

20|Against The Wall

Alex had broken at least five road rules while racing towards Ameena's apartment.

He didn't care about the red light nor the cars that hooted angrily at him, drivers with sailor mouths cussing at him.

Hell, he couldn't give two chicken fucks when he almost ran over an old woman crossing the street. He was sure more than ten cameras had caught his road rage skills, yet he hardly cared.

The car, unlike Ameena, was totally disposable. All he had to do was burn it a erwards. Or leave it by some druggies home.

Slamming the breaks, he swerved a sharp right gripping the steering wheel tightly at the sight of her apartment in the distance. His heard thudded painfully between his rib cage, mind whirring at the possibilities of what he was about to face past her door.

"Fuck-" he was frustrated, and blinded by rage at the thought of his brother being within a mile of her.

Most of all, Alex felt a cold finger touch his heart at the thought of what his brother could do to her. He was capable of anything.

Stepping in the brake sharply, he promptly killed the engine and jumped out of the car racing towards the apartment. Pushing past the emergency steps door, Alex took them three at a time all the way to her floor. The soles of his shoes hardly touched the ground as he pushed past the top door, eyes zoned in on Ameena's door.

It looked untouched and there were no signs of a struggle from the outside but that didn't put his heart at ease.

The cold fingers gripping it only tightened.

Maybe it was the adrenaline rush, or the fear that fueled his rage. Whatever it was, he broke down the door with one simple kick to the center. As though it was light weight, the door burst open slamming the wall, its hinges screeching from the sudden impact as bolts loosened and fell noisily to the floor.

"What the fucking-Alex?" Ameena questioned in surprise as her eyes drew to the wide open door, "WHAT THE FUCK-!" she immediately ran to it, checking the hinges in shock before gently closing it as to not worsen the damage.

Brushing past her as though she were a ghost, Alex moved to the living room and she quickly followed. His hawk eyes scrutinized every single piece of furniture for signs of struggle. The walls, couch-everything seemed to be in place and still. Moving to the kitchen he did a sweep as well, Ameena staring at him in confusion with her mouth slightly ajar.

"What are you-"

He moved on to her laundry room checking inside cabinets and inside her basket filled with laundry.

"Would you just stop for a second and explain why the fuck you are-" she stepped back at the sight of Alex's hardened gaze. Enraged was an understatement, he looked ready to kill, shoulders tensed, jaw clenched, eyes narrowed and undressing everything in her home. In his hand was a gun with his silencer to which he held ready to use it at any minutes interval. Her voice somehow quietened from the tinge of fear that hollowed in her stomach, "Why do you have a gun-"

"Where is he?" Alex's voice was rugged, almost breathless, as he entered her room last and set to check her bathroom ripping the shower curtain from its hanger in order to peer into the bathtub.

"Where is who?" Ameena watched as he tore through her bathroom, pushing aside soaps and her bathroom items from the counter.

Her angry words fell on deaf ears as he moved on the to the bedroom, ripping the sheets from her bed and peering underneath as well. "Him Ameena! cazzo di sangue-" When he wasn't satisfied, her wardrobe was the next to be turned upside down. Clothes on hangers were pushed aside, drawers ripped open. At this point Alex was basically tearing down whatever stood on his path. "Vieni fuori figlio di puttana"

Ameena stood in the middle of the mess calming herself down with deep inhales, she folded her hands over her chest "You mean your friend? He already le."

He froze midway, tilting his head to regard her for the first time in the past ten minutes. "He le ?" Alex echoed, emotions whirred in his eyes, the anger replaced with something foreign as he stared at her.

"He just...le ?"

Ameena nodded as though she were talking to a rebellious teenager, trying her best to reign in the anger. "Yes, he did. I o ered to make him dinner but he declined saying he had someone to meet." The annoyance was clearly reflected in her eyes as she gestured around her destroyed bedroom, "You could've just asked me instead of ruining my house you son of a-"

In less than five seconds, faster than Ameena could comprehend, Alex had already crossed the room and grabbed her face before capturing her lips with his. The kiss was rough and passionate, perhaps even desperate as she staggered back from the impact, held steady by his hand which snaked around her waist pressing them flushed against each other. Their tongues curled and danced in heat, heat brewing in the pit of her stomach at the spicy taste of him, the musky scent that eroded her nostrils.

Ameena was still mad at him yet as his hands roamed down to her shirt ripping it open sending buttons clattering noisily on the floor, she completely forgot why she ever was. And at the touch of his calloused hands that cupped her breasts, kneading and tugging at her nipples, her mind turned to mush, the familiar ache between her legs starting anew, still not sated from her miniscule orgasm earlier.

Alex acted quickly, tugging up her dress and ripping her panties. Something she would've been mad about considering they cost twenty dollars, but she wasn't. As much as how she'd like to deny it, she missed this, she missed the feel of him sliding in and out of her core, taking her in every positions he knew and fucking her until she cried from over stimulation.

But she wouldn't openly let him know that.

She grabbed hold of his face the moment his fingers slid down her better lips, parting her folds and pressing down on her clit. Her body jolted. "You," she exhaled harshly, "are not o the hook Nicolai." Her eyes almost rolled to the back of her head the moment he slipped inside her, working his two digits in and out if her wet throbbing heat. Her hands le his face, one going to grip the hand that made her knees turn to jelly and the other going to his shoulder.

"I know," his voice was thick in her ear, groaning as her fingernails curled into his skin, "let me make it up to you."

It was a moment of indecision and as much as Ameena didn't want to succumb, she knew she wanted it just as much, if not more, as him.

"Fuck!" She cursed as his fingers slipped from her core. Her hands had roamed to his belt flipping them open tugging his pants down to his ankles. Alex's girth sprung erect, boxers forming a tent above it. Even though it was hidden beneath the material, Ameena felt her pussy grow hot, aching for him to ruin her. Let him take her. Let him own her.

Just as he used to.

Her mouth went as dry as the sahara. She wouldn't mind it one bit.

She was slick with arousal before he'd even hiked her legs up around his waist. He entered her, thick, and she moaned from the intrusion. He wasn't gentle at all. He was fast, and rough.

They didn't have time for gentle.

He pounded into her violently as though aiming to imprint his dick in her pussy, claiming anything and everything.

Moans squeaked from Ameena's mouth with the rhythmic thuds of her body slamming into the wall. Her cheeks felt hot. Any pain that was brewing as a result of the position she was in was numbed. Her eyes had rolled into the back of her head, an expression of unhinged bliss painting her usually monotonous and partially innocent features.

This is what Nicolai had done to her.

Though sometimes she felt her familiar shyness swathe her, Alex had a way of lighting a fire beneath her, so that every movement, every word exchanged, felt like coals in her abdomen. Embers burning slow, starting in the pit of her body only to expand into full flames as he thrust into her. Her head buried into his shoulder, fingernails running lines down the skin on his back leaving red trail marks.

This was dangerous. She was trembling with undiluted lust, her pussy getting more sensitive with every thrust. And when Alex pulled out slowly before re-entering her it felt like she might explode with the slow building up of pleasure.

She was making too much noise, releasing a moan with every plunge he made inside her. She bit into his skin, leaving her mark while stifling her own rising sounds of pleasure with short gasps. Her heart was thrashing inside her chest, her entire body, her skin -- thumped with it. She was clinging to him, using his large lean frame to support her entire weight. He had her pushed up against the wall, her legs twined around his waist.

Now, a er several minutes of being slammed down on Alex's cock, Ameena was beginning to feel her legs go numb. All she could feel was his cock dragging in and out of her, ripping into her with the heavy momentum of his pelvis as he gripped her ass.

Her toes were tingling, curling inward. " Nicolai...please!" she whined so ly, heightened by the smack of their bodies colliding together, silently pleading for him not to stop.

Not when she was so close to releasing. Not when the overwhelming feeling of pleasure brewed from the tips of her toes and ran through her veins to her abdomen like liquid fire.

Alex grunted through a heavy breath, pummeling deeply into her, and a moment later, Ameena's whole body seized. She twitched against him with a silent open mouthed scream, her orgasm slamming into her. She was hanging onto him for dear life, nails digging into his shoulders. Alex slowly rode out her orgasm thrusting his cock through the tightening spasms that Ameena's pussy erupted with, gripping and squeezing his length. It was enough to push him o the edge, with a shaky breath and a short thrust she felt him cum. He was still pumping into her slowly even a er she'd become slack against him, until he stopped, breathing heavily from the exertion.

Both of their faces were flushed as their lips met in a sloppy kiss.

Ameena felt his cum gush out of her. It ran down her inner thighs, a sharp contrast of white fluid of his release and hers against her ebony skin.

Slowly she got o him, gripping his shirt to steady herself lest she fell. Turning to head for the bathroom, she was stopped by a hand shaking around her waist and spinning her around until her chest hit his.

Alex's blazing eyes met hers.

"We're not done."