

## 30 Godfather

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"I'm fucked."

Was the only words that escaped her mouth as she took measured steps away from the scene before her. Backing away from the sight that was sure to lessen the length of her life expectancy under the bastard who went by Alonzo.

The throbbing pain in her finger a reminder of how far the people in this place were willing to go, wherever this place was. Not only that but the woman lying before her certainly won't bring a pardon to her situation.

Stupid. Fucking Stupid move Ameena!

She berated herself, wanting to rip her hair out but was held back by the pain from her hand that she had aggravated with such quick movements. Her other painless hand was holding up the towel, that had dropped one too many times, with difficulty.

She shook violently.

Not with regret though 'cause fuck that lady and her tight bun

It was more from the consequences she was sure to suffer for such an action.

She wasn't sure they would appreciate her kicking one of their own into a state of unconsciousness. Ameena's eyes then snapped to the bundle of hair at the ground beside her, she couldn't stop the cringe that followed.

Maybe she went too far. Her rage and anger from everything including Bianca, her situation, Alonzo, Alex and more simply exploded as she reached her breaking point. Even if giving the woman the worst haircut ever was satisfying a few moments ago, it surely didn't feel as good now.

To make it worse, the lady went down from one kick badly aimed at her temple, one kick. It was humorous. You'd think she'd at least know how to defend herself with the amount of audacity she had residing inside her.

Madame my ass.

Ameena turned and hurried, the woman had brought a dress that was thankfully easy to throw on, it was definitely formal and the cleavage area went a little too deep. Not only that, she didn't even have enough sympathy. Was a pair of ballet flats too much to ask for? With the way her body ached the simplistic pair of four inch heels were going to take her straight to hell.

It was better than being barefooted though.

Ameena put them where she could see them for when Alonzo or whoever came to escort her.

When Ameena had finally finished wrestling with her hair with a broken finger, managing to tie it back decently with a hair band she found a or five full minutes of searching, she turned back to the woman who was out like a light. Her heart dropping once more at the thought of someone walking in on this scene.

The door clicking almost made her leap to the ground. She spun around in a flash to see another woman. Both froze, Her staring at Ameena then on the woman behind her who lie unconscious. But, Ameena's eyes weren't looking at her, rather, it was on the two men that stood behind her.

Ameena heart took a dive down into her stomach with quickness as both men hurried shoved the woman out of the way and stepped over the threshold.

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Ameena woke up disoriented, everything in a blur, more so the events that had happened a or the men burst into the room. Only the vague feelings she could remember, like how hard it was to breath as both men tackled her, restraining her as the police would to a criminal.

Oh the irony.

She remembered her vision going black from the lack of oxygen from the one that had shoved her head into the ground, hand on her throat to stop her from flailing.

The room she woke up with was bright, she moved to touch her head then found that her hand was immobile. Her hazy vision spotted the same woman from before, now wearing clothes similar to one a nurse would wear, maybe even a doctor as she walked around the room.

Was it that she couldn't see that her unwilling patient had woke up or that she didn't even care? Ameena didn't know which one.

It didn't matter how hard Ameena tried to clear her vision, it was as if she was high on some drug. Her head fell forward as she went out like a light, similar to her state before.

The second time Ameena woke up, she was in another room, by herself. A room that was empty except for the single tiny bed she was laying on.

Her head was pounding as she got up, rubbing her temples only to notice that her finger didn't hurt that much. A thick bandage had bound both her ring and broken pinky together neatly. Still, it almost felt as if her ring finger carried the same dull pain.

Grinding her teeth, Ameena swung her feet to the bed, hurriedly getting up, righting herself a or swaying once.

"Up already?"

The heavily accented voice made Ameena turn around in a flash, only to see the door open and a certain person she hated more than life itself, leaning against it. Alonzo stared at her with his infamous smirk, a cold glint in his eyes.

"What did you do to me?" Ameena found herself blurting out before she could stop it. Her time in that bright room weighed heavily on her mind.

"Me?" He waved a hand dismissively, "I did nothing that wasn't deserved."

Ameena bit down on her tongue to stop her retort. Inhaling and exhaling heavily.

"You see, not only did a certain fiery belladonna something stupid which normally could only be settled with losing her life, she didn't even let the Godfather wait. Both of us would've gotten the normal man chopped up finely and fed to the dogs yet...you are special, Ameena."

"Special enough for you to let me go?"

"Ha, You've gotten quite funny since we've last interacted, need I remind you what happened the last time?" With a dark smile he stood up straight, taking a step further inside the room.

Ameena's swallowed thickly, trying to calm her heart. Contrary to the front she put up, she was scared.

They could kill her at any moment. Not even that, they could do so much worse.

"Worry not," he smirked, "your punishment for injuring Karen had already been administered." He must of saw the question in her eyes, "I believe she prefers to go as madamme."

That name definitely did ring a bell.

"Unfortunately, I was told you weren't sober enough to feel but you'll surely be reminded the moment those painkillers wear o ."

She couldn't help but look at her hand again.

Two fingers.

If she had a gun right now she'd shoot him. Ameena knew she'd put a few holes in him this time. Anything to stop the slight tremors in her body and the burn in her eyes from the tears welling up.

Never had she halted someone this much.

"Rest well, Love, you'll meeting the godfather in an hour, he will be taking quite the favor to you." With a mocking laugh he walked out.

"If I'm lucky maybe that brother of mine will show himself as soon as possible." The door slammed behind him as he le, leaving her in her own foreboding thoughts.

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"Jesus," Ameena scrubbed at her cheek in frustration. Everything was falling apart right before her eyes.

She had peered through the window before only to realize bars had been placed over it, leaving enough spaces between for her to stare at the ground below.

She was definitely in a room that was for people like her. The "special" prisoners.

She could see as far over the wide manicured lawn, the tarmac road curving around a fountain set between. It was quite few showing just enough wealth yet at the same time, the view was interrupted.

Guards armed with rifles lazily walked back and forth, occasionally speaking into headsets. It wasn't a few either. There was more than a lot, enough that Ameena herself felt fear for Alex.

Her mind screamed at her more than once. Why, why did she put up with this? It was complete suicide for her to continuously let him in (in more ways than one). If it wasn't for him she wouldn't even be in this mess. Two of her fingers broken because she dared to get with a man from the mafia, intruding in their stupid sibling rivalry.

She was honestly stupid, sitting here worrying for him when she could probably be taking her last breath today. Imagine if she never spoken to him a or telling him to get the fuck out of her house. She'd definitely be in a more favorable situation than here.

Ameena grounded her teeth together, her thoughts of regrets and what ifs were becoming more and more chaotic. Maybe she was simply going mad from being here, alone and staring at a freedom out of her reach for almost an hour.

Her eyes went back to the scene outside. The road went far, almost out of distance stopping at a tall wall with barbed wires that in turn and an equally large gate where it continued on the outside. Guards were everywhere, littered around like ants.

Ameena's eyes wandered to the exact places where they stood on when the door slowly opened. Her attention snapped towards it, shoulders tensing at the sight of Alonzo walking towards her, she took a step back before she could stop it.

Her bravado was already crumbling at the edges. She knew just how far this sicko was willing to go, he was deranged in the head.

He donned a pressed suit, hair slicked back, eyeing her from head to toe. A smile, one of unmasked disdain and pure amusement, on his lips as he regarded her, "its finally time," he mused and she bit her inner cheek to prevent the retort. Alonzo raised his index finger and swirled it slowly, "Do a little twirl for me, bellissima"

"Fuck you." She spat and his smile only widened. Ameena backed up, shivering away from the wall knowing he wanted to corner her, they circled each other slowly, Alonzo looking more then pleased at her show of discomfort and unease.

He didn't even try to stop himself from raking his eyes down her form again, this time slowly, lingering at the place where the dress dipped a bit to far, exposing too much of her cleavage.

"Had it not been for my father wanting you to grace him with your presence," Alonzo breathed, "I would have journeyed to see more of what Alexander found so intriguing about you." His gaze dropped to her lower abdomen and back, a wicked smile spreading across his lips.

"Its certainly not far o , a or catching dear ol' brother of mine, I'll certainly keep you around as entertainment."

"Touch me and I'll rip your fingers o ," Ameena hissed, her warning fell on deaf ears, "I'll definitely rip something o ," she glared at his crotch just to make sure he got the point. Alonzo stopped prowling and raised both hands in show of feigned innocence.

He looked as innocent as a man on trial for murder, caught at the scene with his hands drenched in blood.

"Enough playing around, yes?" He stepped aside and gestured at the door for her to proceed.

Hesitantly, Ameena's gaze flickered between the door and him. "Where are you taking me?" She grounded out, hoping her voice didn't betray her by cracking. Her heart had far shot past the normal beating rate.

"Dinner," His smile hardly wavered, the picture of fake innocence. It was a wonder how he didn't drop dead for such a lie. "Father wishes to see you."

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Ameena had never tensed up as much as she did now, walking down the hallway with Alonzo striding behind her. She couldn't think straight, much less breathe properly knowing she was moments away from meeting Alexander's parent, the rumored Godfather.

She had never met him, let alone thought of his existence. Alex's life had been well tucked and hidden secretively to a point where she gave up questioning their existence or current location, even seeing his mother, who he lived with back then, in highschool had become a rarity.

Yet now, she was about to meet the father of the man she loved, though the circumstance was completely di erent. Alex had never mentioned his father much back then, only into she ever got out of him was that his father cheated and they split, even a or that he had went missing for the rest if the day so she could tell it was a sore spot.

She wondered if the bitter sibling rivalry was as a result of this.

She wringed her sweaty palms, inhaled and exhaled measured breaths as they turned more corners and climbed a flight of stairs opening up to a long carpeted hallway with a large mahogany door set at the far end.

"Relax," Alonzo's hand pressed up against her lower back, she jerked away from his touch sending him a seething glare.

His eyes danced, "There is nothing to fear," he paused, "Or perhaps there is a lot to fear. See, Father and Alex has never really gotten along, now, once he realizes the source of his rebellion," he went closer, lips almost touching the shell of her ear, "Let's say he will not be pleased."

Ameena stilled in her position as he strode forward and braced his palm against a metallic plate placed beside the door. It beeped green a moment later and the door hissed open revealing a grand hall. The ceiling arched up at least twenty feet high with golden foundations and prestige Michelangelo copied paintings onto the ceiling. It seemed as if the architect tried mimicking the sistine chapel precisely. Ameena had to begrudgingly look away, that or she'd spend the day staring.

One wall was made out of pure glass, overlooking the grounds below them and forest a or. A table had been set in the middle with four chairs and utensils neatly aligned. Everything was golden and silver crested, Ameena could almost taste the lavish air.

As her walking warily inside until they were at the table, she stopped, not knowing what to do. It was as if the room was calling for her. Alonzo approached the table and dragged out a chair for her. Ameena couldn't help but stare at him, sucking her teeth.

How chauvinistic.

"Sit," He commanded and had she not been overwhelmed by the urge to vomit, she would have snapped at him.

Ameena gagged and rolled her eyes, going as far as to curtsy mockingly. Ameena then sat down and he followed suit, plucking out his phone and texting vigorously only to pause as a woman appeared from nowhere, holding a bottle of wine and bar towel draped over his forearm. He regarded her formally and began speaking in Alex's spaghetti language.

Alonzo nodded and gestured towards their empty glasses.

If she had not been so tense and anxious, Ameena would have declined the wine, but times had changed and suddenly alcohol did not seem so bad. If anything, it might help her loosen a bit. Plucking the wine glass once it had been filled, Ameena sipped it tentatively as a test, then downed the whole glass almost immediately.

Alonzo peered at her from the corner of his eyes and smiled, she knew that he could tell.

She shot him an irritated look and poured herself another glass, eyes listlessly wandering past the glass wall and staring at the ground below. More men had arrived, hanging by the walls or sitting on the paved fountain.

The glass of wine she poured disappeared however as quick as the first, she went to grab the bottle for another just as it disappeared from her sight, Alonzo had grabbed it, making a 'tsk' sound at her before placing it to his other side at an arms length.

She watched him rise from his seat and was just about to curse at him then an there if he hadn't reached over and tugged her out of her chair harshly.

His face was now serious, looking at something behind her, better yet...someone.

Ameena tugged out of his tight grip on her arm, nibbling the skin and turning back a bit to look. Her curiosity had gotten the best of her. Dangerous business aside, he was still Alex's father.

How bad could he be?

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Ameena wanted to slam her face into the thick hardwood of the expensive table.

Jinxed, fucking jinxed (she couldn't help but hiss inwardly).

Now she knew why Alex had avoided even mentioning the man. He was ruthless.

His presence was leering and intimidating from the moment he stepped through the door. Barely sparing her a glance of acknowledgement and Alonzo too. A file had been set before him and for the past ten minutes, his hazel eyes had been glued to it. Silent.

Ameena was slowly going crazy, slowly but surely. He looked like an older version of Alex, much older yet one could only tell by the small wrinkles that were forming around his eyes and mouth.

His hair was slicked back away from his face, she could tell that it was once as dark as Alex's, now transforming into a patch of silver, at the roots with only a few silver hairs fully growing out.

Ameena would've even called him handsome, she'd seen her fair share of old people while working at the cafe and even in general, yet this man still looked as if he was in his peak ages, not a deterioration of health or looks in sight. He even filled out in the suit he wore. As the time went by and she further stared him down, it was hard to believe he was old, if his hair was dyed back to normal, Ameena could bet that a normal person would guess he was in his early forties.

His steely eyes only looked her direction once, still he didn't look at her, it was as if he wasn't going to acknowledge her.

Ameena's hand was already clenched into fists under the table.

This God damn family would be the death of her.

She didn't even have the appetite to eat anything they were about to place before her. With these two staring her down her nerves wouldn't allow the food to pass her throat.

The tense silence continued, while Ameena had resorted to begging whatever higher being to deliver her from this awkwardness, until he spoke.

"Ameena Wilson."

Her eyes snapped from the table to him and for the first time, he was staring her dead in the eyes, a deeply dissatisfied tilt of the corners of his mouth, eyebrow raised. The file he had looked up from was snapped shut and was placed gracefully to the side.

Ameena's eyes followed it.

Was that...?

"Correct me if I'm wrong, yes?" Unlike Alonzo, even though he was obviously Italian, not a smidge of it seeped into his accent. He made code switching look like some natural form of art.

"26 years old, grew up in the more well o areas of town, surprisingly well educated coming from an influential family of Wilsons," he leaned forward, "I'm curious, do pampered and spoiled children all have the same urge to seek out a life of crime?"

Ameena grounded her teeth together, her eyes once again drawn to the file. How the fuck did they even know that?

"I can see the question in your eyes Miss Wilson" the way he called her name sent a chill down her spine.

"As it turns out, my past assumptions of you being bought out and sent by one of our rivals to lead my boy astray have been proven wrong. I do however, feel honored enough to meet the one who would make the future Godfather break the code of conduct, oh and not only that, but the rules, unfortunately, he killed his own for no reason that is something one cannot be remedied with a mere punishment."

Ameena's eyes shot open, then they snapped to Alonzo who was already staring at her. On his face was an almost genuine smile, however, his eyes were entirely di erent.

It was as if he was daring her to say a word.

Ameena while experiencing this, had to keep her own mouth from dropping wide open. Was Alonzo stupid enough to distort the truth, trying to fill his own brother in an or to secure the heirs place, then bring her, a person who knew the truth. Before the Godfather himself.

"I gave him too much credit, she spoke to herself inwardly. She was already good as dead so what made him think she had any obligation to keep quiet.

She wasn't about to sit quiet and listen to her him dragging her through the mud. So what if her family put her through school, so what if she was privileged enough to get a degree and abandon it. It wasn't their business to begin with.

Her parents had pushed her to do something she didn't want, this was the simple e ort of taking her own life into her own hands and showing them she could live as a normal human being without their support, her reasons were her own and she wasn't about to sit and let them talk shit about her life that they knew nothing about. She let that life and state for a reason.

She knew her PhD and the fact that she was working in a cafe was about to be mentioned any moment now. It was simply her job to bring the focus somewhere else.

"That's," she froze in her tracks, looking down she saw the hand that was suddenly gripping her thigh.

"I apologize, father, this little thing doesn't know that she's not to speak unless instructed." He leaned over to where she sat beside him, turning his head so only she could see his face.

"Think about whatever you were about to say very thoroughly, Ameena, think about it, that and if your parents would like it."

Ameena's eyes shot open, her heart fell as if it dropped down into a bottomless pit. Her parents? Did he get to her parents already?

"How did you.."

He silenced her, "I believe you should properly listen what the Father has to say, quietly"

His dark gaze pinned her to the spot as he leaned away.

The Godfather watched their scu le with mild interest, eyes sweeping over Alonzo then Ameena. He reached for his glass of wine and raised it, taking a tentative sip.

"I want to know how exactly did you manage to push my son to go against the code?" He paused as servants streamed through the door, balancing silver trays with food. He waited as they set the food before them.

Ameena's eyes dropped to the tender steak on hers, charred vegetables and sauteed potatoes. She swallowed thickly realizing that she hadn't had a good meal in a long time. Still, the eyes on her along with the accusatory glare rendered her throat dry.

Alex's father snatched his fingers at one of the servants, said servant who proceeded to unfold a napkin on her laps, Ameena shied uncomfortably from the intrusion.

Alonzo looked away from her and gazed at his father expectantly. "You were saying, father?"

The godfather reached for his fork and knife, leisurely cutting into the thick piece of meat. "Now is not the time for talk, eat." The words were simple yet held a tone of authority that le no room for bargaining.

A muscle in Alonzo's cheek jumped but he obediently reached for the fork and knife nonetheless.

Ameena hesitated.

The godfather watched her, an eyebrow raised in plain curiosity. "Your file does not claim you to be vegetarian."

"I'm not."

"Then eat."

"Stop watching me like a fucking hawk then! She wanted to scream at him but held her tongue, her fingers inching towards the fork. Next was the knife. The moment her hand brushed the cool silver, Ameena suddenly had a thought.

Alonzo sat directly beside her. He looked unarmed with no bullet proof vest.

Her fingers curled around the knife. Once again, the thoughts she was suddenly having were suicidal. Still, she was impulsive, this would probably be the last time she'd have the opportunity to take one of his eyes out.

Her mind was conflicted, switching in between the pro's and the cons. The pain was slowly returning in her hand, reminding her what she got the last time. Something tells her another broken finger would be the least of her problems.

Just as her hand gripped around the knife, a loud sound went o that seemed to shake the building at its core. Ameena dropped the knife, hands holding onto the table as the chair shook.

It lasted only for a few seconds. Ameena had barely last sight of Alonzo before she felt herself being pulled up by the neck, a hand curling around her waist as she got dragged out of the chair. Her scream was muffled by a hand which covered her mouth harshly.

"What the fuck was that!" She heard the man's voice as he too got up from his chair. With quick steps he had already crossed the distance and appeared before her.

Alonzo's arms around her tightened.

"Believe Alexander has finally made himself present."

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