything that has to do with the down level. He mostly cares about the VIP section. That's where the real shit happens." I say.

"Yeah. Talking about VIP quarters." Rita says as she stands up and goes to the bar to grab a drink.

"Sassy called in sick. Someone would have to serve the VIPs today to take over from Sassy." Rita says, giving me a pointed look.

"And what's that look?" I ask.

"It means you'll be working with Debs tonight to serve drinks to these wealthy, hot, slutty bachelors while wearing that short sexy server's uniform." Keiran says.

"God, you're such a slut." I throw a napkin at Keiran.

He catches it and laughs.

"Besides, I can't serve in the VIP section. I've got jobs to do."

"You've never served VIPs before." Rita points out as she tilts her head back to down a shot of whiskey.

"I have. Once. On Tuesday night, remember?"

"Tuesday night? That doesn't count." Rita says.

"Why can't you do it, Rita? Run Sassy's shift."

"You know I can. You will be surprised Preston is gonna ask you to do it today. Plus you get to have a good view of Killian Black." Rita says and drops the empty glass of whiskey.

"Ew. Please don't." I pretend to gag.

"What? He's fucking hot."

"I believe everyone knows that. He's not even my type." I defend myself, which is a pretty big lie. Killian is definitely my type, but I'm never gonna admit that. He's just not the man I wanna get involved with.

"What's your type then?" Keiran asks, with a flirtatious grin on his lips.

"Are you fucking with me right now?" I ask as I stare at Rita and Keiran. Keiran crosses his arms as he smirks at me.

"I'm literally not talking about my type."

"Why not?" Rita asks.

"Plus, these VIPs are fucking perverted. Sassy said one of them groped her ass the other time."

"Sassy is a fucking slut." Rita says. "She liked it. She followed one home one Saturday night to fuck him."

"How did you even know that?" Keiran asks with a frown on his face.

"She didn't shut up about it."

"I'm not serving upstairs. It's settled." I say as a matter of fact.

It's nightfall and I don't remember what Club K looked like again. There were a lot of customers already pouring in and the others were just coming in. Keiran, Peter, Jason, and Vivi run the bar, taking orders and mixing different kinds of drinks. Rita, Teresa, and me are the servers. We take orders from the customers and serve the drinks to them. The VIP is already booming. I can see the flashy lights from the stage where the strippers usually danced.

I've never been there on Fridays before during nightfall when there's a party going on. Fridays are the days when elite bachelors or wealthy rich men always storm Club K. According to Sassy who always served upstairs, the strippers are mostly naked or half naked, some with their titties out as they dance to pleasure these rich horny men.

I'm sweaty as I serve drinks to different tables filled with different men. Some are married and they're surrounded by different beautiful women.

I go to the bar to drop a customer's order, but Preston, Killian's cousin, and the new manager calls for my attention. We've never really talked before. The least we've done is, me greeting him and him answering me. Other times, he had just simply congratulated me for my hard work. I've been working here since I got out of college, which was more than a year ago.

I follow Preston to the back room and he shuts the door.

"Hey."

"Hi."

"Is everything okay? Am I in trouble?"

"Oh no." Preston smiles warmly.

He's pretty attractive. Not as Killian Black, but he's impressive looking. He's a little taller than me, an average build, and an easy going person.

"Debs serving VIPs tonight with Ashley. You know it's Friday and you know how the club is usually like. Especially VIPs section." I definitely don't know.

"You need to join them upstairs. They need an extra hand."

"What? I'm sorry sir, but, what about Teresa? Or maybe Rita?"

"I need you to, Naomi. Why don't you hurry up and get upstairs." He doesn't give me any room for argument.

It's said and settled. I sigh and walk out of the backroom. My eyes meet with Keiran's. He gives me a sympathetic smile and I roll my eyes. I can't believe I'm working VIPs on a Friday night. My life can't get any better.

I am a little nervous as I climb the stairs to the VIP section. It's louder than I imagined the further I climbed the spiral staircase. I get to the VIP floor and scan this place. Oh my God, it looks amazing at night. With the coloring and beauty.

The stage has purple lighting with three poles and three strippers, with their panties around their waist and nothing covering their breasts. The expensive couches are filled with wealthy men in suits with strippers on their waist, grinding against them in the name of a lap dance. There are dollar bills flying everywhere. Men throw money at these strippers as they dance and twist their bodies around the poles. God they are beautiful. It's sometimes fascinating to me how they command the attention of nearly every man in a room with just their body.

My eyes scan the scenery before me. I'm anything but a party freak. I barely ever attend parties. Nearly every party in my life, Bianca is the reason behind it. During our college lives, she's always making us storm every party. But this place, this is nothing like the parties I stormed during college. This is more. I think I know the real reason why it's called the home for elite men in the country.

There are a lot of wealthy men on each couch, with women clinging to their arms. Inside this VIP section of club k. There's another VIP section preserved only for Killian Black. The man behind this expensive investment.

"Naomi." Someone calls my name.

I turn around and it's Debs. We're not pretty close, because we barely ever talk to each other and she worked at a different part of the club, but she's nice.

"Are you the extra hand Preston suggested?" She asks, and starts walking towards the bar.

"Something like that." I speak out loudly.

"Good. It's pretty populated today, unlike any other day. I'm happy you decided to help." Debs says.

"Yeah." Of course I am not happy. I feel uncomfortable, like I don't belong here.

Finally Debs and I arrive at the bar and she hands me a small bucket with a bottle of Macallan Laliqye Scotch soaked in Ice and two glasses.

"Who am I giving this to?"

"Killian Black."

No shit.