

## 7 | Honesty Isn't The Best Policy

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"Ameena!" A male voice cautiously called out, "Open up it's the police!"

Time seemed to freeze between the both of them, Ameena slowly turned her face away from the door looking up at Alex's void one. His face was blank, intense eyes locked with hers.

Alex didn't shift his weight from on top of her. Instead, he waited, watching as her throat bobbed up and down nervously.

He knew what she was going to do before she did it.

Slamming his palm over her open mouth, he pressed down hard making her screams as she wriggled violently beneath him. Alex locked his knees around her waist, holding both her hands in his grip pinning them above her head.

He waited patiently as she fought in vain beneath him until her breaths came out in short ragged gasps, chest rising and falling rapidly. She was exhausted, beads of sweat shining on her forehead and upper lip.

"Miss Willson!" The male's voice called out as the doorknob twisted. If she didn't answer in a few minutes, he was going to kick the door down.

Alex looked up at the door working his jaw, contemplating what to do. He exhaled, "Pretend that nothing's wrong." His piercing green eyes captured her furious glare, "Can you do that?"

Ameena never responded, her glare unwavering.

Alex sighed pursing his lips into a thin line, "Listen, Aimee, if you don't lie and get him to believe you, I'm going to have to shoot him."

She only hurried into the palm of his hand.

"Aimee," He began warningly removing a silencer from his pant pocket and rolling it on to his personal handgun. Her heart lurched at the sight of the polished gun in his hand, the holster was longer having been attached to a suppressor. The thought of her fighting him the whole time, oblivious to the fact that a gun was tucked into his back nearly paralyzed her with fear.

She swallowed the dry lump that had formed in her throat and hesitantly met his hardened gaze.

A silent agreement passed between them as Alex slowly pulled his hand away before extracting his body from on top of her. Pushing himself to his feet, Alex held his hand out towards her but she brushed it off and stood on her own.

He didn't miss the way her movements were still and anxious, eyes fearfully darting beside him and the gun in his hand.

"I won't hurt you." He answered her silent question honestly, but even that didn't remove the tensed state of her shoulder. Ameena nodded still and began walking towards the door while buttoning the buttons that flew open during their make-out/wrestle moment and smoothing down the creases on her pants. Although, it didn't help much for her current state.

Alex silently padded behind her feeling the anger directed at himself, bubbling up his chest from her reaction. He shouldn't be the person she fears. Fucking hell, he should be the one she should run to instead. Her protection. Her shelter.

Yeah well you had that chance a few years ago dickward. And you chose to leave her.

Tucking away his anger, Alex exhaled through his nose sharply and leaned on the wall making sure his body was aligned to it, away from sight. When Ameena reached the door, hand poised over the doorknob, she glanced back at Alex but away just as fast.

Alex inched closer to the door until he was practically standing behind it as she began opening the door.

Instantly, a friendly smile graced Ameena's face. Alex didn't hear her greeting the police as he was too busy admiring the profile of her face. The way the happy lines on the corners of her eyes creased and her chocolate eyes brightened. Her perfect lips curving up into a warm smile, to anyone it would have looked like a genuine smile. Alex knew better.

"Ameena Willson is it?"

Ameena opened the door halfway, covering the other half of her body and Alex in the process. Alex moved the toe of his foot towards the door, stopping her from opening it further. He watched as her hand tightened on the doorknob, twisting it slightly.

"Yes it is, how may I help you..." Alex could imagine her eyes searching for his nameplate, "Oicer Parks?"

"A neighbor of yours called in a few minutes ago, complained of noise and screams coming from this apartment." Despite Alex not being able to see the officer, he could feel the man looking over Ameena's shoulder and into the house searching for evidence of a struggle. Good thing the kitchen wasn't in his line of sight.

Ameena herself didn't look very presentable if anything she looked like she had just walked out of World War Z with the closely packed coils of her hair going everywhere, some sticking to the side her face and her clothes were creased beyond recognition.

Ameena must've noticed the officer eyeing her warily, she leaned on the door casually crossing one ankle over the other taking a neutral stance. She waved it off with a nervous laugh, "I'm fine, I was just..." She trailed off hesitantly, "trying to bake a cake."

Alex tensed at her lie. It was obvious the police officer didn't believe her. Alex quietly raised his silencer to the door as the policeman fell silent.

"Ameena," Officer Parks began, tone more alert as his eyes roamed the flat again questioningly. Alex was more alert as the policeman paused for a moment before speaking, "If anything," his eyes moved to the apartment pointedly, "Is wrong, just tell."

"Babe what's taking you so—" Deciding it was better not to wait Alex took matters into his own hands, he stepped in right behind her, the policeman clearly did not expect it as his eyes widened, "Is there something wrong officer?" Alex was the epitome of peace and innocence, if the officer was confused, he only showed it by a slight crease in his eyebrows.

Alex grinned internally, Oh he was so good at this.

He watched as the police officer's gaze flickered curiously between Ameena and himself. Alex took that moment to gaze at the handgun in his holster, a forty five caliber.

One of the norms of the guns issued to policemen. For a pro policeman, it would take five seconds to get the gun out of the holster and two to click the bullets in place, considering the fact gun looked unused for quite sometime, which also meant that there was a chance that the junior police had never used it before. It would take him a total of more than fifteen seconds to gun Alex down.

Alex could take him out in three, He discreetly tucked his own nine millimeter behind his back.

"Um..." Ameena cleared her throat for clarity stillening at the feel of his front pressed flushed on her back, the pads of his fingers digging into her waist protectively. She tilted her head up at Alex mimicking his innocent act, "A neighbor called the cops claiming that something was happening."

It took every bone in Alex's body not to take a picture of how cute she looked while gazing up at him, head tilted back. Christ, she could give him a heart attack by just pouting.

Alex tore his stare away from hers to the officer who was curiously taking in both of them, clearly searching for bruises on either of their bodies. Especially hers. This was quite unfair in Alex's point of view cause she gave him more bruises.

Jokes aside, Alex still didn't like how the officer's eyes traced over his girl's body.

A muscle in his jaw ticked. "Everything's fine, she was just trying to bake me a birthday cake and ended up breaking more than one bowl," he shrugged nonchalantly with an easy smile. "It was just an accident, really."

The young cop met Alex's friendly look with a hard stare clearly not believing the lie. Unfortunately, he had nothing to pin on either of them. With a sigh, the cop nodded. "Carry on then," his eyes dropped to Ameena who was looking at the wall over his shoulder, lip pursed.

"If anything does happen though," he added with suspicion, "don't hesitate to call." The statement was directed at her. Alex nodded on her behalf and tugged her back into the apartment kicking the door shut.

"Wha—" Alex cut her words off with his hand, pressing a finger to his lips in the process.

Outside, the police officer hovered uncertainly by the doorway waiting to hear something. But when nothing happened, he sighed in defeat and walked away.

"I never knew you were a good liar," the corner of his lips tilted upwards into a smirk as he slipped a hand around her waist settling on her lower back, the other one held his gun out of her sight.

"I'd rather not have an innocent person's blood on my hands, unlike you," she answered dryly while struggling to keep her footing as he began walking her backward, "where did the gun come from— Stop."

Alex hummed in response, hand tracing the curve of her spine pressing her front flush against his.

"Are you even listening?" She breathed shakily still moving backward.

His eyes dropped to her lips appreciatively.

"Nicola?"

"Willson" Alex mimicked her stern voice mockingly.

Just as he leaned down to kiss her again, Ameena ducked from underneath but he was faster. Alex grabbed the hem of her shirt and yanked her towards him, Ameena shot her arms out pressing them onto his chest keeping him at arms distance. The feel of his wide toned chest under her fingers momentarily scattered her brain cells as she struggled to focus on anything but what was lying beneath the layers of clothing.

Alex stared at her outstretched hands, arching an amused eyebrow at her reflex action.

"I'm trying to have a serious conversation with you!" Ameena snapped.

"And I'm trying to subtly avoid it." Alex shot back earning another shot of angry glares. He really did want to kiss her. She seemed even more irresistible when angry.

Angry sex was always the best anyway.

Ameena opened her mouth to speak but shut it and instead closed her eyes inhaling and exhaling deeply. "I'm in my zen... I will not let my anger get the best of me." She murmured more words to which Alex ignored and played with her fingers which were pressed into his chest.

His fingers slowly worked their way down her fingers tracing the light veins that mapped her skin, and onto her forearms gently massaging them. He smiled at the sound of her sighing lightly amidst her calm mantra chant. "I need to put new locks on your door."

Ameena's eyes flew open, she snatched her hands away pressing them to her chest as though he had just burnt her. "Will you tell me?"

"Tell you what?"

"Where you've been for the past years."

Silence fell between them. Alex opened his mouth but shut it with a grimace. He ran a hand down his face frustrated, "Ameena I—"

"It's been fucking years Alex, I'm not the same lovestruck idiot you knew back then. This shit is too much, why did you leave town, better yet, why did you leave me?"

Alex pursed his lips, he looked so fucking hurt right now and he was the cause. Of course, she had le for her and her own family's good but he couldn't tell her that. Then he would have to tell her more for her to really understand but that would inevitably lead to him breaking the code of conduct.

That would put him in a ton of shit deeper than what he's already in for not killing her that day, like Alonzo intended.

"Ameena you don't understand—" he tried again only to be shot down. It was ironic since he was the one holding the gun.

"Will you or will you not tell me Alex?" She demanded, this time leaving no room for any other answer.

"I—" He paused shoulders slumping forward in defeat. "I can't."

Ameena nodded with finality, "Get out."