

Prologue

"You know, normal people don't have a basement full of weapons," she spoke, trailing a finger over the shine of stainless steel. ²³⁹ *ā*

"I'll let you know that each one of these knives saved my life at least once." ²³ *ā*

"What about that gun over there?" She pointed, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh that?" He grinned, "That's just for decoration." ⁷ *ā*

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Ameena had her life pretty much sorted out. With a waitress job that brought in steady cash monthly, a best friend closer than a brother and a supportive family she considered herself lucky. ²⁵ *ā*

It was just being somewhere on the wrong day and the wrong time.

Held in the center of a bank robbery, Ameena noticed that one voice sounded familiar. ²⁵ *ā*

Too Familiar.

Amidst the circumstances, she wondered if her past had finally come to haunt her.

In the form of a man who had once led her.

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our works, I'd really appreciate it! It's also 18+, bwwm and I'm sure a lot of ya'll might be interested. Okay that's all bye~) ² *ā*

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