

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 3

NAOMI'S POV

There's one thing I don't appreciate as a server in club k. And that thing is our uniform. A sleeveless, white buttoned shirt, tucked inside a black, mid-thigh flare skirt and paired with white sneakers.

How could someone make waitresses who serve alcohol to men wear short flare skirts? I literally can't bend down to pick anything. Each time I'm dropping anything the customers ordered for, I cautiously bend down a little. This is literally one of the reasons I hate the job. And the other reason, these arrogant men don't even try to hide their disgusting attitudes. They flirt with you when they feel like it.

And Killian Black is the other reason I feel like quitting my job. He did nothing to me, trust me. I just didn't like the son of a bitch. It's a little weird hating someone who doesn't know you exist. Who's never ever looked at you before. I just find him annoying for no reason. And thinking about taking this drink to his special VIP quarters is just challenging for me.

"What?"

"You're taking it to Killian Black. His friend, or assistant, I don't care, asked us to bring this to them as soon as possible."

"Why me?"

"Naomi, can you please take it to them? What are you afraid of?"

"Nothing." Of course I'm not afraid of anything. I've seen Killian Black countless times. On TV, magazine, in real life, fuck's sake he's also my boss. But meeting him face to face is a different case. That's so new for me. I have never liked privileged men and Killian Black happens to be one.

"Then take it." Debs doesn't wait for my unnecessary excuses as she leaves me to handle my business.

Out of the corner of my eyes, I can see some men already staring at me. I may not be the world's sexiest woman, but I know I'm beautiful. I look good. With my curly golden brown hair nearly touching my waist, and my olive skin tone that is well taken care of by me. I'm 5 feet 3 inches tall. I'm a little curvy, with small tits, nice ass, and broad hips. I don't have the most toned stomach, I know, but it still looked good on me. I may be a little broke, and have nothing to boast of, well except my marketing degree of course, but I can clearly boast of my beauty. I got that from my mom. She's a beautiful woman and she looked equally good looking when she was younger.

I take a deep breath and walk towards Killian Black's private quarters. I try to ignore these men's heated gaze on my body as I walk faster, with my hands clutching tight to the bucket packed with ice. The alcohol inside this bucket cost more than my life's earnings. It will pay Rache's fees till she graduates highschool and even pay for her tuition fees in college. This is fucking expensive. This scotch is over 400 grand. That's a whole lot of money, and one man wants to drink it and piss it away afterwards.

Like, what the hell!

I stopped outside Killian's VIP section. It's also a part of the club. It's just separated from the rest of the club with a thin one way glass. You can't see what's going on within Killian's VIP section from outside, but he clearly sees what's going on from inside his quarters.

The bouncer gives me a-go-ahead and I walk inside Killian's humble abode. I've never been in here before. Nothing has actually brought me to Killian's VIP quarters. It's beautiful. There are two red couches in here and a big glass table. I don't miss the strip pole at the corner of the room.

My gaze falls on Killian Black. He's smoking a cigar with a girl on his lap giving him a lap dance. His body, mind, and soul are in another dimension and I can tell. He's lost in his own thoughts while that poor dancer tries to impress him

There are two men here. Killian, and one other man. I try not to stare at Killian as I walk towards his table to drop the bucket of 400 grand. I feel two pairs of eyes on me, and only one seems to be staring into my soul. I dare not look up, I'm not sure how I'll react. This is the first time I'm in Killian's presence, and it feels like I'm in the presence of God. I can feel his intimidating aura from where I'm standing. I don't like this man, and here I am serving him drinks. I need to get out of here.

I stand up and turn to leave.

"Who's gonna open it?" The familiar voice of my boss stops my escape. His voice is rich, masculine, and I hate to say it out loud, but his voice is beautiful. His voice sounds through my ear, registering in my brain.

I turn around and our eyes meet at once. His bright grey eyes stare into my dark ones and I feel weird. For a minute, we stare at each other, with none of us backing down from this eye contest. I'm not known for easily backing down from an eye contest, but Killian's gaze makes me feel uncomfortable. This is the first time he's ever had his eyes on me before. First time he's ever talked to me. His stares are cold, brooding, and his bright grey eyes turn into slits as he stares into my eyes. It feels as if he can see through my soul.

Fuck, he is hella good looking. Yes, I had to admit that. With his dark brown hair, paired with his sexy grey eyes, with his slim nose that is damn perfect, and those red lips that's too red for a man. I slightly bring my gaze down, checking out his beautiful body clad in his custom, tailored charcoal suit. It feels like this is the first time I've laid my eyes on him. I don't blame myself. This is the first time I'm in his presence, and the first time I had to take my time to check this man out.

I'm staring, and I hate myself for it.

Slowly, Killian brings his gaze down my body, taking notes of everything as he smokes his cigar. Knowing I just openly checked him out the same way he just openly checked me out, the corners of his perfect, full lips tug upwards slightly.

"I'm sorry." I get to work at once.

I open the drink and pour it inside two glasses. I cork the bottle of scotch and drop it on the table. I feel Killian's eyes on my breasts and I'm beyond uncomfortable. What a fucking perv. The minute I get home, I'm washing his eyes off my skin.

I stand up and look at Killian. His eyes leave my body and lock with my eyes.

"Will that be all for now Mr. Black?" I ask in a polite tone.

I need to get the hell out of here.

Killian doesn't say a word. He watches me. The poor dancer was long off his lap. She's sitting on the couch next to Killian as she stares disapprovingly at me.

What's going on?

"Will that be all for now Mr. Black?" I repeat my question.

Killian's friend reaches for one glass and brings the glass to his lips.

"What's your name?" Killian asks.

I'm taken by surprise as I stare at this strange, arrogant man. My name? He didn't just ask me my name. His left arm is spread on the couch as the other smokes his cigar, his eyes never for once straying away from my eyes.

"Naomi."

Killian nods and I don't miss the slight smirk that graced his lips for a mini second.

"That will be all for now." I don't let him finish as I turn around to leave, with Killian Black's eyes on my body.

What the hell was that?

The night is pretty long for me. The more we served drinks, the more customers ordered. The cheapest drinks in Club K is two thousand dollars. I have never for once thought I'd be able to afford that type of drink any time soon. I serve drinks to different tables and I can feel a familiar grey eyes on my body at any movement I take.

The translucent thin glass did nothing for me to avoid Killian's gaze. Despite being a one way glass, I have this feeling Killian is watching me. I feel his dark brooding stare all over my body. I can't wait for today to come to an end. I'm going straight to my apartment to wash Killian's stares off my body. I don't know how possible that is, but I'm definitely going home after the end of my shift to wash off my boss's dark stares off my body. He's giving me the creeps and he knows that.

I risk a glance at my boss from his side of the VIP club as I walk towards a couch occupied by three rich assholes. My reflection is the only thing that stared back at me through Killian's thin glass. I look away, ashamed he already knows I'm looking at him.

I stopped by the couch where I was supposed to serve drinks. I dropped the small bucket with expensive alcohol inside and ice. I gently arrange the glasses on the table, with these dirty men staring at my thighs. I glare at them.

"Will that be all for now?" I ask the men as I stand upright.

The one in the middle smirks. There are four girls clinging onto their arms and it seems to me they're not satisfied.

Fucking pervs.

"We wouldn't mind a fifth number." The middle man teased, licking his lips as he stared down at my body.

God, please, remind me to continue job hunting again. I need to quit this job. I've had enough of these rich perverted douchebags. I glare at the man in the middle as I turn on my heels, and walk away from these perverted men. I should have decided to be a waitress in a five star restaurant, or maybe a diner. It would save me this constant harassment. As I walked towards the bar, that weird feeling of my boss's familiar grey eyes staring at me, burned into my soul.

I want to get the hell out of here.

After serving drinks to three other tables, I take a break in the break room. I'm already exhausted as I stare at the small clock. It's 11pm and it seems like the party is just getting started. I always close for the day around 1pm every Friday night. The job was more demanding than what they pay. Although, I'm not complaining about the pay, because the pay is pretty great, the job's more demanding than what I'd expected at first.

"Here you're." Debs says, as she walks into the room, smiling a little at me. Her real name is Debbie, but she prefers to be called Debs.

"You're okay?"

"Of course I'm not. I'm tired of serving drinks to these perverted men. They're so annoying." I groan. Debs laughs.

"I thought you're used to all of this. I mean considering the fact that you've been working here for quite a long time."

"I don't think it's easy to get used to perverted stares and sexual talk. It's irritating."

"Yeah. And you're hot, it's not easy for you." Debs says.

I roll my eyes, but smile nonetheless.

"Well I'm here to tell you you're needed at your boss's quarters."

"Killian?"

"You literally have only one boss, Naomi."

I groan. "What does he want?"

"Another scotch and an extra glass."

"How can someone drink eight hundred thousand dollars in one night. That's like someone's yearly salary." I mutter.

Debs laughs.

"It's his club. He can drink whatever he wants. Now come on, get your ass out of here."

I cuss underneath my breath and follow Debs to the bar. She hands me the little bucket of ice with the expensive alcohol inside.

"Good luck." Debs says with a small smile. "You might need it."

I roll my eyes but smile anyway as I walk towards my boss's section. I stare at the bouncer outside and step inside Killian's quarters. The girl who was grinding against him is nowhere to be found. There are three men now. Killian, his first friend, and another man. I drop the little bucket on the glass table and uncork the drink. I notice the first scotch I brought has been consumed. How long did it take these men to drink away 400 grand. I might not be rich, or born into a crazy rich family, but we sure as hell know how to manage things.

Killian's new friend stares at me with lustful eyes. I cringe visibly and hurriedly pour the drink for these men.

"God, you're so sexy." Killian's new friend says. His other friend snickers, and chuckles underneath his breath.

I stop pouring on the second glass and take in a deep breath. I've had enough of their perverted attitude. I continue to pour the drink on the second glass and then I move to the third.

"What's your name?" Killian's new friend asks.

"None of your fucking concern." I snap at the asshole. He's surprised but not fazed. Obviously used to being rejected by women.

"Feisty. They pretend to be difficult, but they're easy to break." Killian's new friend says. God I want to punch the idiot.

I drop the drink inside the bucket of ice after corking it back. I stand upright with three pairs of eyes already staring at me.

"Why don't you have a seat Naomi, and drink with me?" Killian Black proposed.

I'm taken aback as I stare at my boss. He just literally asks me to sit down and drink with him. Every other girl will jump at the opportunity, but I'm not some other girl. I wasn't planning on sitting down and drinking with Killian Black.

"I'm sorry Mr. Black, but I have work to do." I say. He smirks. A sly smirk as he takes his time to stare at me.

"Take a break. You've closed for the day. Sit and drink with me."

"I'm sorry, but I can't. I need to go back to work."

"You know I'm your boss right?" Killian asks. He's so composed. With his grey eyes staring right at my dark ones.

Everyone knows Killian Black owns club k, including people who don't work here.

"I'm aware."

"Good. Then fucking sit down, Naomi, and have a drink with me." Is he being bossy or what the hell is this?

I bite my lip and look at these three men, with their eyes not wavering from my body.

I don't think as I voice out. "No."

Killian's eyebrows shoot up at once. He's surprised, including his friends. He's always used to getting whatever thing he wants, including women worshipping his gonna, and me telling him no just happens to vex my boss. I believe after today, I will have to look for a new job, because I'm obviously gonna get fired after the stunt I just pulled. Killian's brooding stares are darker than normal. He's beyond surprised as he stares into my eyes. Maybe I shouldn't have. Maybe I should have politely explained to him the reason why I didn't want to sit with him. But the big NO is already out of my mouth and I can't take it back. His stares already said everything he'd love to say to me. That I would regret this.

Definitely the least he would do is fire me, and I sure as hell wouldn't want that. I can't be jobless. Fuck's sake, I've got bills to pay.

You should have thought about it before spilling out shit. I thought.

When Killian doesn't say a word for a long minute, I turn around to leave, but a calloused hand around my hips, close to my butt, abruptly stops me, and I turn around with rage. Without thinking, I swipe my hand across his cheek, slapping him.