

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 6

KILLIAN'S POV

I slowly open my eyes as I take in my surroundings. I'm in my bedroom with two different female arms wrapped around my body.

" Fuck. What's the time?" I grunt, pushing these unfamiliar women off my body.

I don't even remember them or their names. The only thing I remembered last night was getting pissed because Naomi rejected me and ran away. I was kind of furious over the matter. I mean who knew rejection tasted this sour? I've never been rejected by anyone before. I can't even remember a woman telling me no. All they know how to do is say yes especially when there's money involved.

I went downstairs last night after Naomi ran away, to the other side of my club that I barely visited and a lot of people were surprised to see me downstairs. I asked Preston where Naomi was and he told me one of the servers saw her get dressed in a hurry and left. She probably thought I wanted to fire her.

And then later, I remember requesting Raymond to get me a girl. I guess that's how I ended up in my bedroom last night with these two strange women all sprawled in my bed naked. I got pretty wasted last night, all because the woman I wanted didn't want me back. She fucking rejected me right in front of my friend and that piece of shit Barry who had the right to touch her. I made Tony, my bouncer, throw him out last night. He was furious and confused. I mean my worker slapped him and I had to throw him out too after my worker slapped him. Pretty unfair. But I couldn't help myself. He laid his hand on her. He didn't have a fucking right to do that.

I crawl out of my bed naked and search my closet for something to wear. I pull sweatpants up my thighs and stare at these naked olive skinned women fast asleep. How did they even fucking spend the night? Naomi was the only thing I thought about as I fucked these women. I wanted it to be her. I wanted her. I want to bury myself inside her and listen to her beautiful voice moan my name. But she fucking loathes me for no damn cause. I can see it in her eyes. The way she stares at me. She doesn't like me. And maybe I shouldn't like her or want her because she's practically my worker and it's pretty fucked up to want to fuck my worker, but I can't help it.

As much as this is weird, I can't have peace until I have her. She's proven herself to be a challenge and I love challenges. Whether she likes it or not, I'm gonna have her in my bed, writhing underneath me as he cries and moans in pleasure. I drag my duvet off these strange girls and they squirm.

" Goldie, curtains?" I say to my Virtual assistant.

" Good afternoon Mr. Black. Hope you had a good night's rest?" My virtual assistant, Goldie, asks. My curtains slowly automatically open.

I groan in response. Who knew it was afternoon already? How much did I drink? Obviously a lot to get Naomi out of my head and I failed.

There's a soft knock on my door and I drop the duvet on the floor, leaving the women nude to every eye. I hear their irritating whines.

" Get off my fucking bed!" I yell at these girls as they jerk up from my bed, fully awake.

" Out. All of you!" I point at them.

" Killian." Raymond's voice calls my name as I open the door.

The women hurriedly wear their clothes. Raymond walks in, staring at the scenery.

" You sure did have a party last night." Raymond says, smirking.

" Are you here with what I want?" I ask Raymond as the girls hurry out of my room with their shoes in their hands.

" Yup. Mr. Bright calls about the new app update. He's interested."

" I can't believe you're seriously talking about work on a Saturday. Goldie, what's my Saturday motivational quote?" I ask, walking away from Raymond and towards my ensuite bathroom.

" Too much work, and less mind rest makes Mr. Black a frustrated man. Fridays are for parties and Saturdays are for 'me time.'" Goldie says.

" You hear that?" I call out to Raymond as I spread toothpaste on my toothbrush.

" I can't believe you'd let your Virtual assistant read me that." Raymond says.

I ignore him and brush my teeth.

" I'm gonna be in the living room. I'll serve myself a drink and wait." Raymond says and I hear my bedroom door shut.

I stare at my reflection in the mirror. There are so many bite marks all over my chest. Definitely from this weird girls that I brought home to have sex. I don't even remember how the sex felt like. I was pretty wasted, I don't remember shit. But I fucking remember face fucking one of the girls last night for a while. I thought about Naomi and imagined her as the girls instead.

It was pretty fucked up.

" Mr. Black, mom's calling." Goldie says.

" Fuck, cut me some slacks." I wash my mouth, keep back my toothbrush as I wash my face.

I get undressed, ignoring my mom's call as I shower. I already know why she's calling. It's her nature to get mad when I don't like the women she forced on me. Like what am I? A pampered spoilt 19 years old? Once I showered, I stepped out of my shower and cleaned myself. I put on a loose t-shirt and the sweatpants I wore this morning as I left my room with my phone in hand. My mom's calling again and I pick up.

" Killian Jefferson Black." Mom says on the phone.

God not my full name.

I run my hand through my slightly damp hair as I climb the spiral staircase downstairs.

" Good morning Mom."

" Why did you pay that woman off? You were supposed to go on a date with her and get to know her, not pay her off."

" Mom, I already told you to stop. I'm not a fucking kid. Let me get married and settle down when I want. You need to stop forcing me."

" You're not even prepared or ready? You think partying and changing women is all that's life? There's so much you can do with your life, son. Everything is not about money."

I groan and shoot myself dramatically. When will she fucking stop? She talks to me like I'm some teen. Marriage isn't everything. There's more to life and I'm not prepared for falling in love with some woman. I don't think I'll ever be prepared.

" You're lonely Killian." Mom says softly at once, and I stop on my track in my living room, with Raymond's eyes on me.

" You live alone in that big mansion of yours without a woman. It lacks the touch of a woman and you know it."

What!

I'm not fucking lonely. Of course not. I'm happy, I'm content. Although, I have to admit sometimes it's fucking lonely and weird coming home to no one but my big house and Goldie. But that doesn't make me lonely. I know every close person in my life has someone. Raymond has Derrick, his boyfriend, and they're even engaged. My big brother has Eve, and they're getting married. Preston is married. He has a beautiful wife who he goes home to every night and I guess I'm just the odd one amongst my friends and family.

But who gives a shit? I'm happy, maybe not that content, but I'm fucking happy and I'm not lonely. I have a multi billion dollar company that I'm running with over four branches in the country, and I'm still making more money. For now that's what matters.

" I'm not lonely, mom. You need to stop." I say. Raymond smirks and raises his eyebrows.

" You need to find someone. If not for yourself, at least for me."

" You can't make me marry or love someone for you, mom, that's not how it works. What if she turns out to be a disaster, I'm the one who's gonna live with that disaster."

" Then get a good girl. Get to know her and you'll find yourself falling gradually in love with her."

" You already said it. Love is a gradual process. Don't force me into it. You've got Keith. Eve is pregnant and in a few months time you will get a grandchild. Leave me alone mom."

" Killian..."

" I gotta go. Raymond is here with a business proposal."

" Killian, don't you hang up on me."

" I love you Mom. Bye." I hang up and hurl my phone against the wall in anger. It falls to the ground, definitely with a cracked screen.

" Fuck!" I scream as I run my hands through my hair.

How can she tell me that I'm fucking lonely? And what's it with mothers? Forcing their kids to do what they want in the name of 'you know I want the best for you.' God, that's fucking bullshit. If you want the best for your kids, you let them do whatever the fuck they want. I love my mom but she's a fucking trouble all the time and I'm getting tired of her constant rant about me falling in love. And now she has upgraded to telling me I'm lonely.

I'm lonely?!

God I need a drink.

" I guess I'm not allowed to ask the famous question about if you're okay. You sure don't look okay." Raymond says.

I ignore him and walk to the bar to pour myself a drink. I take a sip of the bourbon and let the alcohol calm down my nerves. For a long minute, there's silence in my living room.

" What was your life like when Derrick wasn't in the picture?" I ask Raymond as I walk back to the living room.

Raymond sighs and stares at the liquor in his glass.

" One word. Lonely."

What? Really? How does being with someone you love make you less lonely? I've seen couples who are married, and yet they claim they're in love, but they're still lonely.

There's so much with being in love with someone. Women are these extraordinary creatures who are just too much. The minute you start to get attached, they become clingy and controlling. Telling you who to be friends with and when to come home. And then they start choosing your friends for you. My brother's wife, Eve, is a constant reminder on why you shouldn't fall in love and settle down at a young age. Keith doesn't even go out that often. She uses her pregnancy as an excuse to tie my brother down. He won't admit it, but it's true.

" You're not lonely, are you?"

" Fucking shut up." I glare at Raymond as I pace the floor of my living room.

" Right." Raymond mutters and smiles.

" Tell me what I want to hear."

" Not much, really. I still don't know why you're so invested in your worker. She's a server who works at your club. And the short time I've known you Killian, you don't sleep with your workers. This is so unlike you."

Yeah he's right. Ever since I laid my eyes on Naomi, strange things have been happening to me. I barely had a good sleep last night. She invaded my dreams. Even when I was having sex with some random women last night, she was all I thought about.

" Hey boys." Preston's voice calls as he walks into my living room.

" Please tell me you're here to tell me what I want to hear."

" How come nobody thinks Killian being interested in his worker all of a sudden isn't weird?" Preston says as he sits down across from Raymond.

" I was just telling him that."

" Why are y'all so invested in me wanting to have a woman?"

" She's not just a woman. She's not your type." Raymond says.

" And how do you know my type?"

" For a start, you don't fuck your workers." Raymond answers.

" Is that the problem now?" I ask the two men in front of me.

" It's a problem because it's unlike you." Preston answers. " To the extent you came to the bottom level of the club to look for her."

" You need to cut the bullshit Preston. Who's she?" I ask impatiently. I want to know her.

I need to know everything about this woman who has successfully captured my attention with just one glance. One fucking glance.

Preston sighs and walks towards my bar to pour himself a drink.

" For a start. She's a college graduate. Graduated from NYU two years ago with a marketing degree. She's pretty intelligent, nice, and a hard-working woman. She's pretty collected too, never fights anyone, at least for the short time I've known her. And she's always wooed by your customers. You know since she's pretty and all. She wants to go back to college to get her master's degree and also she's been working in the club for nearly two years now. She got the job the minute she got out of college."

First I'm not surprised she's a graduate. She acts like one, even talks like one. But why work in my club as a cocktail waitress? The job doesn't suit her. Especially when all these shitty customers just want to have her. And she's been working in my club for two years? Two fucking years?

" Two years? She's been working in my club for two years and I didn't know? Un-fucking believable."

" You don't give a shit about your workers Killian. You just care about the steady flow of cash from the club and nothing else." Preston says.

" What was I supposed to do? Be friends with my workers?"

" I don't know. Maybe invest more of your time in the club." Preston shrugs.

" That's why I have you Preston. That's your job. That's why I'm fucking paying you."

" Right." Preston mutters.

He comes back to the living room with a glass of whiskey.

" And by the way, she's got this shitbag ex or current boyfriend, I really don't know. His name's George, pretty loaded guy. His family is practically rich and I heard they split not too long ago. Her father was in the army, died in battle sixteen years ago, and her mother is Hispanic, actually a Spaniard. Her late father is originally from New York. So that's all I've got."

Wow. A New Yorker. They're strong women. Always so fiercest. Maybe one of the reasons why she can't tolerate my bullshit or do as I say without giving me excuses or arguing with me. I've only known this woman in less than a day and I'm so intrigued by her. Why do I want her so much? And I hate to think she had a boyfriend. I don't care if he's her ex. Now I'm wondering why they broke up. She's beautiful, it's pretty insane any man would want to break her heart for any reason. God, she looked so pure.

I think I'll have to dig around about her ex boyfriend myself.

" Why do you want her so much?" Raymond asks.

I turn to look at him with my drink still in my hand. I've been standing since. I just didn't have it in me to sit down just yet.

" Why does every man want a woman?" I deadpan.

" Every man wants a woman for their own specific reasons. Why do you want Naomi?" Preston asks.

" You don't like her, do you?" I ask Preston.

" I'm fucking married, man. I'm not a cheat. I mean Esther groomed me not to be one. I'm even scared to look at other women."

See what I mean by having to fall in love with someone and getting married to them? They groom you into what they want. They remake you. They change you. That's what falling in love does. It's pretty fucking fucked up.

" She's sexy. She's fucking pretty and irresistible. I want to see her naked in my sheets when I wake up in the morning." I say.

" Maybe you should get to know her. If you haven't noticed, she's different from every other woman you've met. She's not what you're used to. She literally despises you and you make her fucking uncomfortable. Maybe you should give this Naomi chick a chance to get to know her better. You might grow to even like her and not just wanting to fuck her. Because that's what this is all about. You wanna fuck her."

Raymond says.

I'm quiet as I stare at these two men.

" If you try to get close to Naomi and maybe try to get to know her better. Your mom might stop bothering you about finding someone. It's a win-win for you." Raymond says.

" Well he's right. Keith has been talking about how your mother has been bothering you about finding someone. Naomi can be a distraction from your mother's constant marriage proposal. You just have to get to know her."

Fuck. They have a point. I want Naomi. God I desperately want to have her underneath me and it's scaring the shit out of me. And she has proven she doesn't even want me like that. She wants nothing to do with me and she acts uncomfortable around me. I guess the only way I can win Naomi's heart is by pursuing her. Something I haven't done since I was born. I don't pursue women. I don't go on fucking dates. That's so not my thing. If I find you sexy and attractive, I don't have to talk much. We go home together and fuck, it's over by dawn. We're never hooking up again.

Now meeting Naomi for the first time wants to make me try new things I never dreamt of trying. I'm already breaking my rule of not getting involved sexually with anyone who works for me, and now I will have to pursue her, Impress her, show her I am willing to do anything to have her in bed. Even if I have to win her heart first.

I'm fucked.