

Revised

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"So you lied to me, is that it," Ameena wanted to be mad, she wanted the words to come out seething and cold yet they came out in a breath of what sounded more like neediness.

She scolded herself, it was no time, definitely not the time to be imagining him there but the more his hand stroked the sensitive skin of her naked thigh the more her mind went there.

"It's wasn't really a lie, technically my father's enterprise is an organisation per se. Just not the one you think," she could feel his smile, her cheek was pressed on his chest feeling the vibrations of his voice box each time he spoke or laughed, the familiar heart beat that thudded in tandem with hers. Leg strung over him in an half straddle, a tangle of limbs with the only thing separating their naked skin being a comforter.

"It's hard to imagine like, at all Alex, the mafia. I slept with a man from the Mafia" even spoken aloud the words sounded crazy. Maybe she really was crazy.

"In high school, that was the first time I met my father, turns out I wasn't an only child. I had a brother though he was born out of wedlock. A product of my father's inability to keep his dick in his pants. When ma found out she took me and le. Fortunately, she was respected along the ranks and no one dared object when she matched away with me."

He continued, "There's no such thing as divorce in our line, plus, our family was one of the most influential and our rank are stretched all over, from almost all the states in America, to Italy, countries in Africa, small islands in the Caribbean like Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Guyana, Haiti, etcetera, countries in South America, Rome, Russia. It's really huge Ameena."

Ameena listened with rapt interest, fingers skimming the lean muscles along his back.

"When I le you, it was my time, I had to begin in depth training and going on missions, heists, building my crew, I didn't want to but I had to because my father insisted on me taking over rather than my older brother. When I met you in the bank, weeks ago, I couldn't believe it, I had stayed away, watching from afar, checking up on you monthly, Maybe it was fate or extremely bad fucking luck you were there in the first place." As he spoke his hand slid up her should blade, tracing the bullet scar remorseful.

Ameena laughed to ease the pain from him, and pressed a kiss to his chest snuggling closer. "It's fine." She murmured.

I'm laying in bed with most likely a most wanted crimina the thought didn't scare her as much as it should, if only her mother and father could see her now.

"Robbing a bank," she sighed into his chest when he never replied, "why would you even rob a bank, aren't you guys; the mafiacartel supposed to be already mega rich with your enterprises stretching so far?"

"We are," he laughed, "but that money was supposed to go to another cartel, father didn't want to take it out of his own account because of the rivalry between them. The money was used so we could find out who had the chip."

Ameena couldn't help the laugh that bubbled in her throat, pressing a hand to his chest, "You say 'the chip' as if it's some mysterious force of power, all serious like."

"Well it is," his hand closed over hers, their his fingers tangling, "That chip has enough dirt on every single cartel in the mafia, so much the government would wet their pants looking for it if they knew it existed, it has dirt on my dad too, being the God father, he couldn't allow that info in any other hand, lucky for us, the person who had it was anonymously trying to pawn it o to the highest bidder, the money from the bank helped us get his identity. Jack Wilson."

Ameena paused, then swallowed thickly. The man Alex killed, that time Alexander got shot and she helped patching him up, wasn't that guy some evil criminal mastermind, "Wasn't he the one doing that stu to the girls..." She trailed o , remembering Alex's face when he had told her how Jack had taken a daughter of his close friend.

When Alex laughed nervously, Ameena froze in confusion the peered up at him, adjusting her body to see him. "What?"

"Well Ameena, I... um sorta made that part up."

Her countenance dropped down to the soles of her feet, "You did what?" It was a shriek in the tone of a whisper.

"He wasn't using girls for drug transporting, cutting them open I mean, he didn't have to at least, drugs get into this country easier than you may think, I just said that stu about the girls so you'd not feel pity for him...I couldn't tell you that I killed him for the chip back then..." He trailed o , probably noticing her facial expressions.

Ameena made to move out if his arms, arms which tightened around her at the same time she moved.

"Wait! Aimee, just here me out, please"

Her struggling ceased. ' Damn him' she screamed internally.

"I got the idea about the girls out of a movie watched sometime ag—okay okay, I'll move on," he rushed out when she started to try and twist out of his vice-like grip again.

"I'm really sorry I lied but you couldn't have known, I didn't want to to get in that deep, right now you're already in deep and I'm sorry, at least now I can tell you everything without worrying about the code of conduct."

Ameena sighed, feeling the urge to pull one of his arm hair out just so he could feel a smidge of pain, "I could punch you," she murmured against his skin, "I can't believe you lied so much but I sorta understand why you did, just... don't do it again."

"I won't," he responded, kissing the hair he helped her to loosen.

"Anyway, where's that oh so important chip now?" Ameena asked, trailing circles on his chest.

"I have it, really, really close to me," out of nowhere his hands tightened around her, "I'm supposed to give it to my Father in a few days, would've given it already if my brother wasn't set out to kill me."

His admittance shook her to the core, "Your brother? You haven't spoken much about him."

He laughed, the sound was without humour, "You already met him,"

"I did?" Ameena couldn't remember when or where she probably had. It could've been her work, she did see over a hundred people per day.

"A few days ago, remember when you called me about the man in your house who wanted to speak to me, that was him."

Ameena tensed, rising up to sit and stare at him, "h—how..." She remembered, hell how could she not, the man was dressed in the finest suit she had ever seen, dark hair slicked back and and aura that yelled 'you broke bitch's he had entered her home. She could never forget the glint in his eyes as he le .

"I look forward to meeting you again, he had said in heavy Italian accent before turning and walking o .

"That isn't the worse part Ameena," she heard Alex's voice, "He was also the guy in the mask that you kicked, in the bank, the one that would've killed you if I had interfered."

Her hand subconsciously went to her shoulder, fingers touching the small scar.

"His name is Alonzo and for some reason he wants the chip, that's probably why we aren't dead yet Aimee, he doesn't know where I stashed it," Alex moved forward, arms going around her as he pulled her onto him in a straddle. The fact that Ameena could feel him beneath the comforter didn't make the situation any better.

"So now everyone's a er us?" His hand curled into her hair, her body already pressed into his, bare breast mashed into his chest.

"Yes probably, No doubt he's convinced everyone that I'm a traitor already, if I could get to my father with the chip, I'll be able to make some arrangements for you and argue my case. Plus I still have some loyalties le , for example, Mark. I'll make sure you're safe, You're my top priority, always have been Ameena."

Ameena was smiling, she couldn't help it. He almost got her killed, got her name running rampant in the mafia, got her a few enemies, yet her heart still fluttered like a butterfly caught in a glass jar hearing those words.

Was this what love felt like.

"Before you go to meet mark, will you show me around? I really don't want to sit and stare into space while waiting for you to come back, and I don't want to be naked for the rest of the day either."

He got up, Ameena's yelp got caught in her throat as he took her with him, her hands tightened around him and so did her legs, "Don't drop me!" She shrieked as he carried her across the room.

"I won't," he laughed then to her surprise promptly let her go. Her shriek was almost ear-splitting before he caught her last minute.

She slapped him lightly as he laughed again.

"Ha ha, real funny." She spoke humorlessly.

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So far, Ameena was wowed, more than that she was le speechless, despite the small appearance of his complex, the interior design made up for everything. Two bedrooms, modernized kitchen, living room with a 36inch flat tv that slid down from a compartment and a library room. The furniture put her on a high and he seemed to have a fondness for art. Photography, drawings done by contemporary artists, designs, antiques in some room and to her surprise a vinyl collection along with an old dusty player.

She never really pegged him for the artsy type.

His hand was holding hers as he led her to the ground floor, through a door and a staircase that seemed to lead down into inky black darkness.

She had on a shirt and one of his boxers briefs, one she had humourously rolled up at the waist band and modelled for him, his shirt brushed against her thigh with each step.

He flipped a switch before they began walking down the stairs and she was almost blinded by the clinical bright white light that lit up the staircase, at the sides were rails that she was sure to hold on to as she followed him.

"What's down here?" She murmured in awe as her feet hit the thick black carpet and she sunk down an inch.

"My other collections," he smirked as he brought her along, their steps were muted by the carpet.

"Was it necessary to place 'your other collection' so far down the basement?" She looked around, noticeable o rt had been done to ensure the hallway didn't look like a scene from horror movie.

On the door at the end of the hallway had a symbol engraved into it, a circle with a curved line, funny, because Ameena distantly remembered seeing that same symbol tattooed on Alex, she shrugged it o and stepped through the now open door.

Her mouth dropped open, it was a miracle her jaw hadn't unhinged.

"What in the..." She trailed o as her eyes followed the line of sharpness taking up most of the wall.

Knives, wickedly sharp knives that reflected the bright white light, almost glinting deadly at first glance. Daggers, switchblades, pocketknives, knives that had their acquired sheaths below them.

She blinked, almost in awe. They were all so neatly arranged too.

Her eyes trailed back to him, Alex stood at her side. "You know," she started, walking up to the closest one whose blade was as long as her whole palm, "normal people don't have a basement full of weapons," she spoke, tracing a finger over stainless steel.

"I'll let you know that each of these knives have saved my life at least once."

"And what about that gun over there," she pointed to the semi automatic with a raised eyebrow, it looked both deadly and beautiful at the same time, mounted on the wall like a prize.

"Oh that," he grinned, "that's just for decoration."

Ameena laughed, "I thought all of these were for decoration," she bent over for a switchblade from the shelf, hearing an appreciative whistle from Alex at her behind.

She rolled her eyes, running a finger over the handle, there it was again, the circle with a curved line.

"They're all functional, I just thought it was best to have them out instead of packed into cases, all of them have been with me on a mission of some sorts."

Ameena placed the knife back into the shelf, eyes trailing over the knives on hooks on the wall.

These knives must've been used to kill someone or the next, she thought to herself and kept the thought just as that...to herself

"Does it get better?" She asked, turning. A hand on her hip.

"Indeed," he smiled, just staring at him smile with his hands in his pocket, watching her made his heart do athletic somersaults, "In the other room is my gun collec—"

He was cut o by a blaring ring. Alex paused then reached into his back pocket, a disposable phone was in his hand which he answered quickly.

The smile fell from his face almost dropped instantly as spoke in Italian into the receiver for a moment before falling silent while listening. The action seemed to happen for long and Ameena continued walking around the room. She turned to watch him coolly as he hung up with a sigh.

"Mark is expecting me soon. Will you be okay here? Alone?" He walked up to her, dragging her into his chest.

She nodded, "As long as you promise you'll come back."

"Always, Ameena," he spoke into her hair. "Always."

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Thoughts?

Anyway, don't forget to comment and share <3

Be sure to drop any questions, feedback, your love for us lol, etc, etc.

~Stay Kinky