

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 42

Naomi's POV

God, what the hell was I thinking? Daring my boss to talk dirty to me in such a confined space.

Oh God, I'm losing my mind.

I'm horny, and I can feel the wet in my panties as I walk ahead of Killian. I can feel him behind me, probably watching me and I dare not turn around.

What the hell was I even thinking? Coming up with such an idea and daring him to talk dirty to me. How can I not think the end result will be this? Right now, I crave for his hands on me, touching me, feeling me up and whispering dirty things to me.

When he whispered those promises to me, I couldn't help but think about it, think about him doing these things to me. And I wished he could just go ahead with his promises and make me feel good.

Even thinking about it right now makes me feel filthy. What's going on with me? What has he turned me into?

The elevator arrives and I enter, before the doors can close, Killian steps inside too and the doors close.

" Good morning Mr. Black." All the occupants in the elevator greets him. He just nods in response and looks at me as he walks further into the elevator.

Worst, right behind me, perched against the wall as he stood behind me.

What's he doing here riding the same elevator as me? I discovered he has his own private elevator that can only be accessed by him, and it leads him directly to his office, and he always uses that.

Why's he riding the same elevator as me?

I can't meet his eyes. I'm still feeling the aftermath of his dirty words that he whispered into my ear. The elevator stops on the third floor and opens so people can step out and more people enter inside the elevator, making it crowded and inconvenient. Without option, I was being pushed towards Mr. Black because of the herd of people. They greet him simultaneously, and he just hums in response. I just assume he hasn't rode the elevator with his workers for a long time now, because it was inconvenient for him too.

With his back pressed against the elevator wall, my back is to him, with my body pressed against his front. I can feel the outline of his body through his expensive suit. I can clearly smell his cologne, and I can feel the warmth radiating off his body. My butt is pressed against his crotch. My body stilled at once when I feel something I'm not supposed to feel.

Killian curses underneath his breath, obviously hating the position we're forced into. I can feel the outline of his sex against my butt, and shit, he's slowly getting hard.

Oh God, when are we arriving at our destination? Why's the elevator not moving fast?

His hand slightly brushes my hand and that little gesture sends an electric feeling straight to my core. The butterflies in my stomach are doing backflips with that little touch. Some butterflies are already dancing in the pit of my stomach. I can't remember feeling this way with just a mere touch when I was with George or Haven. In fact, I've never felt this way before. He's the one man that has made me feel all these strange feelings and it's just overwhelming for me.

I feel like I'm about losing my virginity over again with just this awkward and sexual position that we're in.

I think I'm really losing my mind now. No doubt.

Thankfully the elevator stops on the sixth floor, half of the herd of people in the elevator steps out, giving us breathable space. I quickly move away from Killian as if he has an infectious ailment. I'm blushing, terribly blushing, and I thank my stars for the hundredth time I am not a shade lighter or paler. I don't know how I'm supposed to explain to my boss and the few people inside the elevator why the hell my cheeks are a shade of pink.

After another awkward elevator ride with my boss, it finally stops on our destination and I quickly step out. I don't bother to look at Killian as I hurry towards my desk. I see Jamie standing next to his desk already anticipating his boss's arrival.

" Hey, Jamie." I wave at him. He gives me a brilliant smile.

" Hi, Naomi."

Turning briefly to give Killian Black a quick stare, his eyes are already locked on mine before I even have time to check him out for the last time today. I know I won't be seeing him again today. Killian smirks and winks at me, and I quickly dart my head forward. I take a shaky breath in, as I fan my face.

Reaching my desk, I greet the other workers that are busy trying to arrange their desks, with some of them holding mugs of coffee. They respond with silent 'hey's' and hums. It's obvious they had a really fun-filled night.

Who am I to judge?

" Hey, Naomi. How are you girl?" Stefan asks.

Since I resumed work here, Stefan has been one of the few friendly people that I've come to like. He's one of the oldest staff here and he doesn't play with his job. He's great and obviously had a huge crush on Jamie, Killian's assistant.

" I'm fine. How are you doing? Had a fun night?" I tease him as I set my bag down and turn on my computer.

Stefan laughs. " Nah. Nothing really interesting happened last night. Marie threw a party for the marketing team yesterday and literally everyone who attended is still nursing a hangover. Well, except me. I didn't attend."

Wow, why am I not surprised I didn't hear about it? Nope. And also, I'm not surprised I didn't get an invitation from Marie herself, it's not like I would be there anyway. Like who throws a party on work days?

Marie, like every other female worker here, sees me as a competition for some weird reasons. They don't like me, they don't bother to hide it either. During lunch breaks, I see them whisper amongst themselves and chuckle, and then they quiet down once I walk into the room.

It's not been a week since I started working here, I already feel exhausted. They want me to quit obviously, little did they know I can handle almost anything tossed my way. I know what I want, and building a successful career and having a stable income is what I wanted when I took the job at KB TECH, and I'm going to get it. I won't let some chick with mommy issues bring me down with her bad energy.

" How are you holding up? Finding anything stressful?"

" Nah, I'm good. Thanks for trying to help." I smile at him.

He nods. " Always a desk away if you need help." Stefan says as he walks away.

I take a deep breath and stare down at the computer, as I watch it reboot. I palm my face and rub my eyes.

I can't help but think about Killian even if I shouldn't in the early hours of the work day. I can't take the sound of his voice out of my head and his dirty promises. The throbbing in between my legs hasn't stopped and it annoyingly intensified when I felt his semi-erection against my ass in the elevator.

What the hell?

I wonder what's on his mind as he rides the elevator with me while standing behind me. I wonder what he was thinking? Did it have something to do with me and my awkward reaction when I stepped out of his car while trying to get away from him before he saw me in my awkward state?

I don't even know what this is. What exactly is going on between us, I have no freaking idea. I still can't get the idea of him asking me to go into a relationship with him out of my head. Everytime I tell myself he didn't mean that, but I'm lying to myself. As much as I want him, it's pretty obvious he wants me the same way too, if possible, more than I want him.

And the way he looks at me, it just blows my mind, and completely shut down my brain.

Am I catching feelings already? At first I thought it was just an attraction. I thought I was attracted to him since he was pretty good looking and nice to me, I guess ever since we shared that hot, intense makeout in my apartment, everything changed between us.

Everything. And I find myself questioning what I've always known. Everything I thought I've always wanted.

Mr. Black is a dangerous man, I know that. I also know I'm playing with fire, and he's the fire, and he's going to burn me.

And I want him to burn me.

The expensive suit material in my vision snaps me out of my internal conflicts, as I sit up properly, clearing my throat. The woman I've come to notice is Celine, is standing next to my desk, dressed fancily, sexy, and smart. Her red hair is in a bun, well wrapped atop her head. She matches her look with her sharp, expensive, apricot suit, and a matching red lipstick on her thin lips.

God, how can I compete with this? The idea of Killian having sex with her haunts my memory and I can't get it out of my head. She's everything I'm not, including rich, and influential. My short time working here, she's all everyone talks about. Everyone likes her, and a lot of female workers here wear her brand. Found out she owns her own clothing line, an independent business woman, a model, who's currently the model for the company's new product, and she's 27 years old.

All power, and privilege.

I think she's friendly. I've seen her laugh and smile with top staffs here, especially Amber, but she's never looked at me, well not until today.

" Hi." Celine smiles at me. A friendly smile that makes me despise myself for judging her and hating her without getting to know her.

" Hey." I greet her, and it comes out forced.

" Naomi, right?" She asks, with her perfect, friendly smile still etched on her lips.

" Yeah. Hi." I give her a small smile.

" I'm Celine."

" I know."

She nods. " Well, I thought it was time I introduced myself. You're pretty, and really young."

Okay, what's she insinuating?

" I'm friends with Killian, and he talks a lot about you, and I'd like to know you. He doesn't keep a lot of friends, especially women. I wasn't surprised when he wouldn't shut up about you. You're really pretty, you've swept him off his feet."

" Uh..." I ramble.

Celine giggles.

" It's fine. If you're free this weekend, we can hangout. I would really like to get to know you, you know, be friends."

Celine wants to be friends? Why? Isn't she, like, Killian's friend with benefits? Why would she want to hang out with me?

" Always deep thinking huh? You should say yes, please. It can just be a friendly hang out. A friend of mine is throwing a party this weekend, and I would like you to come. It's not really much of a party, it's just girls hanging out, talking about stuff, and drinking fine wine. You might like it."

" Uh..., can I think about it?"

" Yeah, why not?" She's still smiling, and she's beginning to freak me out with her kindness.

" Where's your phone?" She asks.