

Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 14

Chapter 14

LEIGH-A*I

The following day, Laura and I got up early and piled up into my car and left for work. Before leaving, we had tried to catch even the slightest movement from the apartment across the hallway; but came up with nothing! And that meant one thing:

My neighbor spent the night at the police station.

Although that was rather unsettling, I felt like maybe I did what I had to do for my safety! Yes I was guilty, especially because the guy now, different from the guy previously. However, they weren't that different. The only thing that was different this time was the lack of tattoos and gunshot wounds and scars. But from there, the voice, the physique, everything screamed the tattooed guy I met that day! And I really didn't believe that it were two different people! Yes there were lots of coincidences in this life but come on guys! How can someone be a spitting image of someone and not know that particular person? I mean the guy is an absolute replica of that other guy, but then how do you explain the absence of tattoos? Because even if he had laser to remove them, there would have been some little scars and remnants of the ink! But there was absolutely nothing! Like his skin was as white as a writing pad! Unless it was really a coincidence! All these thoughts made me really dizzy and I didn't want to think of this matter anymore. Whoever he was, then he would deal with the cops!

The day rolled by quickly and I got to help in a small surgery that was 3 hours long. At some point, I had thought of calling Valerie to let her know what had transpired in less than 24 hours of her departure. But at the same time, thought against the very possible idea. If she was going to know of her boss's arrest, then it would be through him; not me! I spent the rest of the noon working on the upcoming annual event and before I knew it, I was driving home and this time; without Laura.

I wasn't in the mood of cooking so as soon as I was in the safety of my house, I ordered in and took off the tight fitting clothes, changed into loose ones and sat in the living room while I waited for pizza to arrive.

The sound of the bell ringing had me rushing to the door and quickly yanked it open; with the thought that it was the delivery! Only to have my jaw drop to the floor when my eyes landed on not anyone but my neighbor in his mighty glory!

"You..." That was all I managed to say because words seemed to have stuck in my throat!

"Good evening Miss. Were you expecting someone?" His voice was raspy as he turned to the side looking for whoever I was expecting. The sudden thought of shutting the door in his face flashed in my mind but I dismissed it. I composed myself and then cleared my throat!

"Weren't you arrested last night? What are you doing here? You want me to call the cops on you? Because I will definitely do it! You know I can do that right?" I tried to sound as brave as I intended but I really wasn't sure if it came out that way! It felt like I was blabbering so I had to turn to the side to take two deep breathes, then stare back at him!

"I came here to invite you for dinner. I believe we have a bit of talking to do. To clear some misunderstandings! Don't you think?" He emphasized the misunderstanding part which made me feel

very much like a prick. I cleared my throat again and tried to master the brave façade!

"And what misunderstanding could there be between us? I did what I had to do. You promised to come back at me but I didn't think that was serious. So here you are, standing right in front of my house inviting me for dinner. For what I know, you might be some kind of a hooligan or..."

"I am sorry to interrupt but I believe you have met my assistant. Valerie Romano. Did she by any chance, mention something about me being a hooligan like you are saying?" He asked with a furrowed brows and that's when I got to really see his

face. This guy was a total snack. For the umpteenth time ladies and gentlemen, I cleared my throat and stared straight into his eyes.

“Yes I have met her. Such a lovely sweetheart! And no she did not mention anything about you being a hooligan! But still...”

“Do I by any chance make you feel uneasy Miss...?” He arched a brow again.

“Montreal. Miss Montreal. And no you don’t make me uneasy.”

“Right! Now that you say that; how about we talk a little and get to know each other over a plate of creamy pasta and sausage rolls?” he asked clearly aware that I was super hungry! Wait, did he even know that I was hungry? And he sure sounded like he knew his way around the kitchen!

I opened my mouth to reply him but the distant ding of the elevator captured my attention. The delivery boy got out carrying a bag of pizza and walked towards us.

“That’s mine. Let me go get some cash!” I announced leaving the door opened and went into the living room, retrieved the money and went back to the door.

“I have settled it. Don’t worry.” Neighbor dearest informed handing me my pizza. The pizza boy danced his way back to the elevator and I knew deep down that he got a good tip! Words seemed to fail me when I tried to refute him for paying for my pizza. But then I realized I have been nothing but rude to my neighbor ever since I laid my eyes on him.

“Thank you!” I said instead and raised my hands to take the pizza. His grip tightened a bit on the box and I looked up at him:

“About dinner? You were not seriously thinking of eating pizza for dinner were you? Now you have more reasons than one to join me! Please!” the plea was rather too cute to refuse. So I made up my mind at that moment. I mean dah! It wasn’t like he was going to kill me or anything!

“You aren’t planning to kill me are you?” I asked thinning my eyes on him! He let out a full rich laughter and dang! He was hot!

“What? Nooooo! Am I that bad to you? We seriously need to have this dinner so that I can get to know you and vice versa.” he said with an amused smile and all I could do was nod, close my door, and follow him into his house!

If I died, at least I’ll die with a full stomach! Will I even get the chance to eat though?