

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 29

Naomi's POV

God I hated disappointment.

When Killian told me he's offering me a job, I flew to the moon and came back. God, I was the happiest person on Earth. I called my mom and even my brother to tell them that I've finally gotten a job even when I've not secured my position yet. I just felt hopeful. This was Killian Black that we're talking about. I was surprised, but grateful and I trusted him. I knew this was a rare opportunity for me and I was willing and ready to sacrifice everything for this new job.

I even borrowed Bianca's pencil black skirt to match my green top and black pumps. I dressed to impress, while I tried to play the role of a new employee of KB tech. I wanted to look like I belonged because it was a real shot for me. Bianca and I even planned on binge drinking when we both got back from our jobs. She scored her new job and she now has a real job.

But that redhead, snobby bitch just ruined everything.

"You've never worked before?" There was a scowl on her face as she interviewed me. The nameplate on her desk read Matilda Simmons.

Redhead, short, I was obviously taller than her. She had a flat nose, small lips, and green eyes. Her sharp suit even intimidated my own thrift top and Bianca's skirt, but I didn't let her see that I was intimidated by all of these.

She wore a permanent scowl on her face and she was in her mid-thirties. Matilda scowled at my resume in front of her and a copy of my degree. She wasn't pleased and I didn't know why. Because, fuck it, I was proud of my degree. I did well in school. Although I didn't graduate as the valedictorian in my class, I was among the top students who graduated with good results. But the way Matilda scowled at my certificates, that bitch made me wonder what the hell I was doing here.

I thought I was just gonna be interviewed at least, and then sent to Killian Black's office for a proper briefing before I planned on resuming next week Monday. But that didn't happen. Because Ms. Redhead snobby hoe just snapped my documents shut and pushed it to me.

"I'm sorry, we'll get back to you."

"What? Why? I thought I was gonna be interviewed." I said.

"There's nothing to interview." She'd said. "You don't have any references and recommendations from any past companies that you've worked for before. How do we know you deserved this position? How do I know you're fit for this job? You're just nothing."

Like are you fucking kidding me? This privileged redhead bitch just belittled me.

"I told you this is my first real job and Killian Black asked me to come in today to submit my resume."

"And I heard you."

"So what other recommendations are you looking for?" I was trying so hard not to snap.

I hated job interviews and I hated snobby privileged women like Matilda Simmons here.

"We'll get back to you. If you may excuse me."

That little bitch!

God she was so impolite, rude, and she carried herself like she co-founded KB TECH.

With my big oversized loose t-shirt, I sit in front of my TV, watching The Walking Dead. Today's my day off and I likely don't have anywhere else to go either. I'm bored, angry, pissed, and worst case scenario, horny.

Yup, I'm horny.

I'm 24, and I've only dated two men, and both men barely had sex with me because the relationship wasn't really that great. I'm single, definitely not lonely or searching, but this particular gray eyed man has turned me into something else. A woman who wants to get off desperately and this woman wants it to be her boss.

God, I couldn't get yesterday out of my head no matter how hard I tried. I couldn't forget his sexy, beautiful voice and each time I closed my eyes, I felt like I could still feel his hand on my waist, touching me. And then I can't seem to forget the fact that he was hard yesterday because of me. I couldn't take his clothed erection out of my head and this little filthy part of me came home last night and got off in the shower with my boss's image planted in my head.

I know it was a silly thing to do.

But I couldn't help myself. When I skipped out of his office yesterday, I was blushing like a fourteen years old who just had her first kiss.

Ugh. Gross.

I recalled how he called me his and how he beat the shit out of Eugene because he had his hand on me. That just seems to put my brain in flight mode with my boss clouding every cell in my brain. What's this? What is this that I'm doing?

What happened to all the pep talk I gave myself about staying away from Killian Black? And the mantra about never getting involved with privileged men like Killian Black? It obviously went through my right ear and passed through the left one.

I didn't hear shit.

Because every passing day, I find myself thinking about him and all the dirty things he promised to do to me. I've never admitted it out loud and I'm not gonna try it, but both my past boyfriends haven't eaten my coochie from behind before. Jesus, George barely gave me an orgasm. The day George had his mouth down there, it didn't feel good as I've watched it in porn before. I had to tell him to stop because I didn't like it.

The first boyfriend was shit. Sometimes I don't even count him as someone I dated because, I assumed I was young and we didn't date for long and also we weren't serious with each other. And that was true. We only had sex three times including the first time where he took my virginity for the one and a half year that we dated.

Killian Black was on a whole new level when it came to my past boyfriends. He was different from the two men that I dated. Well, one was a man, the other wasn't really.

Killian is yet to touch me and I always feel hot in all the right places. Whenever he had his fingers on me, my heart beats so fast every time. I'm not gonna lie, the man makes me feel different kinds of emotions I've never felt before. He makes me want him, crave him, but yet I don't think I trust him enough to let him own me.

Killian Black isn't the man that I want to be involved with. I keep telling myself that, but this other part of me, this part of me that secretly craves adventures wants to give Killian a chance. This part of me wants Killian's hands on me, with me bent over his desk as he had his way with me. This girl wants Killian Black to do a lot of dirty things to her. To ruin her, to mark her, and own her.

My sex life is boring and giving a man like Killian Black a chance would spice things up. But why am I still holding back? Why's this second part of me, this carefree girl who has her life planned ahead of her, this carefree girl that won't think about her boss as she touched herself, this carefree girl who despises privileged men, this carefree girl who won't throw caution to the wind, scolding me to stay far away from Killian Black and give him ten feet?

I know the answer.

This carefree girl wants to date someone before she lets them right in. This carefree girl doesn't want to get hurt, and she guards her heart like it's a prison filled with pure gold.

So I think I should listen to the carefree part of me and not the careless part of me who wants her boss to bend her over his lap and spank her ass because she doesn't listen.

Fuck, it's not helping. I'm craving his touch again. Ugh. Fuck you Killian.

God, why are you so charming and seductive?

I throw my head over the couch with a bucket of ice cream in my grasp. Today's my lazy day, so yeah, I always eat ice cream and watch the episodes of the walking dead.

My phone buzzes on the couch next to me. I pick it up and stare at the message displayed on my phone. It's a text from George.

GEORGE: Hey. How did the interview go? I know you've already scored this job.(attached with countless smiling emoji and one wink emoji)

You poor thing.

I toss my phone on the coffee table and ignore George's message. I really hoped I got the job. It would have changed my life. At least I won't have to go back to waiting tables and I can support my mom and Rachel more than I'm already trying to support them.

This should mean something right?

That I'm not meant to work in KB TECH in the first place. At least I won't have to worry about falling for the CEO, Killian Black and maybe letting his damn wishes about bending me against his desk come true. I should just go back to hating my boss and pretending he didn't barge into my life nearly four weeks ago and nearly turned my peaceful life upside down.

That's exactly what I'm going to do.

My phone buzzes again, same time my doorbell rings.

Who could that be? I'm not expecting anyone, and Bianca won't be home till 5pm today. I check my phone and it's a message from George checking on me. I lock the screen and drop my bucket of Ben and Jerry's ice cream as I walk towards the front door.

God I hope it's not George. I'm not in the mood for a conversation right now and I didn't tell George the company I was supposed to get a job at was Killian Black's company. I don't think I'll be able to answer his questions. It's not like I owe him any answers.

I unlock the door and pull it open, revealing no other than the devil himself. Killian fucking Black. What's he doing here? How did he find me?

And why on Earth is he looking so damn hot in that fine custom tailored suit?

"What the h..."

"Can I come in?" He asks, eyeing my simple outfit.

I'm not wearing anything under this loose t-shirt, except white lace panties.

I'm alone at home, so yeah I can wear whatever thing I want without having to worry anyone is going to interrupt my lonely, lazy day.

Killian's gaze travels from my face down my body, taking his time with checking me out. His gaze makes me feel conscious of what I'm wearing and I'm feeling like a highschool teenager again. His eyes linger on my nipples and my breasts that are slightly visible through the thin material.

God, he's shameless.

"If staring at you because you look so beautiful makes me shameless, then fine I'm shameless."

Fuck, I can't believe I said that out loud again. What's wrong with me?

"Can I come in?" He asks again.

"Yeah." I step to the side and he enters.

I shut the door behind him as Killian starts to take his shoes off.

What a gentleman.

I leave him by the door and turn around to leave, tugging at the hem of my shirt as I rush to the living room.

"Make yourself comfortable, I'll join you soon!" I call out as I hurry to my bedroom to look more decent.

I pull the loose shirt over my head and put on a bra. I grab a more fitting t-shirt and joggers. I run my fingers through my hair and stare at my reflection through my mirror. I look more decent and better looking.

I take a deep breath still wondering what on Earth is Killian Black doing here as I step out of my bedroom. He's standing in the middle of my living room when I return, with his hands buried in his pockets. It seems as if he's big standing in the middle of my small living room. Killian glances around, taking notes of my apartment. I know he's probably wondering how come I stay here? Compared to his million dollar mansion where I woke up four weeks ago.