

6 | Fucking Hate You

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Ameena knew something was off as soon as she turned the door knob and it clicked without resistance.

With an ominous creak, it slowly swung open just as she stood, squinting into the faded light.

At first she thought it was Ron, it wasn't the first time he'd stop at her home unannounced and be cooking up a storm that would definitely bring on a mind blowing foodgasm that he alone could draw out of her.

But then the thought was shot down as soon as she remembered that Ron had previously called telling her he would not be in town for two days.

A chill crept up her spine at the next thought. A burglar.

She stepped over the threshold, with finesse and quietly deposited her bag onto the carpeted floor before swinging the door shut behind her.

Her heels went next, her toes melting into the soft carpet, it was much easier to fight without heels. She focused on stealthily tip toeing but stopped as soon as she heard the all too familiar voice of Crazy eyes.

She stopped around the corner and gaped, she neither remembered leaving her laptop on nor her Netflix.

The familiar voices continued to talk, then she could hear Piper's voice. Slowly, her hands balling into ready fists at her side, she tiptoed to the source of the loud sounds echoing from her living room.

Ameena would never have expected what she came up on the moments she took a single peek into her living room. She blinked numerous times fighting the urge to rub them. There, on her couch sat the last human being that she would ever want to see in her life.

As if he was waiting on her, Alex stared right back with one of his famous smirks. Fully clad in the outfit she remembered seeing him in only earlier and not even looking a smidge less desirable.

A chill went up her spine as he stared up at her from the position he was sitting in. Sitting amidst the fluff of her cushions, hand stretched over the head of the couch, ankle resting atop the other knee. Beside her laptop was an empty bucket of Ron's vanilla ice cream.

Ameena was lost for words and that was because her throat was flat and her voice box refused to vibrate long enough to produce a coherent sound.

She blinked, "How...?"

She watched as he reached forward and slowly closed the blaring laptop on the coffee stand before him, his dark green eyes intentionally never straying from hers.

She debated on taking a step back as they plunged into a silence that she could only define as cursed.

His eyes never left hers and only said one thing. She was in trouble.

Big time

Her eyes strayed away from his and into the kitchen that was only separated by a doorless wall, there in the uppermost corner was the knife stand. She regretted not leaving it at the edge of the counter.

But how would she know she would have a faceoff with the devil himself only later?

Fuck you one step behind cell.

Her eyes went back to his and he had a knowing grin.

He was challenging her, his eyes basically swimming in amusement. Daring her to lunge for the knives.

Ameena was never one to play damsel. It was as if everything happened in slow motion. She took off to the kitchen just as he sprung up from the couch like a tiger closing in on its prey.

It was times like these Ameena hated the simplicity of her flat's design because it had more space and twists, she would've probably grabbed the knife.

Instead, her hands went as far as brushing one of the many handles before hands grabbed the back of her shirt yanking her away. She smashed into a large chest as arms wrapped around her waist.

Ameena struggled in his arms but his grip was unyielding, only tightening with each breath she took. Using his grip as leverage, Ameena kicked her bare feet up on the edge of the counter and pushed backwards sending his head and back into the opposite counter and top cupboards.

The sound of utensils crashed to the floor, clattering noisily around them from the impact. She only managed to draw a grunt from his lips before he did the same, and suddenly she was back on the counter. Hands twisted behind her back, upper body pressed into the cold granite counter top.

Ameena hissed out a curse legs flailing as she blindly aimed for a kick. She struggled as he took his place right behind her, his knee squeezing itself between her legs to stop her movements.

He effectively managed to shut her up. She stared wide eyed and angrily at the opposite wall, breasts crushed into the kitchen island and her pant suit clad, ass up and exposed. Her heart was pounding so loud it vibrated on the counter.

To her left, at the part where the counter met the wall, the knives stood in all its glory, mocking her. She scooped breathless.

"What was that?" She heard his playful voice above her. His voice that brought on too many godforsaken memories and made her want to gorge out his perfect orbs with a claw hammer.

"You've made your point Alexander" Ameena spoke through her teeth glaring at the wall as a substitute for his stupidly handsome face.

She could literally feel his wolfish grin on the back of her head, warm breath fanning the back of her sweaty neck. She felt the light touch of his tapered finger trailing down the expanse of her clothed ass making her jump instinctively. "I don't believe I have Aimee"

God she hated that nickname, how the hell did he still remember it? Her vision was suddenly bombarded with an image of a much younger version of him running and screaming that name on top of his lungs.

She ground her teeth so hard, she was sure the crowns would crack and shatter from friction. "Why are you doing this Alex? What do you even want? A thank you perhaps?"

Alex hummed deep in thought, "Well...that would be nice but I was going for something a little more...thankful?" She felt his breath close to her ear, the length of his body leaning onto hers, heat raging like an inferno radiated off of him.

Ameena internally debated on head-butting him then and there but she wasn't in the mood for a small headache later.

"Fucking hell Alex!" She snapped "It's not like that anymore, we are not that close—" she inhaled sharply as his index finger trailed down the arc of her spine sending a shiver across her body. Ameena reflexively clenched her thighs together only to be met by the resistance of his leg. God, she missed his touch.

"Your body begs to differ Aimee," There he went again, with his magic fingers and deep sultry voice that did dangers to her panties.

No, she wasn't supposed to feel for him.

He left.

It's been too long.

He fucking left her without a word.

Ameena blinked, 'Ah, maybe a small headache would not be so bad after all.'

Without a moment of hesitation she swung her head back with as much force that she could muster. It would really hurt him much more than it would hurt her.

"Fuck!" He was stunned by the unexpected hit, his hold on her hands weakened and that was enough to make her switch into beast mode.

The moment she got loose all hell broke loose. Alex ducked just in time to avoid the shiny ass vase her mother gave her as a housewarming gift. It crashed into the cupboard.

When he was far enough, she used her legs, her hands set on the counter to balance herself. She lifted her foot and planted a kick right into his sternum.

"Hiya!" She screamed wildly jumping and landing a perfect knee into his solar plexus making him stumble and fall to the ground in a heap just as she landed perfectly on her two feet.

Using a wrestling trick her master specifically thought her, Ameena was on the ground next to his dazed form in seconds, legs wrapping tightly around his neck and body as she grabbed his hand through the middle. It was an arm bar in guard position.

She pulled his arm a little tighter, finally earning a choked sound of pain from him. A satisfied sadistic smile graced her lips at his pain. Tighter and she could break his arm...a little tighter and it would cause him insurmountable pain.

Ameena grinned using both her hands to pull a little tighter on his, her legs still wrapped tightly around him like an anaconda, keeping him steady underneath her while still securing the position of his hand.

She heard him moments earlier, the hurried taps of his free arm on the carpet as he tried to tap out, the hand she held between hers shook. It brought a smile to her lips, finally the smirking brute was feeling a quarter of the pain her heart felt when he just up and disappeared.

A knock on the door removed Ameena from her state of sadism as she reluctantly released him. Hardly had she let go when Alex was back on her again, pinning her to the cold floor sweating and breathing heavily.

She guess it had worked more than she thought considering the way his face was flushed from the feverish pain. Alex glared down at her just as she met his with her own equally venomous glare. "You almost broke my fucking arm Ameena."

"Well you deserved it fucktard." She spat eyes still narrowed never wavering from his. A small satisfied part of her mind knew his elbow hurt like a bitch.

They stared at each other in brooding silence, chests rising from the workout, pants leaving their mouths meeting in the middle.

Then as if starving they attacked each other. It was a duel of tongue and teeth as they went on each other, lips clashing with untold emotions not worthy of words.

Ameena was still angry, mad didn't even define the rage that was stewing in her chest right now as she clung to the front of his shirt pressing his mouth even closer than before willing to lose her breath to him. He was the nicotine that flowed through her veins, the high she would never want to get down from, the addiction she could never get over.

Unfortunately, every addiction had a threshold. And he crossed it the moment he walked out on her, after having already planned out so much.

How many years as it been?

"You fucking let me Nicolai," Ameena found herself breathing into the crook of his neck angrily, her teeth sinking into the flesh tasting the insatiable saltiness and hyssop soap, once again marking him as hers.

She had done that so many times in the past that it felt surreal doing it now.

"I know," was his response as his hands curled around her waist sliding down to her ass where it stayed slowly raising her pelvis to his. She wrapped her legs around his waist locking ankles on his lower back, "and I'm so fucking sorry."

"Sorry?" Ameena asked incredulously, a breathy moan slipping past her lips as she felt him rock into her, her nails dug into his shirt and was sure to meet his skin leaving half-moon shapes "I waited," her hand moved to the nape of his neck touching the red messy mark, "and I cried."

He stared at her eyes faded in unforgettable sadness, running his tongue over his lips, "I'm sorry—"

Her other hand found his collar gripping it tightly, "You fucking say sorry more time Nicolai," she glared at him.

"What am I supposed to say?" Alex breathed pressing his forehead to hers shutting his eyes, hiding the resigned shattered brokenness behind.

Ameena had to clench her teeth together, "Just shut up." When he only hummed weakly in response, she sighed letting her chin. Their mouths locked again, this time bitter sweet and slow, taking their time to mold perfectly against each other.

Fuck, she missed him.

They were forced to part as another round of knocking went off at the door. Ameena tilted her head away as Alex's head dipped to the crook of her neck worshipping her skin with flutters of kisses along the nape of her neck down to the bow of her collarbone.

"Ameena?" A male's voice cautiously called out, "It's the police, open up!"