

Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 2

VERNERO POV

I woke from a slicing splitting headache. Although my body was still sore, the pain was lulled by the drugs and whatever little fella injected me with. I groaned softly as I tried to get up only to find that I was dressed in nothing but bandages, and my boxers. The soft snores caught my attention and I glanced to my left to find that she had dozed off while watching over me. But what had my eyes widening with shock was the little scar on the left eyebrow of the little stranger. The nose, the way she sucked on her bottom lip while she slept... it could not be! It could not fuckin be!

I got up to my sitting position and actually assessed and studied my savior. With every passing second of me staring at her, my breathing labored. It couldn't be her. I have searched the entire world for her and I hadn't found her. For years, I made sure that I left every stone unturned in search of her, but it was if all her entire existence has been a sweet daydream; like she never existed. So this had to be a very big lie. Or a prank. This was definitely not my Leigh in front of me.

I carefully pulled my feet underneath her weight and groaned as pain pierced through my skull. But that was the least of my worries now. I had to see something, anything to confirm that the lady who I was with was indeed Leigh-Ari Montreal. My butterfly.

With that, I got up and decided to take a tour around her apartment in search of anything that can tell me that I was not dreaming, or that I was not being pranked cruelly. The universe wouldn't just yank me off her and then throw me right back onto her lap after years of yearning for her presence.

I walked into the small kitchen and silently opened and closed the shelves, then moved to the small office where there was nothing except work crap and all the shit you can think of that doctors write. Wait, my girl was a doctor? A surgeon? I glanced back to where she was soundly sleeping and smiled. Fuck me if I wasn't proud! But one thing I was actually not well with was that she fell asleep with a complete stranger inside her house. But then a memory crossed my mind, this was

Leigh-Ari we were talking about. That girl could laugh and slap death in the face or jump off the cliff with a smile on her face. She was reckless, fearless, and fuck! I missed her so much. And she was here, right in front of me.

I closed her small office and walked towards the bedroom, then searched. I knew I was being a prick for invading her privacy, but I needed to confirm if it was really her. The bedroom was rather huge for a single person. But I made sure to explore every single corner and by the time I was finished, I had found all I needed to know.

My butterfly, she had saved me. Not only that, but the universe has reunited us yet again. I tugged a small strand of hair behind her ear and leaned down to kiss her cheek. But one thing that pained me, she didn't seem to know me, at all. Although pain had clouded my senses while she was tending to my wounds last night, I heard her loud and clear. She would ask me a few questions and curse here and there. But one thing I realized was that she had no idea who I was. She didn't know me. My butterfly didn't recognize me.

I got up and glanced at a clock mounted to the wall, it signaled that it was a little after 2am. I spotted her cellphone on the small glass coffee table that was pushed to the side to create room on the rug. With my hacking skills, I was able to unlock it and dialed Ciello- my butler who answered on the third ring. As soon as his panicked voice poured out of the speaker, I instructed him to bring me clean fresh clothes and gave her the location of where I was.

While I waited for Ciello, I made sure to explore every inch of Leigh's house. It was just surreal, the fact that she was right here in front of me felt like a dream itself. I couldn't believe that I had just found her, just like that. I mean it felt like a fuckin tale that I met the love of when she was out to dump trash after a decade of searching for her. Classic right?

My thoughts were disturbed by two soft thuds that sounded on the door. That was a signal of Ciello's arrival. I took hushed steps towards the door and stealthily let him in. I chuckled when I found a dozen of my men heavily armed, ready to butcher someone right on the corridor and commanded to keep it down, that I was okay and I was actually in the house of my savior. I instructed Ciello and all of

them to wait outside while I changed quickly; they bowed and left. For the second time, I entered her bedroom and pulled on a neat suit. I was thankful that I had met a doctor who treated my wounds and bandaged me nice and well!

Once I was settled, I walked into her office and took a small notepad and a pen, then scabbled a small message for her and placed it on the coffee table, then placed a soft kiss on her forehead. She mumbled something and licked her bottom lip before turning to the side. I sighed happily and exited her room.

I found Ciello outside the apartment building with my guys. He handed me a new cell phone with which I sent a quick message:

I found her!

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LEIGH-ARI

The sudden sound of soft music had me jumping from the couch I was cradled on and planted myself face first on the rug. That was followed by a loud groan and a series of curses as I crawled to where the sound came from and absent-mindedly picked up my phone and accepted the call which happened to be from the hospital.

“Dr. Montreal, we have been trying to reach you. We have a patient who needs surgery and Dr. Nickel stood in for you. Your presence is required ASAP.”

“Shit! I’ll be there.” After cutting the call, I hurriedly washed my face and freshened up and was soon in my car driving towards the hospital. The morning traffic was the pain in the ass and I cursed myself for not being ready for work, but then, I was attending to the patient who...

Speaking of a patient, where the hell did that guy go? I had left my house in haste and didn’t even check if he was still in my house or not. He might have passed out in the bathroom or died in there for all I knew. I sighed as I slammed my foot on the brake and actually stopped the car. I was going to be late for the operation and it wasn’t good at all.

I gave another exasperated sigh and decided to leave the car on the road. Life came first before everything. When the convoy moved a bit, I pulled up to the shoulder and stepped out of the car with all my paraphernalia in hand.

I spotted a cab overtaking the traffic and thanked my lucky stars after hailing it.

“St. Andrews Hospital.” I barked the location as I settled into the seat.

“On it Doc.” The driver replied teasingly and maneuvered his way through the heavy traffic. Within short time, he pulled up right outside the hospital; I paid him and dashed into the building.

As soon as I entered, a group of nurses rushed my way and began filling me with details of the patient I needed to attend to. I paid attention and realized it was the Lumbar Spinal Fusion surgery that was going to take more than six hours, considering the fact that the patient had other health complications. Classic! And all that was going to be dealt with on an empty stomach since I didn't even have a chance to grab a bite when I left my place.

We rushed to the Class 3 OR where I took a huge swig of protein shake and then was dressed up with the hospital gowns and scrubs, then got to work. I was thankful that Dr. Nickel was already there doing the most, so I just joined and helped. He was a very cool guy who was in his late 50s, and he was very good to get along with; unlike these age-mates who were always competing for credits. Asswipes.

It took full 7 hours and 45 minutes to actually complete mending the sorry guy's back with screws and bones. What made the surgery longer was that we had to decompress the spinal nerves; that and other things that just made me want to curl up into a ball and die. By the time I left the OR, I felt like a true walking zombie and I was famished.

I was thankful when Laura-my best friend and the hospital gynecologist burst into my office holding a bag of food. She laughed when I attacked the food without paying her any attention.

“You really are a life savior!” I said through a mouthful as I chowed down a donut and took a whole swig of juice.

“Yah. I saw you when you arrived here. And I was actually worried because last night you went AWOL and didn’t even reply my texts.” She replied taking a small bite on her donut.

“You won’t believe what happened. I had a patient in my house.” With that, I got into full details of how a sinfully hot man manhandled me while I was dumping trash. I made sure to put an emphasis that he was being chased by a group of armed men and that he had his whole body covered in tattoos. She listened carefully and laughed here and there.

By the time I finished laying the whole story to her, she had laughed so much that her eyes were filled with tears,

“But you should have been careful babe. And you don’t know where he is. Who knows, he might come back to you or just... at least report it to the police so that they know you had such a man in your house and you are very suspicious of him.” she said throwing a chip on me.

“Whoever he was, when he comes back, I will be sure to castrate him!”