

# Taming Mr. Black

## Chapter 25

Naomi's POV

Without letting Eugene say anything, Killian grabs Eugene by the collar and pulls him to his feet. The room has fallen silent and everyone just stares at the scene with slightly open mouths. Most drunk men are slowly sobering up at what's happening.

Killian pulls Eugene outside and I try to stop him. I follow him outside, warning the others not to follow suit or else it might increase Killian's anger. Killian pushes Eugene outside and starts to hit him. Punch after punch as Eugene falls to the floor.

" Killian stop! You're gonna kill him!" I yell.

" Fuck, that'd be better." Killian says, ignoring my plea as he continues to punch Eugene in every part of his body.

I rush towards the two men, and hold Killian through his suit jacket.

" Killian, please stop." I beg.

I hate violence, never really been a fan of one. Killian listens and lets go of the man that's already sober and bleeding from his nose and mouth. Killian puffs out his breath through his nose as he blows his loose strands of hair out of his eyes. He turns to look at me, as he pulls out a handkerchief from his suit jacket and begins to clean his knuckles off Eugene's blood.

" I don't want to ever see you here again. If I catch you around, you'll regret ever being born." Killian says to Eugene.

" Am I clear?" Killian asks.

" Yes." Eugene answers, coughing out blood as he tries to breathe.

" Good."

Killian holds my arm and pulls me back inside his club. It's still quiet, with people on the edge of their seats waiting. Preston was already addressing the other customers when Killian and I entered.

" If any of you dared to ever harass any of my waitresses again, I'll make their lives hell. If you can't keep your dicks in your pants when stepping into my club, you should fucking stay out and sort your shit out. This isn't a fucking brothel, keep your dirty fingers to yourselves!" Killian addresses his patrons and the other customers.

Nobody responds verbally, just silent mumbling.

" Am I fucking clear or do I have to punch someone again to pass the message?" Killian asks, his hand still around my arm.

" Yes."

" Good. Now have fun gents." Killian says as he turns towards his private elevator to the top floor, with his hand still around my arm.

I don't protest or say a word as I follow him. I can't meet the gaze of my fellow workers as I just follow Killian. We enter his private elevator together and he presses the top button.

" You know you can let me go now right? He's not gonna hurt me anymore." I whisper.

Killian sighs, hesitates a little before he drops his hand.

We ride in silence for another four minutes as the elevator stops on the top floor. It opens and we step into a hallway. I've been working in this club for two years now, I haven't been here before. Killian stops outside an office door and opens it. I stand outside as I stare at this spacious office.

Killian pauses by his desk and turns to look at me when he notices I didn't follow him inside. He smirks and removes his suit jacket.

" I'm not gonna hurt you, Naomi. Come on in."

I roll my eyes and step inside.

" I know you won't." I tell him and shut the door behind me.

" Sit." Killian points to the opposite sit in front of him as he drapes his suit jacket around his own chair.

I try not to drool at his chiseled torso that's hiding behind his white dress shirt. I clear my throat and sit down. Killian sits down too, with his arms crossed in front of him as he watches me. His eyes move from my face down to what I'm wearing. He's not smirking or even smiling. His exterior is just business-like. Stoic look without any emotion on his face.

I've never been able to read this man so I don't bother trying.

" Is this like your office?" I'm the first to speak, breaking Killian's heated gaze on me.

" Something like that."

" You're not sure?"

The corners of his lips tug slightly with a sly smirk.

" Did he hurt you?" His stoic expression is back as he brings his gaze down my body.

" No. I'm fine."

" Has that happened before?"

" Maybe." I shrug.

" You're not sure?" Killian repeats my question.

I smirk and bite my bottom lip.

" I didn't say that. It's just... The patrons usually flirt with me. They've never really groped me, well some of the patrons have tried before, but they don't ever succeed. I shunned them off. Today is just my lucky day I think." I say with a small sigh.

" Fuck." Killian mutters and sits up as he runs his hand through his hair.

" I'm sorry."

" It's not your fault."

" Preston didn't tell me anything." Killian says. He is genuinely sorry and it's so unlike him.

I mean he can be a conceited jackass when he wants to, so obviously he's not that bad.

" He's been trying. He'd stopped most of the customers that won't stop trying to touch the waitress and it's been working. I'm pretty sure they won't try to do that anymore. You really gave them the fear of God." I say with a small smile, trying to lighten up the mood.

But Killian doesn't smile. He just watches me. I sigh, biting my bottom lip as I glance around his office, fighting the urge to stare at him.

" Why did you hit him?" I ask.

" I shouldn't have?"

" I didn't say that. I'm just wondering why?"

Killian doesn't reply suddenly. He stares at me, eyes taking in my form as he watches me.

" He had his hands on you. I didn't like that."

" Would you have..." I trail off, biting my bottom lip as I stare into my boss's beautiful grey eyes.

" Would I have what?"

" I don't know..." I shrug. " Hit him if it was any other waitress?"

He smirks as he briefly glances around his office before bringing his gaze back on me.

" I care about you, Naomi. You should know that." His words come out as a whisper and it calms my soul.

" Why did you call me yours?" I ask, after a long uncomfortable silence. I stare at everything in this office, but Killian.