

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 21

NAOMI'S POV

Killian Black is good looking, he's attractive, but he's not the man I want to be with. I know that for a fact, but my body just seems to think otherwise and I hate that. Maybe getting off with a vibrator wasn't enough, I need to really get off. And the only way to do that is with a man and I don't want that. After George, I told myself I needed to get a good job, put my life right on track and maybe settle down with a good guy. Someone who is going to treat me well, and love me, definitely not Killian Black. He's the guy that just wants to play, reasons why I need to stay away from him. I'm not the girl who wants to play and sleep with anything that bats their lashes at her.

If I'm going to have sex again with any one, it has to be because I truly like him and he likes me too. Not a guy who wants my body and isn't willing to keep me. And I know for a fact, Killian Black isn't willing to keep anyone, and maybe if he's willing, it's definitely not me. I've seen the different women he's been with through magazines and business gossip sites. The women are mostly models, television personnel, and I'm pretty aware he dated three popular Hollywood actresses.

Definitely not my type anyway.

Liar

I groan, loudly obviously, because that seems to snap George from his menu scanning.

" Are you okay?" He asks genuinely.

I sigh and nod.

" You don't like this restaurant? We could leave if you want us to." George says, leaning back on his seat and watching me.

Leaving the restaurant won't be a bad idea, but I don't want to put George through that stress. He'd booked a table in this restaurant because of me.

I give him a small smile and shake my head. " I'm fine. Don't really know what to order." I lie, biting my lip and breathing silently through my mouth at Killian's heated gaze on my body.

And why the fuck is he so invested in me? Always staring at me whenever he gets the chance, not really caring he's becoming creepy.

" I could order for you if you want." He suggested.

" It's fine. I'm just gonna go through the menu again." I give him another small smile as I stare down at the food section.

" Okay."

After a long silence of me staring at nothing in this menu, I sigh and drop it on the table.

" Seen what you will order?" George asks with a small smile. I nod.

He calls the waitress over and I take that as a distraction to stare at Killian Black who's already staring at me, waiting for me to just tilt my head to the corner a little so I can lock eyes with him. I draw in a deep breath, hating myself for feeling this way with just his eyes on me. I'm not gonna deny the way Killian looks at me, no man has ever looked at me like that, including George who happens to be sitting right in front of me while I stare at my boss.

The waitress standing right in front of me, blocking my view from my perverted, annoyingly attractive boss, makes me scowl and look at her.

" What are you ordering?" She asks as she gives me a polite smile.

I cuss in my head for scowling at her. She is only doing her job while I shamelessly gawk at the owner of the club I work for.

" The chicken parmesan parmigiana." I shrug. It's an Italian restaurant and I really don't know what the parmigiana stands for.

Maybe the Italian name for chicken parmesan, obviously.

The waitress writes it down and asks. " Will that be all?"

" Yeah. And water."

She nods and scurries away. So I'm thinking George already ordered before this waitress blocked my view of my boss.

Interesting.

" So how have you been?" George asks, getting rid of the awkward silence between us.

It's awkward because I still can't grasp the fact that I'm out here eating dinner with George after I told him it was over months ago.

I shrug a shoulder before answering. " Good. Still job hunting." I say.

I have applied and submitted my resume to different companies that I'm aware of having vacancies, but none of them has really called me in for an interview. I really don't know what's happening with my life right now. I'm broke and I badly want to quit my job at Club K even if it pays a lot. The customers are just becoming disgusting every single day. I've talked to Preston about it and he's been trying to stop these customers from stepping foot into his cousin's club again and it's working.

" Damn, I'm sorry about the job hunting. I..." George trails off. He's speechless. Of course he is. I've talked to him about getting me a job in his father's company when we were still together but it was shit. He gave me an excuse of his father being against the idea of having me in his company.

Who exactly did I offend? Why this bad luck about getting a job? I've a good GPA and it's just annoying that my good certificate hasn't been put to use since I graduated college two years ago. Two freaking years ago.

" It's okay. I get it, your father didn't want me in his company. I'm cool with that."

" It's not really that. It's just..." He trails off again.

I smile. Despite being 27, and somewhat independent, George still acts like a child. With his parents telling him what to do and what not to do.

" How have you been? How's work? How's life?"

George takes a moment with himself before answering. He's not fine. I can tell. His parents have probably started forcing him to go out with rich, strange, spoilt girls with daddy issues.

" Good. I'm fine." He answers after a long minute. " I'm really happy you decided to have dinner with me this evening."

" We're friends." I say. He winces visibly at the word "Friends" and nods.

" I've been meaning to ask..." He trails off again, rubbing his hand on his nape like a shy highschool dork.

I smile at the thought.

" How did you know Killian Black?"

Okay. I didn't expect this question and he noticed that too, because of my surprised expression.

" I mean, the other day at Bart's, when we... you know... having a conversation. He seemed to step in."

" You mean when you were forcing yourself on me?" I ask him instead. He has apologized countless times because of that and I've forgiven him so I guess it was pretty weird I had to bring it up again.

" I'm really sorry about that, Naomi. I was drunk. You know I would never force myself on you." He gives his same excuse again. I nod.

" Well he's my boss, and I know you know I worked in his club."

" Right. I know that. I wasn't really expecting you two to know each other. Like, know each other."

" He visits his club, George, literally every Friday to drink with his friends. So there's a possibility he knows me."

" Yeah. You're sexy as hell in that waitress outfit." He mutters silently and sighs.

Um... hello? Is that jealousy I smell?

" Anyways, nevermind. I was only surprised, that's all. What's up with Charlie? I really miss that little man." George states.

I give him a forced smile and say. " He's fine. Really."

This whole conversation is weird. This is fucking weird. Maybe I shouldn't have gone out with George to have dinner because this is fucking weird. The conversation is beyond weird because there's still that tension between us. It feels like there's still something left we haven't said to each other and I feel like George feels the same. He obviously has a lot to say to me and I don't want to hear it. I need something to distract myself.

Where the hell is the waitress and the food?

" Maybe I shouldn't say this because it's over between us, but I'm still going to say this..." Okay, great, here it goes. Same shit that he's been saying to me since I broke up with him.

" You really don't want to ruin this George. We couldn't work out and you know it. And this, whatever this is..." I say, referring to this dinner. "... is us trying to build a friendship and I really appreciate your effort, George, seriously. Talking about us and our relationship won't cut it."