

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 24

Naomi's POV

" God, I've been horny since, like, forever." I mutter, groaning inaudibly as I run on the treadmill.

Bianca and I are in the gymnasium not too far from our apartment. We come here every other day to burn off some calories and carbs. Bianca who's running on her own treadmill close to mine chuckles.

" Then get laid, slut."

" Pfft." I scoff. " It's not that easy and you know it."

" What makes you think that?"

" Well you've got Lucky and you guys are sexually active with your bodies." I point out. I pause and bite my lip as I turn to look at Bianca. " That's a thing right? Sexually active" I ask with a small smile.

" Are you fucking shitting me right now? How the hell are you 24?"

" Fuck you, Bia." I say and laugh. She laughs too.

" Look. You know you can easily get laid. We can just go out tonight to party and have fun. You're hot, everyone knows that so you can easily get a guy."

I sigh, wiping my eyebrows off my sweat.

" It's not easy." I mutter.

" I know. You're waiting for the right one." Bianca mutters back.

I'm not a virgin and maybe I can choose to be free with my body like Bianca, but I can't. I'm not that woman. Even before I gave my virginity to Haven, the douchebag that left me because he was leaving the city, it was a hard choice for me. I just can't.

" Why do I have a feeling this is about Killian Black?" She asks.

I groan, hand on the treadmill as I slow down my run to a walking pace.

God, why the fuck did she just remind me of my boss? No matter how hard I try to forget him, one way or the other he always finds his way back to my life. Back to my head and I hate it. Our past encounter at the restaurant is still fresh in my head and I still can't get his words out of my head.

" What do I have to do to make you mine Naomi?" What does he even have to do to make me his?

He wanted me to give him a chance. I keep thinking about his words. Asking myself every night he finds his way into my head "Why me?" What does he see in me? Why is he so invested in me? And why does he want me to give him a chance? A chance to do what?

Of course a chance to get in between my legs.

Right now, isn't that what I want? Sex.

A good sex to be precise, so that I can stop thinking about my boss touching me and that weird scenario in his kitchen almost four weeks ago. But why is it so hard to just give in to what I want? And fuck it, I want it to be Killian. I want him to do things to me. Bad things, things I haven't really had the time to explore before. I want him to touch me, I want him to mark me as his. A part of me wants all of that, but this girl, this other part of me doesn't want that. It wants me to run far away from Killian Black before I get myself in a more complicated mess. It wants me to stay away from him. I want to stay away from him. Hell, I want to stop thinking about him, but my body keeps proving otherwise.

I've been horny since I can't stop thinking about all our meetings, and my vibrator isn't doing the job well anymore.

Maybe, all I need to do to just stay away from my boss, and maybe, calm down my raging hormones, is just to temporarily date someone. Someone that isn't my boss. Someone that doesn't have brown hair, charming gray eyes, slim tall build, with a body like that of a god. Someone that isn't Killian Black, then maybe all of this sexual tension and weird feelings that I usually get at the pit of my stomach each time I'm close to Killian Black can just stop.

But I can't. I've never been the girl that's free with her body, then why start now? Maybe I just have to deal with these strange feelings my own way. Avoid Killian like I've been doing these past weeks. It's been working perfectly for me. I don't even see him in his club again, and yes, I've even volunteered to work at the VIP section just so I can catch a glimpse of my boss on a Friday.

He didn't show up that day and I was disappointed. I have a feeling he's been avoiding his club since I wouldn't stop rejecting him.

Killian Black isn't the man you want, Naomi. I keep telling myself that.

He's rich, obviously a Playboy, privileged asshole, and he's way above your class. You've dated rich guys in the past, it didn't work out well, so getting involved with Killian Black won't work out either. You're just gonna get your heart broken if you decide to play Killian's games. You want a relationship with a good, less privileged man, and you're gonna get it. Men like Killian Black will only keep you at arms length, and then they'll toss you away when they're done with you. Yup, so you stay the fuck away from him.

That's a whole load of bullshit I'm spilling to myself right now.

" Naomi." Bianca calls my name, snapping me from my internal pep talk.

" This isn't about my boss."

" You know he's not literally your boss right? He's your boss's boss."

I chuckle and shake my head.

" He's still my boss."

" Like I've always said, life is too short to keep denying yourself what you want. Killian Black is every girl's dream and girl, this guy wants you, and I'm pretty sure you like him. I don't see any harm in just going with the flow. You're young and you still have your life ahead of you. Nothing should stop you from having fun."

" Fucking Killian Black isn't fun." I point out.

" Yeah, whatever, sweetheart. But it's gonna give you that orgasm you've been lacking. George couldn't even fuck when you two were together."

" What? Bia." I chuckle and stop my treadmill as I grab my towel. " You really need to quit saying the F word out loud all the time. It's freaking gross."

She chuckles and rolls her eyes. " You know it's true." She winks at me.

" I can't. Not with Killian. Not gonna happen."

Bianca stops her own treadmill too.

" If I may ask, why?"

" Because I don't want to get my heart trampled on. I might just decide to have a little fun with him and I might get attached in the later run, and maybe, it's a big maybe, but there's still maybe. So maybe, I don't want it to end. Maybe, I fell in love with him and he just happens to not return it and I got rejected. Girl it hurts. I don't want to."

" Ooh. Shit. I'm sorry you still believe in love."

" I do. I just don't have the right resources, and strength to fall in love right now. I don't think I will be able to get up." I say and smirk at my friend.

Bianca chuckles.

" Well after Dean, I don't think I'll be giving anybody my heart anytime soon. I need to live life and enjoy it. Men are fucking scum."

" Now you're getting why I don't want to be involved with Killian. Plus, he's rich, rich men are just complicated. It's always different with them."

" Well, I don't know about rich men. Both your past boyfriends came from a family with a history of wealth. And they were pretty loaded themselves, so you pretty much know a thing or two about rich assholes." Bianca smiles.

I scoff. Rich men always carry dilemmas at the back of their pants pockets. And I'm sure Killian didn't escape that whole rich guy dilemma.

I really should try and get my boss out of my head and put my life on track. I'm still job hunting. I've applied for different companies and none of them have called me back. The only one who managed to call me in for an interview told me I wasn't what they were looking for?

Like what the hell!

Why call me for an interview if I'm not what you're looking for?

" Did I tell you I've got a job interview tomorrow?" Bianca asks, handing me a bottle of water.

" No shit."

" Yup. I don't know, hopefully, I might get the job. It's a secretary position in Colten Corp."

" Oh my God. That's great. I'm really happy for you."

" Don't be yet. Wait till I officially get the job. I'm gonna take you to pop's and spoil you with their best delicacies."

I giggle. " You're gonna get it. It's your first interview in years. I know you're gonna ace it."

" Thanks girl. We should get going, I'm late for work."

" Sure." I grab my bag, including Bianca as we leave the gym together.

" Hey, Stephen, is the wife still bothering you?" I ask one of our patrons as I pour him a glass of cold water.

Preston has a policy of not letting the customers drink past their limit to the extent they can't go home by themselves and we have to call an Uber. Stephen is almost drunk, so I had to give him water as an alternative to his favorite drink.

" You know it, Naomi. Women are a load of hardship." Stephen says, taking the glass of water as he gives me a nod of gratitude.

I chuckle at his words and shake my head.

" Have a little faith, Stephen. Not all women are really bad." I say and walk towards the bar.

It's Wednesday around 4pm and it's not the busiest day in Club K. And today, we don't get to wear that hideous waitress uniform. Every worker's wearing a mufti today. I wear a loose green t-shirt and dark jeans, matched with white sneakers. My hair is in a bun, and I can't wait for the end of the day to come around so that I can leave for home.

" Still teasing Stephen, huh?" Keiran teases. I smile.

I sneak a glance at Stephen behind me before looking at Keiran. " Nah. He just needs a little spirit lifting." I say.

Keiran laughs. Rita walks over after serving a customer as she sits down on the barstool next to mine.

" I think there's a strip show going on upstairs, I wished we can go check it out."

" You wanna check it out, not us," Keiran says.

Dwayne chuckles quietly. He's the second bartender for today, including Keiran. Dwayne works mostly weekday shifts and he barely talks. He's a quiet, maybe a little shy, brown man from South Africa. He's pretty nice too, just a little closed off.

" Oh come on. The fun lies right above us. Sassy won't stop talking about it." Rita says.

" You said sassy was a slut. She's fucking literally every VIP." Keiran says.

I nod.

Rita sighs and huffs.

" Well, whatever. You guys are no fun." Rita mutters.

I chuckle.

" What about you Naomi? You really haven't told us what made you leave in a hurry that Friday night and why the infamous Killian Black had to come down here to look for you." Rita says.

Rita can be a little nosy sometimes and I really don't like telling her stuff. I told Keiran what happened that day and I refused to tell the others. I don't owe anyone any kind of story.

" It's..."

" Naomi, refill." One of the patrons called my name.

I groan and roll my eyes as I slide off the barstool. Keiran gives me a sympathetic smile before I walk towards this patron. I think his name's Eugene and he can be a total asshole all the time.

I stop by Eugene's table.

" What am I getting you?"

" How about your number, sugar?" Eugene tries to flirt.

This sick son of a dick.

" Don't call me that. What should I get you?" I asked him again.

He's sitting with two other men and they're all smirking at me. I don't remember them and I'm pretty sure I've never seen them here before. Eugene leans forward with a shit eating grin, and then, he surprises me by groping my hip.

" What the fuck?" I raise my hand to hit him, but Eugene grabs my hand instead.

" Eugene fucking stop." Keiran warns him.

" Or what, beach boy? She your slut now?" Eugene teases.

I try to pry his hand off my hips with my free hand before I smash his head with the empty bottle on the table.

" Get your hands off her, right now." A voice growls behind me.

The men stop laughing at once as everyone turns to look at the new visitor. I turn around too, coming face to face with Killian. Slowly, Eugene pulls his hand off me. I step to the side, glancing at his piece of shit buddies whose smirks are replaced with fear.

Aside from the fact that Killian Black is a powerful man, he's extremely intimidating and dangerous. Especially when he's wearing one of his expensive suits just like today.

" I'm sorry man..." Eugene starts to speak.

" Now why don't I teach you how to treat a lady? And you will forever remember not to ever touch what's mine."

Mine?

Did he just publicly claim me as his? This can't be real.