

# Taming Mr. Black

## Chapter 8

NAOMI'S POV

My mom looks collected as she stares at me. I sigh and shake my head.

" Right." I cross my arms and stare at anywhere but my family.

" I don't care about all that right now. I just want you to get a good job. You left college two years ago and I really want you to get a better job."

" There are no jobs in New York, mom, you know that already. Working as a server in club k might not be the best job out there, but I'm lucky I got it. It foots the bills."

" I just want a comfortable life for you Naomi." Mom says. I sigh and nod. I get that okay. " And that bartending job is not gonna give you one."

" I'm not a bartender." I corrected my mom for the millionth time.

She smiles. Antonio chuckles.

" I wish I knew friends who own good companies and are willing to hire. My friends are dicks." Antonio says.

I smile and roll my eyes.

" Don't worry about me. Job hunting starts on Monday. I need to get out there and job hunt again." I say, grabbing an apple and walking over to the sink to wash it.

" Isn't your boss Killian Black?" Antonio asks.

" Painfully, yes."

" Damn. He's like this billionaire everyone's talking about. Lucky bastard. Every day I read it in papers and watch the news about how the guy is dominating the tech world. He's so lucky." Antonio says.

I hum and bite into my apple. Really not in the mood to talk about my boss or I'm gonna find myself thinking about his perfect gray eyes watching me in his club last night. It's just annoying he has to be annoyingly sexy.

" How's work?" I ask my brother, changing the topic. My mother skipped out of the kitchen.

" Good. Nice. I'm still hoping for a promotion."

I nod.

" That's good then. And Grace? You guys coming back together?" I ask, biting into my apple and chewing the green piece in my mouth.

" We're not. She was in the city and her kid's birthday party was yesterday. She decided to just drop by. She's with someone now, Naomi."

" What? Like a husband?" I ask my brother.

He scoffs. " Something like that. He's pretty rich, at least he's always around and not always away for work. He's a big shot millionaire, sells cars." He says and shrugs.

I stare at him sympathetically. He's still in love with her.

I nod. " You still love her, don't you?"

He sighs, but doesn't respond.

" You really need to be nice to her. No one's perfect."

" Right." I mutter.

" Mom said you and George ended. Why?" He asks.

" His parents didn't like me. They think I've nothing to offer their son and they don't like that about me. I'm way down here and they're like up there." I used my hands to emphasize my words.

Antonio scoffs. " And what does George think?"

" He's always calling me and dropping by my apartment to ask for forgiveness. We just can't work. His parents have set him up with different classy women. It's fucking crazy."

" Damn. That's fucked up."

" Right. Fucking wealthy people." I mutter.

" You're gonna find the right one, Naomi."

I chuckle and smile.

" I don't think I'm ready to date anyone right now. I just need to look for another job, at least one that has to do with an office and a company, you know? I'm giving relationships a break."

Before George, I wasn't really the girl who dated a lot of guys. I lost my virginity when I first got into college to this guy named Haven. His father was a professor in the same college that we attended and they were pretty loaded. We dated for nearly two years, actually it was a year and four months and then he moved. He called me that morning, telling me a lot of crap about how he truly cared about me and wished he could stay, but he had to leave the state. He just graduated college that fall too. So that was how Haven and I ended. I remained single till I was a senior, that was when I met George. Aside from his hateful and prideful parents, George isn't all that bad. Well, he's a little controlling, but I assume literally all men are kind of controlling. Some just happen to be more or less controlling than others.

And now George is gone too. I'm gonna take my time to think more about myself and my life. Relationships shouldn't matter right now. I've dated two guys and they didn't turn out great, it's time I click that pause button.

" When are you leaving with Charlie?" Antonio asks.

I dispose of the apple core inside the trashcan and go to the sink to wash my hands.

" Like right now. If you can, please help him get ready."

" Sure." My brother smiles at me and walks away.

Later, Charlie rushes downstairs with his mother on his tail. He's already dressed and in good spirits.

" Ooh. You look really good looking, young man." I tease him. He blushes.

" Where are you even taking him?" Grace asks and crosses her arms.

I sigh and look up from her son to stare at her.

" We're going out, Grace. And I'm sorry about how I talked to you earlier. That was rude and wrong of me. I'm sorry."

She's taken aback by my apology. She sighs and nods, giving me a small smile.

" Thank you. I'm also sorry though. For a lot of things. Like not being there for Charlie when he needed me."

" It's fine. At least you're here now." I say. She smiles.

" Have fun." Grace says.

" Sure." I grab Charlie's little hand in mine.

" And tell Antonio we're taking his car."

" What?" Antonio rushes down the stairs.

" What? You don't expect me going around this city with your kid in a cab or Uber, do you?"

" Fuck." Antonio groans.

" Language!" Grace and I say at the same time.

" Just don't freaking crash it, yeah?"

" I'm not a teenage dirtbag." I smile triumphantly at my brother. He rolls his eyes.

" See you guys later." I pull Charlie out of the house as I hear Antonio say:

" God I can't wait for her to get her own car."

I smile and unlock his car and guide Charlie inside as I safely strapped him on the backseat. I really can't wait to get my own car either.