

5|Orange is the new black

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Alex watched the glass of milkshake slip from her hand and fall to the floor with a loud crash. Shards of glass scattered everywhere, and the hem of her pants was soaked with chocolate milkshake, the cherry rolling underneath one of the booths.

Most people, if not all, turned to look at the scene that had conspired. Ameena had frozen in her spot, face pale as her eyes widened. A small part of Alex knew that he sparked the look of fear in her eyes, and he hated himself for being the one get such an expression from her.

Fortunately he quickly shoved that feeling away and raised a hand curling his finger in a 'come here' gesture. It took Ameena a few seconds to realize what he meant.

As expected, she took a step back.

Alex couldn't help the smirk that formed, he placed one hand on the table drumming it patiently, the other propping his chin up while he stared at her. Similar to a predator watching its prey, waiting for the right moment to strike.

Alex took his opening to stand when one grumbling waiter appeared carrying a bucket of mucky water and a mop catching Ameena's attention. One moment he was sitting on the booth, the next he was only steps away from her.

Ameena yelped jumping knocking the back of her thighs on a table, the occupants of said table made their complaints as the plate slid.

Swi ly, Alex stretched out his hand catching the plate of fries that was about to fall before setting it back on the table. When he turned Ameena was already gone, heading towards the kitchen door that had a bold red 'Sta Only' sign printed on it.

"It's been long since I played a game of cat and mouse," He grinned feeling a rush of adrenaline through his veins. Something he hadn't felt in a long time. Instead of following her, he rounded the corner taking the shortest way to the door.

Ameena dug her heels into the floor when she saw him standing right beside her only escape, casually leaning on the wall with arms crossed across his chest, ankle swung over the other.

Alex smiled wolfishly gesturing at the door, "Ladies first." He smirked, seeing the way her eyes kept darting to the door and back to him, clearly contemplating if the risk was even worth it.

In truth, he was going to let her through either way. He just wanted to play with her a little before she could go.

He knew the kitchen door would open and she would dart in just as waiters walked out. What she didn't know was they would be dragging out a six layered cake, thathe had spied out before she arrived, anytime soon.

She moved to it just as the door swung open, Alex grabbed her wrist right before she could smash into the trolley. He yanked her into him, holding her flush against himself. Even under the layers of clothing, he could feel the delicious race of her heartbeat against his chest.

"Clumsy as always," He whispered into her ear as the waiters walked out singing the birthday song loudly, clapping their hands and drowning out any other sounds.

Ameena tried snatching her hand back but his grip was that of steel.

"Relax amore mio" Alex purred rubbing his thumb over her wrist in slow circular motions. There was something so familiar about that gesture, something he used to do in the past when he was comforting her.

By the way her lips were pressed together and hands clenched, he could tell she wanted to punch him unconscious. Her eyes looked around the room urgently.

People hardly spared them a glance, he didn't blame them though; his hold on her hands which he had locked around her back wasn't exactly provocative. It only pressed her more into him in an intimate flirty way.

Ameena inhaled deeply, her brown eyes narrowing. "Release me."

Alex's grin only widened but he made no move to release her, instead he slowly backed into a corner where they were no longer in anyone's sight, hands holding her in place.

Her jaw clenched at his action wriggling in vain, "Alex..." she trailed o as her eyes met his, he too noticed because a smug smirk graced his features snapping her out of the fantasy. "I-I'll scream."

"No you won't." He answered simply making her purse her lips into a thin line, her glare became deadlier if possible.

Alex knew her Ameena well, she wasn't that daring. He shi ed slightly, so close her breasts were next to becoming pressed into his chest. His eyes lit seductively at the way it a ected her, her breaths becoming heavier by the minute.

"Get your hands o me Nicolai?" She hissed when his fingertips strayed down her jawline her neck, trailing lightly over her exposed collarbone. " Now!"

Alex's eyes snapped to hers at the sound of his birth name. His hands dropped to her lower back pressing her even closer as his head dipped, noses and lips a breath apart. "Say my name again." His playful tone was replaced with a heavier one, strained.

Her eyes widened and breath caught at sudden proximity, leaving no room for any reaction.

"Ameena..." He hummed her name eyes shut, l closer, even closer, "say my n-" A choked sound escaped his lips as he felt a sudden burst of pain in his southern region.

Alex doubled over from the shocking pain, dropping to his knees as Ameena jumped back looking just as uneasy. "Fuck Ame-" he choked clutching his groins bending over in an attempt to soothe the paralyzing pain. What the hell was in her knees? Iron?

Was this what Alonzo felt?

Hardly had Ameena made it a step away when his hand shot out and grasped onto her ankle nearly tripping her. She stumbled and yelped as Alex, still half lying on the floor half kneeling with his cheeks flushed from the pain, gripped on to her ankle.

The look of anger on his face didn't help her fear, he saw raising her other leg, and still surprisingly still balancing herself she aimed it for his jaw but he was faster, he caught her other ankle and smiled, the smile bordering on sadistic.

With a sharp tug, Alex yanked both her feet from underneath her.

Ameena yelp and grabbed onto a pan as she crashed to the floor.

The impact was painful, but he kept his focus on trying to tug her beneath him.

Ameena raised the heel of her shoe again and aimed it directly for his face landing a kick on his jaw. A series of cusses in ten languages ran from Alex's mouth as she scrambled to her feet throwing the pan at his head just in case the kick didn't knock him out.

She didn't look back, he noted as he caught the pan easily.

She had most likely ran to the guards or whatever security they had in this restaurant. With a painful sigh Alex made himself scarce.

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Alex groaned rubbing his jaw while riding up the elevator. The woman who stood in front of him chanced a glance at him, taking in the light bruise on his jaw and ice pack on his pants right over the groin area.

She hastily looked away when he met her curious gaze with a glare of his own.

"Fuck." Li ing the ice pack from his crotch, he scowled at the wet patch that had formed.

His attention, however, was caught when the elevator dinged indicating he had reached the fi h floor. Brushing past the woman, Alex walked down the long hallway filled with doors standing opposite each other.

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Stopping in front of the door, looking as inconspicuous as possible he began the easy task lock picking. It took longer than expected despite the lock being basic, mostly because his focus kept dri ing to his burning crotch. Eventually it clicked and swung open.

Alex made a mental note to lecture her about installing inside locks soon, if he could get in so could anyone else.

Alex took a moment standing at the entrance inhaling the fresh air mixed with her scent deeply. The apartment definitely defined her tastes. Minimalistic yet warm and homey. Kicking o his shoes, he headed for the small clean kitchen which was separated from the living room, an island counter connected to one of the walls.

He had to admit, she had nice taste. From the furniture to the wall paintings. Tossing the melted bag of ice cubes into the sink, he opened the fridge and took out another pack. Stripping out of his pants, he let them fall to his ankle in a puddle before stepping out, leaving him in boxers only.

"Shit." He hissed pressing the cold ice pack to his groin, letting out a short exhale. "Who the fuck even taught her that move?" He definitely wasn't expecting her to nearly reduce his sperm count, nor kick his jaw. That was some kung fu shit right there.

Opening the lower fridge, his eyes scanned from a beer or whiskey, anything to numb the pain. "Smirno," he made a face reaching for the can of light spirit.

"It'll have to do." Turning the can in his hand, his eyes froze over the yellow sticky note placed over the can which he failed to see before.

Property of Ron, don't even dare Ameena.

"Ron." He tasted the word on his mouth, sucking his lower lip thoughtfully. Ron was a guy's name.

Was she dating? The thought le a bitter taste in his mouth.

Dropping the can on the counter, Alex stooped down sticking notes the fridge and suddenly he could make out all the yellow sticky notes placed over goodies in the fridge. A bucket of vanilla ice cream with Ron's name, half pack of ham with his name, stick of butter, goat cheese.

The fuck, it was like he lived with heLooking around the room, Alex saw no sign of a male's presence.

Or maybe Ron was a girl ...?

But why would a girl be so territorial?

Alex gritted his teeth feeling a muscle tick in his cheek, exhaling he reached for the bucket of vanilla ice cream and tore the sticky note crumpling it into a ball shooting a perfect basket into the dustbin.

This Ron person could fuck himself with a cactus for all he cared.

Picking a spoon from her drawer, Alex walked to the living room and plopped down on the thick flu y cushions immediately sinking into them. Kicking his feet up on the table, he picked her remote and clicked on her Netflix account ignoring the fact that the Ron person had an account as well.

A er amusedly scrolling for ten minutes through her list, he settled on her favorite.

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