

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 74

Naomi's POV

Wednesday morning, mom's discharged from the hospital. Eve's wedding is this Saturday and Killian has prepared his personal shopper, a woman, to accompany me to go shop for a dress for Eve's big day.

As I sit on my desk and work that morning, that strange message is the only thing I think about. It's been two days since I got that message and I don't know what to think of it. At first, I thought it was just a sick joke. Some sick person is trying to threaten me by sending me bullshit messages and photos of Killian and I. But as I went to bed last night, I started to wonder if this strange person was joking or not. If they really want to destroy me or if it's just a joke. I haven't told anyone, not even Bianca, or Killian.

I couldn't tell Killian. I don't want him panicking for no damn reason. If there's a sick bitch out there threatening me or trying to sabotage or blackmail me because of my relationship with Killian, then, I want to be able to deal with this situation myself.

Killian and I haven't seen each other in his office today like we always do. On my way to my desk, I saw him about entering his office, and he sent me a secret wink with his killer smile and charm. I blush, lock eyes with him for a minute before looking away. Jamie had waved at me and given me his small wave and a massive smile because he definitely saw Killian winked at me and me blushing terribly.

Since I'm shopping with Bianca today with the help of Killian's personal shopper, Raymond told me to close earlier than usual today, with Killian's permission, of course. I glance at Amber in her office. Her office is made of a translucent glass so you can easily see what's going on inside her office.

Amber is my number one suspect. I figure if the messages and photos that were sent to my work computer are real, then I have a feeling it's sent by Amber. That bitch doesn't like me. Although Killian had threatened her to stay away from me, she doesn't hide her hate towards me. She would snarl at me and talk about me to people. And the minute I walked into the backroom, she and this person who was talking about me would just stop.

It's childish. Sometimes, I just want to hit her for hating me for nothing, but I just restrain myself. It won't look good for me or Killian if people go around and say, I slapped or hit Amber because there's a secret relationship between me and their CEO. They'll probably say I'm trying to control the company because I'm sleeping with the boss.

So I try my best to ignore her and concentrate on my work like she's not even there. Bianca will be here during lunch break to pick me up. She doesn't have a car, so it's an Uber.

When lunch break comes around, I round up work and gather the files I've been working on as I drop them off at Raymond's office. I rush to the washroom to empty my bladder before Bianca comes. I open a stall and silently do my business. Suddenly, the bathroom door opens and I hear the sound of heels clicking against the floor.

"You won't believe she thinks she owns this place all because she's sleeping with Mr. Black." A female voice says. A voice I know too well that belongs to Amber. "I fucking hate that bitch."

And I don't need to be told twice to know Amber is talking about me. I sit quietly on the toilet seat even when I'm done peeing.

This is probably unhygienic, I know.

"Well, she's not that bad. Everyone who gets to know her says they like her."

"What do you mean they like her? What's even there to like?"

"But what proof do you have that she's actually sleeping with Mr. Black?"

"Oh, I know. Did you know she once worked as a server in his club? Serving alcohol and even sitting on men's laps to serve them? She's a fucking slut and I'm very much aware she slept with Mr. Black and maybe even promised him frequent sex to get a job here. Martha said she had no qualifications and she even refused to give the bitch the job. But guess what? He went after her and asked her to come back to the company. Now tell me, how is she not sleeping with the CEO? Everyone knows and everyone's talking about it. That bitch doesn't deserve to be here. She doesn't deserve anything she's getting. She's nothing but a gold digging wh..." I flush the toilet and stand up at once.

I have had enough of Amber's rants and her disgusting attitude. The sound of someone flushing in a stall put Amber's words to a halt. I open the stall and get out. Amber is shocked to see me. Including the other woman who I know very well. The woman looks uncomfortable as she grabs her bag. They were doing their makeup, considering Amber is still holding a fenty lipstick in her hand. The other woman gives Amber a sympathetic look and scurries out of the washroom.

I walk next to Amber as I turn on the tap to wash my hands. Amber looks at me through the mirror as she applies lipstick on her lips. Our eyes are locked and I watch her smack her lips together before tossing the lipstick into her bag. She turns to face me.

"If you have anything to say to me, start saying it now. I'm pretty sure you heard everything." She says.

Wow. So much insecurities can do this to a woman.

I wipe my hands with a paper towel and smile at her. I shake my head, toss the paper towel in the waste bin and walk out of the restroom.

Getting into an argument with Amber is the last thing I want. She might even say I assaulted her or every other bullshit story she's already cooking up. My phone rings and it's Bianca calling me.

I pick up.

"Hey. You're outside?"

"Yup."

"I'll be right outside in a minute." I say to her.

I grab my bag from my desk and hurry towards Killian's office. I stop by Jamie's desk with a smile.

"Hey."

He looks up, startled a little, but smiles when he realizes it is just me.

"Hi. Naomi, hey."

"What were you doing?"

"Nothing." He answers at once.

I chuckle and shake my head.

"Were you watching porn on your work computer?" I tease him.

"What? No!"

I chuckle.

"I'm...I wasn't...I was just texting with Stefan." He says with a blush, looking anywhere else but me.

I chuckle, because right now he looks really cute.

"How's it going with you two?"

"Good. We were just making dinner plans tonight."

"That's good. I'm really happy that you're happy. You deserve it."

Jamie just smiles and blushes in response.

"Is he in?"

"Yeah. You go ahead."

I nod my head once. "Thanks, Jamie."

I walk towards Killian's office and knock once before walking inside. He's sitting on his leather swivel chair and staring at New York. Killian turns to look at me and smiles. I walk towards him and drop my bag on his desk before planting my ass on his lap.

"Hey, babe." He greets me, wrapping his arm around my waist.

"Hey." I say, planting a kiss on his lips.

"You ready to leave?" Killian asks. "Rania will be here soon."

He looks exhausted and tired, like someone who's been going through countless paperwork since he got here.

"Yeah. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. I'm just tired." He wraps his arms around my waist and pecks my cheeks and even my neck.

I giggle in his embrace.

"I wish you can spend the night."

"I wish I could, but I can't. You know why." I kiss him on his lips before pulling back and standing up.

"Is there something bothering you? Are you still thinking about someone blackmailing me?"

"It's not... is someone blackmailing you?"

"No one's blackmailing me, Killian. I'm okay, alright?" I sit back on his lap and kiss his lips.

"Have you considered moving in with me?"

Pulling back a little while still sitting on his lap, I ask: "You want me to move in?"

"Well, it's not a bad idea. I would really love it if you move in."

"I don't know, Killian. I don't think I'm ready yet."

"I won't force you, but I want you to think about it. A day without you is like a year. Every day I crave for you lying next to me in my bed."

I blush.

"How sweet. I'll think about it."

"I would really like that."

His phone vibrates on his desk and he grabs it. As I stare at the desk, I think about all the dirty things we've done together on that desk. The memories make me blush and I clench my thighs together.

"Rania says she is in the building. Alvin will drive you girls. Text me once you get a dress."

"Sure."

I kiss him and he kisses back. After a short exchange of kisses, we pull apart and I stand up. I grab my bag and leave his office. I step out of the elevator and enter the lobby. I see Rania before she sees me.

Rania is an Indian-British woman. She has dark brown skin and she's tall. Her hair is a shade of black and she's really pretty. According to her first introduction when she took me shopping for the first time, she told me she'd lived all her life in the UK before moving to New York about three years ago. Since then she's been working for Killian as his personal shopper. Picking out his clothes and restocking his wardrobe when he needs to change his wardrobe or when he's out of the country or state.

"Naomi." She approaches me with a warm smile.

"Hi." Before I can shake her hand, Rania pulls me into her embrace.

"Oh."

We pull apart and she continues to smile at me.

"Mr. Black wants me to pick the best dress for you. Come on, his driver is waiting."

"Hey, girl." Bianca appears from nowhere with a cup of takeout coffee.

"Hey. Where did you go?"

She shakes the paper cup in her hand. "Caffeine." Bianca answers and turns to look at Rania.

"Hi. I'm Bianca and I'm her best friend."

"Rania, Killian's personal shopper. Shall we?" Rania asks.

I nod and she leads the way out of the lobby, with Bianca and I trudging behind her.

"She's hot." Bianca mutters.

"Yup."

Once we're outside, Bianca throws the paper cup away as we slide into the back seat of one of Killian's many cars. Rania rides the front seat with Alvin. Alvin greets me and I return the greeting. Soon enough, we're driving down the road.

"You know KB TECH looks better than what they show on TV. It's fucking beautiful. Do you know if they have any vacancies?" Bianca asks.

I turn to look at her with elevated eyebrows.

Bianca throws her hands in the air in mock surrender. "I'm kidding."

"Are you?"

"Nope." She chuckles and I smile.

In less than fifteen minutes, Alvin is pulling up in a parking lot outside this huge mall. I've never been here before.

"Come on, ladies." Rania says as she leads us inside.

There are different stores and boutiques representing popular clothing lines and labels. We stop at one and Rania talks to the sales rep for a minute. Rania ushers us towards the line of expensive dresses as she starts to look around. Her job is to pick out what she thinks is best for Keith and Eve's wedding.

After trying out different dresses, with some of them being too sexy, or not fitting at all, I end up choosing a silver colored sequin dress that's beyond beautiful. I send Killian a message as promised that I've seen a dress. Rania pays with Killian's card and the next minute we're leaving the store. It's already past two in the afternoon, which means we spent almost two hours looking for a dress and shoes. Including jewelry.

"Thank you, Rania." I say to her.

"My pleasure helping you with a dress. It's my job to make women like you stand out amongst other women." Rania says.

I smile.

"Well, Bianca and I aren't ready to leave yet. We want to grab a bite or two. You don't mind leaving without us, right?"

"Sure."

"Alvin can drop you off. We'll take a cab or an Uber."

"No, please. It's your man's car, you take it." Rania says with a smile.

"I'll see you around." With that, she's already walking down the curb and hailing a cab.

"She's really hot." Bianca mutters as she watches Rania get into the cab.

I turn to Bianca. "Aren't you, like, straight?"

"Yup."

We end up sitting in an outdoor restaurant as we eat lasagna and chicken wings. The weather is warm, and as usual, New York is always awake, with people passing and going.

"You know, I wish I could convince you to come to Eve's wedding."

"Nah, not my thing. You belong there, not me. Just have fun and take a lot of pictures." Bianca winks at me.

I chuckle.

"I must have forgotten to tell you. Did you know Keith's soon to be bride, Eve, is actually my highschool best friend?"

"What?"

"Well, We used to go to high school together and we were so close we were practically called sisters."

"No shit. Does that mean she's going to steal you away from me?" Bianca asks with a pout.

I chuckle. "Shut up. No one is stealing me from you."

"Good. And how did you find out about this?"

"Well, the night Killian and I went for dinner with his brother. She looked really different."

"Yeah. Dating a guy who loves you can do that to you."

"Speaking of dating, how's he? Your new catch?" I ask, propping my elbow on the table in between us as I rest my cheek on my open palm.

"He's good. We're getting there. Truthfully, right now, I'm afraid of commitment. I just wanna have fun and go where the wind takes me."

"So you're just gonna ride it like a stallion, huh?" I chuckle. Bianca laughs.

"Shut up. I'm too young to be taken seriously."

"Hmm."

We fall into a comfortable silence as we watch people walk by. Couples, students, and even white collar job workers. I think about Amber's hateful words and even the weird message that I got.

"Are you okay?" Bianca asks, snapping me from my thoughts.

"No. Yes, I mean."

"Are you sure? You look like something's bothering you."

"About that, I'm just..." sighs. "Something is going on with Killian and I don't know what it is."

"What do you mean by something is going on with Killian?"

"Well, for one, he's being a bit overprotective. And he's always thinking."

"Well, he's a billionaire and it's not easy running that company. It happens with wealthy men who has businesses to run."

"So you think his thoughts are about business?"

"That, or his mother is pestering him to get a wife." Bianca says as she takes a glass of water.

I stare at her in bewilderment and we just chuckle.

"Well, there's something else. My computer, I got a message from this Wednesday. I really don't know if it's a warning, but it sounded like a woman. It was sent to my work computer along with photos of me getting out of Killian's cars, making out, and even that day at the art exhibition. They sent me all of that and they were threatening me about telling people at work that I'm sleeping with the CEO."

"What?"

"Yeah. I'm trying not to believe any of it."

"Who would do such a thing?"

"I don't know. How did they even have these photos in the first place?"

"They probably stalked you, that's possible. It's probably from a jealous ex or someone who wants Killian back and she's trying to freak you out."

"I haven't told Killian yet."

"Why?"

"Because there's nothing to tell."

"A woman's threatening you, Naomi."

"I don't care. I can't let them get to me. And the last thing I want is making Killian go through the stress of a psycho bitch blackmailing or trying to ruin our relationship."

"That's a fair point. But I also think he deserves to know."

"Yeah, maybe after the wedding. I'm trying not to think about it. And Amber, she hasn't stopped. Today, she was talking to this colleague of mine about how she thinks I'm a slut and I fucked my way up to get a job at KB TECH."

"I think it's time to put that Amber bitch in her place."

"Well, I think it's time I ignore their talks and show them I'm smarter. Violence doesn't change anything. If anything, it makes it worse."

"Yeah, but Amber is harassing you. You should talk to Killian about it, he's gonna get her ass fired."

"I don't want that. It's obvious Amber wants Killian. I won't be shocked if she's been crushing on him for decades."

"So you think she sent that?"

"Her, or Celine. Celine hates me and she's not pretending about it."

Bianca sighs. "I'm sorry you have to go through that. If you let me, I don't mind pushing Amber off the roof of KB TECH and lighting Celine's hair on fire."

I nearly choke on my bottle of water. Bianca smiles. "You're not going to do that. How did you come up with something so violent?"

"Whatever. Your loss." Bianca says, chuckling.

"You're not lighting anybody's hair on fire or pushing anyone off the roof. They're not worth my time. I've dealt with jealous ex's before, Amber and Celine are not my problems. Them sending me stupid messages and photos is the least of my problems."

"Right." No one's even going to believe them anyway. Killian is a fucking Billionaire and there's nothing or no one that he can't buy. Including the press." Bianca says.

"You didn't just say that."

"It's the truth. Perks of being rich." She smiles and winks at me.

"How the fuck did we even become friends?" I ask, chuckling.

"Well, it was a warm morning during spring..." She starts and I just start to chuckle.

She's crazy.

"Naomi." Someone calls my name.

I turn around and I'm surprised to see George. I've been avoiding his calls and texts, I literally forgot someone like George once existed in my life and he was even my ex.

Now, what does he want?