

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 4

KILLIAN'S POV

"Are you still thinking about what your mother told you?" Raymond, the head of the marketing department in my company, and also my friend, asks.

It's Friday. A beautiful day to get wasted, get drunk, fuck, and go back home. And my club is the best place to do that. And that's exactly why I'm in my club. It's a routine for me. Coming out here to drink, smoke, take a girl home is part of my weekend routine. When you have money, a lot of money to be precise, nothing seems interesting anymore. Everything seems just the same. I feel like that lately and my mother just happens to add more salt into the open wound.

Reminding me about my older brother, Keith, getting married two months from now, and ringing it in my ear to get settled down too. She believed I'm getting old and I needed to find someone as soon as possible so that I can start giving her grandchildren as soon as possible. Fuck's sake, I'm only thirty, and she's making me look like I'm forty. Plus, Keith is already getting married in a few months time, and his wife, Eve, is pregnant with his child.

I'm exhausted as I inhale the cigar in my mouth. Today at the office was unbearably hectic, and I had to go on this weird date with this girl. I don't even remember her name. Nobody literally tells me what to do. Nobody. But I love my mother. She's the best thing in my life and that of my brother's life, and seeing her hurt or sad, just hurts me too. So today, I just paid off the weird girl my mother made me go on a date with, and politely tell my mom not to ever arrange a woman for me. There are beautiful women out there and I'm yet to taste any of them.

What's more to life than having money, fucking beautiful women, and making more money? Nothing. But my Swedish mother doesn't know that.

I eye my club, glancing at elite patrons with different, beautiful women on their laps as I purposely ignore my friend, Raymond. Club K was officially opened five years ago, a week after I turned 25. And since that day till now, Club K is one of the biggest clubs in the city and every single day I'm always making millions off these rich assholes.

"Killian?" Raymond calls my name.

I sigh and rub my eyes. I just wanna get laid tonight.

On Mondays, my hectic days begin at the office. Attending conference meetings, signing contracts, and sealing deals.

"I don't want to talk about my mother's rants about me getting a wife. I'm gonna settle down when I feel like it." I say.

Keith and I aren't really the closest of siblings, but he's still my big brother, three years older than me. He's not really that wealthy as me. Keith manages a small business, and he's a realtor, and he's content. Unlike me, I'm selfish, money driven, and always want more. We weren't born into a rich family. People don't know that and they don't have to know shit. They believe Killian Black is a privileged, wealthy man. And well, they don't know shit.

My father was a drunkard. He would get drunk and try to beat up my mom, but Keith and I wouldn't let him. He got fired from his job when I was fourteen and that just made his life more miserable. An excuse to drink his life away in the name of trying to numb his pain. He was a dick. When I was fifteen, my father left and never came back. About a few months later, we heard our father was dead. He got into a club fight in Boston and was stabbed in the gut. He died before they could rush him to the hospital.

Life was pretty hard for us. It was just me, mom, and Keith. Right at an early age, I was brilliant and I used that to my favor. I finished highschool, went to business school, and started up a tech company. In less than three years, I was already getting investors, grew big, expanded the company, and that was how my company is literally the biggest and one of the top ten influential companies in the country.

I never take shit from no one. And no one dares to say no to me. I always get what I want, and I don't have to ask twice. Some call me arrogant, cocky, a dipshit, there's no name I haven't heard people call me behind my back. I just didn't give a fuck, as long as you don't say that to my face.

"Tell Tony to get me a girl." I say to Raymond, permanently closing the discussion about my mom wanting me to get a wife. I don't want that shit right now. I have better things to do.

"I'm your friend, Killian, not your messenger." Raymond says, but stands up nonetheless.

I stare at him from under my lashes and he rolls his eyes.

"Inform the bar that I need my drink brought to my quarters too." I said to Raymond.

He groans as he walks out of my quarters. Club K booms with lively music as people chatter. Most people are already drunk and I can tell by the way they look. The light on the stage beautifies the braless strippers. No matter how beautiful you're, as long as you work for me, I'll never desire you. I have standards, and my workers aren't one of them. Raymond returns later with a girl. A blonde. Slim, big breasts, and pretty. She's probably a model who poses nude for magazines for money.

Raymond sits next to me, and the girl walks seductively towards me. I don't show her any acknowledgement.

"Hello, Mr. Black." Her voice is sultry as she stops in front of me, trying to seduce me.

"Get to work." I bark at her, blowing my smoke all over her body.

"Your drink will soon be here." Raymond says to me, lighting his own cigarette.

The blonde straddles my lap and begins to give me a lap dance, grinding her small hips against my crotch. I zone out, totally forgetting a woman is on top of me, until someone walks into my VIP section. I turn to look at her, holding a bucket of ice with my drink in it as she bends to drop it. She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Olive skin, not that tall, small breasts, broad hips and obviously a fine ass. I stare at her breasts that are covered by the white buttoned-down shirt she is wearing. Fuck, she's pretty. And I'm a little disappointed when I see her in her uniform. She's a staff and she fucking works for me. How come I've never seen her before?

She turns to leave, leaving my drink for me to open it myself. No one brings me my drink and leaves it for me to open it. It's either she's rude or she's new? I pushed the blonde off my lap, not really caring I just hurt her feelings.

"Who's gonna open it?" I ask the waitress, eyeing her back, and liking every bit of her body.

She slowly turns around, eyes meeting mine as I stare into her dark beautiful eyes. I take my time to glance at every inch of her skin, including her little imperfections. I bring my eyes back to her eyes and she's staring into mine, not for once looking away. I don't remember the last time anyone looked into my eyes for such a long minute. No one. And she doesn't look like she's backing down from this eye contest anytime soon. I bring my gaze down her body again, taking my time with the beauty in front of me.

Fuck. One look at her, and she's already caught my attention. Who the hell is this woman?

"I'm sorry." She apologizes and gets to work, displaying her beautiful tits that I wish I could see and feel.

She's uncomfortable and I can tell. It looks as if she hates the idea of being here. In my presence. She wants to get out of here, her body language already says everything. Does she not know who I am? I doubt that. Everyone knows me, including those who work for me, and don't work for me. It's obvious she knows me, and maybe doesn't like me. I know a lot of people don't like me, especially the male population, definitely not the females. A lot of women will kill to fuck me. It's not like I'm bragging, but it's a fact. But this woman in front of me is trying to tell me she's different from the women I've come across or been with. And I don't think I doubt her.

All of a sudden I'm interested in her. A young woman who works for me, something I don't normally do. I don't even know my workers, and I don't know what they look like, and maybe it's pretty fucked up I didn't care. It's Preston's job. I made him the manager of this place for a reason.

"Will that be all for now, Mr. Black?" She asks, absently shifting her weight from one foot to another.

I don't answer her question but stare at her, wondering how the hell she's this pretty? Asking myself why I want to have her desperately. This is so unlike me and I can't help myself. She's interesting and I want to know more about her.

"Will that be all for now Mr. Black?" She repeats her question.

Raymond reaches for one glass and brings the glass to his lips.

"What's your name?" I ask her.

She's taken by surprise as she stares at me, eyes taking in every detail of me not so subtly. I inhale my cigar, purring the smoke as I watch her back. She looks like she's deciding whether to tell me her name or not. But she's smart to know nobody disobeys me, especially someone who works for me.

"Naomi." She answers. Fuck, I love her voice.

I nod at her response and smirk slyly, knowing this won't be the end of me wanting to know her. I want her, and that's pretty fucked up already.

"That will be all for now."

For now...

She doesn't let me finish as she leaves in a hurry, trying as much as possible to get far away from me. I smirk and chuckle underneath my breath. I watch her, and her round, fine ass till she's out of my vision.

"You wanna tell me what the hell was that?" Raymond asks.

I reach for my own glass and take a sip from my scotch. This might be fucking expensive, but it's one of my favorite drink.

"Um... hello. Am I supposed to just sit here and..." She doesn't finish as I turn to look at her.

I totally forgot there's a woman sitting right next to me. The blonde who was obviously dry humping me.

"Get out." I say to her, and look away, staring at my club through the thin glass.

"Whatever." Blondie mutters, and gets off from my couch as she walks out.

"Next time, get me my type, Raymond." I say.

"Alright. It's fine if you don't want to talk about your waitress that you were obviously eye fucking." Raymond mutters. I don't answer him.

I watch Naomi as she attends to different tables later that evening. She knows I'm staring at her and she is beyond uncomfortable. I don't care. I find something attractive, I have every right to fuckin' stare at it. I'm slightly drunk and I need to get home to rest my body, but I can't, not until I know who Naomi is.

Throughout the night, I just can't tear my eyes off of her. She's different and I know that. Naomi is beautiful, and unlike the women I've been with. I want her and I shouldn't. I have a simple rule: no matter how beautiful or how horny I am, I don't mix work with pleasure. It's a rule that's been keeping me going. I don't shit where I eat.

But seeing Naomi tonight, I don't mind breaking that rule. She's fucking hot and I want her. Every part of her underneath me and writhing. I want to hear my name coming out of her mouth as she moans my name. I want to know what she feels like, taste like, and fuck...I'm slowly getting hard.

Barry joins us later. He's not what I call a friend, but he's always in my club and we are kind of acquaintances. I order another bottle of my favorite drink, and drop a specific warning about no one bringing it to my quarters, except Naomi. She walks in moments later, with her short uniform and Olive thick thighs. I notice men around the club stare at her for too long and I hate that. I want to be the only one to stare at her.

Naomi pours the drink in three glasses. She's doing it quickly so that she can leave as soon as possible.

"God, you're so sexy." Barry says out loudly. I might be a fucking asshole, but Barry is a fucking cunt. He's too much, and he always gets on my nerves. He's pretty close friends with Raymond too.

Naomi stops pouring and bites her lip. She's beyond irritated. She takes a deep breath and continues pouring the drink on the second glass, as she moves to the third.

"What's your name?" Barry asks.

I want to punch the fucking idiot and wipe his shitty smirk on my glass table. I'll come to that later.

"None of your fucking concern." Naomi snaps at the asshole. He's surprised, but not fazed. He's used to rejection. Ladies fucking despises this son of a bitch.

I slightly smirk.

"Feisty. They pretend to be difficult but they're easy to break." Barry continues.

Now I really want to punch the idiot.

Naomi drops the drink inside the bucket filled with ice as she corks back the scotch. She stands upright and stares at us. She's more than uncomfortable and I know she can't wait to get out of here.

"Why don't you have a seat Naomi and drink with me." I propose. I shouldn't have, but I can't help it. I can't help but long for her.

Naomi is clearly taken by surprise as she stares at me. She doesn't expect this. Me asking her to sit with me. She's quiet, clearly thinking about my offer. A lot of girls will jump at this opportunity. A lot of girls-

"I'm sorry Mr. Black, but I have work to do." I can say I'm not surprised she will give me an excuse. Barry is right, she's the hard one.

I smirk and stare at Naomi.

"Take a break. You've closed for the day. Sit and drink with me." I said to her, She's definitely not saying no.

"I'm sorry, but I can't. I need to go back to work." She says, more sternly.

Does she ever cease to surprise me? I don't think so.

"You know I'm your boss right?" I ask her. I know she knows that, I just have to be sure, and I need to know the reason behind her excuses.

"I'm aware."

"Good. Then fucking sit down Naomi and have a drink with me."

Naomi bites her full red lips, eyes glancing between me, Raymond, and Barry. What's she thinking about? I tend to know what every woman is thinking about. But not Naomi. Not this obviously shy woman. I can't figure her out and I don't like that. She's way beyond my expectations and that just fucking turns me on the more.

"No." A flat ass fucking no. She just blatantly rejected my proposal. No one's ever done that.

Since I became this man. This man that owns literally everything. This man that other men feared. This man that everyone wants. This man that people don't reject. I always get what I want and women aren't an exception. Naomi has just proven herself as a challenge. A challenge that I'm willing to go with. I have never mixed work with pleasure but I'm willing to mix work with pleasure for Naomi's sake. Only the sound of her name makes me want her the most. I should be offended that I just got rejected by a woman who serves drinks in my club, but I'm intrigued. Surprised. But I make sure not to express what I am thinking.

I stare at her, my looks not displaying any kind of emotion except vexation. I am slightly vexed, pissed too. She just fucking rejected me. Something no woman has ever done. I guess there's a first time for everything.

I don't say a word, including the men on either side of me as I stare at Naomi. She stares back, thinking. Thinking about what? I don't fucking no. When I don't say another word for nearly five minutes, Naomi surprises me more by turning around and leaving.

Barry grabs her hips, forcing her to stop. I don't expect the next thing she does. Naomi turns around with rage and irritation as she smacks her hand on Barry's cheek.

What the fuck!