

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 5

NAOMI'S POV

Oh shit.

What did I just do? I can't believe I just slapped Killian's perverted friend. I stare at the three men, with Killian's perverted friend glaring at me, a murderous glare.

Maybe I shouldn't have slapped him. That was just over dramatic and he had it coming. He's a perverted dirty asshole. How dare he touch me? I have a rule about touching and God, I hate when men, especially men like Killian's friend, try to touch me. And he's also a jerk. Directly throwing it at my face that I was cheap and just pretending to play hard. As much as I hated what I did, because obviously I was gonna lose my job, Killian deserved more respect from me. I shouldn't have slapped his friend right next to him, that was disrespectful.

I turn on my heels and run out of Killian's quarters before I lose my head before losing my job. Debs sees me and tries to stop me, but I don't slow down. I rush straight to the elevator and press my floor button. The elevator opens and I quickly step out. Keiran stares at me as I rush through the crowd and past the bartop barrier.

"Naomi." Keiran calls my name but I ignore him, including the eyes of my fellow workers as I rush into the backroom.

What the hell did I just do?

My mind is filled up as I pull my phone out of my bag and there are countless missed calls and text messages.

"Oh shit. Charlie's birthday." I mutter, pacing around as I scroll down the countless missed calls from mom, Antonio, Rachel, even George.

"Naomi." Rita calls my name as she walks in. "Are you okay?" She further asks.

"Yeah." I answer absentmindedly as I book an Uber. It's past 12: am and hopefully I might get one at this hour of the night.

I grab my bag, ignoring Rita's presence like she's behind whatever stunt I pulled out there. I just wanna leave and go back to the safety of my home where men like Killian Black won't have to make my life hell.

"Sorry Rita, I'm just pretty exhausted right now." I say and walk past Rita to the private restroom to get change.

My mind is filled with so many things right now and Charlie's birthday that I missed. I feel like a horrible person. I totally forgot his birthday was the day I didn't work shift. I quickly change out of my work clothes, fling my bag around my shoulders and step out of the restroom and into Keiran who's standing right outside.

"What are you doing? Where are you going?" He changes his question when his eyes scan my change of outfit.

"Home. I'm gonna call you Keiran, I promise." I tap him on his shoulder and walk past him in a hurry.

I avoid Rita and the other workers' gazes as I walk out of the crowded club. The minute I step outside, I breathe in the cold midnight air. The inside of the club is hot as hell. I pull out my phone to check my Uber and it's close by, so I walk ten feet away from my boss's establishment before he asks men to find me and then they find me outside. I wonder what he's going to do to me. Definitely he's gonna to fire me, that's a fact. He might even make sure I don't get a job elsewhere just to make my life miserable.

That's a thing right? He can't do that right? Or he can? Fuck! Why didn't I think of that? Privileged arrogant fucking Billionaires. And why on Earth did he notice me today? I've been working for that arrogant asshole for over two years now and tonight happens to be the night he notices me. Really? Of all the nights it has to be tonight? Why did he even ask for my name? What's that supposed to mean? Maybe he had a gut feeling I would disobey him and somewhat slap his friend too. My name's just a constant reminder on how he's going to ruin my life.

Well I don't give a shit. I have lost my job, a job that isn't really much but it paid all my bills, and he has no right to come after me. He's no longer my boss and even if he does come after, he shouldn't have thrown advances at me by asking me to sit down and drink with him. He was harassing me even when I said no. I pull out my phone to check and I notice my Uber is here.

I step down the sidewalk and walk towards the black car waiting for me. I slip into the backseat and shut the door. I tell the driver my address and he gets a move on. With a heavy and guilty heart. I stare at the pictures of Charlie's birthday party that Rachel sent to me. He's smiling at some, and frowning at some. He's really good looking and cute. I stare at the other pictures of Charlie and his dad, Antonio. Antonio held him in his hand in some pictures, while in other pictures he was kissing his baby's hair with a big smile on his face.

I smile sadly and bite my bottom lip. I can't believe I missed Charlie's birthday party for anything at all. I've been planning and thinking about my nephew's party all week and I didn't even show up. I feel like a horrible person. I forgot I will be working a long shift at Club K. Fuck my life. Now I'm jobless. My job hunting starts from Monday. I need to get a job or I'm going broke in a blink of an eye.

I typed a text to Rachel and my brother, including my mom, apologizing to them for not showing up and I'm going to make it up to Charlie tomorrow by taking him out. The Uber stops outside my flat complex and I step out. I shut the back door and pay the Uber driver. I walk inside the building and toward the old malfunctioning elevator. I step inside and press my floor button.

I'm exhausted as I lean against the elevator walls, staring at my floor number impatiently. As much as I want to get my boss out of my head, I'm failing. I can't stop thinking about my name rolling off his tongue. Him asking me to have a drink with him. Or how his beautiful eyes-fuck! I just called his eyes beautiful.

I'm losing it.

"This is the trauma of losing your job. You suddenly find your boss attractive but he's still an asshole." I whisper to myself.

The elevator opens with a little bump and I quickly step out. I can't be stuck in this elevator at midnight, it's disastrous because I'm going to stay in there till morning and when these electronic guys return to work. I walk down the long hallway of apartments. I live at the end so I am not constantly bothered. I stop outside my apartment and pull out my key from my purse to unlock the door. I twist the keyhole, turn the doorknob and step inside. As I shut the door, a strange familiar sound makes me stop on my track.

"Oh my God! Fuck, just like that. Faster, Lucky." The words come and my mouth falls open.

"What?"

I check the time on my phone and it's 12:30. Who have sex at 12:30? Who else if not Bianca? Her moans and the guy's groans were loud. I'm surprised I didn't hear it outside when I was about to open the door. I try to zone out the weird loud sexual noises, but it's to no avail. Bianca is loud, including the guy.

"Right here baby?" The guy asks loudly as I walk down the hallway to my room. God it's louder in here.

"Right there. Fuck, just like that." I quickly unlock my bedroom and step inside and then I shut the door.

I can still hear their moans through my walls. Ever since George and I started dating, we have never had sex in this apartment before. We've kissed, maybe just touch a little, I never let it lead to sex. George doesn't care. He's tried to have sex with me in my apartment before and I didn't let him. Bianca is literally my best friend but I don't like it when she knows about my sexual life. Like me having sex with George in our apartment and she listening to my loud moans. I am pretty loud in bed too, it's a sickness.

So listening to two people have sex is just super weird. So fucking weird. As I get undressed, she keeps moaning the man's name. Calling him Lucky. I have never heard that name before. Her past boyfriend was a guy called Dean. Dean was pretty loaded and I thought they liked each other. I seriously can't explain who Lucky is.

As I got undressed, my thoughts were about George. How we started and how it came crashing down. For the two years we dated, George and I didn't have sex throughout the second year till our break-up. We were always fighting, arguing about the women his parents made him go on a date with. And other times I wasn't really in the mood. Our relationship was on the brink of an ice and it was close to falling apart. I had to endure and tolerate the sexual remarks that comes with my job and sex was the last thing on my mind. And even before that, we barely ever had sex.

So going on a for a year without sex is pretty difficult, but it should be simple and easy for a woman, but sometimes it's not. So I tell myself the reason I feel this way, with goosebumps on my skin when my boss was staring at me throughout the night, it's because I haven't been with a man for a year.

Simple.

I step inside the small adjoining bathroom at the corner of my room and shower. The water is warm, and I make sure I scrub and wash off my sweat and Killian's heated gaze on my body. The way he was staring at me earlier, I literally can't remember any man looking at me like that. Killian Black is just mysterious. His grey eyes are the most beautiful and charming eyes I've ever seen. Up close there's a speck of blue around the iris. God I'm thinking about how attractive my boss is.

I have seen Killian almost every other day. Either on TV or my place of work. Even in business magazines. He's always everywhere. Even if I don't want to see him, I always see him. Then why's today different? It's obvious because he spent the rest of his night staring at me and he wasn't even subtle about it. He stared at me while trying to tell me he's staring at me. Who even stares at a woman like that?

After scrubbing off Club K's sweat and booze off my skin, including their owner's eyes, I step out of the shower feeling refreshed. I get dressed, with Bianca still moaning, but this time not that loudly. They've been going at it for nearly 12 minutes now. What the hell. I change into a tank top and sweatpants as I dive into my bed. I cover my ears with my pillow as I try to fall asleep.

The last thing I expected is my boss finding his way into my head. I hate being clueless about things. It just makes me think about things that I shouldn't think about, and that includes Mr. Black. I shut my eyes, pushing my boss and his arrogant behavior to the back of my head and then I fell asleep.

I squint my eyes at the sunlight peeking into my room. I groan, push the covers out of my body and get out of bed. I rush to my window and pull the drapes close, blocking the sun from my room. I sit back on my bed, with my elbows on my bed, with my knees as I run my hands through my hair. I rub both my palms on my eyes and reach for my phone. I have a missed call from mom, Keiran, and even my older brother Antonio.

God you guys give me a fucking break.

I groan and walk into my bathroom. I do my business, brush my teeth, splash water on my face and I feel more alive. I grab my phone and walk out of my bedroom. I need a sandwich right now because I'm hungry as hell. I make coffee, twirl a spoon around the liquid and let it simmer down for a minute. I make sandwiches and drop them on a plate and place them on the counter. I sit down on a barstool to eat. My phone rings again and it's my mother.

I pick up the call and put the phone on speakerphone.

"Hey mama."

"Naomi." God she's giving me that tone again. That judgemental, motherly tone.

"Mama, I'm sorry. I got caught up at work and I forgot."

"You forgot Charlie's birthday? Really Naomi?" Antonio says in the background.

"I'm really sorry. And hey, big brother."

"You know you owe him right? He was sad you didn't show up. You should see his little friends that dropped by." Mom says.

I hear cutting in the background and I assume she's cooking like every other morning.

"When are we expecting you?" My big brother asks. I'm pretty sure he took the phone off my mother's hand or it is on speakerphone.

"I'm coming over today, I promise."

"Hmm." Antonio hums. "Still working that bartending job?"

"You guys should really quit it. This is becoming really annoying." I whine. Antonio laughs. "I'm not a bartender. I work as a server or cocktail waitress, whatever you want to call me, but not a bartender." I warn.

Antonio chuckles. "You're cute when you whine. I can imagine your face right now."

"Whatever."

"I can't wait to see you today. I've been busy and I barely see you. And fuck, I miss you Naomi."

"I know you do."

"And quit cursing in my house!" Mom's voice yells in the background.

"We'll see you later Naomi. Make sure you don't fail today." Mom says on the phone.

"I won't." She hangs up. She didn't even let me complete my word.

I roll my eyes and reach for my coffee as I take a sip.

"What would you like to have babe?" I hear Bianca's voice and a man's chuckle.

Bianca walks into the kitchen wearing a male t-shirt, obviously Lucky's t-shirt, and Lucky is wearing just blue briefs.

"Shit!" He curses when he sees me.

"Fuck." Bianca mutters.

She turns around and quickly pushes Lucky out of the kitchen. I chuckle and shake my head. She didn't think I'd be home? Really. I chuckle softly and continue eating. In another four minutes or so, Lucky is rushing towards the door.

"Bye Lucky." I wave at him with a small smile. He just grunts a small 'Bye' before opening the door and rushing down the hall.

"Bye. I'm gonna call you." Bianca says to the empty hallway and locks the door.

She turns to look at me from the doorway and I smile. She exhales through her mouth and walks into the kitchen. She's wearing jean shorts and a jersey. Bianca sits opposite me and grabs one sandwich.

"I'm sorry you saw that. That... wasn't what you think."

"I know." I say, still smiling.

"Goddamnit. How long have you been home?"

"Long enough to hear you scream 'Oh my God! Fuck, just like that. Faster, Lucky.'" I say and chuckle.

"Oh God." She groans into her palms.

"Breathe. You were loud so what?"

She raises her head to stare at me, smirking.

"I really didn't want to get loud. I just... you know. And also I wasn't expecting you'd be home early."

"Yeah?" I raise my eyebrows at her. "And also who's this Lucky guy?"

"He um..." She clears her throat.

"Definitely not your serious date." I say.

"Don't judge me." She whines.

"I am not judging you. I'm just surprised you screamed Lucky instead of Dean."

"Dean and I are over. He's a bag of shit." She says and stands up to make coffee for herself.

"You wanna talk about what happened with Dean?"

"Well he cheated. With this hot chick who has money and she has a nice job. He didn't even apologize. He's a fucking bastard." She says.

"Ouch."

"Yeah. I guess we're both single now." She shrugs.

"Right." I mutter and sigh.

"What's up? Why did you crawl in early this morning?"

"Well... it's... I don't know. I think I'm jobless now."

"What? What happened?" She turns to look at me.

I sigh and narrate everything to Bianca.

"Wow. No shit. He asked you to drink with him? Is he attracted to you or what?"

"Really? Bia really? Of all the things I said, you had to stick with that one."

She chuckles. "I'm a little surprised. I mean I know you find Killian attractive..."

"I don't find him attractive."

"Yeah?" Bianca crosses her arms and stares at me. I roll my eyes.

"Killian Black is an attractive man and he's really not my type."

"Here you go again with another lie. He's so your type. Except that maybe he's an asshole and a jerk. All rich people are jerks. Your ex boyfriend is also a jerk. It's like a perk for rich people. And I'm not that surprised Killian asked you to drink with him. You are rocking hot and I've seen you in that waitress uniform. You rock it better than every other waitress in Club K."

"I don't have a job anymore Bianca."

"Well he didn't fire your ass."

"He didn't. But I know he will. He's this wealthy man who likes to have his way with whatever thing he wants. He always likes to be in control."

"That's why he's your boss. To control you."

"You know I hate that." I spit.

Bianca smiles and shakes her head.

"Well you're right. If I was him, I'd fire you too."

"Really, Bia? Whose side are you on?"

"What?" She laughs. "You already said he likes to have his way with whatever thing he wants. And ahead he wants you at that time, you didn't let him have his way. You acted like a woman he's never hungried before and you went ahead and slapped his friend in his presence. You definitely will lose your job." Bianca says. I sigh.

"I think you should chill and wait till Monday, and then show up. You might be lucky and he didn't have to fire you. You're pretty." She goes back to making her coffee.

"You... are a bitch." I say. She laughs.

"I imagine the look on your boss's face when you said no. He's really hot. So fucking hot."

I roll my eyes and drink my warm coffee.

"You wanna get wasted tonight? You know since we're both single and shit."

"Yeah, why not?"

"Good. Lucky is a DJ in Bart's. Top notch club and he's giving us a pass to come have fun."

"Wow. How did you two even meet? You and Lucky?" I ask and stand up with my empty coffee mug.

"We met three days ago. He visited the mall. It was pretty sweet." She says. I nod.

"You like him?"

"He's a distraction." She mutters.

I turn on the tap and place the mug under the faucet.

"You know Dean doesn't deserve you right? He's a dick bag and he's gonna regret cheating on you." I say to her with a small smile as I wash the mug.

"I hope."

"He will." I tell her and rinse the mug as I keep it inside the top cupboard.

"I'm going over to my mother's today. Charlie's birthday was yesterday and I didn't show up at his birthday party. I'm taking him out today to make it up to him."

"Charlie's birthday was yesterday? Really Naomi?"

"I know. Don't make me feel more terrible about myself. Thank you very much." I say.

"Say hi to Charlie for me though. He's a sweet kid." Bianca says, smiling at me.

I nod and walk towards the kitchen door.

"And be home early. My shift starts by 12 today and by 6:30 I should be out." Bianca says.

"Sure. Be careful." I call out to her.

"You too." I hear Bianca's voice as I head towards my bedroom.