

# Taming Mr. Black

## Chapter 20

NAOMI'S POV

"This is not a date, George." I repeat myself for the hundredth time to my supposedly ex.

Bianca said this was a bad idea. Going out with George to this weird fancy restaurant was a bad idea. Throughout this week, George was always at my house asking for forgiveness even when I already told him I forgave him. He wanted us to be friends and I agreed. George wasn't all that bad. I don't even remember the time George has hurt me. The only problem in our relationship was his parents, throwing it at my face that I wasn't good enough for their son. And aside from his annoying parents, George was great. And when he suggested we become friends, I just thought "why not?"

Bianca thought it was a bad idea. She thought that was George's sick way of getting me back. No matter how sweet he can be sometimes, I'm never getting back with George. Our relationship didn't turn out great, and hell will freeze over if I take him back.

Not gonna happen.

Almost three days ago, George showed up at my apartment asking if I would love to have dinner with him. I turned down the proposal at first, and then I just thought it wasn't a big deal. It was just dinner.

" You remember what Dua Lipa sang about right?" Bianca had asked early this morning when I told her about George asking me if I could go get dinner with him this evening.

" Really, Bianca? You want to remind me of Dua Lipa's 'New Rules?'" I playfully glared at her.

" She said, 'don't be his friend, you're only gonna wake up in his bed in the morning.' It's a guy thing when their ex is proving stubborn and refusing to get back with them." Bianca emphasized.

" I'm not waking up in George's bed because I decided to have dinner with him. It's just dinner and he's still a good guy."

" He's your ex." Bianca pointed out.

" I know that."

I really didn't get the whole ordeal of people thinking about the worst when you decide to be friends with your ex. I believe as long as your ex didn't hurt you in any way and you guys ended things in a good way, then there's nothing wrong in being friends as long as both parties respect each other's boundaries.

" I know this is not a date, Naomi." George says with a smile. I nod in understanding.

George pulled outside an expensive Italian restaurant and there was this part of me that was scolding me about going to have dinner with my ex, because we just recently became friends. I pushed the thought to the back of my head as George held the door for me. I got down from his expensive car and he shut the door.

The car reminded me of someone I've successfully blocked out of my mind. Killian Black. The man who did weird things to my body with just his words. It has been a week since I saw him and for some reason he had stopped coming to his club. I was relieved at first, later I was worried. Thinking my unexplainable behavior chased him away.

Why did I even care? And why in Pete's sake was I thinking about him as George escorted me inside this restaurant? When we were dating, George knew how to treat me to dinner. Taking me to expensive restaurants and hotels just to impress me. Little did he know I didn't care about money, or fancy things. He was a good friend, but he failed at the 'boyfriend department' and I know he knew that. He failed to stand up for me when his parents thought I wasn't good enough. He failed me when he went behind my back to go out on dates with different women just to please his parents, and later he would stop by my apartment and talk to me about the dates and how he wished it was me instead.

He was sweet, but a complete coward. He cared too much about his parents and their opinion and that just broke us apart. So going out with him for dinner right now just seemed to bring back memories I've chucked away for a long time. Right now all I care about is getting a job and staying away from men like Killian Black, even if my body screams 'Liar' each time he is next to me.

A lady greeted us by the door as she walked us to our table. George pulled out a seat for me, always has been a gentleman. I smiled at him and told him a little "Thank you." He smiled in return and sat down opposite me.

I scan the restaurant if it's any familiar at all and that's when I see him. The attractive, and yet mysterious Killian Black. Our eyes lock at once, and he's as surprised as I am.

" Shit." I cuss underneath my breath and look away.

Why's he everywhere that I go?

Is this fate's own way of playing a sick game with me?

The minute I decided to stay away, and thankfully I succeeded, he's just going to show up with his beautiful grey eyes and annoying look that just pisses me off the more I stare at him. I steal a glance at him, but look away the minute the other man he's with turns to look at me.

Great. I'm not surprised he's talking about me to the other man. I don't wanna be here. This is uncomfortable for me. Despite the fact that we're a few tables apart, I can still feel that familiar weird tension between us.

What happened to the pep talk I gave myself a week ago about staying away from my boss?

It worked for nearly a week. I mean I successfully got him out of my head after I got off the sexual repression I've been holding in. I didn't completely get him out of my head though. There were times I thought about him, and that's because I worked for his club. Other than that, I have completely stopped thinking about him and his sweet words. His deep, husky voice. His dirty talk, and every other perverted thing that surrounded Killian Black.

I have even successfully told myself that I was different from every other woman and I was not gonna fall for his sweet, sleek lines. For a while I believed it, but seeing him again after a week, looking so damn irresistible, and sexy as hell, I'm doubting myself again.