

## 23| Road Kill

### MATURE SCENE UP AHEAD

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"Ameena," he called, walking over to her as she landed one more punch to Bianca's already bloody face, her makeup that she had used to hide her face tattoo was gone and the skin swollen as she weakly tried to fight Ameena o but with no avail.

Alex ran a hand down his face, somehow through his moment of whatever the hell that was, Ameena had found her way back to Bianca and was laying into her none too gently.

As much as he wanted to dismiss it, the scene took a prick his heart. Bianca looked so similar to when Alonzo had just found her. Her toys were gone, gun too. She didn't know how to fight.

Her overconfidence had gone down the drain as she was at Ameena's mercy.

A part of him thought she deserved it considering the torture she inflicted o people, sometimes innocent people picked o the street, kidnapped, because she was bored.

Another part thought he was hypocritical for thinking that because he'd done the same. Not to innocent people, nor kidnapped. Those men and women were as criminal as they came. But nevertheless, he'd done it just the same.

"You'll kill her," he found himself speaking, sinking down to his knees beside her.

"I don't care," Ameena growled.

"You will a er the deed is done Aimee." He exhaled reaching for her hand.

Ameena shrugged his hand o. "Still don't care," she muttered, punching Bianca one more time.

"C'mon, I know you're mad that she kissed me but—"

Alex trailed o as her head snapped to him, anger clouding her eyes so much that they went dark, "You think that's what this is about?" She sounded incredulous.

He blinked, "Then what is it supposed to be about?" He tried testing the waters.

"She called me a nigger Alex." The rage she had before when he had seen her was back, "From what happened in high school no fucking one will get away with calling me that, especially a bag of bones, pale bitch that relies on a gun for protection." It was a sneer. She punched a crying Bianca one more time.

Alexander could only blink once more as he stared at the woman that had took his heart, "Oh." Was the only thing his oh so smart brain could come up with. He stared at Ameena and suddenly he did not know her.

"When did that happen?" He spoke so ly.

"When I came outside," Ameena frustratedly threw her hands into the air. "She went 'he's fucking a nigger!' then hit me with her gun," Ameena's eyes were blazing.

"Trust me, if you hadn't told me to keep my cool and I wasn't severely outnumbered, this'd be done a lot sooner, she needs some fucking sense knocked into her brain. Fucking racist piece of shit." Ameena looked as disgusted as Alexander felt.

He couldn't believe he'd once fucked her, but Bianca had this thing about her, like a harmless doll and a part of him felt compulsive when he saw that side of her. He suddenly wondered what happened to the dark-skinned people he saw being carted o into her room over the years, suddenly feeling sick to his gut.

Thankfully, Ameena got o her. Wiping her bloody fingers on her robe. His eyes searched her face for a bruise, one side was a tad bit swollen than the other, and of course she wouldn't show bruising. The melanin made sure of that, yet if one looked close enough there was a slight dark purple.

His finger went up to touch her face, she hissed then in one quick movement, turned around and sent a kick to Bianca's side.

Bianca groaned weakly.

"When I found out she was the girl you kissed, I exploded a bit because I couldn't believe I kissed you a er you kissed her. You're still not forgiven for that," she hissed at him.

Bianca groaned out again, something incoherent and undistinguishable.

"Come on," he grabbed a clean table cloth and wrapped it around her bloodied wrist. Changing the subject to the dilemma at hand, "We need to leave immediately."

"But I'm still in just a rob—"

"There's no time to change," he clipped, dragging her through the door and closing it behind him, rushing to the stairs.

Turning away from the elevator, he led her down the hallway straight for the emergency exit stairs. Pushing open the door, Alex cussed peering down the long flight of stairs at male figures dressed in black rushing up one by one.

He slammed the door shut and turned to Ameena, "Please tell me there's another exit."

"Well there's a fire esc—"

"Where?" He barely gave her time to properly point down the hallway before they were running again.

A few people exiting their homes looked at them weirdly as they criss crossed through di erent hallways until they saw the window. He opened it and let her through first, following suit, Alex's grip on her hand tightened significantly as he guided her down the winding iron wrought stairs that creaked and groaned dangerously from years of not being used.

Once they reached the bottom, he made to turn when Ameena shook his hand, patting at his shoulder vigorously while pointing at two men running in their direction. "Um...Alex!"

Tugging her in the opposite direction, they ran fast, the sound of their bare feet slipping on the wet concrete, towards the opening at the end of the alleyway.

"Fuck!" Alexander cussed digging his heels into the ground just as a white van screeched to a halt at their only exit followed by three others, Ameena slammed into his back completely unaware and she yelped from the painful contact. The back doors slid open and men wearing masks poured out like beans from a container.

"No one kill them!" A man yelled in Italian.

"WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU NOT TELL ME NIKOLA!?" Ameena screeched, her words cut short when he yanked through a small opening in the alley. The walls felt wet, mapped with black mold that had her nostrils itching.

Alex almost cried in relief when the shortcut opened up to a street filled with passersby. Majority turned, pausing whatever they were doing to watch as the two ran. Eyes following their bare feet and Ameena's dirty robe which drew more attention than they barred for.

They had barely made it into his car before he heard a gun shot. And suddenly everyone was stampeding around them, people running onto streets, cars screeching halt as confusion and a mixture of terror confined the atmosphere.

Alex slammed the door, removing the gun from the band of his pants and depositing it on the dashboard before slammed his feet down on the gas. His hands made quick work on the gears as he sped o the sidewalk and down the road, eyes glancing at the rear view mirror as the vans spilled onto the highway, close.

"He's not gonna like this," he muttered to himself, looking to his side to catch Ameena quickly buckling up, hands digging into the seat-belt almost desperately.

His father would have so much to clean up a er this. No doubt he would lose his shit at Alanzo for being so reckless.

Alex thought as he ran a red light, missing a cement truck by a few seconds as the car swerved out of the incoming tra ic.

Shi ling the gears, his eyes caught sight of one of the SUV vans through the mirror, eating up the distance between them easily.

Thankfully it was the only one.

Alexander waited for a second, allowing the van to gain speed and steady momentum.

Ameena glanced over her seat at the van, face paling. More than once she had forgotten to breath, until the burn of her lungs forced her to inhale. "They're catching up—"

"Not yet."

"Jesus Alex they're—"

"Not yet." his grip on the steering wheel tightened, eyes glancing at the mirror ever so o en.

The van skipped past cars until they were merely feet from them, inside the dark tinted windows men were reaching for their guns, ready to aim for the tyres and possibly immobilize the vehicle.

"Alex." Her words were cut short when he spun the steering wheel to the side and swerved into the opposite lane, the smell of burning tires hit his nose as the car dri ed on asphalt. Ameena slammed onto her window, saved from maximum damage by the seat belt.

The van swerved a moment too late, tipping over before rolling once-twice-thrice before exploding into flames.

The victory was short-lived as he focused on avoiding the incoming cars, the steering wheel twisted sharply, wheels turning le and right while maneuvering from side to side.

Ameena had gone silent, just about ready to pass out.

Cars flew past them as he took twist and turns, all e ort to loose the car behind him without succession as it still found away to tail them.

Even a er losing the van, more seemed to pour out from di erent directions. Catching him in every corner and road, almost as though his e ort was futile. Alex couldn't contain the frustration that bubbled from the pit of his stomach, nearly blinding with a haze of red.

For a moment, he wondered how they were able to catch up with him. Until he realized something.

"Fuck!" He cursed, slamming his hand into the steering wheel as they flew past a red light for the umpteenth time. Not only that but two police cars had joined the chase.

They had placed a tracker on his car.

He was fucked if he didn't loose his car.

Immediately.

He sped up, loosing the black SUV for a short moment as the car entered a deserted street, with teeth clenched he then turned the steering wheel rapidly until the car had spun around in a fluid movement in the middle of the road, dri ing and kicking up small debris on the asphalt.

His car didn't stop, it sped down the road it had came from, going in the same direction of the black car that was equally speeding towards it.

He felt Ameena's hand on his, her fingers squeezing his bicep as she watched the incoming car with wide eyes. "If I die today, I'll kill you Alex." She made a tiny sound at the back of her throat as the car came closer and closer, along with the two police cars. Her eyes squeezed shut, but out of sheer curiosity, opened them just a slit.

Alex stepped on the gas until it touched the floor, hands tightening on the steering wheel as he stared the driver head on. Moments before they could collide head-on, the driver swerved sharply a moment too late as it flew o the road and through the iron grill of the highway, rolling down the slope.

The police cars simply swerved onto the sides, leaving a wide gap at the center.

Alex exhaled, chest deflating rapidly, before casting a curious glance at his co-driver who was oddly silent the wheel time.

Ameena had her face hidden behind her hands.

"You can look."

Trusting his words, she peeked from between her fingers and breathed almost shocked at the revelation. "We're... we're alive?"

Alex h u ed out a surprised yet relieved laugh, "Yes love." Though doubtful about how long it would last.

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They pulled into a garage in the taxi that Alex had "borrowed" from a very willing taxi driver, well, he wasn't willing at first but seeing a gun pointed at him sure loosened his defiance.

The garage doors wheeled shut behind them, bathing them in immediate darkness.

Alex's hands dropped from the steering wheel and slumped back onto his seat, exhaling in relief. They had gotten away, but barely.

He barely registered the click of the seat belt before Ameena had le her seat and pulled herself onto him, landing on his lap.

"Ameena what are y—" he was cut o by her lips on his, stopping him short as she kissed him hard, pressing herself into him.

He responded, a hand caressing her face and the other running down her back and grabbing the flesh of her ass as she ground herself into him, he was hard in seconds. Almost painfully as she, with a torturous pace, kept dry humping him.

"Ameena," he spoke, somewhere in-between a growl and a groan as his fingers dug into her hips, stopping her movements.

"You almost got me killed Alex," she moaned against his lips, "I don't know if I want to kick your ass into tomorrow or fuck you until we both cry."

"I'm..." He exhaled as he felt her breasts against his chest, hard nipples poking into him, "Sono così dispiaciuta."

She bit down on his lip, the action went straight to his dick which twitched under the confines.

"Don't apologize, Fuck me Nicolano," her fingers curled into his hair, "like you mean it."

Who was he to deny her?

His hips met, restraints her nails dug into his shoulder as she grounded herself into him, lips colliding and tongues clashing sloppily.

His movements were frenzied, her hands coming up to harshly tug o his shirt, their bodies heating up in the tiny confined space of the cab.

He helped her, satisfied when the shirt finally le his head, giving him enough time to kiss her breathless again as she blindly fumbled for his belt.

He halted her, hands on hers before he took them and pinned them behind her, leaning forward until she had no where to lean to, her back on the steering wheel.

"Tell me, love" he spoke thickly, heavy eyes trained on her body, specifically the digital glow from the car's very modernized music system cast on her perky breasts which was unclipped and arched up to him.

"Have you ever been fucked in a taxi cab before?" He ran a tongue down her neck as she shivered, gathering the skin between his teeth which he tugged at before letting go. Her body almost melted.

She groaned out a sheepish, "Maybe," he could almost see her dark mischief filled eyes as she stared up at him through the dimly lit car.

"Okay then," he caught one of her hardened nipples between his thumb and forefinger, pinching it before tweaking it in a way that made her nether regions flood.

"Let me rephrase, Aimee," he smirked, bending his head down to bite at the beaded flesh his finger toyed with only seconds before, "Have you been fucked raw up against the window of a taxi car from behind, one hand around your throat, the other around your mouth to hold in your screams?"

He felt her shudder against him, a small moan released from the back of her throat.

His hand grabbed her chin, most of it curled around her throat as he ran his thumb over her swollen lips before easing it inside her mouth, she sucked obediently, eyes trained on him. Alex felt his lips curl in appreciation, stroking the so flesh of her tongue as it lolled around him.

He tried not to swear at the sight, he needed to have her, right now. He let her hands go then began undoing the button and zipper of his pants, she kept her hands to her side, still arching her breast to his sinful eyes.

"Though, you didn't answer my question," he chuckled, easing his finger out of her mouth, smirking as she bit on it gently before it he .

She shook her head. Her response to his earlier question, biting her lips eagerly as his hand ran along her pelvis, feeling the beginning of her tiny growing public hairs before his hand met her clit, then his fingers promptly sunk inside her, the slippery wetness our her arousal giving all resistance away.

Her body jolted and she pushed forward on his fingers, her head burying into his neck, her oversensitive body quivering.

He smiled, tilting her face up to his and planting a well deserved and heated kiss on her lips without the slightest bit of tongue, "I do plan on making it a really Aimee, fucking you up against this car I mean, but that'll be a er you've finished riding my cock," her body seemed to shiver at his words.

His hands le from between her folds and he tasted her unabashedly, his smile guiltless and maddening, lust swimming in the dark pools of his eyes.

"Don't get too cocky now," she laughed, hands running across his length, small and slightly warm. He couldn't get any deeper now. Her fingers as she wrapped her fingers around him, a thumb running over his head, spreading tiny beads of oozing pre-cum, "Just fuck me and get this over with."

"Yes ma'am," the grin slipping o his face as she l ed herself rubbing his cock into her bare and hot folds. Alex couldn't control the groan that rumbled in his throat, they were both throbbing intensely against each other. "Cazzo, cazzo, cazzo," he rumbled, though his mind was blurring with the need to feel her walls around it.

"Fuck," she whispered.

Their eyes locked and didn't stray. She tilted onto her thighs a bit and Alex reached under to li his cock upright again for her, dragging it up her pussy as he did so. He felt her shiver at the feel of it.

And then she was descending down.

The head of his cock parted her swollen lips, and she hovered for a moment, teasing eyes darkening with lust at him.

"Aimee." He warned only to pause as she started stretching herself down. Alex's cock plunged into her, gradually, stretching her open even further. Just as he'd done a few moments ago, Ameena's pussy gripped his cock, clinging to it. She went down on him, his palms gripping herself with the thickened sha , and Alex embraced her. His arms wrapped around her securely, holding her to his chest. He was grunting in drawn out frequencies, trying desperately not to thrust.

At least, not yet.

Her pussy was maddeningly tight around his member. He could feel her pulse beat against his cock through her swollen walls. And again, for several moments a er she'd completely sunken down, she sat there, getting used to the feeling of Alex's cock slowly filling her.

Alex swallowed, trying to keep his composure. One hand found the her face and he cradled her cheek, staring deeply into her eyes. While she slowly began arching her back, to drag him slowly out of her. And then back down again. Over and over until they reached a momentum that made them both feel as if liquid fire strummed through their veins.

Alex kissed Ameena deeply, holding her face in his hands as she rode him. She was gasping against his mouth with every new thrust. His cock throbed against her cervix and when he dropped his hands, they found her hips and began guiding her. A grinding motion that allowed the head of his cock to rub into her cervix gently, the base of him stimulating her clit just enough to make her squirm on top of him.

She was contracting around him now, but he didn't quicken his pace. Steady... Rhythmically. He couldn't get any deeper now. Her squeezing was getting erratic and he was pushing with more force every time she drove her hips down. Her fingers were tangled in his hair, dainty hands holding his face lovingly. She was matching his pace now, and they were both breathing harmoniously, heavy and labored with pleasure and undiluted passion. And then suddenly her whole body tensed.

Her arms wrapped completely around his neck, her head fell into the junction of his neck and shoulder as she screamed out, her walls explosively spasming around his cock, Alex's balls tightened abruptly and before he could try to pull out, a surge of raw animalistic possessiveness overtook him. He thrust himself up against and into her body, and pumped his cum into her cervix, holding her fixed against him. It flooded out of his cock in pumps. His fingers dug into the skin of her back leaving a few shaped bruises of his own as his mind erupted into pleasure he'd never thought he'd ever feel again.

Ameena relaxed heavily against him, resting her face in the crook of his neck. They were silent, panting heavily and neither of them moved. Alex's palm rubbed comfortingly up and down her back, paying key attention to his markings on her skin. Almost several minutes had passed before he noticed someone was standing by the entrance of the garage.

Any normal citizen wouldn't have noticed, the person was so deeply camouflaged in the darkness, Alexander's training prevented him from missing these things.

The stranger whistled wolfishly while slowly clapping, stepping out of the shadows and into the light from the car which Alex had switched on. "Fucking Christ that was- HEY WHAT THE FUCK ALEXANDER!" He directed hands held up at the sight of the gun in Alex's hand, aimed directly over his chest through a crack in the window despite being a few feet away.

Ameena, with a small yelp, had scrambled out of his lap, feverishly wrapping her gown, Alex missed the warmth of the pussy already but with clenched teeth he focused on the task at hand.

"What do you want," Alex spoke to the man coldly. The cold expression on his face faltered before familiarly echoed across, "Mark?"

Mark grinned, though tiredly, and raised a hand waving before turning around to give them both time to get dressed appropriately. "Sorry about that, I wanted to interrupt but both of you looked so into-it -and who am I to deny humans their moment of intimacy?"

"You just wanted to watch live action porn." Alex grumbled securing the belt around his waist.

"Mark?" Ameena echoed in complete confusion.

Alex smiled while stepping out of the car, "He's a close friend," he began, embracing his friend. Mark stepped back a er the hug, tipping an invisible hat towards her, "Aye, I have known Nikolai for the past eight years." His accent was Italian, thick enough to make the words slur.

Ameena watched their exchange warily, within the confines of the car, body still tight and tingling from the quickie they just had. Yet her face was hot with embarrassment. Alex seemed to understand because he asked her to wait in the car as they disappeared behind a door.

They hardly le for five minutes, when he returned again carrying two black du el bags, having changed into a fresh pair of clothes. He set the bags on the bonnet of the taxi and gestured for her to come out. Ameena stepped out, inching towards him as he unzipped one of the bags.

"Figured you'd like a change of clothes," inside was a plain cotton grey shirt, joggers, white socks and navy blue sweatshirt. Underneath was a disposable toothbrush, small bottle of shower gel, toothpaste and roll on. "You can freshen up in the bathroom—" he pointed at a small door in the corner. "Then we'll leave, sir"

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**N&N**

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