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Ameena couldn't help it, she found herself following Alex up the stairs and around the house until both reached the front door.

She tried to keep the pout from her face and smile yet for some reason her insides were unsettled. Not that she didn't want him to go, her chest just felt heavy.

"Be careful," she found herself whispering to his back as he disappeared through the front doors, then, as she feared, she was alone once again.

She looked down, arms twisting into each other as she tried to calm her agitation. It never occurred to her until now the gravity of him leaving their only safehouse, not that this 'Mark' person sounded bad but...what if.

Plus, she had no fucking way of knowing he was alright. Taking deep breaths she forced a smile onto her face.

"Not now Ameena, you're overthinking it," she whispered to herself, closing her eyes and li ing her head heavenwards to fight the oncoming nausea brought on by the jerky thumps of her heart.

She almost jumped out of her skin as she opened her eyes and saw Alex standing over her, looking just as worried as she felt.

Rationality le her body and she pounced on him, legs wrapping around his waist, her arms going around his neck in a vice like grip as she pressed her head into his shoulder, finding comfort in his scent that blanketed her.

He stumbled a bit at her unexpected mounting, laughing a little as he righted himself, hands settling on her back.

"Is the meeting cancelled," she asked a bit hopefully, her voice mu led in his shirt.

"No," he replied making her heart drop into her stomach, "I saw your face before I le and I had to come back."

"What's wrong," he continued so ly, pressing a kiss to her cheek.

"Well... I just... It's just that..." Ameena bit down on her lips, her cheeks felt hot as she tried to explain her feelings in the best way possible.

"Aimee, listen, as much as I hate it, I really have to go and draw up a plan with Mark and anyone else who's on my side. I have to guarantee a safe passage so I can bargain, my father is the only one who can get us out of this. Primarily, that's why my brother doesn't want me to get to him."

Ameena's hand tightened in his shirt, she hadn't second guessed his departure down in the basement but the closer he got to the door the more her heart had gotten this sinking feeling.

"As much as I hate to leave you, this needs to be done," the sigh that followed his words were more of resignation. Ameena tried to smile, but couldn't.

"Why not let him come here?" She murmured, dread was still there, she had a bad feeling about him leaving.

"I don't want him to know our location if he decides to stab me in the back, and I really don't want him to blurt it out either if they were to detain and torture him."

Ameena nodded, that made sense. At least someone was thinking rationally.

"Look at me Aimee," she could hear the smile in his voice as she raised her head and stared up at him.

"I'll be safe," Alex spoke "I promise."

Suddenly the feeling of a cool wall pressed up against her back, and her legs tightened reflexively.

He kissed her, so enough to draw an embarrassing mewl out of her throat and passionately enough to make her body heat instantaneously. She grinded against him, as he brought their body impossibly closer, her hand slipping under his shirt to tease his skin with her nails and his hand leaving her cheek to squeeze her ass, so hard her pussy lips parted.

Ameena gasped, eyes opening in surprise then slipping shut the moment his lips got demanding against hers. Their heated breaths were shared, moans caught by each others lips.

Ameena was just about ready to strip her self bare and have him fuck her rough against the wall before his phone rang, the sound gyrated on her nerves as they broke apart, resting their foreheads on each others as they both breathed heavily.

The phone ringing ceased a er what felt like hours and Ameena looked up, only to find him already looking at her. She tried to smile, once again, she was sure her smile looked more like a grimace or even Toothless's smile from the movie ' How To Train Your Dragon'

No one spoke as both stared, almost knowing what was on each others minds, words were not needed.

"I love you." She whispered, taking a deep breath before exhaling.

"I love you more," his smile made her heart thump almost painfully.

"Dude," she bit down on her lip, "If you die I'll kill you."

He laughed, it was the deepest sound she'd ever heard, "And how do you plan to do that," he smirked.

"I'll buy an Ouija board or... something.." she couldn't help laughing with him.

"Don't worry my piccolo drago," he kissed her forehead, "I'll be back so quickly you won't even notice I was gone," he smiled lopsidedly.

Finally a little more convinced, Ameena unraveled her jelly-like legs and found her footing on the floor beneath.

He kissed her again, this time a short little peck on her lips before taking his phone out and rushing away, "Lock the door this time," he yelled out to her before disappearing through it.

"Okay," she murmured more to herself, going to lock it.

Half an hour later, a er figuring out the many handles of his stove she had decided for a grilled cheese sandwich to distract her from her throbbing body that was almost itching with withdrawal, being away from Alex so long without her needs being sated does to to her. She chuckled at herself before using the spatula to press down on the cheese sandwich, eager for a crisp toasty side.

She added butter to the other side before using the spatula again to turn it over and repeat the same pressing motion down on the, hearing the sound of keys jingling she paused, looked around before shrugging and going back to the task at hand.

That was however, until she turned o the stove an had her sandwich on a plate, the sound of jingling keys was louder than ever, Ameena paused with the knife that she was going to use to cut the grilled cheese, her heart rate spiked in milliseconds as she heard the door open and close.

She forced herself to calmness, maybe Alex really was as quick as possible with the meeting.

She took up half of the sandwich, leaving the other for him on the table as she went to eat then clean the pot.

That was, until the person rounded the corner.

She squealed upon seeing Ameena's presence, dropping bottles upon bottles that rolled over the floor, and what appeared to be rags and a feather duster.

Ameena took a bite, unconscious of the cheese that parted with strings as she stared at the woman. Decked out in a black and white uniform, her hair in a neat bun and her face like a baby dolls'.

"Oh, sorry," she rushed out, dropping down on her knees to pick up the stu she dropped in a hurry, "I'm so sorry, I didn't know anyone would be here," her hands were almost shaking.

Ameena, remembering Alex mentioning something about a maid earlier, nodded and tried to keep the fright at bay.

The woman, looked young but one could hardly tell if she even was because of the very unflattering suit.

She spoke with hints of an accent that Ameena couldn't decipher.

"I'll be out of your hair in just a ji y," she called placing her supplies upright, "I need to clean the bedroom and dust the paintings," she moved a tad bit awkwardly for the things she needed.

Ameena nodded slowly, finishing her sandwich, wondering why this woman was telling her this before nodding.

"I could clean in here too," The woman o ered gesturing to the pan and the plate.

Ameena nodded, forcing a smile, "No problem, I'll get out of your way."

Ameena took the last slice and walked out of the kitchen. She needed a cold shower anyway. Alex had le her with a very minor problem that she'd use him to sate as soon as he got back to her.

She locked the door behind her, stripping o Alex's clothes and made her way to the closet. She rummaged around until she found the so est shirt he wore that would definitely fall down to mid thigh and another one of his clean boxers.

She then made her way to his God damn amazing shower that she had very little time to marvel at since he was inside. Just remembering him standing beneath the shower, being sprayed by water and dripping wet was enough to have her lady bits heating up.

It never helped that the more she thought about that time, the more her mind went to the non pg version, how his cock had felt filling her mouth. Ameena took deep breaths, fighting against her mind that wouldn't stop sending graphic images before stepping inside.

Heaven was the only way she could describe how it felt being sprayed from all angles,her hair was getting wet and would be a bitch to dry and detangle againlater yet she couldn't move. She lathered and focused on calming herself under the water, sighing so ly.

Then froze in her tracks as she say something through her side eye,her head snapped to the dark form that moved with a flash, yet she could hardly see because of the misted glass.

She turned the shower o and stepped out on the absorbent mat, taking a towel to wipe her body as she looked around.

"Strange," she murmured to herself, "I could've sworn I saw..." she trailed o , not even knowing whatshe saw.

A er drying she clothed herself, suddenly glad she had half a mind to bring it with her inside and looked around.

The door swung open into Alex's bedroom as she stepped out of the bathroom, looked around the room that looked as if it hadn't changed a bit, the sheets were the same and all over the place, the clothes she had she'd was the same and nothing seemed out of ordinary.

That was...until she felt the harsh sting of something being stabbed into her shoulder. Ameena yelled out in pain and turned in a flash, foot flying out and swinging up in self defense then connecting with the temple of a woman who was smiling darkly.

Her smile was wiped o the moment Ameena's foot connected to her face and sent her keening to the side, the empty syringe she held flying out of her hands.

Ameena held on to her throbbing shoulder then stumbled, blinking away dizziness as she watched incredulously as the maid who looked so nervous earlier tumble into the bedstand and sent the lamp and stand crashing to the floor.

Ameena wasted no time slamming the side of her foot into the woman's unguarded side hearing a plethora of satisfying cracks and a scream.

Hands shaking, Ameena then rushed away, looking wildly for another intruder as she ran to the door, her eyes were blurry and misted from the pain in her shoulder as she rushed down the hallway and to the door only to stop in her tracks and skirt to the side into another room as the front door opened and men stormed in.

She held her hands to her mouth, mu ling her audible gasps as they rushed up the stairs, her shoulder was numbing and she didn't know whether that was a good thing or bad thing.

She silently hurried down the dark stairwell a er turning into a dark area, trying to quiet the slap of her feet against the tile as she hurried down the steps, her feet hit carpet as she ran forward, her heart in her mouth.

Her hand was starting to feel numb with her shoulder as she clutched it to her chest, breathing heavily with exertion.

She tripped and fell, her legs almost freezing up as she entered into the knife room, it felt as if he whole body was shutting down. With shaky arms she pushed herself up, frantic eyes searching for something, anything that'd help her current situation.

Her heart yelled as her eyes found the gun that was mounted on the wall. She got up, looking behind her wildly, then ran to retrieve it from its prison.

It was heavier than she imagined, and with her numbing hands and her vision going blurry ever so o en, she wondered how she'd be able to defend herself. The dizziness made her head hurt.

Just what the fucking hell was in that syringe!

Knowing the basics her dad had thought her about firing a gun, she clicked the safety o , checked the magazine which was thankfully loaded, drew back the top like her father had instructed in that one faithful day and gripped the gun, her finger on the side instead on on the trigger.

It was hell to work around the now icy pain in her shoulder but she had to make due and the moment she heard the hurried voice of the main down the corridor her heart fell to the soles of her feet.

Ameena looked around desperately but there was nowhere to hide. Everything was glass, she was sure there was another room but Alex didn't have the time to show her how to find it.

She bit down on her lip and held the gun up just in time for the door to open, the maid entered first, clutching her side.

"She must me down here Sir, He didn't allow me down her to clean but I know about down her from persona—" she was cut o by the loud sound of gunfire, once again she fell to the floor, this time clutching her leg.

Ameena jerked with the gun and focused on keeping calm. She meant to shoot the woman in her gut but this works too.

"I am unarmed," a voice called out as the maid writhed on the floor.

Ameena didn't care if he had amputated arms, if he came in, she'd fucking shoot him.

Taking her silence as an answer, he stepped inside and over the body of the maid with the grace of a man in designer boots.

She really tried to keep the surprise o her face.

"Where is my brother, love?" He smirked.

Ameena said nothing, blinking out the dots in her vision to try and focus. It was hard. She felt her body swaying and could do nothing to stop it.

"Ah, I see," Alonzo smiled, "the drug is taking it's e ect."

Ameena shook her head, blinking. His voice sounded warped as it entered her ears, there was at least four blurry version of him standing before her and they were moving.

Her eyes watched him, all of him, looking around wildly, "Fucking hell," she cursed and just began squeezing the trigger, firing at Alonzo number one, two, three and four, backing away as he began walking towards her.

She didn't stop firing until the gun clicked in her hands, by then he was already standing before her. He took the gun from her hands and eased them to her side.

"Don't worry, we'll take good care of you," that and his fist coming at her face at record speed was the last thing she heard and saw before she blacked out.

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