28|Hell

edited

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Ameena felt something cold running down her bare inner thighs, going straight down to her knee before sliding back upwards on its previous trail.

Still half awake she jerked her leg, her brows pulling together in irritation although her eyes, who's lids felt as heavy as industrial steel, still remained closed.

The feeling continued, this time she felt the tickling sensation up her thigh, and over her hip to her abdomen, traveling with a purpose to her navel. Ameena went to slap it away, yet couldn't, her hands felt as if they were glued down at the wrists.

Was Alex really playing with her so early? She wondered briefly, frowning, her body subconsciously moving away from the object with the unpleasant coolness.

"I should stab you right now..." a voice whispered.

Ameena's eyes snapped open with quickness. ' Definitely not Alex! she internally screamed as her wide eyes connected with the eyes that felt all too familiar.

Her body jerked as she tried to move but to no avail, the iron outer frame of the clinical-like bed she was practically taped down to only shook noisily under the dim lights of the room.

Her eyes shot around, taking a once over of where she was. Other than the bed she was currently strapped down onto, an a waste bin in the corner, nothing else was in the monotonous grey room on the cracking grew dirty tiles.

And on her, that was a di erent matter entirely. The woman who's eyes looked as close to a demon was practically straddling her legs, grinning like the Cheshire cat as she held the tip of a wickedly sharp knife down on Ameena's stomach.

Even through the many bandages wrapped around her hands, neck and a portion of her face under her mouth and over her nose, Ameena knew....

She was in deep fucking shit.

Bianca's dark bruised eyes was glaring down at her with enough ire to incinerate her on the spot, if humans had that sort of power she'd probably be dust already.

Bianca trailed the knife around her navel, clicking her tongue thoughtfully, "I could stab you right now," she pressed the knife down for emphasis, allowing a beaded drop of blood to slip through the tiny laceration, it took great e ort for Ameena to held the sounds of discomfort back.

"A er all," Bianca sighed woefully, "Alonzo did say I could play with you for a little bit...just enough until....therefore, I really could stab you, Ameena."

Ameena bit down on her tongue to stop the taunt from leaving her lips. This was definitely not the time to jeer at Bianca's blackened and bruised face.

"But a won't," Bianca smiled as if she was doing such a great favor to the earth, she removed the knife, allowing Ameena to exhale the gasp she had held in, then she slid up, until their faces were only a little ways far apart.

"You're too special," she pouted, "You have stolen my Alexander. My Alex, he would look so cute when he slept in my bed a er we'd fuck for the wholenight, yet, somehow, you niggers, always hopping along and flaunting your whorish selves...how could anyone actually be attracted to that," she mimicked vomiting.

Ameena's fingers were clenched into themselves so hard her wrists, she was sure that they'd already turn a much lighter shade. She was sure her blood had dried up as she wanted to do nothing more than grab the knife and pierce a few more holes into Bianca's wrteched face. Yet...it was suicide so she bit down her tongue and kept quiet.

She had to make it out of here to go and punch Alex when she saw him. How he even allowed his dick in such a creature was a mystery in itself.

"I know just the thing," she smiled, "I sat for almost two full hours waiting for you to open your eyes 'cause you need to be awake for this," At her words Ameena felt anxiety pool inside her belly.

"Alonzo didn't say nothing about me removing a digit or two," she smiled, "plus...this is only the start, were gonna need a little keepsake to send to dear ol' Alex to keep him...say...motivated."

Ameena swallowed thickly...if only Bianca didn't have the upper hand, she could've easily folded her small ass body like laundry. Yet she could only sit, quiet and waiting. Tied up like this, one wrong word would end up with her being le as a punctured pin cushion.

A small hand grabbed hers, gripping her clenched fingers, Bianca laughed, "You want to punch me don't you," she snickered for a bit more, "well too bad, open your fingers or I'll be forced cut o one of these," she reached up, grabbing onto one of Ameena breast.

Ameena's eyes shot open on their own accord.

"But don't worry, I'll start at the tip first," she circled her finger over the fabric covered nipple.

Ameena opened her hand immediately, mentally preparing herself.

Has bleeding out from a couple of fingers ever killed anyone before? She wondered. They wouldn't allow her to die...would they.

Bianca laughed, delighted as her hand grabbed onto the first digit she could reach which just so happen to be a pinky. As casual as ever, as if this was as easy as opening a snack packet, or changing a blouse, she bent the finger back as far as it could go.

Nothing, nothing on god's green earth could ever prepare Ameena for the pain of feeling and hearing ones own bones cracking. Nothing could prepare her for the agony of the continued onslaught as Bianca made sure that all the joints were bent in the opposite direction.

This time, Ameena could not, absolutely not hold back her scream of pain, she struggled harshly against the bonds, trying with everything to buck the deranged psychopath o .

Bianca looked as if she was having the time of her life, bringing her head down until they were mere inches apart, watching Ameena's face intently. Ameena hadn't even recovered from the pain blossoming in her le hand pinky finger before the fucking demon was moving on, Bianca's hand switched to the other finger beside the one she had brutalized, and probably would've broken it in the same fashion if the rusty iron door hadn't swung open, scraping against the floor loudly.

With a growl Bianca's head snapped to the person who had stepped inside. Ameena however, was too preoccupied to follow.

She couldn't endure torture, she couldn't sit and endure her fingers breaking one by one, she could not sit and pathetically hope for anyone. It was too painful for her to think of what could come a er.

Ameena was already pulling her head back into the so bed as far as humanely possible, then she sent herself flying forward. "You fucking bitch!" She screamed.

The impact of her head smashing into Bianca's already bruised and wrapped up face and the cry that followed almost drowned out her own. Bianca drew back hurriedly, hands going up to caress her face only to loose her balance and fall face first to the side.

"You fucking coward! Untie me then bitch! I fucking dare you, fucking piece of shit! I wanna see you talk that boldly with me not in restraints!" It was too late for her to stop herself, she was too far gone.

Bianca flew up from where she was crumpled in a heap on the ground, screaming like a madman, knife raised and ready to take a plunge but stoped abruptly as she was grabbed back.

Ameena's eyes finally snapped to the person that had entered, immediately regretting it a er.

Fucking AlonzoShe hissed to herself, falling back heavily into the bedding and closing her eyes.

What's the use. She was as good as dead now. Ameena didn't even have the time to properly curse herself before a hand had grabbed her chin, tugging her face upwards, almost painfully.

She opened her eyes. Blinking once, twice, until her nerves had calmed enough to look at him.

At his side, Bianca, with the knife nowhere to be found, struggled against his hand around her waist, lashing out with long fingernails in my direction.

"I thought you said I could play with her," she whined, "I'm not done yet, Alonzo."

Her whiney voice, to Ameena, was like nails running against chalkboard. How did such a little thing become like that. Ameena did everything to rein in her tongue.

"Change of plans," Alonzo spoke, shoving her back in one quick movement before her hands came in contact with him instead.

She stumbled and fell, not surprising considering her size compared to his. Ameena hoped with all her might that the bitch at least bruised her tailbone.

"Whyy!?" Her voice rang out from where she was on the floor, One could even hear the pout.

With his hand tightening around her face by the minute, Alonzo turned to raise a neat eyebrow at the floored girl.

"Mi stai cazzo interrogando...? You? Questioning me?" The slight edge to his voice made Bianca's mouth snap shut. Satisfaction spread like wildfire in Ameena upon seeing it.

"Leave," and with that one word he spoke, she got up and couldn't get to the door fast enough. Ameena knew she at least took two steps at a time. Finally she was gone. The minutes relief vanished in an instant the moment she realized just who she was le with. Strapped down as if she were an uncontrollable animal.

She resorted to chewing on her lips, staring hin dead in the eyes. At the moment she might as well use him as a distraction. The pain from her bent finger was becoming intense by the second.

He watched her for what felt like hours, but was barely a few minutes. With Bianca gone, nothing but the sound of their breathing filled the room.

"I would like to know...Ameena," Alonzo started, turning her face to the side and to the other, even leaning forward an inch more to scrutinize her.
"What is it about you...so valuable...what is it that you have that'd make my brother...betray us to protect you"

His hand went down her face, a thumb running along her throat. Ameena wanted nothing more than to tell him where he could go put his hands. She wished she had shot the bastard. He was lucky the drug had invaded her system. Instead of cursing, she resorted to grinding her teeth together.

When a minute had passed and she hadn't said a word his other hand came up to pat the side of her cheek a lot gentler than she had expected. "Speak up love, I'm not talking to a mute am I?"

"Fuck, you," She grounded out through clenched teeth. Ameena didn't know what his deal was and she was certainly not about to be buddy buddy and have a nice heart to hear with the person that had her tied here.

And semblance of feigned nicety and genuineness drain away with those two words. His eyes narrowed as he bent down to her level, slamming the hand that wasn't holding her neck onto the bed behind her head. Ameena didn't give him the satisfaction of seeing her flinch.

One corner of his lips quirked up to the side, "I'll have to find out myself then."

Ameena swallowed thickly, hoping to her mothers garden that he didn't feel the struggle in her throat.

"Is it your wit? The innocence you had before his line of business was brought to your knowledge? Normalcy?" His hand finally le her throat.

"Or is it...this?"

His eyes wandered down her entire form making her lips tighten with dread. Dressed in the tattered remains of the clothes she had worn before, one tear would leave a lot of flesh bare for one too many to see.

"Ah...I see," his voice was cynical,

Ameena wished he hadn't. The iron frame of the bed rattled as she instinctually went to tuck her legs together and cover her chest, once again reminding her just how hopeless she was, under his wandering eyes andhands.

Said hand that began trailing an almost torturous pattern over her chest area and around both of her nipples that could definitely be seen under the flimsy fabrics.

Ameena bit down on her tongue. She knew enough that he was doing this on purpose, all to get her to speak.

He certainly looked like a man that wasn't above proving a point.

Down, down down he went, his eyes not leaving hers as his hands wandered. Light as a feather over her bellybutton and further down.

Ameena wanted to cry more than anything else. The pain in her le hand plus his violation was beginning to take its toll.

What the fuck did she do to deserve this?

She wanted to scream as she felt fingers toying with the visable waistband of her panties. Her body struggled against the bonds, twisted and turning yet to no avail, movement was futile. Her hand twisted and turned so much she could feel the imprint of the material digging groves on her hand and rubbing away at her skin.

Still he continued, not a smidge of emotion on his face or in the dark eyes that watched her, except the tiny upwards quirk of one corner of his lips.

T he sadistic fuck. He was enjoying this wasn't he. Ameena found herself internally screaming.

It was when his hands started to slip inside them that she broke. Completely.

"S-Stop!" The word was out of her mouth before she could think, it was than she noticed the mist in her eyes and the fact that her lips were trembling.

"Stop...please. I'll talk," she'd sing like a canary if it meant she didn't have to go through anymore this.

The smile that momentarily spread on his lips was nothing short of cruel. She flinched as he pulled and made the waistband of her underwear snap against her skin.

"Consider yourself privileged," he spoke, patting her head as if he was petting a dog, "Not many women here have the opportunity to opt out."

Ameena wanted to vomit. She felt sick, physically.

"Furthermore, a talk is useless, everything's already in place for the moment Alexander shows up. It's very simple, really. A er he's executed for betraying the mission and breaking the code of conduct one too many times there will be no other option le . I will be next in line to be the Godfather." His voice was self assured and also only a little above a whisper.

"And you, Ameena dear...you'll be bait." He tapped the tip of her nose.

Ameena never, ever, in her life had never wanted to punch someone thisbadly.

Never in her life.

Reaching up, he went to unbutton his jacket, throwing it far befind him and withdrawing a small knife. "The Godfather requests you...something about seeing the whore who turned his heir." He talked so casually, as if he was discussing the weather, better yet. How grass grew.

"I have to clean you up first though," the knife clicked open ominously. His eyes looked over to where her le hand was tied down, pinky at a horrible angle.

He simply made a ' tsk sound, shaking his head with a mutter of the Bianca's name.

"Looks like I'll have to fix that too, I bet we'll have some nice voicemails to leave for your special person. I'm sure he'll barge in a lot less prepared and a lot more hurried a er hearing your screams."

Ameena wanted to hide her hand from his sight.

"Bone realignment can be quite painful...I've heard."

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We're alive, (although...not sure when's Nate gonna come online to vouch for himself)

Anyway, Hi, Nessa here. To say this took long would be an understatement. I'm apologizing on behalf of both of us authors.

No. We didn't ditch the book.

Really sorry the updates have been so scarce..especially since were more than close to the ending.

Next update is unsure but definitely won't take as long.

Ignore any errors in the chapter, I literally just pulled an all nighter to finish this and publish. I'm almost half asleep at this point lol.

Make sure to wash your hands, eat healthy, keep social distancing and
~stay safe.

Bye.

Continue reading next part