36| Ameena

2nd chapter posted today as promised á Ameena felt as if she was under a warm haze. She dreamt many dreams, saw many scenes that made her feel contented and comfortable. A weird peace that calmed her entire being and made her reluctant to open her eyes. She didnt want to leave such comfort, not yet at least. But alas, her body was never on the path of her mind. Her eyes opened a crack and she could only stare deliriously at the harsh brightness that was started piercing through her pupils and into her brain. She wanted to li her arms to cover her eyes but out quickly that her arms felt as if it was jelly and her body was so weak and faintly hot, she couldn't move an inch. The only thing she couldmanage was a twitch of one of her fingers and that was it, nothing else. She soon found her eyes slipping shut once again. Gone. There was something warm holding onto her hand, almost squeezing her fingers. Yet it was gentle, a gentle squeeze which coaxed her out of the comfort of sleep. She frowned, wanting to pull her hand away and finding out, much to her elation, that she could She pulled her hand from the grip. Still frowning as she peeked through a tiny crack in her eyelids. Her entire vision was too blurry only seeing one hazy figure in the room which led her to open her eyes wider. Her vision got clearer. A man was lying on the chair that was the closest to her beg. One of his holding onto hers as if it was a lifeline and the other held over his face as he was sleeping. a Ameena's face burned as she recognized him immediately. Happiness blossoming through her chest. She didn't bother dragging her hand away. She squeezed his instead. She'd recognize this build anywhere plus it had been too long since she'd last saw him. "Ron...!" she called out, suddenly stopping as she found out how dry and weak her throat was, almost to the point that it was painful. å She gave up calling out and instead chose to shake him awake, looking around the room for the first time. Her mouth fell open slightly, shocked. She'd seen hospitals before but why did this one feel like a place reserved for wealthy sick people. It was familiar in a Even though this was clearly a patient's room, the machines and standing drip said enough, it gave o a di erent vibe. There was furniture even a whole damn couch, a book shelf and a stand just for flowers. ...A lot of flowers. It was simply huge and the walls were a nice shade of beige and through the wide closed windows, in areas that weren't blocked by the heavy looking curtain, she could see a whole damn scenery. What the f-Ameena blinked, suddenly reminded by the dryness in her throat as she tried to swallow. Her eyes snapped to the night stand and she spotted a sealed bottle of water. Thank fuck. Ron always slept like a log. She pried her hands from his and went to lean over the other side of the bed, hell bent on grabbing that bottle. She had misjudged her strength and how far the bottle was from the edge of the bef. Her back felt as if it hadn't moved in weeks, her legs too felt like noodles along with dull pain resounding from all over her body. She lasted for a few seconds before her body gave out and the entire room was started spinning. She grabbed onto the bed railing and her other hand slapped onto the night stand to keep from falling only to send a vase, that she didnt notice before, tumbling o the nightstand from the force. It crashed to the floor sending glass, dirt and flower petals everywhere. Pain shot through her wrapped fingers from the action of slapping her hands onto the surface which led to her hand slipping and sending her entire body careening o the edge of the bed and somehow over the not high enough railings. The needle that was inserted in her hand was also went missing. Her throat was too dry to scream, she could only close her eyes tightly, preparing for the inevitable. Then she felt the bed sink behind her and arms wrapping around her waist, pulling her back. a Ameena collapsed into the bed again. Breathing heavily. Ron was breathing just as heavily, the hand which held her was shaking. "A danger magnet Ameena," he broke the silence, speaking inbetween breaths. "That's what you've become." Ameena coughed lightly elbowing him into his side, "Shut up." "What could've possessed you to injure yourself again justas you woke up?" Ameena turned around to glare at him. Before pushing him from the bed. He fell with a loud thud. Serves you right. He righted himself, staring up at her as if he was wronged. Ameena could only sheepishly point to the bottle that was a lot further away than she had thought before. Who the hell would even put it there anyway? Out of her reach. Ron got up with a hu, walking around the bed and grabbing the bottle for her. He opened it (thankfully) and passed it to her. Ameena grabbed it and drank, water have never tasted this good. It was only a er her thirst was sated that she suddenly began to feel a bit...self conscious. Ron simply stood there. Looking at her. He couldn't hide the concern that was clear as day in his eyes. "...What?" She asked him, staring at him weirdly. His mouth fell open, "What!" He mimicked her question, almost incredulously. "Are you even okay right now-wait no, stupid question dont answer," he walked up to her bed and plopped down. Now he was staring at her as if he couldn't believe his eyes. "What's going on?" She asked a er a small moment of hesitance, "And where where you these pass days? I thought you went on another one of your business trips that popped out of nowhere again." Ron eyebrows shot up then his face slowly started going red, "Um...you could call it that." What's wrong with this foolAmeena couldn't help thinking. He shook his hands, "No no, that's not the topic on hand now. I was...busy, then I got a call that my best friend fell into an unexpected coma do you know how shocked I was? It's almost been four-" Wait, what? Her hand froze, gripping the bottle tightly. "A COMA?!" She suddenly found her voice. Her face felt as if all the blood was slowly leaving it as she sat there. Shocked. Ron looked just as aggrieved. Still, he nodded solemnly. "How did I..." "Don't you remember what happened?" "I..." Ameena racked her brain to recall, Everything felt like a dream, so hazy. She really had a hard time di erentiating between real and fake. Then it hit her. Ameena's uninjured hand crushed the bottle completely, head snapping to him in horror. "Alonzo?!" Ron looked at her dimly, raising a brow in question. "Who...?" a Ameena paid his question no mind as she leaned back into the pillows a er throwing the empty bottle out of her hands, shoulders dropping dejectedly, eyes staring down at her hands in her lap. What was she thinking. Surely if she was alive and in this room right now, there's no way Alonzo could've survived. Not to mention, in those hazy scenes she clearly remembered what she did. Her hands started trembling because of it. Her shoulders dropped lower. Didn't she...kill someone? đ "Ameena? Who is-" "I..." she interrupted him. Unwilling to li her head anymore. "I'd like to be alone...right now, Ron." "But Alice said to stay until he-" "Please?" She didnt hear him speak but she could already guess the expression he was making right now. She heard him sigh and a warm hand "Just remember I'm here if you want to talk." She didn't feel his hand letting her go nor did she hear him leave. She was numb, the more she thought of it, the more a sinking feeling made itself present in her chest. Her breathing slowly sped up as minutes ran by and she thought even more about it. Continuing until she was breathing out in sharp pants. It all came to her. Her feelings on that day, the pain that felt as if it'd wreck her body. The beatings, the assault, almost loosing her life on more than one occasions. Her narrow escape and that tinge of relief that she had felt back then only to have it smashed into pieces as she was caught in that man's hands again. And Alexander She brought her hands closer to her face, peering down at her two fingers that was wrapped tightly in thick stretchy looking bandages, remembering how she got this injury. She blew out a heavy breath. Her hands fell. She didnt want to think about that..just yet. Regardless of how disgusting and evil that bitch Bianca was, Ameena couldn't believe she managed to...do that. Back then there was no time to think, no time to hesitate or it'd be her body cold and dumped somewhere. She had acted quickly, but now she was stuck with those memories, now possessing the rationality she didnt have back then. She found it hard to believe. She wanted to stop thinking about it but the more she tried not to think about it, the more she did. Her chest rose and fell and she suddenly felt lightheaded. She hardly even remembered what had happened a er she stabbed her. How did she even end up here. a Also...was Alex really okay? The thought shot through her mind before she could stop it. Ameena wrapped her arms around herself and lied down dragging her legs up to her chest. She decided to stay like this, staring at the opposite wall all the way over there. Breathe. She needed to breathe. It only hurt to think about Alexander right now. So many feelings attacked her, she didnt know which was No matter how calm she wanted to appear, her breathing was erratic and her shoulders shook. Alexander, where was he? No! I don't want to see himShe scolded herself. How could he let this happen to her? Why wasn't he here when she opened her eyes? Why did he always leave her alone? Why was he always late? Why couldn't he protect her like he said he would? Like he was supposed to? Fitting. Her mind needed someone to blame everything on. Right now, it was him. It was all him. Why didnt he leave her alone back then A er the entire fiasco at the Why was she so fucking stupid to get involved in all this. If she had ran like her feet was on fire the moment he reared his... uglyhead she wouldn't be here right now. Would she even meet Alonzo again? He thought she was dead didn't he? She hated that she had gotten the opportunity to discover just how truly detestable that man was. How fucking evil... Her skin crawled as she remembered how close he had gotten to her, his hands almost assaulting her. That fucking sicko. Disgust shot through her and her eyes quickly got blurry. Stinging with unshead tears. She felt jittery and jumpy, pulling the covers over her body tighter and ignoring how her body creaked and bloomed with dull pain as she moved. Among all of this, her body felt weird and weak. She couldn't shake the feeling that she lost something. ď "Fucking hell!" She felt so horrid. Her body felt as if it was hit by a truck and her mind was in chaos. Her breathing wasn't slowing either. Was this a panic attack? Was she panicking right now? How many minutes had passed of her trying to calm down and flailing miserably at doing so. She was so caught up in what she was feeling she didn't hear the door swing open, she also didn't hear the hurried steps rushing towards where she was on the bed. She could feel though. What she felt was the bed dipping beside her, and hands grabbing her although she was seeking comfort under the sheets, covered by it tightly. As she felt her body being pulled into another's embrace, her first thought was, Alonzo So she did what any sensible person would do. She screamed and fought against the large hands grabbing her, kicking and scratching, elbowing. She had no time to be surprised by her own strength, because the warm cloth was pulled o her head and her face smashed hard into someone's hard chest. "Ameena stop! It's-" She froze, eyes widening as his smell flooded her nostrils. He always smelt so nice. To her astonishment, his voice didn't reassure her, instead it fueled her pent up rage and her need to vent a er the tiny surprise of feeling him passed. She wrestled from his grip and her elbow slammed hight into his face. a She didn't want himtouching her. But at the same time a small part of her was relieved. A tiny part. That tiny part also wanted to stick onto him like glue. But this was only a tiny part, she reminded herself. "Don't fucking touch me!" She hissed. Pulling her leg up between them and shimmying back a little, using both of them to kick him completely o the bed. It certainly took him by surprise because he went without much e ort and became the second man she successfully managed to kick o her bed today. Her hand covered her mouth in shock before she quickly recovered. Face turning grim. He got up with a sigh a er a long second, eyebrows pulled tight. He then settled into the chair Ron had been sitting in previously. her heart as she saw how haggard he looked. An air of maturity even more than before shrouded him. So manly, even as he sat down with his wide shoulders dropped as if the world was on them. He wore a black Tee that hugged his broad chest and arms with casual jeans, his hair was messy and his cheeks had the beginning of a stubble. His eyes were dark and stared at her with a plethora of emotions. Ameena looked away, she found it hard to hold on to her sanity and courage with him staring at her so intensely. She was conflicted. Wanting to fly o the bed into his arms yet not wanting to have anything to do with him at the same time. She wasn't a fool. Look what happened the last time she threw caution to the wind and decided to follow her stupid stupidheart. She prided herself in not making the same mistakes. There really was a limit of what she could take, hell. She should've chosen not to entertain him the moment she learnt that hewas the one that shot her. Yes, she was so fucking stupid. She didnt deserve this nor would she willingly drive headfirst into danger again for a man She could almost hear her parents snide voices resonating in her mind. You never make good decisions Ameena. We know what's best for you. They'd probably have an aneurism if they found out about this. A er that they'd look at her with that all too familiar 'I told you so' gaze. She didnt want to agree with them on all accounts but yeah. She had indeed made some shitty decisions. Decisions that led her to where she was now. Out of a coma, bandages still under her clothes no matter how hard she tried to ignore them, broken bones and trauma sprinkled on top for a little flavor. If only her parents could see her now. They'd make her regret not using the qualifications they forced her to get to dive into their line of work. "Aimee," he finally decided to break the silence. Ameena flinched, she hoped he didnt notice. That fucking pet name... She turned back to him. Saw how restrained he looked. As if he was now as conflicted as she was. A war raging inside that mind of his. She sighed, looking away from him again. Her eyes dropping to look at her hands, specifically the broken fingers. She remembered the pain of it breaking and chewed on her lips in indecisiveness. She didn't need a mirror to know that she probably looked horrible, she already felt like complete shit at the moment. Her hair was messy, something she'd never allowed in her life. "Ameena I-" "I can't do this...with you Alex," Ameena cut him o before he had a chance to speak. She knew if she allowed him to, her resolve would collapse and her foolish heart would intervene causing her to make yet another one of those bad decisions. a What if there was a next time? Would it be her cold corpse lying in a She damn well could've been a corpse right now considering all those close calls she had gotten caught into. She took a chance to turn to look at him only to regret it the moment she saw the look of absolute doom, pain, regret and sadness all in one swirling in those eyes of his, his lips pursed thinly. Ameena's breath hitched at her throat. "What do you mean?" His words were almost a whisper and his eyes were staring at her so intensely, too intensely as if he wished it had been him instead. He looked broken. Faint dark bags under his eyes as if he hadn't slept in days. He seemed just as beaten down as she felt, if not moreso. He looked tired and as much as she tried to deny and press down the feeling, it hurtto see him like this. "I...I..." she looked around, searching for the right words only for her gaze to trail right back to his, "I just need some space, Alex, to think." "...Do you...hate me Ameena?" He looked as if he struggled to get the word out, staring at her apprehensively. Like a man on the stand waiting on a guilty verdict. "I don't!" The words flew out faster than she expected which le her feeling weird but, she felt less weird about it a er seeing his face brightened a little. Her hands that were wringing around themselves in her lap suddenly felt useless. The feeling was similar to taking a picture and having nowhere to put your hands. Absolutely awkward and uncomfortable. "I don't know," She spoke up again, clarifying herself. "I dont want to blame you, Alex, I don't think it's your fault any of this happened, I dont want...I dont want to push the blame on anyone but Alonzobut a small part of me wants to blame you, Alex. Tell you that jts your fault I ended up like this, Ask you why you le me alone when I felt something was wrong. I want to blame you so badly but I can't because I still love you and hate to see you hurt- God I'm so stupid." Ameena turned away from him completely, rubbing her burning eyes and scolding herself for even thinking about crying. There was complete silence behind her before the sound of sheets rustling filled the room. The bed behind her dipped and she felt arms curling around her, tugging her back into a hard chest. Ameena sti ened but only for a good few seconds before her traitorous body melted. She was craving comfort, especially right now. "I'm so fucking sorry Ameena," she heard his voice behind her. He hugged her close, head placed in the crook of her neck. Huge arms gripping her waist with surprising gentleness, must so he didn't disrupt her bandages. "You...You shot me Alex. Looking back now I'm realizing just how fucked that was," she laughed without the slightest bit of humor, her hands finally regained mobility and went to grip onto his. To do what? Escape from his hug? Dig her nails into his skin to make him feel a tiny bit of her pain? Something else? She didnt know, but she gripped onto him regardless. ď "But..." she continued, "I was willing to look past that, you were only trying to protect me from your cruel fucked up brother and what not in your own rational way. I ignored it and the other many little quirks and baggage you were dragging behind you but look where that "What next? If you're alive that means Alonzo's probably locked away but how many more attempts on my life do I have to sit through in the future because this sure as hell was an eye opener." Ameena hesitantly leaned herself back into him. Her mind was being rational as ever yet her body was on a whole di erent wavelength. Just feeling his body pressing in her back and his warm breath on her skin sent her heart spasming. She didnt want to purposely put herself in a position where people would want her head but she wanted Alexander.. neededhim in fact. Still, her rationale and self preservation persevered over her heart leaving her with the greatest conflict she'd ever faced in her life. Alexander kept silent but she could almost hear his unspoken words answering to her question. Many attempts, probably. However, he surprised her by actually speaking something in contrary. "Never, As long as I'm here living and breathing, no one would even dare." a "How can you be so sure?" She hissed, her hands finally deciding on prying his hand away from her. she turned around, coming face to face with him. Her face twitched at their closeness. "I just am, Ameena, however..." He sat back, putting a good distance between them, "I agree." He looked pained as he continued, "It's my fault you ended up this way, I couldn't protect you this time, couldn't keep you out of that fuckers hands. There's not a day that went by without me regretting that I le you that day. What if I had stayed and le everything to Mark, got to my father some other day...? Those four weeks that passed with you being unconscious was complete hell for me, not knowing if you were healing correctly, not knowing when you'd wake up." ď His hands reached for her, both on the sides of her face, he held her, li ing her head slightly to look straight into his eyes. He looked devastated, Ameena didn't think she'd end up seeing such an awful expression on his face. His voice sounded shaky. "Even then...I cant imagine how you felt experiencing all of that and so much more. I admit I'm selfish as fuck for wanting you to stay with me a er all that. I really, really just want to be with you more than anything else so dont...please don't push me away. I need you. Those four weeks only solidified that." Ameena frowned, Narrowing her eyes at him. She opened her mouth to reply but he quickly cut her o . "That just how I feel inside right now, Aimee. I needed you to know before I continue." He swallowed thickly. "I'm selfish yes, but I wont force you to stay. You're not pregnant anymore so there's nothing physically bounding you to me, if you want to walk away from us I'll do my best to respect that, regardless of how it'll hurt sring you leave, watching you from afar, I'll get your job back, your appartment...You'll get to return to your life with no one threatening it ever again. It's the least I can do a er what my half brother did..." a He stopped, noticing that Ameena was frozen, not even blinking as if she was completely phased out. Alex shook her shoulder gently, bringing her back down to planet earth. Ameena however was too shocked to blink. When she finally recovered from the shock she blinked wildly. Pregnant?! She lost a fucking child just now?! Ameena'senture body went weak and she collapsed into his chest. Unable to think. She didn't even hear what he was saying, she was far away the moment she heard the words, 'you're not pregnant anymore..' She stayed in this position for a full minute. Not knowing how to feel. Was the news heartwrenching? She didn't know if she was supposed to cry and scream. She felt lost. An empty feeling slowly creeping up on her. One thing was certain. Alex must've been smoking the strongest strains of weed during those few weeks she lied in a coma. a How the fuck could he dump something like that out of nowhere when she was already feeling so fucked up physically and mentally. This time Ameens couldn't stop the tears. "You bastard!" She resorted to punching his chest, grabbing his clothes and shaking him. "You stupid idiot! That isn't something you drop on someone unprepared! Are you fucking insane?!" a His eyes widened as if he was only now realizing what he had said. "Ameena I'm-" "Shut up you bastard fuck-!" she pushed away from him. Gathering her legs and swinging them o the bed. Standing with renewed strength before he had a chance to touch her. She walk/hopped on weak legs towards the door, a murderous rage suddenly taking root internally. "Ameena!" She heard the bed rustle as he hurried o it, cursing as glass cracked under his shoes as he came o on the other side. "Ameena you shouldn't be walking yet!" Ameena ignored him, almost reaching the door only to be swept o her feet the moment her hand reached for the door knob. "What the fuck are you-!" "Listen Ameena! You can be up an about, you haven't even ate are you trying to hurt yourself all over again?! You're not even completely healed!" He dropped her lightly on the bed. Ameena bounced on the so mattress only once before righting herself and glaring at him. Angry tears in her eyes. "I just want to see Alonzo! Let me see him!" Her fingers curled into the sheets as she seethed. Fucking bastard, he was the one that deserved all the blame and more. Fucked her up this badly, made her lose a fucking child?! Just the thought of having a child for Alex set up a weird fluttering inside her chest even though her mind was hell bent on hating him for a hot minute. Ameena wasn't a saint. Maybe it was because she hung around Alex too long but she was already desensitized. If that bastard was still alive she wantedhim dead. Immediately. Like yesterday. Her vengeful and downright murderous thoughts surprised her a bit but she had no time to ponder on it. She seethed a bit more in silence. Bianca? That bitch deserved to die. Thinking back to a few minutes ago, Ameena couldn't believe she was feeling a silver of regret and sympathy. a They hurt her, it was either them or her. She'd chose herself in a fucking heartbeat. She kept glaring at Alex who looked down from where he stood at the edge of the bed. He looked at her with something akin to shock

before his features hardened into stone.

and wiping her eyes with the back of her hands.

crawling onto her.

huge man settled on top of her.

his head, hair falling to the side.

him, falling to her side.

She had to be strong.

Too soon.

head.

away indignantly. "Shut your mouth."

creature again. She cringed harder.

solemn silence. "I...I understand."

fear that this would happen again.

stopped a er she heard his voice.

considerably harder to complete.

the FINAL chapter later today.

FINALLY. ITS DONE!

Remember to

~and share.

~Vote

~Nessa

"He's already dead Ameena. In fact, the moment he had sent those

Good riddance. She thought with a hu . Blowing out a breath of relief

Alexander watched her, pursing his lips for a bit before the ends curled into a smirk. He took the initiative. Kneeling unto the bed and

Ameena's eyes widened like a deer caught in the headlights as the

"What wereyou planning to do if he was still alive Ameena?" He tilted

She stared at him with her wide chocolate brown eyes before looking

Ameena tried desperately to ignore how good it felt to be with him again, she li ed her arms and pushed him o her. He let her move

Right, there was still pressing matters that needed to be addressed. Her eyes found his and she sighed. "I still need some time to think...and space, I need some space..away from all of this."

Ameena remembered everything and internally cringed. Not to mention his father. If she stayed wouldn't she have to see that hateful

Alexander said nothing, only nodding stilly a er a few moments of

physically and mentally enough to be with him without that pressing

A er going through all that, one thing was certain, she didnt like pain. Plus, she was glad she hadn't known about the fetus or had any stronger emotional attachment. A mother just finding out about a child versus a mother who had already carried for so long, she was glad she was the former. It hurt but not as devastatingly. She briefly wondered how Alex felt a er finding out then sighed, shaking her

Ameena pondering deeply, trying to figure out what she was feeling at the current moment when Alex suddenly tugged her close to him. Her face hit his chest and her entire front was pressed into his. His arms hugged her tightly. Ameena made to struggle out of his hold but

"Just one last time Ameena...Can you let me hold you."

I gotta say, out of Alex's pov and Ameena's pov, her's was

It would be too evil to end the book on this note so look out for

There's so much endings I thought of but this one seemed a lot

~ comment, I really like seeing y'alls comments and feedbacks

Continue reading next part □

more fitting considering Ameena's nature so...

Ameena didnt know how long it'd take before she recovered

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a

men to ambush us in your appartment had sealed his fate."