

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 26

Naomi's POV

The last time Killian and I were in a confined space, he flirted with me and I nearly gave in. I guess it's still a surprise to me that he hasn't attempted to use his dirty lines on me since we've been seated here today. He's been a complete gentleman.

When he doesn't answer, I turn to look at him and our eyes locked for a brief second before I look away again.

"Why am I here?" I changed the question. Knowing this man, he definitely won't give me an answer anytime soon.

"We're having a conversation."

"Are we?" I ask him, sitting upright and leaning forward with my hand on his desk.

"Why haven't you quit? This job. Why haven't you?"

His question surprises me and he can clearly see the surprise in my eyes.

"Well, there aren't any jobs out there. And I've got bills and student loans to pay." I answer.

"This job isn't for you."

"You think I don't know that?"

"I want you to work for me. I'm in need of an assistant and I'm aware you're a graduate and I'm sure I can work with you."

What?

Is he shitting me right now?

I want to laugh at his dumb joke?

Wait, is he even joking?

"This isn't a joke. I don't make jokes. There are better things I do with my time." He says.

Oh.

He isn't joking.

He's offering me a one way ticket out of Club K and he's giving me a job as his assistant.

"Why?"

"You always ask the wrong questions, Naomi. Why shouldn't I offer you a job in my company?"

I keep quiet, staring at this mysterious man in front of me.

"This..."

"You don't have to think about it. You can drop by tomorrow and submit your resume to my HR department and maybe you can start on Monday."

"I can't."

He's taken by surprise, I know, but he doesn't show it as he leans back against his chair. His eyes take me in, properly. Slowly he stands up and starts to pace the floor of his office.

"So you enjoy the attention and the gropings from my patrons?" He asks, his back against me as he stops by the drink bar.

I glare at his back, biting my bottom lip and thinking of an equal comeback. How can he be sweet one minute, then a complete douchebag the next minute?

"What? Speechless now?" Killian asks as he turns to look at me, a glass of alcohol in between his lips as he takes a sip.

"I don't."

"Then give me a valid reason why you can't work in my company?"

"I didn't study business administration in college. I have a marketing degree, not business. Plus I barely know anything about your company."

"Mm." He hums as he approaches me.

"I have never met a woman with so many excuses in my life before." Killian says walking past me and plopping down on his chair opposite me.

"I'm not making excuses." I mutter.

"And that's exactly what you just did. You're quitting this job whether you like it or not. I'm your boss Naomi, and you work for me, so just assume you're being promoted." He says, taking big gulps from his drink as he levels the glass on top of his table.

"I expect you to jump at this opportunity Naomi, it seems you enjoyed playing hard to get." Okay, his asshole button has been turned on.

"Did you offer me a job as your assistant in your company to test me?"

"You probably don't know how much I hate seeing other men staring at you in that little waitress skirt." He whispers as he leans forward. "I should be the only one to look at you in that little piece of clothing." He whispers.

His flirt button is back on again.

I gulp at his full gaze on me, staring at me like no one else has stared at me before.

"I want you tomorrow at my company with your resume with you. You're working as my assistant."

I should be happy about this offer. Fuck it, I'm happy. I've finally gotten a real job and my days at club k are coming to an end. I think the scary part of this proposal is that I will be working side by side with Killian Black, and I'm not sure how much self control I have left in me. I don't know how many words he has to whisper against my skin before I give in to his beautiful words.

I don't trust myself.

"Can I propose something?" I ask softly.

Killian smirks and stands up, with his hands buried inside his pants pocket, he paces the floor of his office.

"Go on."

"I have a marketing degree. If this is real, I'd like to work in the marketing department of your company. Maybe in the near future if you want to promote me to be your assistant, then it's your call. I just want to be in a department where my degree can be really useful." I say.

Killian stops pacing to look at me, with his beautiful sly smirk on his lips.

"Are you trying to stay away from me, Ms. Alderson?" Killian asks as he approaches me, little step at a time.

He stops in front of me, and sits down on the edge of his desk, hands on the arms of the chair I'm sitting on. He twirls the chair so I'm facing him. He leans closer, lips hovering over my ear and I can feel his warm breath against my skin. My breathing has already accelerated and I'm starting to feel that weird feeling at the pit of my stomach.

"Because if you're, it's only gonna make me chase you more." He whispers against my skin, his warm breath slightly tickling my skin and sending all different kinds of feelings straight to my core, and that overwhelms me.

"And I'm not gonna stop chasing you, not until I make you mine. Not until I mark you mine, princess. Not until I have you over my desk, Naomi, with my mouth on you, tasting you from behind, listening to your beautiful voice chant my name over and over again. I'm not gonna stop, princess, not until I make you mine. Not until I'm sure you're mine." His voice is deep, beautiful, as he whispers his dirty words against my skin that just seem to light my body on fire.

God, what's he doing to me?

My heart is beating fast against my rib cages, and I'm pretty sure Killian can hear my heart beating. I make a mistake by slowly turning my head to look at him, and our eyes meet, with our lips nearly touching. Our eyes are locked in an intense gaze. And having his complete attention on me makes my knees go weak. Our close proximity is nearly driving me insane, and his rich cologne fills my brain, automatically shutting my brain off.

Slowly, Killian brings his gaze down to my lips that are slightly parted. Right now I want him to kiss me. If I can just lean forward a little, our lips will be locked, and at last I will know what he tastes like.

"Do you want me to kiss you, princess?" Killian whispers, leaning a little closer so his lips brushes against mine.

I don't answer. I just sit still and watch this beautiful, and powerful man in front of me, eyes staring into mine as our lips brushed together slightly. I could just give in right now. I can just lean forward a little and taste him, just so I can satisfy my curiosity and maybe this weird, and strange feeling can just stop. But I don't. Instead, I leaned back against my chair, surprising Killian and even myself. I politely remove his hands from the arms of the chair and stand up. Killian sits upright too.

"I'm gonna drop by tomorrow morning with my resume." I say. "Thanks for giving me a shot." I give him a small smile and head towards the door.

I pause, and turn around, with my hand on the doorknob. I stare at Killian and his hands are still buried in his pants, with a small smirk plastered on his face. I tug on my bottom lip with my teeth, as I stare at this man from his face down to his long legs, and that's when I see it. The tightness of his pants at the front and his evident erection. I blush, and bring my gaze to his face, he's already staring at me, smirking.

"That's what you do to me, Naomi." He says. His voice is quieter than normal and it sounds gruff and deep.

Fuck it, this man is sexy, and annoyingly beautiful.

I need to get out of here before I let him make his wishes of having me on his desk and tasting my treasure island from behind come true.

Oh God, I'd like that.

"Then why don't you let me show you?" Killian whispers, slowly approaching me.

Shit! Did I say my last thought out loud?

I back away, only to have my back pressed against the door.

"Why don't you let me show you what I want to do to you?" He's standing in front of me now, one hand on the next to my head and the other on my waist.

He leans closer, his mouth nearly touching the skin of my neck.

"You don't know what you're doing to me, princess, especially when you look this fucking beautiful. And when you look at me like that, fuck..." He whispers, and the slight touch of his lips on that spot close to my earlobe makes me shiver.

I've been horny since he said those dirty things to me in his kitchen and I haven't been able to stop myself from thinking about him or his words.

I gulp.

Goosebumps fill my skin, and I'm wet down there. If only he knows he affects me as much as I affect him.

But as much as I want to give in and just kiss him, I find myself gently pushing him away. He's surprised as he smirks at me, knowing me, he knows I'm about to escape from his office.

"And no, I don't want you to kiss me." I answer his previous question, earning a laugh from Killian Black as I sneak out of his office.