

## 24| On Her Knees

\*\*\*

An hour or so had passed with Alex behind the wheel and Ameena passed out on the seat beside him, temple resting on the window, his jacket acting as an oversized blanket on her. He had changed the taxi cab for a black Audi that Ameena had confessed her love for while obsessing over the 'new leather car smell'.

Mark had agreed for a meet up at their secret base to work out their next move the next day.

For now, his job was to keep Ameena safely stashed away.

God knew he'd go ballistic if anyone ever took her, it wasn't above them to use her as a bargain.

The drive was smooth, all tension dissolving once they crossed state lines leaving all chaos behind them. The sun had long since dipped in the horizon and nighttime fell like a film noir curtain, the stretched out tarmac road now charcoal hue and cold.

Alex moved his hand from the gear stick onto Ameena's knee, tracing lazy circles through the material, the other hand still on the steering wheel. The silence and overexertion of the day finally caught up with him and more than once he felt he felt the weight of his eyelids lower before forcing them open.

"Goddamn, he cursed himself.

He stifled a yawn.

Co ee. And three shots of espresso.

As though reading his mind, a gas station appeared in the horizon on the side of the empty highway save for a handful of cars passing by.

Barmyard Breakfast Diner. Open 24 hours.

The neon sign stood tall, words blinking while some seemed to hang from lack of maintenance.

Flashing the indicator, Alex turned onto the gas station guiding the car to an empty parking spot beside a rusted once blue truck and white salon car. A man sporting a faded farmer's shirt straining against the beer gut sat beside one of the fuel pumps, blade of grass sifting back and forth in his mouth. His idle eyes followed Alex's car before turning back to the highway.

Ameena stirred in her sleep, seemingly woken by the sound of gravel and shallow potholes, lifting her head from the window to squint at the diner.

"We're here?" She spoke, voice muffled from sleep.

Alex shook his head reaching over her in order to open the dashboard and take out his wallet. "Few more hours." His eyes met hers curiously, "Hungry?"

Ameena considered his question, realizing that they had stayed the whole day without eating a proper meal, save for the protein bar and water she was given at the garage. Despite that, her appetite wasn't there for her to swallow a morsel. "No. You?"

Leaning over to kiss her briefly, he spoke against her mouth "Very."

Ameena waited for him to exit before following suit, less than conscious in his track clothes she had worn that hung on her body.

The night was colder than she expected and suddenly the thought of a hot meal didn't seem so bad, she exhaled a cloud of mist reaching for Alex's waiting hand. "Where are we heading to exactly?"

A small bell tinkled above the door indicating their presence as they stepped in.

The diner was older than it seemed from the outside. From the worn out red leather seats to the peeling wall papers with yellow corn pictures, it looked very much like a Texan diner with so country music playing in the background.

Two customers were inside, an old man smoking a thick cigarette sitting on a bar stool and a woman presumably in her thirties sitting by the corner busy feeding her child pancakes.

Alex's answer was interrupted by a middle aged waitress who appeared from the back balancing a tray with steaming coffee and a plate of scrambled eggs with toast. "What can I get ya fellas?" She spoke with a thick texan accent, while placing the food before the old guy who granted her a rough "thank you".

Alex skimmed the plastic menu placed before them, "Coffee with two shots of espresso and your big breakfast please." She jotted down his order, chewing a large bubble gum, then glanced at Ameena expectantly.

"And you?"

"Hot chocolate please."

Alex arched an eyebrow, "Are you sure you're not hungry?"

She toyed with the salt shaker, an obvious look on her face and he shrugged pulling out his phone.

"Well?" Ameena prodded earnestly earning a confused look from him.

"Hmm?" Alex glanced up from his phone, briefly at her.

"Where exactly are we going?"

"It's a surprise."

"I almost got killed today, my feet are killing me, I have bruises on my face, my hair is fucked up and you're going to pull that 'it's a surprise' shit with me?" The calm venom in her voice had Alex shivering nervously. He reached for her hands across the table, despite her reluctance, and slid his fingers between hers.

"Look on the bright side," he began cautiously, "We're alive."

"Hardly," she scoffed "can I even show my face anywhere back there?"

Alex fell silent, his demeanor was the only answer he could give her.

"Just as I thought," she hissed a tad bit tiredly, "We're next to fugitives, but instead of the police it's some organisation which I'm sure is illegal."

"Ameena."

"An organisation which you have not even told me about, it upsets me that after everything you're still keeping shit away from me, even Mark, who was that guy?"

"I'll tell you everything when we get to where we're going, I promise."

She opened her mouth to reply then closed it, not shortly afterwards a plate was placed before him, a neat arrangement of eggs, a stack pancakes and bacon. It looked okay, reheated but okay enough.

He wasn't planning to eat most of it anyway.

Alex took up the steaming mug and brought it to his lips, watching the woman before him. She took sips of her hot chocolate but her eyes seem to always end up on his plate.

He breathed a chuckle and she regarded him awry, "What?" Ameena asked watching as Alex rose from his side and slid into her side of the booth placing the plate between them.

He stabbed a slice of bacon, raising it to her lips with a playful grin.

"I'm not hungry" He mimicked her tone and Ameena rolled her eyes before biting down on the bacon.

"Shut up," she huffed around a mouthful "and pass the syrup."

\*\*\*

Hours later, his car pulled up at the flat, a complex he had bought well over the years, useful during moments when he simply needed a break from life.

The path leading up to it was gravel and pitch black, lit by dim lights dug into the ground every two feet, and a gate that opened with a code, generated every hour for security purposes that only he knew.

Him and the maid who did routine maintenance every Sunday.

It wasn't really a house per se, but rather an apartment complex with two rooms. Modern cubic exterior with minimalist sharp cut furniture in the inside.

Killing the engine, he reached for the gun and keys before exiting, rounding the car for Ameena's door. Gathering her in his arms, he closed the door with his foot then began the short trek to the entrance doors of the complex. Ameena moved against him, he couldn't exactly see her face but he knew she must've woken up.

"You can put me down you know," She murmured into his chest.

"I don't want to," he laughed, gripping her body even tighter as he carried her bridal style.

"But aren't I heavy?"

He could imagine her blinking up at him as she said that. He wanted to kiss her so badly.

Alex deliberately took his time while contemplating her question. "Hmm, I mean," he began, "You just ate all my breakfast and had a sundae right after so-" He huffed out a surprised laughter when she slapped his chest.

"Just joking." He placed her down in order to reach for the keys to the complex in his back pocket.

Ameena crossed her arms. "A girl has to eat." Her eyes strayed from him and towards the dark deserted area around them. The fence line stood a few feet from them and a rather small forestry area. "What is this place?"

"It's my home," Alex responded, stepping aside as she walked past the tall oak double doors.

The door automatically shut behind them with a satisfied click, darkness swallowing them whole. Alex reached for the switch and light flooded the room momentarily blinding them. A ear adjusting to the light, Ameena averted in awe as she looked around.

"Wow." She breathed as Alex brushed past her, dropping the keys into a polished black bowl as well as his gun.

The whole floor was open plan, modern cut kitchen to the left and living room to the right separated by an island bar. At the center was a spiral staircase leading up to the rooms. Large windows flanked the walls giving them access to the city, the complex was set on, bright city below them. He pressed a button and curtains idly slid over the windows.

Ameena was speechless as he hugged her up the stairs, eyes staring at the paintings of all sizes adorning the walls, a huge black and white photograph of rain drops on leaves specifically caught her eye.

"I hope you don't mind wearing more of my clothes for the time being." Alex glanced over his shoulder at her form, a wicked glint in his eyes.

"Yeah yeah, no problem," she murmured distractedly with a dismissive wave of her hand, still staring around.

Pausing in front of a large door, he opened it and stepped in. "Make yourself comfortable,"

Looking at her, she seemed to hardly hear him, still marveled while looking around his room, specifically the king sized bed with the black and white duvet, comforters and mountains of pillows.

Alex peeled off his shirt, walking to the empty laundry basket and dropping it in, "I'm heading into the shower Ameena, get some rest and we'll talk later."

"No lying and keeping things away from me this time?"

He turned to see her staring at him, arms akimbo. Alex nodded cradling her face pressing a kiss on her forehead. "No lies," his lips fluttered over the corner of her mouth. "No more keeping things away from you."

"Then good," she sighed, going on her tip toes to press her lips against his, "you'll tell me everything."

He nodded then kissed her back, hard. Cupping her ass cheeks with large hands and pressing her closer into him until their chests were mashed together.

They parted breathlessly, foreheads pressed together as they calmed themselves down.

"I'll be in the shower if you need me," he smiled, a dark glint in his eyes as the invitation hang silently between them.

He laughed as Ameena made a face, she let his arms and skipped to the bed then promptly face planted in it.

The bathroom was equally as huge and spacious and in the middle of the shiny white marble tiles was a shower that could probably fit more than three people, give or take. The glass clear as day, a detachable shower head and handles, some handles he hadn't even had the time to figure out what they were for.

At least he knew which ones to use to control the temperatures, too very in need of a cold shower at this exact moment for fumbling around.

His mind absentmindedly trailed back to the woman who was lying in the other room as he closed the sliding glass of the shower door, leaning his head against the coldness of it as the water came spraying through the shower head. It took a while getting used to the temperature.

Omerta had gone to shit now. His father's mafia already had him in the bad books and were after them.

He suspected that the only reason he had not crossed paths with someone from base, was because the location of the sent professionals. Unspecified. If they had it they probably would've sent professionals. Ameena's flat would've been blown to bits and no one would be left with a heartbeats.

Alex had already broken majority of the rules. He thought over them while distractedly reaching for the shower gel, lathering shampoo onto his hair while boredly staring at the glass.

One, he had let Ameena tend to his injuries instead of putting her straight back to the warehouse for treatment therefore going her life in danger.

Two, he hadn't killed her during the bank robbery when his brother specifically instructed him to.

Three, she knew his identity and he was about to tell her more.

Four, when he had caught Ron, he did not report it back to base, Ron too should've died, now he was being kept by Drogas.

He hoped Ameena wouldn't ask about Ron because then he'd have to lie.

And last but not least, he had fucked up by killing another member, members something that even as the heir to the whole godfather mafia business, he couldn't recover from. It was forbidden to turn against your own. Loyalty, after all, was precedence if one was to live in mafia.

Alex grit his teeth and focused on reigning in the frustration that bubbled within. Calmly, he reminded himself that he had paid good money for the shower and punching a hole through the tiles would only dent his wallet, and result in injury.

Yes he had fucked up, badly.

Now it was a matter of righting his wrongs, and the only thing that could make him successfully right his wrongs was the chip and as much as he didn't want to admit it, Ameena.

Too lost in his own thoughts, he froze when something snaked down his spine, the feeling of something hot press against his shoulder blade. In a span of five seconds, he had the intruder pinned to the glass, forearm pressed on their throat.

He blinked.

Ameena blinked up at him, wide brown eyes with what looked like excitement as her breathing does up, he felt her erratic pulse against the hand which held the back of her throat.

Suddenly he became hyper aware of their position, more importantly... she was stark fucking naked under droplets trailing down her curve of her chest and flat abdomen and down towards heaven.

The erection he had managed to successfully get rid of a moment ago sprung up once more with vengeance against the skin of her abdomen.

There was a moment of silence as they stared at each other, breaths getting heavier by the minute, her front pressed into him, breasts and hardening nipples pressed into his chests, her arms pinned behind her back which only made her press herself up into him a lot more.

Alex blinked again, how could he have been so distracted to not have noticed the glass door sliding open?

"W-why is the water so cold?" Ameena breathed, the corner of her lips slowly curling upwards.

"Why did you sneak up on me?" He asked, smiling simply because she was smiling.

"Well why am I still pinned to the glass?" She tilted her head, taking her bottom lip between her teeth, the action went straight to his dick.

"No no, you cannot answer a question with a question," his grin deepened, pupils dilating as he looked through the wet curls which plastered on his forehead.

"Well you just did smart ass," she leaned forward out of the loosened grip on the nape of her neck, pressing a kiss right over his pulse.

"The problem?" He exhaled shakily as she continued to nibble on his skin.

"Well, for one my hands are still immobile," she wiggled against his hold.

"I happen to quite like this position," he smirked, really her leg, but only to adjust the water temperature because it let's her wagething cold against their heated skin.

"Yeah," she murmured so ly, her now free hands going up to wrap around his neck, "of course you do."

The kiss was slow and languid at first simply enjoying their presence, and as much as it appeared to be emasculating to people for him to admit. His skin prickled and flushed when she kissed him. Their bodies wet with water and slick with the remnants of soap.

The so ness, although fucking sweet, didn't last because in less than minutes, that sweetness had turned to eagerness and soon urgency.

He backed her into the thick glass as steam rose around them, lips locking in undiluted passion, breathless. His hands kneaded her ass, hips thrusting into her core teasing her clit with the head of his cock and she shuddered in pleasure.

His hand found her breasts, playing with the hardened flesh, tweaking and playing with one then doing the same with the other. They broke apart for air as his mouth averted to her jawline, kissing down her neck, biting and sucking on little areas until her skin turned a darker shade of purple against her brown skin.

Ameena's breathless moans and gasps, music to his ears as his tongue trailed a wet line down her chest, clutching a beaded nipple between his teeth, biting, sucking, licking and teasing until she trembled while gripping his frame for support. His hand slid to her nether lips, palming and rubbing her pussy before he slipped two fingers inside, curling them against her g-spot.

"Oh fuck-" She almost screamed, shaking against him with sharp gasps of pleasure as she came, squirting against his hand that continued to pump inside of her zone riding out her high.

Water sprayed over their faces as he kissed her one last time before she stepped back, mischief wallowing in the pits of her eyes.

Wordlessly, she pressed an open mouthed kiss on his chest, nipples and pectorals. The movement going lower and lower until she came face to face with his cock.

The moment her tongue rubbed into the underside of his cock, tasting it, feeling the ridges of his arousal... her eyelids fell closed with relief. She advanced forward, sucking it into her throat with quiet desperation, eager, tasting it on the way, it filled her mouth so much her lips pouted around it. And she continued to advance forward, swallow it back, until her button nose was flush to his pelvis.

"Fuck Aimee," he grunted, fingers sinking into her curls, the other braced on the fogged up glass for support. Anything to keep him on earth as her warm wet tongue ran underneath his shaft from the base to the tip before she took him inside her mouth again.

She relished in the feeling of it choking her, the smell of it flowing her nostrils. With her face reddening, she glided her tongue sloshy over his balls, desperate to taste more. The movement caused her throat to back around his cock. As she sputtered and choked, he reached his hand out to secure it tightly around her neck, squeezing to fully cut off her air.

She moaned, the sound sending a frequencies up his dick, and his grasp on her hair tightened. Alex moaned, a deep low sound that rumbled from his chest. And he prayed for control, anything to prevent him from snapping and fucking her mouth to completion. Either that or he would prematurely cum from the slow torturous pace she was going as her head bobbed on his dick.

Alex felt his eyes roll to the back of his head the moment her tongue curled around his painfully hard tip, gathering pre cum and moaning appreciatively at the taste while pulling away, webs of spit forming bridges between her mouth and his cock.

This was slow torture at its finest, he didn't know how much control he had left.

"Cazzo bambio" he groaned as her hands squeezed his balls, taking them into her mouth, sucking and teasing all without teeth but sloppy enough for a shudder to run up his spine.

She blinked open her hooded eyes for him, looking up into his own dilated ones and nodded once. Giving him complete control. Alex guided her mouth back to his cock, hand pressed at the back of her head completely pushing it down her throat. Her hearing dulled out as he began thrusting into her throat, drool leaking out and around the base of it hanging from Ameena's mouth.

She moaned against the impact, but the thickness of his cock stifled them. She could only stay there for a few seconds before she started to really choke against it, and then he retreated to rub the underside into her tongue.

She'd never tasted something so mouthwatering. The smell of his cock heavy in her nostrils, fuming into her head. With every thrust, he leaked more precum onto her tongue, rubbing it into her taste buds. He tasted musky, dense and... manly. The sound of his cock sloshing in and out of her mouth was all too much... her head felt light, like little fireworks were going off in her brain.

His body grew tense a second later as his orgasm exploded into her mouth, eyes rolling back while slumping against the glass wall. His cock was deep inside of her throat, he released, pumping cum laboriously through her lips. His face scrunched with a painful expression, and he grabbed hers a ectonably now, watching her swallow what she could. The rest was dribbling out of the corners of her lips, trailing down her face and dripping onto her tits.

His heart was still pounding. He wiped a drop of cum from her chin and swiped it back into her mouth with his thumb. She sucked tenderly on it. "You did good." He spoke and she purred standing up to wrap her hands around his neck before kissing him lazily.

"Since when have I never done it well?" Ameena retorted against his lips, smiling when he laughed.

"How can I repay such kindness?" Alex mocked and she reached for a bottle of shampoo and conditioner.

"You can start by untangling my curls."

\*\*\*

That night they lay tangled in bed, satisfied and exhausted. Ameena lay in Alex's arms, drifting in and out of consciousness while he raked his fingers through her semi-dry hair thoughtlessly.

The storm in his mind had calmed down, leaving him aware of the woman beside him and all he could feel was peace and happiness.

"I love you."

The words, unprepared and unexpected on both parts, easily slid past his lips.

It felt like a weight had been lifted off his chest, how easier it was to say that nine years ago than it sure is now. He still loved her more than life itself, he just wasn't sure if she had forgiven him for disappearing nine years ago without a proper goodbye.

That and shooting her in the shoulder, nearly getting both of them killed and marking her as a fugitive.

The silence stretched between them and Alex shifted nervously, wondering if she had heard him say the words. A part of him feared her rejecting him on the spot and desperately wished he finally've taken them back, but another part was glad the words were finally out in the air.

For a moment, he had assumed she was asleep considering her back was facing him, until her shoulders began shaking.

His eyes widened, panic setting in while reaching for her, "Aimee are you-" she flinched away from him and the act felt like a kick to the stomach.

Hell, it felt like someone had poured gasoline on his heart and threw a match at it.

"I'm sorry I didn't mean to-" he began hastily, "please don't cry."

She snifled harder, rubbing snot with the sleeve of his pullover. "I don't want you to see my ugly crying."

"Why?"

She rolled over to him then, scrubbing her eyes viciously unable to stop the dam of tears. "Because I fucking love you too Nickolai."

Alex couldn't stop himself from pulling her towards him, crushing her into a bear hug kissing every inch of her skin desperately, happily. His heart thumped erratically, first out of fear of rejection but now simply because the woman he loved reciprocated the feelings back.

Fuck the mafia. Fuck his family. Fuck everything that had kept him from going to her.

No more.

And that's when he told her everything.

\*\*\*

Give us your thoughts on the book.

Comments and critiques are appreciated.

Also be sure to check out our latest book that will be updated upon completion of PWFF.

Comment and follow

Stay kinky

STAY KINKY

Continue reading next part