## 10 Blood Lies

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## Tensed.

That was the only word that could be used to describe Alexander,	20
Ronaldo, the atmosphere and most of all, herself.	20
t was a moment of silence between the two, a stare down more likely f she was to judge.	,
Both their faces were blank and Ameena, for the life of her, couldn't even guess what they were even thinking.	
That is, until Alex smiled and with noticeable e ort, took a step and grabbed her hand, drawing her into him until her back hit his chest. He still smiled.	25
Her eyes almost le its sockets as Ron looked taken aback.	
'And who might you be?"	ď
Ameena never had time to find out who said it, her hand went under his shirt and pinched, hard.	
'Fuck!"	
Skillfully she slipped out of his hold and gave him a dirty look, eyes narrowed, her smile brightened as she turned back to Ron.	
'So glad to have you back and you didn't even call me when you got back—"	
"Well I tried," He gave her pointed look, "but you weren't picking up and while I was driving to your place, I remembered you had no food in the fridge."	a
Ameena's eyes went up in realization, "Oh, this is such a coincidence I was shopping for food too before you came, and I must've le that phone on silent again." She sighed.	
A comfortable, yet very awkward, silence settled among them, Ameena wished the floor would come alive and eat her, her plastic smile was wavering and both men were raising an eyebrow at her.	
Ameena wanted to face palm with the ground, 'Ugggh why the fuck do I gotta do it!?She internally screamed. She wanted to just take her trolley and wheel it to yonder breaks except Alex had hers with her purse on the inside and Ron looked like he had a very long lecture on mannerism to give if she was ever to leave them.	đ
Very begrudgingly, she mumbled under her breath, "Alex, Ron. Ron Alex."	
She felt Alex's head on her shoulder, "I didn't quite catch that Aimee"	
She elbowed him, smiling in satisfaction when he went 'oof.'	å
'This is Alex, Ron," she indicated to him, "and Alex, this is Ron."	
Ron smiled, and they shook hands, Ameena's eyes went heavenward when she saw the firm grip. It was like two rival alpha males had finally caught up and the air around them was charged.	25
"How come I never saw you around here, Ameena?" Ron raised a brow skeptically, directing the question at her, his eyes were guarded She knew he was only tensed and skeptical because of his uncertainty. Hell, she would be too if he just popped up out of nowhere with a girl or something.	a
'Alex is an old friend, I just reunited with him a few weeks agoand we began catching up on some things." Alex muttered something under his breath that she didn't quite catch, she could still feel the cold dark aura radiating from him as he watched their exchange.	5
"But you haven't mentioned him before?" Ron's eyes slipped between both of them, she didn't know how but Alex had managed to shadow her and was using his height at an advantage over both of them.	්
She didn't know how he could manage to look down at Ron when Ron was only a few inches shorter than him.	
'You didn't mention me Ameena? I'm hurt." Alex touched his chest.	
Of course Ron would love to hear how they blissfully reunited with a gun to her head, then she'd love to walk Ron down the isle of her taking a bullet through her shoulder from him then how they made	-20
out on her kitchen floor before lying to a cop.	20

Good times.

Ameena rolled her eyes again, surprised at why she hadn't even seen her brain yet.	
"I'm sure Ron wouldn't like to hear about our borish past and shenanigans Alex, he has more things to d—"	
"Ameena," Alex half turned lowering his lips to the shell of her ear. "If you wanna call how I made you cum uncontrollably with just a finger most times 'Borish', I'll roll with it then."	,391
Ameena felt flames on her cheeks and neck. If she was any shade lighter she would've been blushing fiyshades of red by now.	a
Thank fuck for dark skin.	a a
She coughed and had sucked in a mouthful of cold air to discretely hide how much he a ected her with that one revelation. She swore her body was out to get her whenever he talked dirty.	
"I—I'm sure he could do without thatspecific detail," she cleared her throat, flustered. She definitely didn't miss the look he gave Ron. Challenging.	
It took another moment of tensed silence before Ameena decided she had enough.	
Pushing Alex out of the way and taking her trolley by force she began moving, "Uhhave fun? Getting aquainted and shit"	
She couldn't take them, both were too stoic, it would take heavy machinery to break the thick ice between them which was real odd since she never remembered Ronaldo being that hostile towards to anyone.	a
She kept her tight lipped grin, hugged Ron before moving o , leaving	a
<ul><li>both men to come to terms.</li><li>•••</li></ul>	a <sup>3</sup>
Ameena couldn't remember when last she had her privacy, it wasn't that scarce with the periodical visits she would get from Ron, but with Alex now, she was never sure when he would pop up.	
She bit her lips to keep her noise level down to the barely audible vibrations that ricocheted in the darkness of her room.	121
Pink,she called it, her perfect stress reliever in her time of need.	a a
With her breaths only limited to gasps of pleasure and the only existing sound in her ears were the sound of her own rushing blood and energetic pulse, she focused more on the slipperiness that	_3
gushed with each minimal thrust and sensations from the vibrations. God it felt so goodher toes curled from the pleasure as her abdomen	a
tightened. With her eyes closed and hands busy she drove her body on the road to release, not bothered in the slightest that her comforter was becoming saturated from both her sweat and the slick cream on her	20
hands and opened legs. Her gasps and silent moans became more audible as she drove herself to climax, back arching o the comforter, then came to a complete halt as the thumps that she initially thought nothing of became louder.	a <sup>8</sup>
Her eyes shot open and both hands pause. Ameena blinked as her gaze refocused in the dark, yet not pitch black room. Her eyes immediately narrowed and her frown went deep.	â
The thumps never stopped but her climax, or the lack thereof, did.	a්
She internally screamed from the denied orgasm and so did her body.	
She was definitely going to kill the mother fucker that was currently banging on her door like the damn police.	đ
Pink, her trusty vibrator, slipped from her weeping core with a wet sound. Ameena felt her eye twitch.	
She took her damp crumpled comforter and balled it up along with Pink into the adjoined bathroom, taking her merry little time she ignored the thumps, wiped her legs and hands before throwing on a robe.	
What was the world coming to if she couldn't even fuck herself in the middle of the night in peace.	a1
Without disturbances.	a
Ameena sighed and fixed her night cap, she needed those twists to stay vigilant until morning.	đ
Then she grabbed her bat. Age was going to murder the one who thought they could take away her right to cum.	đ
The thumps became less consistent but it was still there, now sounding more weak.	
Angry as fuck she walked to the door, her bat in its position and without even thinking she opened the door.	
She barely had time to catch herself as he tumbled down on her. "Oof!" Ameena took two steps back as her knees shook from the weight that nearly crushed her.	
"What the actual FUCK!" She struggled and stumbled until he slipped from her hold and fell from her onto the carpet. With narrowed eyes she stared down the person who dared to interrupt her 'me and my kitty time'.	
Alexander.	

Alexander.

Who were you expecting really. "Nope, no, nope! Up! I ain't got time for this," Ameena quickly	
opened the door and went for his feet, she'd drag his sweaty ass out there if needed. When it was clear that she couldn't drag his weight,	ď
dismissed it and toed him in the head gently.	đ
"Oi! Who the fuck do you think you are, dropping in here like that, it's the middle of the night for crying out loud!" She toed him again when he didn't respond. "Alex!" She couldn't really see him, the desk lamp was the only light	
on and neither that managed to illuminate both of them. "Ameena" He grunted painfully, she certainly saw him struggle,	
tensed, "close the door."	2
"Now! Aimee," his eyes were still closed but his shoulders were	a
tensed as he spoke through his teeth, something in his tone made her voice box loose it's power and disintegrate, with wide eyes she closed the door locking it while wondering why the back she was even	
the door, locking it while wondering why the heck she was even obeying him.	
You like it hoe, don't start that 'wonder why' bullshit. Her inner monologue was such a bitch sometimes.	a
She then turned to him, leaning back on one leg, hands on her hips. "So? You' not planning to get o my carpet?" She received no answer	
and it made her boil. "Alrighty then, killjoy, you're staying there till morning. Embrace that non-aching back while you still have it," she looked him down one	đ
last time, the lamp causing various shadows across his face and dark silhouettes.	ấ
She internally shrieked at the dark and mysterious way he looked while maintaining the perfect view of handsomeness on the outside. She was gonna leave him there, and lock her bedroom door so he'd stay there.	
What she wasn't prepared for, was his hand to grab onto her ankle as she turned to leave stopping her. Ameena felt her heart jump a feet into the air and her eyes shot to his.	
His eyes were opened, but barely and it was only then she could see the stark dierent shadow across his cheek, and it definitely wasn't caused by the light.	
Her hand went for the switch and she suddenly wanted to turn it o again.	
Nothing would ever prepare her for the sight she saw that made her choke stumbling back. Blood.	
Way too much blood, and Alex. It was spreading out like a flower in spring, blooming on her white	
	් a
"Aimee. Kit. Get the kit." His dark eyes met hers snapping her out of her horrified trance. Without thinking on how he cut her o again, rudely for that matter she snapped into action.	
She ripped through her bedroom door and into her bathroom flipping the switch before she went to the cabinet, it was only when	
her hand touched the cabinet she saw it. She had caught him, before he fell, and her right hand was red. His crimson red blood that sleeked her whole hand, already soaking	
the hem of her gown sleeves. Her heart dropped and eyes widened,Ameena stepped back from the	đ
red stain on the cabinet and sat on the closed lid of the toilet feeling the onset of nausea rising up her throat. The last time she saw so much blood on her hands was when—	đ
"You want me to die woman?" Ameena raised her head just as Alex walked in hand, clenched over his right shoulder wound and a	
grimace on his alarmingly pale face, his neck had splashes of blood on it and so did his shirt. She wasn't even gonna ask whose was it. Her eyes narrowed as he	đ
closed the door behind him and leaned on it, sliding down exhausted.	
Not to mention the fucking red streak of blood that followed his actions on her very white door.	
"Fuck! Alex! First my carpet, my light switches then my fucking cabinet now this!?" Her bathroom wasn't really large but it was large enough for both of them to sit without feeling cramped. She felt her blood boil.	a
Without even regarding her, he reached into his back pocket with a painful grunt and withdrew a gun which he stretched and discarded on top of her her sink along with two magazines.	
Two very empty magazines. "What the fuckdid you do." He stopped, and leaned back onto her door, hooded eyes meeting hers with a lazy grin. Despite the cold that	
ran through her veins, she looked away trying to catch her breath. How the hell did he still manage to look so sexy.	a
"I'll explain later, maybe when I'm not bleeding out slowly and dying," Oh right.	
She immediately went into the cabinet and fumbled around for the fist aid kit. "Where'd you get shot."	
"It went through my shoulder," he began taking of his shirt slowly then stopped wincing, "was bleeding a lot, couldn't get to the	
warehouse, here was the closest." Ameena tried not to stare as she scrubbed her hands raw in the sink before dropping to her knees beside him, taking out a pair of clinical scissors she cut through the material and slowly peeled it away.	a
If the sight of his blood made her nauseous, then the sight of a bullet wound plus his blood made her want to kill herself. She didn't even realize that she had frozen, until Alex's cold hand squeezed her knee weakly, he smiled encouragingly. "I'm fine."	
Without mercy she opened the alcohol bottle and poured it on his	4
She internally smiled when he tried jerking away violently but stopped himself, and instead bit down on his lip hard enough to draw	a් af
"What the fuck Ameen—," "Sit still! Can't believe your making me do this again, a er so many	
years." That seemed to have shut him up. Shi ing his shoulder forward, she searched his back and exhaled in relief when she spotted the exit wound. At least the bullet wasn't lodged in his body, she wasn't really qualified to perform a surgery on her bathroom	
floor. She'd patch him up already, but that was years ago. A month before	a
"You're killing me here Ameena" He spoke through his teeth before	a
exhaling shakily. "Ah shut up, you should be lucky I didn't call the cops on your ass."	
She already knew what to do, it was a small hole so a lot of stitches wasn't needed, but it still needed to be sewed on both sides before she wrapped it with gauze because the bleeding could start at any time.	
Sighing, she stringed the needle and went to work, wincing along with him each time the needle pierced his skin. When she was done,	
Ameena sat back on her heels and scrutinized her thread work. It wasn't the best stitching, and neither was it the worst. At that point Alex's head was slumped on the wall beside him, eyes shut breathing deeply. He was pale but death wasn't anywhere in the	
horizon. Ameena rubbed her forehead with the back of her hand in frustration while staring at her bloody bathroom and that's when she realized-	

That everything she tried escaping, the blood, the violence, the lies, the past,was finally catching up with her. đ

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