13|Sei Mio

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"Is this your way of bribing me?" Ameena asked curiously eyeing the ice cream shop they were in. It was cute and small, located at the very edge of town neatly tucked between a book shop to the le and thri store to the right.

The walls were made with red bricks, jagged cracks appearing at the top before disappearing behind Tumblr quotes and random black and white pictures of people framed on the walls. A glass display counter stood on one end, displays of di erent ice creams from caramel to mocha fraps and oatmeal. All sorts of flavors. Apart from the teenager who stood behind the counter busy texting away on her phone, occasionally popping her bubblegum, it was only the two of them.

Them and the fat orange tabby cat that lounged on the window sill, tail swaying back and forth lazily as its green eyes lazily gazed outside the window.

How Alex found such a cafe will forever be a mystery to her.

It was like ice cream heaven and it took every fiber in her body not to jump up and down squealing like a kid walking into a candy store. She wasn't good at hiding just how food and sweet stu impacted her life and Alex knew.

Must've been one of the reasons as to why he brought her here.

Seemingly noticing his intentions, Ameena couldn't help the scowl that formed on her lips as her gaze flickered back to the greek god like specimen that sat directly opposite her, texting.

As always, he looked undeniably drop dead gorgeous in black pants, black pressed shirt and black tie hidden underneath a slim fitting black coat. The sides of his hair were trimmed short to the skull complimenting his dark shadow, the obsidian dark hair at the top slicked back with gel. His injury seemed to have partially healed considering he could rotate his shoulder back and forth.

He looked out of place in such a bright cafe. If anything, he looked like something dark and demonic amidst all the cheerful colors and flavors of ice-cream. Even the cat took a double take at Alex when they stepped in.

"I'm insulted if you think that was my intention." Alex tucked away the phone he was texting into his back pocket turning his silver gaze to hers.

Ameena shrugged leaning back on her chair, "Well I hardly know your intentions"

And it was true in its own way. As much as she tried, Ameena could never really see behind his actions. One moment he was gone for years without a word or contact, the next he was back and bending her over the kitchen counter whispering dirty Italian words in her ear.

They were fighting then making out with just as much harshness and violence.

As much as she hated it, the dark side of her loved it. Loved the anger filled lust, the feel of his heated kiss on her sensitive skin, skilled fingers working her to an orgasm, the length of his dick pressed on her aching core grinding into her. Hell, she'd spread her legs like nutella for him anytime, any day.

And she despised herself for it. For feeling that way towards a man that le her and their relationship, but here she was-

Ameena's eyes narrowed as Alex ignored her statement and plucked a plastic menu placed on the table, silver eyes slowly scouring the written delicacies. "The salted caramel looks good," she didn't miss the wicked glint in his eyes as they flickered to her knowing very well salted caramel was also her favorite. "Yes?"

She was a hardcore salted caramel fan.

"I used to like it," Ameena shrugged nonchalantly and picked a menu as well, "But that was nine years ago," she spoke letting her gaze slide over the myriads of flavors. She wasn't really looking though, all her senses were wide awaked and focused at Alex and his musky scent with a hint of just enough spice to engulf her in a blanket.

She raised the menu high enough to hide half her face and risked a glance at Alex who was casually looking at his menu, a leather gloved hand lightly drumming on the table. When his gaze fleeted up she looked down just as fast before silently cursing at her childish actions and sat up straighter.

This wasn't high school.

And she was most definitely not a teenager.

The girl suddenly appeared at the side of their table holding a yellow note pad in her hand, pen poised. Her dull blue eyes swept over them lingering on Alex a bit too curiously. Probably wondering why an assassin was sitting in an ice-cream café and not in some dungeon smoking Cuban cigars and sipping on Jack Daniels while playing poker, the banshee sounds of a man being tortured like music in the background.

Her imagination was really getting the best of her.

"What can I get you two?"

Alex slightly raised an eyebrow waiting for Ameena to go first. Her eyes lingered on the chocolate flavor, seemingly contemplating if she should choose it just to prove him wrong but thought against it. It was never worth it. He could choke on a dildo for all she cared, as long as she had the taste of salted caramel on her tongue.

"I'll have the salted caramel."

"Two scoops or one?"

"Two and a wa le cone please." Since Alex was paying, she might as well go all out. "Can I have another bowl of your vanilla mint with chocolate shavings on top?"

The girl nodded before turning her attention to Alex.

"Just a cup of black irish co ee please."

Ameena's face turned sour as the girl tapped her notepad and walked away, "Seriously? We're in an icecream cafe...thousands of flavors and you choose...co ee?" She spoke flatly, pointing a small spoon at him, wherever it came from.

Alex simply li ed his shoulder in a half shrug, "I've never really had a sweet tooth."

"Bullshit-"

"Says the person who claims not to like salted caramel but orders it anyway." He bit back e ectively silencing her. Ameena clumped her mouth shut, mouth opening and closing as she looked for a rebuttal.

She leaned back with a small internal shriek, "Touché."

Her response was followed by silence that she debated on breaking. She sighed, might as well just...

"So are you going to tell me?" To her surprise Alex didn't play dumb, he sat straighter.

"What do you want to know?"

"Everything."

"Be specific."

"Everything is specific enough."

"Aimee-"

"Why did you bring me here Nikolai?" That sounded harsher than she expected and for a split-second he looked taken aback only to school his features back into the same usual passive look.

She was bound to snap anytime, might as well make it now then drown her sorrows in ice cream. She sighed before speaking a tad bit calmer, "You didn't bring me here just for shits and giggles and I'm not leaving until you tell me everything like you promised"

Silence.

She hu ed waving her hands gesturing for him to begin ignoring the slightly irritated look in his eyes. "If I were you, I'd begin with the day you le me."

He looked out of the window briefly at a woman who passed by pushing a stroller while talking into a phone, occasionally making funny faces at the baby hidden from view.

She watched as a muscle in his jaw ticked, teeth grinding against each other hard probably wondering what he should tell and not tell her. The waitress appeared not a moment later setting the desserts and co ee on the table and le just as quickly probably sensing the heavy tension that clouded the table eerily.

Ameena picked a new spoon and li ed the ice cream to her lips-

"Every boy that reaches the age of eighteen has to leave the house for a private boarding school," Alex began pausing her action midway. He still refused to meet her gaze, still staring outside giving her only his side profile of that perfect jaw line and aquiline nose. "It's a ritual that has been happening in my family for generations. All sons are shipped o to a private boarding school in Switzerland for special training and education in order to take over their father's businesses," he paused.

"I didn't have a say in the decision and despite not wanting to go. I graduated a er four years and started working for my father's businessin Rome," his gaze finally snapped away from the window towards Ameena who had a spoon in her mouth, stare dropping to her lips briefly "But by then you had already moved on and it I knew it wouldn't be fair if I just walked into your college life suddenly, so I kept away."

"Two months ago he relocated me back to the states to work out... a business strategy per say."

Ameena didn't have to ask what kind of business his father was in. Clearly he didn't want to talk about it, but a hollow churning feeling in the pit of her stomach told her it was more than just a business strategyHer mind went back to the bank and her being detained, a bullet piercing through her shoulder.

He could be a drug lord, an assassin, wanted fugitive. Hell, he could even be a child sex tra icker for all she knew.

"Everything was planned out from the entrance to exit, the timings, everything." He paused, that intense gaze so ening slightly, "Except you."

She swallowed the ice cream letting the cold cool down her heated stomach, "What business did you take over Alex?"

Like a switch, Alex's expression was hard again, the shutters falling over his eyes replacing them with something cold and detached He smiled emotionless, "I'm sure you're already aware of what business I'm in."

Ameena lolled her tongue around the spoon, "I don't know anymore Alex, so please do tell what goes in your head."

Then he blinked and the smile was gone, she already sensed what was coming, she knew him too damn well.

"Voglio piegarti sul tavolo e lasciare una scia di gelato sopra la tua spina dorsale così posso leccarla via."

Ameena crossed her legs as the foreign words rolled of his tongue like a sailor's song, and she was the siren drinking it all in. Whatever the fuck he just said she wasn't sure but holy hellAlex with an accent made her body tingle.

Dammit calm thyself.

She internally scolded herself, trying her best to not let his words push her to the edge, Alex hadn't changed a bit, of course he'd try to change sensitive topics with dirty words like the sex depraved incubus he was.

Although, it was quite the contrary with his old tactics where he'd just slam her into the bed and fuck the curiosity out of her.

God, she felt like a slut for loving his roughness back then. She was too lost in her thoughts to notice his foot slowly pushing the only barrier, table, between them to the side. She yelped a bit when he grabbed her out of her chair and down onto him, pressing her into his front.

Ameena was still breathless from the quickness of his actions. She internally melted.

Why the fuck did she even wear a floral dress out with him?

"Then," his lips brushed the shell of her ear, "I'm going to fill you up with my cöck and fuck you senseless while whispering dirty italian words in your pretty ear until those words become a part of your vocabulary." As if on command a gush of wetness flooded out unto the lace of her thong.

His eyes darkened fi y shades, "And I'll do it with that girl and everyone else outside the store watching."

Ameena blinked and once again got caught up in all that was Alex, her sense of reasoning shot out of her ear as soon as he parted her long legs with his knee lowering her onto his laps. Even though she wanted answers and would probably bark at him later for them, her slutty ass mind went back to the night before what his skilled fingers felt like.

"Wai-wai-wait! You can't do that in here...!"

Both paused, their moment of bliss interrupted by the blue eyed chick who was wide awake now, gum gone and pointing her pencil at them, her hand was trembling.

Looked like this was the most action she had witnessed here in months.

Alex's face went dark for a split second, before his passive smile returned.

Not even breaking her stare, and with one hand still wrapped around Ameena, he retrieved something from his back and placed it on the table.

Ameena didn't even have to look, the loud thump of his cold metal weapon on the wooden mahogany table made her aware of just what it was, the girl's hand dropped to her side and her trembling increased tenfold face paling ever so slightly.

Then something else hit the table.

With a finger on his lips he motioned for her to remain silent. Like a parent calming down their child.

Ameena glared at his side profile, he wasn't thinking of killing her was he? She would tear his windpipe out before he even lay a finger on her.

"Five grand, wrapped in one hundreds and fi ies, better than what you make in say... months," Ameena's gaze went to the wad of cash, eyebrows creasing in the middle.

Then her eyes went back to him, raising an eyebrow.

What the heck was he doing?

"You have fi een minutes to close the close the café, draw the blinds, unplug the CCTV and bring the tape record for today. Take your cat and lock yourself into the back room and all of it is yours."

Ameena's eyebrows almost shot into her hair line at the bribe with a threat in the undertone.

And not just that, in a café like this her minimum wage was most likely eight dollars and sixty seven cents per hour. And not to mention she had to try and focus because Alex hand was drawing teasing circles underneath her dress, stroking upper her inner thigh towards the danger zone.

The waitress/cashier's mouth gaped as she struggled to find the right and proper words, "I-I'll- I'll call the police..."

Ameena heard his hand tap on the table, more specifically on the gun "Now that wouldn't be very smart on your part... time's ticking princess, get moving."

True to his words, he paid her no mind as she skittered around, tripping in some places and hitting her hip on a table. Instead his focus was on Ameena, fingers digging into her flesh, pressing her impossibly closer to him, her fingers tangled in his hair as she straddled him, planting heated kisses on his neck up his rough stubble.

"Now care to enlighten me as to why you're carelessly carrying fi een grand around."

"Nothing new Aimee... whenever I come out there's always a need for some pricey persuasion," his hands found her ass cheeks, squeezing for a bit before drawing her up along his length.

Ameena's mind went blank, fingernails clawing at his shoulder as her other hand fisted his hair pulling at the roots, breathing out harshly to disguise the moan that wanted to leave her lips so badly.

At this rate, would she even learn everything behind his past? Oh how her body wanted to fuck his brains out, the small yet loud rational non lust filled part of her mind screamed at her but as usual, it was just like the part of her brain that wanted to study in school, easily ignored.

The cat on his tower stared down at her condescendingly.

She giggled but it got stuck in her throat as Alex's hot tongue trailed up her cleavage. She nearly jumped out of her skin as something hit the table noisily.

Both heads snapped to the pale faced girl who took a small step.

"Fourteen minutes..." He spoke looking down at his watch, "not bad, catch." There was a squeak from the girl before she hurried away.

Grabbing her cat who growled at her, then there was silence as the door clicked shut.

Alex's hand slipped from her ass and into her wetness, once again igniting her skin, her temperature rising.

"Now where was I."

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