

11|Bits and Pieces

" Jack Wilson, the owner of multi-billion dollar company, Skye Enterprises was found dead last night in his private penthouse." 4

" Another body, which has been later identified as his personal bodyguard, was also found on the crime scene, further information on the matter however will be disclosed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation however...The blonde newscasters voice droned on in the background as clips from the crime scene was displayed.

Ameena gripped the hot mug between her palms daring her eyes not to look away from the billion dollar clean cut penthouse that would've looked good, had it not been stained with blood on the Italian white sofa and Persian carpets. She knew this penthouse, not only was it featured about a million times on TV for its decor, it was only a short driving distance away from her flat. 4

They tried to censor the blood and signs of struggle but were obviously very bad at the job.

The sight of two bodies being wheeled out of the building in body bags made her stomach lurch. Her mind went back to the night before...surely it just had to be coincidence. Ameena turned away and walked to her clean kitchen. She dumped the black coffee contents into the sink before turning on the tap, making the sound of rushing water drown out the news.

"-The work is believed to have been done by a rival cartel, Dimbrosia Dela."

"Good morning."

Ameena nearly jumped out of her skin, her wet hand going to her chest while the other gripped the mug she almost smashed in the sink. She turned and stared wide-eyed at Alex who was standing, more like leaning, on her kitchen wall.

His upper torso was bare except for a thick bandage wrapped around his shoulder and chest, and a pair of loose blue pyjama pants. Ron's if she were to be specific.

"Damn it Alex!" Ameena snapped discarding her favourite mug and running her wet hands down her robe, "Stop scaring me."

Alex only raised an eyebrow at her outburst, his lips pressed into a thin line.

Suddenly nervous, she watched as he casually walked into the kitchen heading for the fridge. He didn't act like he was shot only a few moments ago, but she could see the signs of pain etched into his still movements. The way he winced as he raised his injured arm and inhaled sharply from a sudden ache.

A part of her wanted to feel pity, hell even remorse, but her mind kept going back to the two men found with bullet holes through their skulls and other parts of their body. The memory of Alex removing two empty magazines and his gun was clarity to her.

It was him.

He killed them. 4

"You're giving me that look again." Alex murmured, his back turned towards her as he reached into her fridge. She heard him grunt something under his breath about Ron which was followed by something hitting the bottom of the trash bin.

Did he just...? 4

Ameena looked away from the way his back muscles rippled effortlessly from such a small action. Cursing herself silently, she always loved his back, the way her nails would dig into his flesh leaving jagged red lines which he wore like a prized possession. 4

"What look?"

"The 'I-fucking blame-you-for-everything-wrong-in-my-life' look." 4

Ameena turned back to the sink squirting a generous amount of liquid dish washing soap onto the sponge, "I'm not..." She denied childishly even though she silently knew her life became a railroad of emotions when he came back.

Silence fell between them but she could feel Alex's gaze burning holes on the back of her skull.

"However a few witnesses saw a man leaving the building at approximately eleven p.m."

The newscaster continued as a rugged sketch appeared on the screen besides his face, it looked like everything but Alex, maybe they got the height estimation right but other than that... Nothing.

"The man is believed to be at least six feet tall and was maimed by one of the bodyguards. All hospitals and clinics have been alerted for a suspect walking in with a gun shot wound-" 4

Her eyes snapped to Alex who was lowering his hand which held the remote as he switching off her TV.

His gaze seemed to have captured hers, pools of innocence as he silently pleaded for her not to judge him before he spoke his part.

She didn't want to though, judge him. Even though every fiber in her body knew he did it, a tiny part of her hoped he didn't. Wished that maybe that gun shot was from bear hunting or him getting jumped in alley.

Not him being a murderer, having taken two souls.

"Ameena." She tensed when he took a hesitant step towards her, hands held out palms facing upwards in an innocent gesture. His eyes watched her movements cautiously, like a trainer trying to tame a lion, unsure of whether it would run away or pounce. "Can we talk?" 4

"No." She shook her head pressing her lips into a thin line, "No, I don't want to know what happened last night Alex. I just-" She paused turning back to the dishes and focused on scrubbing them instead. Her hands curled around a plate and with renewed vigor, scrubbed it clean. She focused on her movements instead, wishing that she could scrub her past clean just like the plate.

Alex continued, "Those men aren't who you think they are-"

Ignore him.

"Jack Wilson Demarti owns California's biggest drug cartel, every year he illegally imports cocaine from Colombia, Peru and Bolivia via airplane or through shipping containers-" 4

Don't get sucked in.

"When the DEA caught up with his illegal transport routes, he decided to find another way. Through human transport-"

Don't listen to him.

"He lured innocent girls from the streets of Mexico and Texas in with gifts and promises of a rich future if they simply allowed countable sachets of cocaine to be put in their body and transport them through the airport." 4

He's a murderer.

"If girls didn't agree, he'd allow his men to forcefully implant cocaine sachets in their body. Cut them open and place it their abdomen..." 4

Don't List-

"Each of the girls died when the sachets burst in their bodies, they weren't made to transport drugs in their abdomens," she heard his voice waver for a split second, "One of those girls, she was the daughter of a close friend of mine." Her hands froze over the cup she was washing, the sound of water dripping from the tap filling the emptiness between them. 4

"If I didn't kill him, who knows how many more innocent girls he'd take... they keep dying but he wouldn't have stopped Ameena."

She could feel him coming closer, his dominating presence directly behind her. Even without turning, Ameena could feel the muscular length of his body it was as if a magnet attracting was attracting her back towards his chest, she fought the urge to lean back into his embrace. Seeking the comfort from his body like she always did.

When he usually went away and came back with his clothes stained and hands bloody... and she'd always run to his aid... without question.

Didn't that make her an accomplice to his crimes? 4

She was such a dumb teenager when it came to him...would she be the same as an adult... After his massive disappearing act? 4

A betraying sigh left her lips the moment his knuckles brushed her nape. His long skillful fingers stroked the back of her neck, kneading out the corded tension and dissolving it with the same gentle steadiness as they dissolved all other resistance. "Look at me." It was a simple request which she obeyed willingly. 4

Slowly turning around, hands pressing into the counter behind her, Ameena met his gaze. Such beautiful green grey eyes, the color of a sage herb, it should be illegal for any human to have such captivating eyes. When she looked at him, all words and worry that hung on the tip of her tongue dissolved into nothing. And all she could think about was how such a havoc creating, will wrecking human could be so painfully beautiful.

"I would do anything to protect you." His hand reached up, thumb gently brushing over the scar on her eyebrow. She could see the darkness in his eyes as the events which led to her getting the scar flashed through his mind. "You're my first priority, you know that right?" 4

Try as she might, she couldn't bring herself to not believe his words.

Ameena stared into his eyes, waiting to see a hint of hesitation in them. Any tiny emotion that could prove his statement otherwise, when she saw none she sighed in defeat. She lowered her gaze to his chest, unable to form a sentence. With her mind blank, she stuck to a simple whisper of two words. "Tell me."

When he never replied, she looked up and stared at him, conflicted as he stared at the wall behind her. "Tell me everything Alex." She prompted. Prodding at the wall of mystery that shrouded him.

"And I will," His hand slid down to her cheek cupping it.

"You promise?"

"I promise." He replied solemnly.

"And if you break that promise?"

"I'll give you whatever you want." He hummed in response, suddenly interested in the robe she was currently wearing. As a pink flimsy thing that was tied so loosely it revealed her legs at the split. Ameena tried to ignore the way his eyes took a darker shade as they went down there. 4

A surprised sound left her throat when his hand slipped under her night gown, fingers brushing over the length of her outer thigh up to her hip stroking it. "What exactly do you want Aimee?" 4

Ameena cleared her throat, "I-uh-w-what?" Her face flushed at the response, and she blinked.

How the heck did he expect her to focus when he was using his talented fingers to distract her. She focused on them instead... that and how her skin tingled where he touched her and how those said tingles made all her nerves spark to life. 4

The corner of his lips quirked up amusedly as he leaned forward fingers brushing over her pelvic area slowly slipping inside her underwear. Ameena gasped, her knees trembled and she had to grip his arm for support, nails embedded into his skin. She steered clear of his injury.

Her heart increased its tempo as he leaned over, hand teasing the bare skin, "I saw what you left in the bathroom the other night," 4

'Well, shit,' Ameena literally felt fire on her cheeks remembering she didn't bother hiding. Pink she knew she shouldn't be internally blushing but hell, it felt as if she had become seventeen all over again. 4

He hummed, slowly biting her earlobe before running the tip of his nose along the length of her neck, placing a soft kiss on the base.

His fingers continued their relentless torture on her deprived sex. He hummed seductively in her ear, pleased from her body's reaction "From your body's response I'm guessing you didn't cum..." 4

He applied the slightest bit of pressure to her clit making her cream instantly, legs widening instinctively, anything to make him do that again.

"I'm gonna show you just how sorry I am for deluding your wet folds." Her nails went deeper into his skin as he slowly parted her wet folds, his finger slipping in between with no resistance. 4

.