

"Alex" the name le her lips in almost a whisper.

"Mio fottuto dio...Alex started, gaze roaming her face desperately, "Ameena... what did those bastards..." he bent down, gently taking her out of Remy's hold.

Ameena laughed incredulously then, pausing to grimace as her good hand reached for his face. Her shoulders shook, unable to halt the flood of giggles that escaped her, tears brimming along her bloodied bottom lashes.

"She could be going into shock," Remy muttered from somewhere behind, "she needs to leave here."

The strength that had le her returned with a sudden, outrageous surge that nearly choked her own laughter which began to die.

Suddenly, she was no longer happy but livid. Staring at Alex's unshaven face, the start of crescent shadows beneath storm grey eyes.

He had not slept for days.

Good, she thought indifferently. Then, as an afterthought to the events that finally settled on her shoulders, she led her uninjured palm and swung it hard.

The flash of brown was hardly discernible neither by Alex nor Remy. Her hand clapped on his le cheek, the impact snapping his face sideways.

The stinging sensation hurt like a goddamn bitch and she cradled it to her chest, now seething at Alex's stunned expression. His bronze skin was blooming red.

"You sure took your sweet little time," she grounded out, glaring up at him through tear filled eyes.

Everything she felt for the past hours was slamming into her like the impact from a huge tsunami wave. As happy as she was to see him, she couldn't ignore how the other huge side of her felt.

He was the one that got her into this mess.

She was living a sweet mundane life, had an amazing best friend, mediocre job, middle class apartment. Everything was normal, safe.

Yet he slammed into it like a wrecking ball, smashing everything to smithereens and now here she was.

Almost raped, assaulted, her fingers broken, seeing that psycho racist bitch again, his bigoted racist family, the fucking mafia he failed to talk about until she had fallen too hard and too deep to back out.

His face slowly swiveled around back to her, eyebrows still raised high, almost disappearing into his hairline.

His eyes then snapped to the person behind her. Remy coughed awkwardly.

"Clear a path for us," he finally spoke, eyes meeting hers once more. They didn't move from hers even as he held out the shotgun to Remy. He withdrew another much smaller gun from its holster passing it to Remy who took it as quick as possible before speed walking away.

They hardly noticed him. Both staring at each other. The atmosphere around them tensed as electric currents sparked intensely.

"I told you not to leave me alone, Alex." Ameena was the first to break the tensed silence, more than angry at his calm demeanor.

The silence drew it longer than she felt comfortable, his staring down whilst she glared up, neither willing to speak.

He made his move towards her then, taking one brave step closer. His hand coming up to touch her cheek, a thumb wiping away the stray tear she didn't realize was leaking from her eyes.

Ameena remained firm in her stance, jaw gritting as more tears spilled, patiently swiped away by his gentle thumbs.

She was angry with him right now, very angry. As relieved she as she was to see him, she couldn't help but be mad he didn't come sooner. Or better yet, not drag her into the situation that le her with two broken fingers.

Enduring his psycho brother had almost pushed her to breaking point.

Alex neither spoke nor look away from her glare, he simply stepped forward again, hands coming around her and before she had an opening to fight him o he drew her into him, her face pressing lightly into his chest.

Ameena struggled against him, a string of curses leaving her lips, why didn't he say something, anything for her to be even more angry at him. His silence was extinguishing her anger and she almost loathed him for it. Anger was necessary.

When her struggling proved to be futile, she simply went limp in his arms.

"Let me go or I'll throw up on your perfect shirt, Alex."

"My shirt is far from perfect love and never, I'm not letting you go when I just got you back a er so long."

"Its only been a few meager days," she pointed out begrudgingly, her voice mo led against his shirt.

"To me, it felt as if you've been gone for years."

Truthfully, she felt the same.

Would she let him know though? Definitely no, at least... not right now.

"How do you feel?"

"Like shit," she replied truthfully, "I'm also in a complicated mess of feelings at the moment," she peered up at him before continuing.

"I wanna kiss you so badly right now but I also want to knee you right in the balls."

His face brighted up at her former revelation then it fell at the latter, "At least allow me to make it up to you first...then you'll have my full permission to have your way with them."

"Ha... corny" Ameena hued out, finally allowing herself to be embraced. A er all the manhandling she already went through, this was more than welcome.

"Are you okay Ameena?"

"Apart from two broken fingers, trauma that'll take hell's therapy to fix, probably a minor concussion, etcetera, etcetera—" she begins, feeling him tense up against her as she grinned tiredly up at him. "I'm feeling quite dandy."

Alex remained silent as if he was painstakingly digesting the information, his face going dark as his body stilled.

"I will kill him." He whispers in a deadly promise. Ameena's eyebrows flew up at this.

"Your father," she begins as his hands cup her face, thumbs further swiping at splashes of dirt and blood, "he's here."

Alex sighs, "I know."

"You do?"

Alex nods.

"Then why the hell did you just bomb the headquarters with him inside? Aren't rescue missions supposed to be a silent and stealthy operation?"

"It's called making a statement." He replied, lips turning up at one end.

"Making a statement" she mimicked his words before rolling her eyes, l ing a fatigued arm up to so ly punch him in the chest.

"One of your men threw a flash bomb right in the room where I was, how's that for a fucking statement?"

His smirk disappeared in an instant, eyes suddenly scanning her face once more until they stopped on the sizable bump that was slowly forming on the forehead.

"Did it-?" He reached forward to touch it but had to let his hands fall back as she pulled away with a hiss.

"No, that's the result of your dear ol' brother slamming my head into concrete, only partially your men's fault really," she trailed o when she saw his eyes, startlingly calm as if he was doing his very best to not go on a rampage, his jaw clenched impossibly tight.

"I'll fucking kill him, Ameena. I mean it."

Ameena's eyebrows almost disappeared into her hairline. He spoke his resolve with so much finality and determination it was hard for her to argue. Not that she wanted to, she hated Alonzo with every bone in her body and then some.

She'd probably kill him herself if she'd ever gotten hold of a gun back then.

Alex swooped down and she found herself being l ed for the second time that day.

"We need to go now, I need to get you to safety above everything else." He walked briskly down the path Remy had disappeared.

The adrenaline rush was waning and exhaustion finally stealing her of words.

"Listen, Aimee, I'll drop you o to Mark, he will take you to a private location."

At this, her opting out of speaking was very shortlived. She perked up curiously, then suspiciously with slight panic at the realization.

"No, no Alex. Fuck No"

"You'll be okay," he hurried out, not looking at her but staring at the empty yet trashed corridor ahead of them, "I'll meet you there in two days."

Ameena's heart which had comfortably went back to its normal beating a er seeing him, sank down into her stomach.

"You can't do this to me again Alex," she grounded out, "you can't just leave me again a er the shit I just went through! Look what happened the last time!"

"They'll never get their hands on you this time, Mark will—"

"I dont fucking—!" She inhaled then exhaled to calm herself, "I don't want to be protected by Mark, I need you, especially right now, you can't cart me o like this!"

"I am not 'carting' you o Ameena, I'm doing what needs to be done! I cannot carry you with me to sort this thing out, I won't be able to live with myself if you get fucking hurt again because of me."

He stopped, setting her down against the wall then moving to ring his hand over the wall in a similar fashion as Alonzo did.

"You have no idea how hard it is for me to send you away without me following right behind you but it cant be avoided, it's going to be a fucking—" he found what he was looking for, slamming the heel of his palm into it, the metal numberpad came forward through the small opened wall, "—shitshow in a few minutes."

Ameena grounded her teeth together, glaring down at the hardheaded man. He was right, but right now she was at the peak of her selfishness. Who'd be okay with someone they loved choosing to walk right into a rain of bullets?

"Cant it be settled some other day? What if you die you idiot?" She hissed wanting nothing more than to punch him instead, maybe even knock him out and drag him with her.

It was wishful thinking though, considering all her energy was now being used to stand up straight.

"It can't and I will not."

"But if you do?" She pressed on, even as he took her and began supporting her walk by having her pressed flush against his side.

"Aimee—"

"Alonzo wants your birthright, he'll do anything to get it, he's turned everyone against you—"

"No, not quite."

"Huh?"

"He hasn't turned everyone... it'd take a lot more than a few rumours to completely turn my father against me."

She turned to look at him quickly turning her eyes back to the ground a er her legs nearly tangled together.

"I'm the heir Ameena, father always preferred and made his preference clear which one of us he supports. Alonzo's mother was a fling, he raised Alonzo out of courtesy. However, he loved my mom, he lives by his family first mantra, he doesnt consider Alonzo to be immediate family therefore all I need to do is tell him my side of the story and Alonzo would be finished for good."

Ameena frowned, opening her mouth to say something but closed it, glancing away.

"It'll be all over Ameena, I need to get to him but you need to get to safety. I cannot think straight with the idea of you being in danger riding on my mind, I'll skin Alonzo alive for putting his hands on you."

Ameena listened in pensive silence, she wanted to argue.

It was, however, easier to understand Alonzo's motives as shit of a person he was. She'd never in her life make herself feel sorry for him though. His life was awful but that gave him no right to take it out on her or anyone else for that matter. Using people as pawns to ruin his own brother who did nothing to him.

The depth of his jealousy and greed.

"My word was always be taken over his which will be a huge advantage in this situation." Alexander finished with a sigh.

"And I thought my family was complicated," Ameena muttered under her breath. The Godfather deserved to be shot for creating the monster that was Alonzo.

"No more complaints, we will be separated a er we leave this tunnel, Remy must've already signaled Mark to get the car ready, I'll head straight to the safe room where my father's staying, I'll see you in two days a er everything's settled."

Ameena bit the bullet and hid that grimace. She nodded stily although she wanted to do nothing more than argue. Two whole days. She wanted to die.

She looked away, focusing where the tunnel was leading them to. They turned corners upon corners, went down a flight of steep steps she almost slipped and cracked her head open. A er this they continued their walk down the tunnel pathways.

Ameena felt her heart speeding up the closer they came to the end of their walk in the dimly lit tunnel. When the door finally came into view, Ameena frowned deeply.

Alex's pace didn't lessen one bit to her displeasure, he wasn't even paying attention to her series of emotions the closer they got to the door and the moment he reached to open it she slapped his hands away.

"Wait—"

"What is it Ameena?" His voice only implied he expected another complaint.

Instead she simply stepped in front of him, wrapping her arms around him as tight as her weak hands would allow. She inhaled the scent of him, going on her tip toes to press a so kiss on his cheek then went back to her previous position.

"Let's just..." she sighed, using him to calm her anxiety ridden self, "for a moment."

"Oh, Amore mio; his arm came around her, the other going to tilt her face up towards him." Ero cosi preoccupato di portarti in salvo"

"Shh," she pushed him with another chaste kiss, "no more spaghetti language, comprisi"

His chest rumbled with laughter as a hand braced behind her head, pressing their mouths together. Alex traced her lips with his own, gripping her hair with need as familiarity settled into him.

God, she felt even better. Having been denied her presence for so long, it felt overwhelming holding her then. Her warm lips parted for him, his tongue licking her teeth, mouth and finally in strong long strokes.

They pulled away only briefly, "I love you," he whispered, pressing another so kiss on the corner of her mouth the bruised cheekbone, each cut and wound touched intimately by him. "So much."

Ameena sighed, eyes slipping shut in in momentary bliss.

"I love you too."

"Two days," he pressed a final kiss to her lips. A finger smoothing out her tiny frown.

"Two days," she begrudgingly agreed.

With that she returned to his side, allowing him to open the sliding tunnel doors.

It opened to a wide room that looked like a forgotten underground garage. Remy was standing with his back to the doors but immediately turned upon hearing it open.

Men were standing in a uniformed fashion in the various doorways over with a few guarding what looked to be the other doorway along on the other side of the wide structure. Ameena didnt have to look to be able to tell that armed men were also guarding the car entrance area by the tens.

Ameena's bare feet met the cool smooth pavement and she winced, looking around further to spot the sleek black Audi that was supposed to be her ticket out of here, sadly, without Alex by her side.

Alex handed her over to Remy a er a brief moments of hesitance who then walked with her and also handed her over to another familiar face. She couldn't even complain about being passed around life hot potato, her throat was bone dry, body on the verge of going into a coma.

Mark winced as he saw her but thankfully kept his mouth shut, depositing her into the car as gently as he could.

She had only caught one glimpse of Alexander suiting himself up yet again while barking orders before the door was shut, completely cutting out all outside sound and sight.

With nothing else le to do Ameena sighed and settled down inside the plush dark leather seats, relishing in the feel of being comfortable and safe for the first in a while.

Someone cleared their throat. Ameena squinted an eye open to see what Mark wanted only to notice a bottled water in front of her face. She raised a brow.

Right now, considering how nauseated she felt, water looked as if it'd make her physically sick.

"You need to drink."

Ameena looked away from it and him.

"C'mon Meena, do me a solid, Alex would kill me if he found out you died of dehydration before we even got to the safehouse."

In the short moment of silence that came a er his words, Ameena considered.

"Fine."

She took the bottle, rolling her eyes at the sight of his face going bright.

He turned away from her and settled back into his seat. "Yo! Driver are how far are we from base?"

The driver's eyes flashed to the mirror and back on the road, "In just a minute we'll completely pass through the back gates and onto the main—"

Ameena who was listening tentatively while actively trying to open the seal of the water bottle had to stop in confusion, looking up to see why the driver had abruptly stopped talking.

It was then then the sound of glass shattering entered her ears. She watched wide eyed as the man that was once the driver slumped over to the side, taking the steering wheel with him.

Her head hurriedly snapped to the back windows and she watched in shock at the other vehicles that had previously joined them also swerving o the dirt road and into the greenery.

Her terrified eyes caught Mark's calculating ones moments before his body slammed into hers, him forcefully tucking her as close to him as possible.

It was only when the car smashed into a tree of some sorts and sent everything, including her and Mark, smashing into the seats and even the window in front of them, that she realized what he had intended to do.

Broken glass flew in all directions, as the car came to an abrupt stop, even with Mark as her barricade she still felt the impact and still felt the glass leaving a number of slices and cuts on her shoulders and arms.

Radio silence followed by an ear shattering ring pierced her ears a er. In the distance she could hear shouting.

Ameena coughed, unwrapping herself out of Mark's deathgrip too loud around. She immediately cringed at looked away from the sight of blood that pooled into the front seats.

The driver who was once in the frontseat was now lying on the hood of the car, his body having been ejected out of the vehicle a er the crash was currently unrecognizable, along with the car he hood that looked crumpled against the huge trunk of the tree.

Ameena heard the voices coming closer, the sounds of gunfire that resounded every few minutes along with the sound of car doors being opened.

"Goddammit!" She yelled in frustration then groaned as her body grew heavy from the unconscious man, now bleeding relentlessly above her.

A jolt of pain went up Ameena's broken fingers and arm every time she shook him but she didn't dare stop, the sounds were getting closer and closer.

"MARK!" She tried jostling him with her good hand but all in vain. Her heart pounded recklessly, a slight ringing to her ears as blood dripped from her temple.

Upon hearing footsteps walking around the car, her whole body froze, wide eyes snapping to the tinted windows as she could only make out figures. There was five of them. They circled the car like vultures. Rapid Italian was being spoken among them, Ameena felt her skin run cold as she heard an all too familiar one.

"Apri le cazzo di porte, è meglio che Alexander sia vivo!"

"Aprilo ADESSO!"

Ameena didn't have to know Italian to know that was an order.

The doors were almost ripped o its hinges. Ameena's body jumped from the sound alone.

The person who opened the door cleared out of the way, someone else entered Ameena's field of vision and Ameena had to curse her luck.

"Alexander babyyyyy—!" the bouncy trigger happy girl with the tattoo on her bruised face, injured arm and a gun that looked too heavy for someone of her stature froze upon seeing that it wasn't exactly Alexander in the car. Her pale face immediately went dark, eyes murderous.

Bianca looked as if she'd shriek like a banshee with steam coming out of her ears at any given minute.

She was, however, pushed out of the way by the hand that suddenly appeared on her face and someone even worse entered Ameena's field of vision.

Alonso's brief shock upon seeing her eventually desiccated and formed into slow demonic smirk.

"My... what do we have here."

Hi! Nessa here. With only two more chapters le a er this and epilogue (probably). The authors would like to thank everyone for sticking here even through the inconsistent updates.

I'd also like to know what is your favorite chapters or scene in this book so far.

Who's your favorite character and why.

Also, if you had the option to reach into this book and choke someone out who would that person be.

Also, we hope you all are safe and will continue to stay safe throughout this pandemic.

Stay kinky~