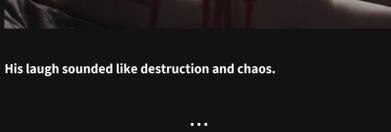


### 3|Are you okay?



His laugh sounded like destruction and chaos.

...

"Did they really shoot her?"

"Becky, are you blind?"

"Oh my Lord! Someone call the ambulance."

"Stop freaking out, they'll be here."

"What if she dies?"

Two voices echoed through Ameena's subconscious mind, bickering back and forth over her current state. She could hardly focus past the excruciating pain in her shoulder that numbed her whole hand.

"If she dies, it's her own fault, don't know why she couldn't just stay calm like the rest of us." The voice was snarky and clear as day, Ameena felt a pang of regret in her heart.

She tried shifting but the pain became even worse as a small groan past her lips in response.

"True that," Another voice hummed in response, "you sure you aren't applying too much pressure though?"

"Yep," She felt a pair of hands hover over the thin material covering her shoulder, "this is exactly how I saw it on TV."

Whatever was in her shoulder dug into her muscles sharply as the person added more pressure, eliciting a short cry leave her lips. Ameena writhed in pain struggling to open her blurry eyes staring at the man in his mid-forties who knelt beside her face scrunched in concentration, they definitely did not know what they were doing.

Before the words could leave her mouth, the intense pain quietened leaving her body in a state of numbing shock.

She floated out of consciousness as they began arguing again.

...

Beep

Beep

Beep

Bright light pierced her eyelids, with a groan Ameena turned her head to the side wondering why the hell her curtains were open so early in the morning. For a moment she completely forgot about her wounded shoulder, that is until she applied pressure on it from turning.

She inhaled sharply from the pain, eyes shooting open. The light blinded her shortly and she cringed back in response, narrowing her eyes until they adjusted to the room. It was a hospital room. With white washed walls, a set of cream curtains, a small TV hanging on the wall in front of her and monitoring machines set beside her. Ameena's eyes wandered to the TV screen where a news reporter was busy talking, fortunately the volume was on mute, behind her was the bank she was in earlier. The headlines in bold below her;

**'Barclays Bank Robbery, Cosa Nostra Mafia Group Steals 55 Million Dollars'**

Ameena swallowed the dry lump in her throat switching her gaze from the screen to the hand that was in hers, fingers laced loosely together.

He was sleeping, blond hair swept to the side away from his peacefully shut eyes. Ron's hand had never left hers, considering how sweaty and clammy they both felt.

He heart melted into a puddle.

He was such a good friend.

"Psst," she poked his cheek, wincing as her movements caused a tiny jab of pain in her right shoulder which was bandaged tightly. Ron stirred, eyebrows creasing in confusion as he muttered incoherent words, but he never moved.

"Ron, wake up," slowly without moving her shoulder she poked his hand that held hers

He finally moved, eyes groggily opening and scanning the room in confusion for a second before his eyes settled on her face. Ron scrambled out of his chair, knocking it back loudly, to her side of the bed.

His storm gray eyes were wide, and filled with a warm familiar care she almost forgot he had. "Ameena," He breathed reaching up to touch her face.

She winced away from it.

He cursed silently, " Bastards! it's worse than I expected."

She reached up to touch her face lightly with the pads of her fingertips, scowling at the needle embedded into her brown skin, before wincing again.

"Is my face swollen?" She peered up at him prodding at it with the tip of her fingers.

"Hardly, but if you had my skin, it would've been fifty shades of purple." He sat on the bed beside her hip, "The fuck did your mama put in it?" As usual, he was staring in awe.

She gave him a flat look, "Melanin, and God put it there actually."

He held up his hands, smiling sheepishly.

Ameena exhaled sharply, slowly leaning into the pillows careful not to upset her already injured shoulder. Ron reach forward taking her hand in his slowly rubbing circles on the top with his thumb gently.

"Did you tell my parents?" She whispered meeting his gaze.

He shook his head knowing she wouldn't want them to get involved. "No."

She nodded.

A comfortable silence settled around them.

"It was a bank robbery," Ameena spoke up, turning her head slightly to look at him, "but I'm guessing you already know about that."

She knew he wanted to ask, but he would never ask without knowing if she was comfortable speaking about it. One of his traits that she adored in him.

His thumb moved over her knuckles comfortingly, "What happened?" Ameena inhaled before answering, careful with the details but for some reason, she did not tell him about Alex. The one who was responsible for her laying here on a hospital bed instead of a morgue table somewhere. If she did tell him, he'd blow up and forget the fact that Alex did save her in a way.

After she finished explaining, he was practically steaming, "But there were so many people there, why the hell did you end up shot!"

So maybe she had also let out the part of stupidly using her kick boxing skills.

She sheepishly grinned, "I may or may not have dropped kicked and angered their boss..."

His eyebrows flew up so fast she was convinced they were trying to disappear into his hairline.

" Why.. Ameena ... Why..." A pained look crossed his face as his grip on her hand tightened

Ameena shrugged only to wince at the pain from her tightly wrapped shoulder. Bad habit

"You heard me before, he held me as hostage! Threatening to blow my brains out," she sighed exasperatedly already regretting telling him the story, but then again just like the other hostage said; 'don't know why she couldn't just stay calm like the rest of us

"And that gave you the go ahead to just kick the man?" He raised an eyebrow accusingly, "how did your heels even survive?"

She gasped only just remembering, "My heels! Where are they! Those are my favorite pair!"

Ron sighed and looked to the heavens, "You sustained a shot wound and here you are worrying about your shoes. They're just foot wear."

Her eyes snapped to him, glaring. "Footwear my ass, I'm gonna butcher one of these nurses if I ever find out they took it."

She stared down at the cringy puke green gown they took their liberty of throwing on her, she wasn't a fashion clutz but she sure took her appearance seriously. She never wanted to guess how her hair looked. Probably like an overgrown forest with curls everywhere.

Another long sigh from Ron, "They're in the makeshift closet over there," she released a breath of relief. "I seriously don't know why I put up with your crazy ass."

"Because you love me," she fluttered her eyelashes playfully at him, squeezing his hand before releasing it and searching for the remote.

A vague sound came from him, but she was too distracted by her stomach's whale cry.

"Now, my faithful brother," she started, pausing when she heard a sound of disapproval from him. She shrugged it off continuing;

"I don't want to have any of this hospital vomit gunk they call food for my first meal, my black ass needs some grease, so get your white ass in the car and go get me a burger," she stretched in the bed, thinking "eh...or a pizza, I'm not complaining."

He sighed-

"..And stop sighing Ron! It's annoying as hell."

Ron's face split into an evil grin before sighing long and purposefully. She face palmed the healed side of her face in frustration running a hand slowly down the front of her face glaring at him from between her fingers.

"Go get it!" She mumbled/shrieked through her hand.

She heard his laughter as he stood heading for the door.

"Ameena?"

The seriousness in the voice made her stop, she looked up to see that Ron had stopped at the door hand on the knob as he twisted it anxiously. "Yes?"

"Are you okay?" Honest piercing grey eyes stared at her, really looking at her.

A certain masked face flashed across her mind, the feel of his warm breath fluttering on her neck.

She blinked, "Yes ...?" The coughed, that sounded too much like a question, "Yes." She answered a bit stronger, smiling. "Don't worry."

...

It was only minutes later, after the nurse and doctor had walking in with the miserable excuse for food on a tray (which she politely refused, telling them about the nutritious salad her friend had gone to get her), and to also check her vitals and stuff, when Ron walked in holding her babies in a brown bag.

Her lovely consumable babies.

Ameena had to keep herself from jumping up like a puppy as he lay one square shaped bag on a tray before her, tray which he must've got from the hospital staff most likely.

"Okay so I got a pizza for you, 'cause you like that unhealthy shit and a burger for me since it comes with fries which you'll most likely steal from me anyway."

Ameena couldn't help grinning, "You know me too well," she clapped twice behind her palms before holding them out at Ron. "Hit me."

Ron rolled his eyes reaching into one of the bags for a pack of antiseptic wipes. He dropped them in her hands.

She sighed in bliss as the steam and scent of the Hawaiian pizza hit her nose. After wiping her hands, she began the task.

She felt a pair of eyes on her as she placed a slice pizza onto another, forming a sort of deck.

"What are you even doing?"

"I saw this Miss Fine do this in 'The Nanny', the body will never know, she quoted biting into the deck of thick pizza she had stacked on top of each other.

Ameena moaned silently at the back of her throat, "Now this! Is what I'm talking about. Pizza over hospital food anytime. Now gimme your fries."

...

Nessa's A/N

Chapter purposefully short.

I love writing about these two, They're fun to write about and her obliviousness to his feelings is even funnier.

Continue reading next part