

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 58

Naomi's POV

A message notification pops up at the bottom of my computer screen. I sigh and click on it, surprised to see a message from my best friend.

Bianca: Hey slut.

I smile, look around, pleased to see everyone busy working and doing something less interesting. I click on the keyboard to send Bianca a reply. She knows I'm at work and I don't need distractions, especially from her.

And Raymond won't mind if I drop his paperwork a little too late, right?

Me: What the hell, Bia! What are you doing sending me messages to my work computer? How did you get my work email?

She sends a response instantly.

BIANCA: Stop panicking, sweetheart. I missed you, you weren't home last night. Like usual, you didn't text or call me to tell me you won't be coming home. I almost got a panic attack. You need to stop doing that.

I chuckle quietly before I type a response back.

ME: Sorry. Got carried away. Aren't you supposed to be working right now?

BIANCA: Yeah. I wanted to make sure you're okay. Did you get the D last night?

ME: Ew, Bia.

BIANCA: (Laughing Emoji) I know you did. You little slut. Was it good?

ME: Seriously, I am very much uncomfortable discussing that with you, especially while texting through my work computer.

BIANCA: Oh come on, it can't be that bad.

I bite my thumbnail, eyes looking around for any prying eyes before I text Bianca back.

ME: When I get home, we can talk about that. I seriously don't want to talk about my sex life with my work computer.

BIANCA: Alright. I can't wait to have you back at home. Your new man seems to be taking you away from me very often. (Crying emoji) You don't know how lonely the apartment is right now.

ME: Aww. I'm sorry. You owe me a lot of info about Lucky. I can't believe you two are over.

BIANCA: We were better off apart. He's great, he's just not what I want. Plus, he's so like Dean, that fucking dickwad. Also, I'm seeing someone new. He's great, got a child, you will like him.

ME: A father? Bianca, what the hell?

BIANCA: Oh come on. He's great. You will like him. And oh, I maybe, might have, kinda, told George you worked at KB TECH.

Oh God. She can't be serious. Why would she do that? I kept my place of work from George for a reason. I don't want him coming over here to drop me lunch because he's sweet to that extent. Killian still thinks I'm not over my ex yet. Little did he know I'm over George a very, very long time ago.

ME: Why would you do that?

BIANCA: I saw him at my place of work today. Probably here for a meeting, he was surprised to see me. We talked and he asked about you. I told him you worked at Killian Black's office now. I seriously didn't know you didn't tell him. So it's not my fault. Plus, he didn't look like he was over you yet. I told you not to go out with him, now he's still hung up on you. He probably thinks you still like him.

" Chatting during work hours?" Amber's dreadful voice makes me jerk as I quickly exit my messages with Bianca.

I look at Amber, not bothering to hide my irritation.

" What do you want?" I ask her.

" Well, I need you to work on an ad for a product we're supposed to be marketing online."

" Can't someone else do that?"

" Well, I heard you're one of the best we have." Amber smirks at me.

I roll my eyes.

" I can't right now. Give it to somebody else. Also, we have people who specifically work on ads for marketing purposes. You can talk to Stefan. Creating ads for marketing reasons is not my job, Amber." I remind her.

Why does this bitch want me to flip on purpose? I've been trying to keep my cool while I work in the shadows ever since I got a job here. But trouble in the name of Amber keeps tickling my tail, waiting for me to finally snap.

Amber and I are in a staring match, with none of us bothering to back down from staring daggers at each other.

" We all know what's going on here, Naomi. You think we don't see you sneak into the CEOs office. You're a little slut, Naomi, and that's what you'll always be. You think I don't know you worked in a fucking club before you got here. Always dressed like a little slut as you wait tables while these men grope you everywhere, every fucking night. The fact that you're trying to throw yourself at the CEO doesn't make you special, it just makes you a little, dirty whore. And news flash, you can't be anything important to him. You'll just be another random whore for the week. And oh, when shit hits the fan, when people find out who you truly are, and when HR finally gets to know the whole truth on how you finally got a job here, you will regret why you were ever born. You'll wish you never looked for a job here. Mr. Black is rich, and he's going to easily get out of any scandal and you will be left alone to handle all the shits thrown your way. You know why? Because you're nothing, and you're always gonna be nothing." Amber finishes and I just stare at her, with both my ears bringing out imaginary steam.

Everyday I walk into the break room, and these women act like I don't belong here, like they Co founded KB TECH. Like they're some kind of important investors. Every day I had to pretend they weren't talking shit about me or gossiping about me. Everyday I have to pretend I am okay with it when I'm trying so hard not to flip and beat the shit out of someone.

As I stare at Amber, all I want to do right now is just to slap her. Pull her away from desk, and punch the shit out of her. But I can't. I don't want to. I have self control. I was trained by a well respected mother, and a great father. I had proper home training and I know how to fight women like Amber without really fighting them.

" When you're done, please, excuse me, I have work to do." I smile at Amber as I continue my work.

I don't miss the disappointed look on her face. I know she expected me to retaliate, to start a fight with her, so she will have something to pin on me and then report me to HR.

Little did she know, I'm smarter than her.

" Is something going on here?" Killian's baritone voice makes me look up from my work.

He's standing by my desk, with Amber already standing upright and looking down. She can't look him in the eyes. I notice most workers from their desk pretends to work as they eavesdrop.

" Nothing." I say.

Killian turns to look at me as he gives me a worried look, before he masks it with his stoic expression.

" Why are you here Ms. Stewart?" Killian directs his question at Amber.

" Oh, I was asking Ms. Alderson for her help. I needed help on creating an ad for marketing online."

" Is that her job?" Killian asks.

" I'm... I don't... I just thought she was good at it." Amber stutters.

" You just thought?" Killian glares at Amber as he looks at every worker. " Is this what y'all do?" He speaks loudly this time and I'm embarrassed.

What is he doing exactly?

" Bully workers below you because you're at a higher position?" He looks around and everyone looks at the floor. No one can look their CEO in the eye.

They're afraid of him and some workers even see him as a god because of the way he carries himself when he passes you. You just can't look at him in his fiery, piercing gray eyes.

" In KB Tech, we treat people as equals. We treat each other equally, and not bully each other. If I hear any single complaint concerning verbal bullying to anyone, bear in mind you'll be dropped off your position and you'll be sent home, and I'll make sure you won't get a recommendation from this company when you decide to apply for another job in another place. I don't want to hear it. If you have a job, do your job and mind your damn business." He passes a message to everyone as he looks at Amber.

She's physically frightened and embarrassed as she looks at the floor. Killian takes a step towards Amber and brings his voice down for only Amber's ears, but I hear it.

" If I ever see you near Ms. Alderson's desk again, I'll make sure you get escorted out of my premises, and I'll make sure i take it upon myself that you don't ever get a job elsewhere, except you want me to write that you're an inconsiderate, intolerable, lazy, bad-mouth, and a whoring, lying worker to your next boss. I'm sure you don't want that?" Killian whispers as Amber's eyes go wide. She's about to cry.

" Do you understand?" Killian asks, burning holes through Amber's skin.

" Yes." She voices out.

" Get out." He tells her and she scurries away.

Killian looks around and everyone pretends to go back to work. He turns to look at me, his worried look is back on his face and I roll my eyes. I hate pity. And I hate it when people act like this. I'm not a child, I can fight my battles myself. I know we're now in a relationship, and it's his job to look out for me and maybe take care of me, but I can very much handle Amber myself. It's obvious she's an over pampered, spoiled rich brat with mommy issues.

" In my office, Ms. Alderson. I need to have a word with you." Killian says, with his piercing gray eyes staring into my eyes.

He doesn't give me room for argument as he leaves.

Well fuck.