

Twin Tormentors By RARE Introduction

PROLOGUE

Leigh-Ari

A soft ping from my phone had me looking from the laptop in front of me. It was on a Saturday noon and I was trying to submit the assignment which was due tomorrow. After clicking send, I grabbed my phone and smiled when I saw the name on the notification.

‘Verzi’ it said.

I opened the small message icon and read the text from one of the only two best-friends of mine.

Can you come and help us with the assignment really quick ?

I laughed softly and shut my laptop then exited my room. These boys, these twins, they were the best things I could possibly ask for. Ever since my mother left us, for some rich guy, the twins across the street have been my safe fortress. They picked me and mended me and made me whole when I was crumbling. And from that incident that happened when I was just 8, we have grown closer.

I found my dad reading a newspaper on the couch, slowly sipping his whiskey.

“Hey pa, I will be out for a few minutes. I am going to help the boys with the assignment. It is due tomorrow.” I informed walking towards him. He looked up from his newspaper and smiled at me, and then fixed his glasses. They always made him look younger and fresher.

“Okay baby girl. Just don’t be late.” He called out as he focused back at his reading. I perched a soft kiss on his bald head and walked towards the door.

“I won’t. I have already prepared dinner. If I am not back by 7, just heat it up. I am definitely sure I will be back by 8.” I yelled opening the front door and closing it behind me. The soft summer breeze brushed my thighs under the small summer

dress I was wearing. The street was bustling with the neighbourhood kids, and my lips tugged up in a small smile.

The trip to the twins' house took a shorter time and soon, I was standing on the porch of their house ringing the doorbell. I was taken aback when there was no response from the inside, especially when they were the ones who sent me a text message not less than 5 minutes ago.

I attempted to push it open and to my luck, it did open and I made it through. The familiar walls stared back at me; but the room was unusually quiet. Was this one of their silly pranks?

“Verzi? Enzo?” I shouted out, and still, no response.

“If this is one of your silly pranks then I am going to kill you.” The wooden stairs creaked under my weight as I climbed up to the first floor, in attempt to go to their rooms. My senses were on alert as I took delicate steps towards the upper floor of the house. From what I knew, I might get punched in the face or have the water balloon in my face. That's just how shrewd they were.

With luck, I made it to the first floor without having my ass knocked on the floor. I took delicate steps to the left. Verzi's bedroom door was slightly open, while Enzo's was shut closed. Soft music was pouring out the small speakers in his bedroom and I understood that might have been the reason they didn't hear me while I was calling.

I peeked inside to find the room empty. Where the hell were they?

“Vernero?” I entered his bedroom and looked around, to find that he was really not inside.

I gave a loud sigh and turned to leave, only to run into a big wall of muscles.

“The fuck? Damn, Vernero! You scared me!” I clutched my chest and tried to calm my pounding heart down.

“I didn’t, did I?” he said staring down at me. I raised my head to look at him. At 18, the two mfs looked like a fucking mountain towering over my small frame. I punched his arm and walked towards his bed.

“I came here, rang the bell. Nobody answered. And then I entered. There was no one. Anyway, you are here now, where is Enzo? I figured you two haven’t completed the assignment.” I rattled lying down with my back on his soft bed, staring at the ceiling. I turned my head to look at him when he didn’t reply me. A chill ran down my spine when he just stood there with his hands in his pockets, his eyes boring holes into my skin.

“Helloooo? Earth to Vernerero.” He shook his head slightly and gave me a small smile, as if I just pulled him from a very inhuman trance. Why was he behaving like this?

“Sorry about that.” He said walking towards his study table and powered his computer on.

“So. Where is the other half?” That had always been how I called them. They used to hate it, but they eventually got used to it.

“He’ll be here in a minute.” He said in a small voice. Okay. Now I was utterly concerned. Why was he behaving like this?

“Is everything alright?” I jumped off the bed and walked towards his chair. He didn’t reply me, or turn to look at me; and right at that moment, Enzo burst through the door, then slammed it shut, causing me to yelp at the sudden roughness. Like his twin, he stood there by the door and glared daggers at me.

“Whoaaaa... Chill your pants dude.” I looked at his face to find him “fuming”. What the hell was going on? He just stayed there glaring at me with so much anger in his eyes. I turned back to look at Vernerero to find him on his feet, staring down at me.

On the other side of the room, Enzo began walking towards us with steady unhurried predatory steps, his jaw ticking hard. His eyes were still glued on me and his fists were clenched tight on his sides.

“Can anyone of you tell me why you all are behaving like animals?” I asked exasperated, bundling my arms across my chest. None of them bothered to reply.

Enzo continued his predatory steps; I took a defensive step backwards, only to be stopped by Verzi’s hard body against my back. I threw my hands in the air and walked towards the bed:

“I don’t know what is it you are trying to do. But it’s creepy. I am out. I will come back after you all have stopped acting like you are possessed.” I tried to walk passed Enzo’s big body only to have my arm yanked by so much force that I winced from the pain that shot through my arm.

He pulled me to his big front and folded my arms behind me, locking them with his giant hand. A scream tore through me but his big palm clamped on my mouth, muffling all of my screams.

Venero walked to the window and shut the blind, then walked back towards where Lorenzo held me captive.

“Shhhhh. It’s okay Tereso. We are not going to hurt you.” He said in a smooth voice, a small smile tugging on his lips. My eyes widened as he brought his hand towards the seams of my small dress. His warm hands brushed against my naked thigh. I tried to scream but Enzo’s hand on my mouth made it impossible. It couldn’t be what I thought it was. They were my best friends. They couldn’t do it. I knew that. This had to be one of their silliest pranks.

That thought was shattered when Verzi took the seams of my dress and shredded it in half, exposing my body. Unluckily, I wasn’t wearing any bra. I pinched my eyes closed and hoped that it was a nightmare. It had to be a nightmare.

But I was proven wrong when his fingers brushed against my slit. They were really doing it. A tear rolled down my face as the realization of what was happening settled hard.

“There, there. Don’t cry okay? We promise it won’t hurt. Or maybe it will, but just a little!”

Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 1

VERNERO POV

The drug they used on me was slowly wearing off, and I was slowly slipping back into consciousness. However, my body was so damn painful that I could barely move a muscle, probably because I’ve been chained on a chair for over 71 hours now with no food, water to drink or anything to keep me sane. I had been careless, careless to let my guard down and actually thought I got my shit together.

But I’ll give them; the Sicilian men had been clever and swift this time. They managed to capture me.

I groaned softly and winced as the wound on the left of my groin oozed with blood. The fucker’s did me a good number there.

I engaged my ears to pick all the sounds, since my eyes were failing pitch in; I decided to settle with hearing. There was laughter coming from the left side of where I was chained. The conversation among the people seemed to be an easy one, but the smell of pot was intoxicating and I knew I had an easy pass out of this place. If they were really smoking pot, then my escape plan was going to be an utter success. The honking of horns and the sound of a very bustling street could be heard loud and clear not far from where we were. Which meant one thing; we were inside the city. Probably at some closed down factory building or some docks! That I wasn’t sure of since I was knocked out this whole time!

The chattering outside was of four people, probably keeping an eye on me so that I couldn’t escape. I rolled my heavy head on my neck and willed my eyes to open. Slowly, vision came back to me and I assessed the dense cell I was caged in. It

didn't seem to be that big and the walls were of metal. No iron bars, no stinky walls! Which meant I was in a cargo container. Well, that made things easier.

I moved my hands behind me and twisted the ring on my finger until the back of it was positioned nice and well, then carefully switched on the small laser which made a small vibrating sound as it cut through the metal chains. The laughter outside told me that my guards were unaware of what was happening. There was a loud clang on the ground as the chains fell off and I winced with the thought that they heard me.

“What was that sound?” One of them called out causing the conversation to halt.

“You are probably high man. I didn't hear anything.” The other contradicted and they all agreed. The conversation went on like nothing had happened and I let out the breathe I was holding.

Stealthily, I engaged the laser ring to slice through the chains around my feet and carefully laid them on the floor when they were all through. My feet seemed to be numb for a moment and I couldn't help groaning from the pain that shot through my leg. These fuckers did really do me good.

I got onto my feet and slowly took delicate steps towards the entrance of the container. I was sure to stay hidden in the shadows as I took in my surrounding and made a plan of my escape. The guards outside were really out of it and that gave me a way out. I had to be quick, swift and very stealthy if I wanted to make them pay for what they had done.

With that, I willed my body to be numb, and once the void settled, I sprinted from the shadows and leaped right on one guard's neck, twisted it until it snapped. The pot made their mind heady and they took a full minute to contemplate what was actually happening. By the time their bodies connived with their minds, I had three of them down and one stared at me with so much fear in his eyes as I twisted the cocked gun on his forehead. I placed my finger on my mouth and silenced him to keep it down. He gave me one nod and I lowered the gun with just an inch.

I glanced around and spotted a broken fence not far from where I was. That was it, my chance to get out of here. I looked at the fucker in front of me and placed the

gun back on his head, pulled the trigger and then boom! His brain was on the floor. There was a moment of still silence as I limped towards the broken fence and crawled under the small hole. Right after I made it out, the sirens went off. Fuck!

I spotted a very narrow passage in front of me and ran towards it. There was yelling and shouting behind me as men scattered to make out where I ran off to. I willed my painful body to be in cahoots with my mind, and then I ran. Thanks to a decade of diabolic training, I could run around with angry wounds oozing buckets and rivers of blood.

The shouting could be heard not far from where I was. I spotted a soft light seeping from yet another alley on my right and took it. I came to a halt when I realized that it was a dumpster of the residential building. And it was a dead end.

A silhouette flickered from a distance and I ran towards it. It was a girl and I cursed myself for what I was about to do to her. She didn't deserve it nor did she deserve being dragged into all this fiasco. But if she played funny... well...

She let out a yelp as I threw my body on her but I was quick to cover her mouth so that she didn't let out another sound. Her eyes widened when she took in my form.

"Shhhhh. Don't make a sound." I commanded trying to sound as normal as possible. The thuds of heavy footsteps against the ground drew nigh and I had to do something not to get caught.

"I am sorry!" I called before pulling the small body to mine and slammed my lips on hers. Her body was rigid for a whole minute as she tried to stomach what was actually happening and when it clicked into place, she began thrashing and hitting my not-so-in-the-good-condition chest. I held her closer and whispered against her lips;

"Make a sound, and you are dead!" I didn't want to sound like a prick, but really, if she made a simple sound; then I was a dead meat.

The footsteps halted for a second, and murmurs could be heard as they tried to make out which way I sprinted off to.

“Horny teens!” one spat as they all took off to another direction. Once the sound of their steps was swallowed by night, I pulled myself from the stranger in front of me and before I could explain myself, she landed a very healthy blow right on my stomach causing me to groan and drop to my knees.

“You are bleeding.” She screamed in a panicked voice as she scrunching down next to me.

Her small hands fumbled with the buttons of my shirt as she tried to pull it off me.

“We should call the ambulance. You have bled a lot!”

One thing I made out, this girl was either an A-class idiot; or she was an idiot. How could one be concerned about someone who flat out man handled her while she was innocently going to dump the trash ?

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LEIGH-ARI

My body was glistening with sweat from the adrenalin rush. Seeing blood had activated my doctor-mode despite the fact that this piece of ass in front of me decided to assault me. Was that even an assault ?

“N-no. No amb... no ambulance.” He whispered as he tried to stay awake.

“Right no ambulance. Can you walk ? You need to have your wounds treated as in right now.” I called out opening his heavy eyes and looked at his eyes. The low light made it impossible so I had one option left, except to take him into my apartment and treat his wounds. At least my apartment was just on the first floor.

I fixed my silk night robe and pulled him up. His limp body weighed a fuckin’ ton and it was rather a struggle to get him up. But after a long eternity of struggle, I hauled his body up and wrapped an arm around his waist, then walked towards the back entrance of the apartment building, since I left with it to dump the trash. That and to avoid the curious glances that were surely going to be thrown my way.



“Are you even human? You are as heavy as a freaking elephant.” I complained taking delicate steps towards the small stairs that led to the inside of the building.

A chuckle followed by a violent cough rumbled from the elephant that was slumped in my hold. And he spat blood. Shit!

“Easy there buddy. We are almost there.” I soothed as we climbed the stairs.

“You... Your voice...”

“My voice? What about it?” okay, this fella didn’t know when to shut up. Even when he was hurt to this extent he still wanted to talk.

“It’s familiar.”

“Okay. You’ll tell me about it later. Now save your energy so that we can make it to my house.” I dismissed him as we doodled towards the elevator. The stairs didn’t seem like a healthy option at the moment. I prayed to the creator of heavens that there was no one to use the elevators and thanks to my luck, there really was no one. Soon, we were standing in front of my door and I shifted his weight so that I opened the door with a free hand. once it was ajar, I pulled the heavy weight champion inside and sloshed him on my rug in the living room, then ran back to lock the door and dashed to the kitchen and retrieved my heavy medical kit.

“I don’t know why you don’t want an ambulance, but your wounds need to be treated. You might be a criminal considering the fact that there was a chunk of armed men chasing you, but as a doctor, it’s my duty to save a life. So for now, I will treat your wounds, then call the cops on your sorry ass for sexually assaulting me and many other reasons.” I rattled preparing all the necessary equipment. Although my rug wasn’t an operating table and wasn’t 100% sterile, I made sure to keep it clean and washed it every week incase... things like this one happened. And lucky for his life, I had just cleaned it two days back.

I gloved my hands and took the shears, STAT!

Then cut through his shirt and actually cursed when I saw not one, but multiple wounds that seemed to be infected marring his front. His breathing was labored as

I washed all the angry open wounds and attended to them carefully. Occasionally, I'd call out just to make sure he was awake and when he replied, I continued.

After bandaging his chest, I glanced to his legs and realized that they were also covered in wounds.

“Honestly, I don't know why you don't want an ambulance, but this; this is really bad. You are lucky you stumbled upon a surgeon!” I rattled hurriedly tearing his pants into two. This was going to be a long night!