



4 | Found You

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Leaning on the hood of his car, Alex glanced at his wrist watch before returning his gaze to the hospital that towered before him. 7.15 pm. It was considerably dark but who could tell, the bright white hospital lights glared down at him.

Alex pushed himself off the car and began approaching the wide entrance, pausing to allow a young woman who was carrying a pale looking child to walk by. When the child looked up, Alex darted his gaze away avoiding the sickly ghost-like eyes.

One of the main reasons as to why he hated hospitals and preferred the warehouse. Death seemed to be lurking in every corner over everyone's heads. Not to mention the smell of disinfectant and antibiotics that made him nauseous.

"Welcome to St Claire's hospital," The blonde secretary said monotonously eyes still glued to the screen of her computer, "How may I...?" Her voice trailed off when she led her gaze to his face. Clearly taken aback, the blonde cleared her throat sitting straight in the chair.

"How may I help you?" She asked a lot less monotonously than before.

Alex's eyes flickered to her name tag and back, "I'm looking for a patient named Ameena Wilson, I'm her brother. I just found out she got checked into this hospital a few days ago."

After looking at him a bit skeptically, the blonde nodded typing away at the computer. After a few seconds the screen beeped, "That's right, Ameena was checked in two days ago."

"What room is she in?"

"I'm sorry sir," She trailed off regretfully, the smile on her face fading. "But visiting hours finished two hours ago. I cannot give you that information."

Alex fell silent, tapping his index finger on the counter thoughtfully. He would've chosen to argue with her or come up with a good excuse to let him in. But instead, he just smiled lightly. "Right, thank you." He stepped aside just as another nurse in scrubs walked to the counter.

"Jennie can you get Dr. Colby for us? His patient just woke."

Alex watched in silence as Jennie nodded quickly standing and began speed walking down the hallway.

He took a moment to glance up and down at nurses and ER students hustling up and down calling names and pulling gurneys with patients on them. Once Jennie disappeared around a corner, he leaned across the table and turned the screen towards him. Scrolling the mouse around, he clicked on the patient folder and typed in Ameena's name. In only seconds her profile popped up with the room number.

"Hey!" He looked up just as a male doctor, probably in his early thirties walked up to him. His beady eyes flickered between Alex and the computer before narrowing, "Just what do you think you're doing?"

Alex sighed leaning away from the computer with his hands raised innocently, "Sorry, I was looking for something." His eyes moved past the doctor to a group of nurses hurriedly rolling down a table with a bleeding patient on it. They were shouting orders at each other when one of the nurses bumped into the male doctor shoving him forward towards Alex.

Swifly Alex caught him before steadying the guy. "Sorry about that." Before the guy could respond, Alex was already walking away tucking the identification card he had swiped from the guy's coat.

The first five floors of the hospital were busy, but once he reached the East wing filled with patient's rooms, it was dead quiet. Reaching for the doctor's card in his pocket, Alex placed it over the scanner and pushed the door open when it beeped green.

He passed ten doors before spotting her door at the near end of the hallway.

Room 223

Placing the card between the door spaces, he swiped it down and the door clicked open in response. Immediately he stepped inside, Alex felt a burst of cool air surround his body. He slowly walked inside as his eyes adjusted to the dim light in the room.

Silently shutting the door behind him, Alex's eyes wandered around the room taking in the large windows on one wall overlooking the city, curtains gently billowing from the cold night breeze. A screen that played SpongeBob was on mute volume and a suitcase at the foot of the bed.

His eyes stopped at the foot of the bed hidden beneath a thick layer of blankets. Chest lightly rising and falling, the sound of the heart monitor beeping in tandem.

Alex paused at the foot of the bed picking the clipboard and analyzing the doctor's observations.

Her vitals seemed fine.

Torn tendon on her shoulder.

Healing time should take two weeks with a cast to not cause more injury.

Along with a list of antibiotic meds and painkillers that she was currently taking. A pang of guilt hit his heart when he realized that he was the reason she was in hospital. He shot her. Even though she would've been dead if he hadn't done it, he still put her in a hospital.

But at the same time, part of his anger was directed at her for thinking she could kick Alonzo in the nuts and walk away scot-free.

Dropping the clipboard back, he rounded the bed and stopped beside her sleeping figure. First his eyes took their time lingering on her freshly bandaged shoulder then trailed up the hollow crook of her exposed neck to the soft curve of her jaw. His eyes took in her peaceful face, eyelids down shut with thick eyelashes. Her eyes darted restlessly beneath her eyelids, full lips slightly parted.

Alex reached up brushing a curl of hair from her forehead, resting the tip of his finger on her temple slowly tracing the distinct scar on her right eyebrow. That scar which she got from standing up to a bully in high school, she did manage to land a few blows on the guy before he swiped a pocket knife across her face which nicked her eyebrow.

Unfortunately, Alex had skipped class when the drama happened, but when he got wind of what happened, he sent the boy to hospital with a broken jaw and ribs among other things.

His eyes left her face spotting a black leather jacket thrown over a chair, he briefly wondered if she was dating.

Ameena stirred in her sleep, mumbling a few incoherent words as she sighed leaning into his palm that rested on her cheek.

A small smile tugged on the corners of his lips, leaning down Alex hovered his lips over her scar kissing it lightly before travelling down the bridge of her nose inhaling her distinct scent that he would never forget. He placed a ghost like kiss on the corner of her mouth before sighing and easing back.

"Just as beautiful as I remember...Aimee."

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Not longer than two weeks later, Alex stood a few feet from the restaurant window watching as people walked in and out of the restaurant. Families, dates, singles or just weirdos. Each time the front door swung open, the smell of ribs and grilled steak wafted out into the air catching the attention of passersby instantly.

A shame he wasn't hungry.

Or rather, he was, just not for food.

Eventually she appeared balancing a tray with the grace of an experienced waitress, two plates stacked high with fries and double beef burgers. Ameena moved skillfully between the tables, taking orders with a smile, chatting up the customers with small jokes every once in a while, carrying food to and from tables.

Everything about her movement seemed professional, as though she had done it more than once. Her shoulder seemed to be healing fine, although he would catch glimpses of her wincing when she had to carry too much stuff.

More than once Alex let his eyes appreciatively slide over her uniform; pressed white blouse and black pants that hugged her behind firmly and black doll flats. Her hair was held up into a long plaited pony tail, strands that escaped stuck to her forehead from the sweat.

More than once he was tempted to walk into the restaurant, especially when a few guys made a pass at her. But with ease, Alex held himself back. He could break a few noses later.

After Ameena wrote down another order, Alex pushed himself off the lamp pole and walked towards the door.

Inside was noisier than he expected, people talking away, toddlers crying over fries and country music playing in the background.

Alex headed for an empty booth in the corner and lazily picked the menu, scanning over the words without purpose.

"Hello and welcome to Tasteful delights," A red head appeared beside him, smiling a little too excessively as her eyes trailed over his body. "My name is Launa and what can I get for you?"

Alex hummed looking over the menu more appropriately, the corner of his lips twitched upwards when his eyes landed on a specific item. "I'll have the chocolate chip delight milkshake with a cherry on top."

"The waitress chuckled writing it down, her eyes glanced up at him a few times. "Nothing else?"

Alex ignored the obvious pass she was trying to make at him and nodded, "Yes, could that waitress, Ameena deliver my order to me?" If the waitress frowned, he would never know, his eyes were focused on the stainless steel door waiting for her to reappear.

"Of course!" She forced a smile as she walked away, taking the menu.

Alex watched as the red head Ameena walked the kitchen door and placed the order. By that time Ameena was on the other side of the restaurant setting a plate of nachos in front of a woman.

Just watching her talk made him realize how much he had missed her.

Maybe even too much for his liking.

Leaning back on his seat, his eyes followed her like a predator tracking prey, as she picked his glass of milkshake. A small smile graced her lips at the sight of the milkshake.

After all, it was her favorite.

By the time she arrived at his table, Alex was now leaning forward on the table curiously watching her.

"Chocolate chip delight milkshake with a cherry on top?" Her voice called out a table away from him.

Alex raised his head, smiling wolfishly at her. "That would be me."

The sound of glass crashing to the floor echoed in his ears.

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