

# Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 21

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## Chapter 21

LEIGH-ARI

"Dr. Montreal, there has been a change in the plans pertaining to the workshop!" My HOD informed me as soon as I stepped into his office. Right after I settled in my seat in my office, I was summoned to his office where he didn't waste time but spill the news.

"Okay?"

"You are the only one in our department who will be going. Dr. Elijah isn't coming with you anymore." He informed fixing his glasses on the ridge on his nose.

"Oh? Where do we leave again?" I didn't know how to feel about the change, 1

"Its tomorrow!"

"Oh my god. It totally slipped my mind!" I called out slamming my palm on my forehead. Lately, I have been highly destructed by my neighbor dearest that I didn't even realize that the workshop was in a few hours. And to add the cherry on top, the workshop was actually outside the country and we needed to fly there.

"I understand Dr. Montreal and my apologies for not informing you beforehand. But it was the last-minute decision and was done..." The sudden beeping of my pager interrupted us and I put up a finger up as a gesture for Dr. Erick to let me pick it;

"Yes?"

"ER! Incoming patient; a 28-year-old lady, 37 weeks pregnant. Got into a car accident has fractured bones. Internal bleeding due to a rupture artery. She is having a premature delivery! The head is already crowing! STAT!" The paramedic barked into the pager switching on my doctor mode in an instant

"On it!" I glanced at Dr. Erick who nodded once and then I was out the door. I arrived out of the ER and was

clothed quickly in the appropriate gown ready to save lives.

"This is bad!" I called out studying the fractured arm of the patient, which was already supported and cradled on her front. Her lower bottom was red with blood and I knew that I had to save the baby before working on her. At least they had sedated her but that was dangerous to the baby!

"Prepare for coffin birth!" I barked orders and my subordinates obeyed. The room was bustling as we got to work and after what felt like forever, the baby was delivered safely and placed in the incubator. Then we busied ourselves by sewing the mother close and closed up the arteries.

By the time I stepped out of the ER, the relatives of the patient rushed to me and nearly knocked me over:

"Doctor, how is my wife? And my baby? Oh my God, I didn't believe this would happen. We were driving in our lane and then suddenly this truck came out of nowhere and crushed on her side of the car. The baby..."

"I am so sorry to hear that. But you are blessed; your wife and baby are fine. She had some internal bleeding which we managed to control in time and the baby was delivered safely. Although it was the premature delivery, your little ray of sunshine fought to meet his daddy. They both made it!" I informed patting his shoulder, with a big smile plastered on my face.

"Oh, God!" The man dropped to his knees and some group of people behind him broke into happy sobs. There was nothing in this world that was fulfilling than moments like this one. That miraculous time

when the doctor informed the relatives that not only did he succeed, but the life was saved; heck! That was every doctor's trophy.

"Thank you so much, Doctor. Thank you so much. I will never forget what you did for me and my family and I will forever be indebted to you!" The big guy was clutching my legs really tight; I squatted in front of him and patted him.

"Hearing the sound of your wife's heartbeat and your baby's breath is the only reward I could ever wish for. But if you insist on paying me, you can do it by taking a very good care of them when they leave this place. Then your debt will be fully settled!"

"We are sorry to inform you that you just missed your flight ma'am!"

"What?" My voice rose causing people to glare at me. This wasn't happening! Yesterday after the emergency surgery, I had to go to yet another one which took full 9 hours in cardiology. I had arrived home a little after midnight and I was literally worn out. I just plopped on my couch and was out in a second. And then I woke up late, packed things in haste only to miss the flight?

"When did it take off?" I asked with a much-lowered voice!

"17 minutes ago ma'am!" Great! Just great! And now I was going to miss the workshop. And to make matters a little more intense than they already were, I was the only one from my department who was selected to attend, since my companion was told to stay behind.

"Ah fuck!" I cursed and looked down at my sorry luggage back and nearly laughed when I remember how stuffed and messy it was in there.

"Is there any flight where I can squeeze myself at? If that's even possible. I need to get to this workshop and I really can't miss it. Its work okay? And... Oh my goodness!" I kept quiet after my blabbering and concentrated on calming myself down.

"Let's see if we can come up with something. If you please, take a seat in the lounge and we will call once we have something!" The kind lady said with a smile and I smiled back, then hauled my trolley bag behind me and walked into the airport lounge.

I slouched myself on the comfortable lush velvet leather seats and watched as people milled outside. I don't know what happened, all I know is one minute I was gazing out the big glass watching the travelers, and the next I was shaken awake by the lady I had been talking to a few minutes back.

"Oh shiiii..." I cursed as I got up and wiped the drool that escaped my mouth! That's not embarrassing! At all!

"I am so sorry *Miss* to wake you up, but I came to tell you that we found you a plane to Istanbul which takes off in an hour." She informed with a gentle smile. And here I was busy trying to fix up my messed up self and hurriedly brushed my hair with my fingers.

"Really? That's so nice of you. Thank you so much!"

"One more thing, you will be flying first-class since there's only one empty seat in there."

"You are kidding." There was no way i had just hit the jackpot!

"I wish I was! But I trust it'll be a good thing! Seeing as how wom out you are right now!" She nodded towards me,

"*Am* I really that bad?" I asked with a wide grin. I appreciated people with an insane sense of humor because they spoke my language.

"You can really use some good sleep. Rough night I guess?"

"Oh, you have no idea. I am a surgeon, spent 9 hours in the operating room and woke up late. That's why I missed my flight." I intoned looking at myself in my small makeup mirror that was in my handbag.

"Oh my! I am so sorry. But you must be good at your thing. And good luck with the workshop!" her words made me pause a bit,

"And how do you know I am going to the workshop?" I asked with a very serious stare.

"You mentioned it when you were trying to check in that time."

“Ahhhh! Right!”

“Okay! You must go and check-in! And have the best flight!” She wished politely making me smile genuinely.

“Thank you. And thank you so much for the favor.” We bid each other farewell and I took my luggage and went to check-in.

All along my mind was filled with what I was to find in First Class Cabin! To tell the truth, the idea of it alone made me want to strip everything down and dance naked. I so couldn't wait to see what was in there!

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### Chapter 22

LEIGH-ARI

The anticipation of what waited for me in First Class cabin was suffocating, and as soon as I stepped into the First Class Terminal, my whole changed! It was as if I had stepped into a whole new different world and it's crazy how the adventure started right even before I boarded the plane. My poor self always thought First Class is on in the cabin.

I walked to the check-in where I quickly dealt with the process and even before I could turn to leave, a neat poised gentleman with a khaki pilot suit and white fabric gloves was waiting for me patiently and stoically. He ushered me to walk and that's what I did, he walked in well-manicured and practices steps in front of me, leading us to the doors which revealed a giant airport lounge as soon as he opened them. Now this wasn't just an ordinary airport lounge.

This lounge was astoundingly smashing! There were comfortable luxurious loungers and chairs, as well as a huge ass large spread of gourmet food waiting to be devoured. The space between chairs and loungers gave one the benefit of utmost privacy and I couldn't help but fall head over heels. Since I was flying Emirates, the décor was a mixture of deep shade of maroon, mosaic khaki and white. The tiles, ceramic counters and tables gave a classic view of luxury, art, and opulence.

The gentleman politely called me out and that's when I realized I had frozen by the door for quite some time now. I picked my jaw from somewhere on the floor and followed him closely. Looking around the lounge made me feel slightly underdressed but I didn't want to show it. Although I didn't buy this situation, I was going to own it.

With that, I held my chin up, puffed my chest and then added an extra sway of my hips in my walk. Yahp! That's what first-class does to you.

I sat down near the giant windows and instantly got succumbed in the picturesque scenery in front of me. Awe and admiration filled me when I watched steel-birds marring the outside of the windows. There were small, big, average sized planes with different colors and brands;

some held high the flags of their respective countries, proudly screaming to the world the pride they took in serving their country.

I have seen planes before, many aircrafts and had admired them. But seeing them from this height was something foreign to me and I just couldn't help but smile with pure bliss. The respect I held for those who monitored the planes, those who created the steel-birds, those who flew them up above the milky clouds

skyrocketed. I was in pure awe.

Minutes ticked by and I settled with some refreshments to kill time. My flight was in a few minutes but things looked different here so I decided to bite my tongue and sit down. I took a sip of my hot chocolate and continued my intense stare outside the window.

Right on the clock, the same gentleman who brought me in here approached me and gave me a gentle smile;

"It is time to board the plane!" He announced and waited for me to gather my paraphernalia and once again, ushered me out the door. We walked until we left the airport building and arrived in an exclusive parking where a shiny black Porsche was waiting. The chauffeur opened the door and I slid in. my weird ass stopped myself from grinning like an idiot.

The Porsche whooshed pleasantly and comfortably to the craft which was waiting and I took yet another exclusive private door into the pale. The interior was exactly how I imagined it to be. Insanely beautiful.

Like the lounge, the décor was the same shades of hue and it was really beautiful. There were 8 small cubicles which I assumed were the seats. And it turned out just like I had thought. The stewardess opened my cubicle and ushered me in. I wasted no time reclining into a comfortable seat and just died a little.

The rest of the journey was spent lazily in the deluxe surrounding, enjoying the snacks, mouth-watering food, the delicious wines and the world's class service!

Soon, we landed in Istanbul and it was a little after 6pm. I planned on getting the cab to the designated hotel where we were going to sleep with the rest of the crew and hoped that they were already there. Life however had different plans, Right outside the exit stood a man in a black suit carrying a board with my name engraved with bold letters on it. Although it was very strange and a little unexpected, I was thankful that I wasn't going to wait for the cab, especially at the place I wasn't familiar with.

I walked to the man and introduced myself as Dr. Leigh-Ari Montreal. We exchanged some greetings and he offered to carry my luggage for me and that I did not refute. No one denies a gentleman. We walked to a black Mercedes Benz W206 and I couldn't believe my lucky star. The universe seemed to be playing a weird prank on me but I fuckin' loved it. First class cabin, Porsche ride and now the newest Mercedes? *Wow!* Just wow.

The gentleman opened the door for me and got in to the driver's seat. The ride to the hotel was short and soon, we were inside the grand hotel that breathed money and deluxe.

I explained to the receptionist that I was here with some doctors who may have arrived earlier before me. She was happy to accommodate me and gave me my keys. The maître d arrived on the clock and escorted me to the elevator. *We* rode it in comfortable silence and stopped 18 floors up, then walked down a small hallway and stopped in front of a black door. I tapped the card key on the small scanner and the door gave out a soft clink. I pushed it open and stopped dead in my tracks!

“Ahhhhhm, I think there is a bit of a confusion in regard to my stay here.” I called out to the maître d with furrowed brows.

“Pardon me madam but there really is no confusion. This is your room and you will be staying here until the end of your workshop.” He explained briefly but didn’t help anything.

“This is a penthouse!” I pointed out with my thumb, gesturing the already jaw-dropping room.

“Yes madam.”

“And the hospital didn’t book the penthouse for me.”

“Yes madam but we were given strict orders to give you this room.” What? By who?

“By who?” I asked, confusion settling in harder.

“By me!” The deep heavy accented voice called out from the inside and I turned to find none, but Lorenzo Neighbor Dearest Cattanio in his majestic mighty glory. He was wearing a navy blue suit, no tie and the first two buttons undone. It took me a second to realize I had been shocked to mute.

“I can take it from here sir. Thank you.” He addressed the maître d who made a small bow and the turned t o leave.

“Cat caught your tongue?” The sinfully hot creature in front of me intoned arching a brow, his sharp jaw ticking slightly

“You!” Was all I managed to squeak.

“*Me?* What about me?” He asked with a glimmer in his voice.

“What are you doing here and what the hell is all this about?” There was no way this was happening. I could have sworn I left him in his apartment in Cyprus. So it had to be some voo-doo shit that he was standing here in front of me. In Turkey to be exact!

“I am the sponsor of the workshop and the investor in the project. I donated the shitload of money to your hospital and the management thought it would be a good idea to grace you with my glorious presence.” The narcissist replied moving his big arms around.

“Well that’s insane!” Indeed it was!

# Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 23

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## Chapter 23

LORENZO POV

"Can you tell me why you are here?" Leigh-Ari intoned from the seat opposite mine. The dinner table was the only barrier between us and the light from the candles danced, causing ghost shadows to flicker on her face. Her eyes would flutter close when she blinked, she would occasionally wet her lips by swiping her moist tongue on her bottom lip then bite on it when she was lost deep in thought.

I took my wine glass and took a small sip, savoring the taste of highly fermented grapes which took years and years to reach the savory taste. I placed it gently on the table and looked back at her:

"I told you, I am the sponsor of the workshop. And in the business world, sponsors are present during the workshops. We just want to see that we gave out money for a good course, to something that would bring us profit. Because as harsh as it may sound, business people care about nothing, except profit!" I explained briefly bringing my arms to the table, then placed my fist into the palm and watched as she digested my words.

"Okay! If you came here for the workshop, why am I sleeping in your penthouse? And that man who collected me from the airport, I bet he is your man." She pointed out and I chuckled, she was such a clever fox.

"Well, since you were late and were left behind, I just thought it would be nice for me to offer a little help."

"A little help? The first-class cabin was also your doing right?" Her eyes thinned as she stared at me with her soul-piercing eyes.

I just shrugged in return. I wasn't going to tell her that I tampered with her plane ride, made sure that it took off before the scheduled time so that she was left behind, and then went ahead by arranging the seat in the first-class cabin. That was my secret and Verzi's.

"Oh my Goodness!" She heaved out reclining back into her seat, annoying evident at her face. I saw that one coming. Leigh-Ari was an independent woman who was inclined and hell-bent on doing her shit all by herself. Whoever meddled in her business was in for the kill. And with what I did, I knew that I had taken her freedom of doing things. But I wasn't regretting anything.

"Are you mad at me for making your trip merry?" I arched a brow and played oblivious to the reason why she was mad.

"No, I am not mad at that. The least you could have done was tell me. Now there I was thanking my guardian angels and lucky stars for miracles on earth and unicorns while it was all your doing." She made sure that her annoyance and displeasure were well on the table for me to see.

"Okay okay! I am sorry I didn't tell you. But all I wanted was for you to have the best ride, and arrive here safely. Especially when you missed your flight. If I hadn't intervened, you would still be stuck at the airport trying to find flights with empty seats. And with that, you wouldn't even make it to the workshop." I put forth causing her to chew on her bottom lip as my words sunk in. She nodded a few times before rising from her seat:

"I'll be back in a few." With that, she sashayed towards the washroom leaving me with my mind. I smiled at my "lucky star" for giving me such a staggering gateway. I mean, the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity just landed right in my lap and I wasn't going to waste any minute of it.

I stealthily slipped a white pill inside the untouched wine glass and shook it slightly so that the pill

dissolved and blended with the wine. I brought the rim of the glass closer to my mouth and sniffed it, and when I caught nothing but the sweet and sour taste of grapes, I smiled and placed the wine glass down

I took my phone and typed a message, after hitting send, Leigh-Ari was already settling in her seat.

She took the wine glass and chugged down a big swig, then placed it gently on the table.

"Let's say I forgive you for giving me the best ride. How do you explain the penthouse?" She asked with furrowed eyebrows causing me to chuckle.

"Let's just say I can't live without you." I winked playfully and she doubled up. Perfect!

"Okay! So where are you going to sleep?"

"The bed is big enough for the both of us."

"There is no way I am sleeping on the same bed with you." She refuted shaking her head hysterically.

"Oh yeah? Come on, Tesoro. I won't do anything that you don't want me to do. If you want me to touch you, I will explore every inch of your body and make all of your wishes come true. If you don't want me to touch you, then you won't even feel that I'm lying next to you." I voiced out and watched as she winched a little, then leaned back into her seat and massaged the space between her brows.

"Hey! Are you okay?" I asked concern dripping from my voice.



"Yeah, I am okay. Just a little lightheaded."

"Want me to get you some water?" I looked around to see whether a waiter was lurking around.

"No, no! I am fine. I have to take my meds." She informed searching inside her handbag.

"Shoot! They are at the hotel. Can we go now?" She looked up and then pinched her eyes closed.

"Yeah sure." I got up and called the waiter, settled the bill, and stood a foot away. I watched as she struggled to stand firmly on her feet and went in by grabbing her arms.

"Here. Let me carry you." She nodded slightly and I scooped her in my arms and left the restaurant building.

VERNERO POV

The soft ping on my phone pulled me out of my daydream. I powered it on and found a text message from

Enzo.

It is done.

It said! My lips tugged up in a lopsided smirk as the realization of what was happening settled in. It took us over a decade to find her. Now we were going to have her in our home. I glanced at the clock on my dashboard and counted the minutes. It wasn't going to take long before the drug knocked her out. And from how heavy it was, she wasn't going to wake up until a day later; and that would make our next trip smooth sailing.

I was seated in my Mercedes Benz Coupe SUV 2014 3D, a black shiny beast with highly tinted windows. Mercedes Benz was our signature car and if you saw it black, just know it was ours. The Turantello Familia. Lorenzo came out of the restaurant building with a lady scooped in her arms, like they were leaving the church after exchanging their vows. He took delicate steps as if he was holding a glass that would shatter into millions of pieces at any moment as he walked towards the car.

I got out of the driver's seat and opened the back door for him; he laid sleeping Leigh-Ari gently and then closed the door. I stopped his hand and stepped forward, then took in the sight of my baby girl sleeping soundly. I couldn't believe she was truly right in front of my eyes, .

"It's her!" I intoned in a soft voice, to particularly no one. The reality was too good to be true and I found it hard to believe that I finally had her, and this time; for good!

"It's indeed her. Il nostro Tesoro! (Our treasure)" Enzo replied beside me, a small smile tugging on his lips. I stepped backward and then closed the door, stepped into the driver's seat. Then drove off to the airport!

## Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 24

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Chapter 24

LEIGH-ARI

Consciousness slowly dawned on me and I became vaguely aware of my surrounding. My eyes were pinched closed and I seemed to be lying on my back with my head snuggled cozily on a plush pillow. However, it didn't feel like I was waking up from a long sleep; it felt like a sedative was wearing off in my bloodstream and I was back to the land of the living.

I groaned out aloud as I turned to my side and searched the side table for my phone. My hand came into contact with a hard dang ass frigid post and I let out a curse. What in the actual hell? I got up to a sitting position with my eyes still closed. Somehow they felt so heavy that I couldn't even open them. After some brief negotiation with them, they slowly peeled open and I took in my surrounding.

I was sitting on a huge four-poster king-sized bed covered in white sheets and a deep grey blanket was draped over my body. The white curtains of the bed were neatly cuffed up the metal posts, revealing the cream-painted walls with gold highlights almost everywhere. The room didn't have much furniture but it was opulent enough for one to know that whoever owned it; was some kind of a rich skank. Could this be the penthouse?

The penthouse! Yes!

I recalled the events of the previous day and I sighed when I realized I was still safe. I would have freaked out if I woke up in a different place because I don't know what the hell happened last night. All I recall was Lorenzo taking me out for dinner and me raining hell on him for... well, for making me happy! Yeah, that was lousy. I didn't remember what happened after that. And today was the day for the worksh..

"Holy shit!" I cursed kicking off the blanket and nearly planting myself face first as I got off the bed. I hopped on one leg as I tried to untangle the blanket that was insanely wrapped around my leg and once it was free, I took off to the enjoined door which I assumed was the bathroom. I pushed the door only to come to an abrupt stop, it was empty. Like it was just a room, and it was empty.

I turned and looked at the only other door that was in the room and ran towards it; yanked in open only to reveal stone walls and long dimly lit staircases that spiraled down. One thing that I came to realize was that this wasn't the penthouse of Sheraton Grand whatever the hell that hotel was called. This was somewhere else in the world and it sure had to be dreamland.

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But was I dreaming?

I took a huge gulp of air and padded down the stairs barefooted. The idea of wearing shoes was the last on my mind since I was on a mission to find the bathroom and get ready for the workshop, or walk around this place and see whether I am dreaming or not. The stairs seemed to stretch forever until I eventually came to a clear landing.

The room also had stone walls with stone tiles. The lanterns flickered on the sides to give some light and the bulbs came to assist. There was a huge white carpet that stretched from where I was which was assumingly the entrance of this... hall-room thingy. There were six white leather couches beside one big pillar, a black glass coffee table.

My bare-footed steps made no sound as I walked deeper into a rather intriguing room. I turned and stood gobsmacked, my mouth somewhere on the floor.

A giant portrait of a lady, with long black hair and a huge smile, stared back at me. The lady seemed to

have been laughing at something when the picture was clicked. Her face was in the direction of the blazing sun, which kissed her lovingly bathing her in its glorious warmth and light. Some strands of her hair were all over her face and she was happy!

"You have got to be kidding me." I took a step back in shock and horror, my eyes still glued at the portrait because I knew the lady intimately. The lady was none but me. And I seriously didn't have any idea of what was happening. 1

I turned around with an attempt to run out only to run smack dab into a wall of muscles. The fresh scent of rain forest and musk engulfed my senses, causing me to take a huge gulp and slowly looked up.

"Nice to see you, Tesoro." Lorenzo stood in front of me in a black dress shirt that had two top buttons undone. The shirt was tucked neatly into his pants with a belt secured tightly on his lean waist. His hands were stuffed into the pockets of his black slacks and he looked yummy.

I stared at his face and my eyes widened in horror. This wasn't Lorenzo.

"You? What did you do to your face?" I asked referring to the tattoos on his face and he dared to chuckle. He turned and took confident steps towards his wine cupboard and fished out two glasses, poured the red wine in the glasses, and walked back to where I was glued at.

He handed me a glass but instead, I eyed it as if it was a monster ready to bite me and then shook my head slightly. I wasn't going to drink anything until I took a grasp of what was happening.

"Suit yourself." He arrogantly said as he placed the glass on the coffee table and sat down, muscles bucking and tugging beneath his shirt. One thing that dawned on me was the way he spoke to me.

"You are not Lorenzo." I pointed out glaring daggers at him.

"I never said I was." He replied glaring back at me, his grey eyes insanely piercing me to the core. Anger brewed from deep inside me when memories flooded my mind. The tattoos, the arrogance... it can only be one person.

"It's you. That hooligan I saved last time." He chuckled yet again and took a small swig of his wine before slightly tilting his head to the side and stared at me intently without replying.

"Oh my goodness. You kidnapped me!" My voice came out with a bit of a tremor as reality dawned on me like a bucket of icy cold water. I shivered, not from the cold, but from how cruel the night turned out to be.

"Kidnapping is illegal." A much softer and familiar voice called out from behind me and I turned to find...

"No fucking way!" What the hell was happening here? I looked back at the tattooed "Lorenzo" who was sipping wine on the couch, and the "REAL Lorenzo" that was standing beside me in a blue suit.

"Why are there two of you here?" Nothing about this made sense. Yes, now I knew that Lorenzo was here, and that there was yet another Lorenzo who had tattoos and was the spitting image of the other one. The only difference between the two Lorenzos was the tattoos. I stilled my ground and turned to look at the real one;

"You are twins!" He shrugged with a smile and bee-lined passed me, then perched himself beside his other image and both of them stared at me without uttering a single word.

"Okay! Let me get this straight. I saved tattooed Lorenzo that other time, and then the real Lorenzo arrived not long after and became my neighbor. We went to the workshop in Istanbul where I got kidnapped."

"You are not kidnapped," Lorenzo interjected.

"Shut up! Just shush okay? I am the one who is dreaming here and there is no way I am seeing two of you.

So I have to figure this whole thing out first. You," I pointed the tattooed one,

"The hooligan, you said you were coming for me. What did you mean by that?"  
"And you, what is happening here?" I glared at Lorenzo next.

"My name is not hooligan for crying out loud. I am Vernero Cattanio." He boasted proudly like I was supposed to know he was.

"Should I know who you are?" I voiced and his eyes thinned, eyebrows bunched up and I knew I crossed a line. Lorenzo's hand slowly snaked from where it was rested and landed on the guy's thigh. Magically, he seemed to calm down and the furrows on his forehead faded.

"Okay okay! Calm down, Tesoro. I am Lorenzo, you know that already. And this is my brother Vernero Cattanio whom you should know." Lorenzo got up and made a brief introduction.

"And why should I know him? What makes him special? Because I saved him or because he is your spare parts?" the two of them stared at each other for a second and they both chuckled.

"No, Tesoro."

"Then why?"

"Because he is a mafia boss!" Well, hell! This had to be one for the history books!

## Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 25

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### Chapter 25

#### LORENZO POV

After our little conversation, things got a little heated when reality settled in that there was no turning back! Leigh-Ari had asked for her phone, Vernero flat out told her no; she looked at me thinking I'd put in a good word for her but I just shrugged and continued drinking my wine.

She had then fled out of the lounge running back to the room she was sleeping; temporarily.

Vemero and I planned to take her to our bedrooms soon. Things were really looking up and I was loving every minute of it.

Vemero turned with a phone in his hand, punched some digits, and then placed it on his ear:

"Valerie, prepare Madam's room." He informed shortly and then hung up the call, walked towards me, and perched himself beside me.

"She is pissed." He called out, deep furrows forming on his forehead.

"She should be. Let's give her some time." I interjected giving him a manly slap on his back.

I checked the watch on my hand and realized I was running insanely late.

"I have to go. I am late." I got up and looked back at him, he had his mouth wide as if he wanted to say something, but his own voice failed him.

"What?" I chuckled turning fully to face.

"You are leaving her with me?" He asked bewildered.

"Of course. I have to work." I raised my hands on my sides gesturing to nothing in particular.

"Yeah, I know that. But she hates me." he pointed to the direction where Leigh Ari took off to.

"No, she doesn't." Was he ridiculous?

"She calls me a hooligan for crying out loud. She hates me." I thinned my eyes and took a step back to the couch, stood in front of him, and just stared down at him, he was being hard on himself and I had to step in to soothe him, or else someone was going to die.

"Look. I know you are afraid but you got this okay? She is Leigh-Ari. Our girl, Your girl okay? You know what she likes and what she hates, you have known her all your life and you may think that we've missed out on 10 years of her life; but now is the chance to make up for that lost time. You can do this okay?" I intoned in a small voice, earning myself a small nod from him. I ruffled his head and disheveled his hair while chuckling, then turned and walked away.

"Remember, there's no touching other girls anymore!" I called out while I was a good distance and exited the tower lounge.

## VERNERO POV

Minutes turned to hours after Enzo left, and I kept on pacing in my office trying to find an excuse or a reason to go up the tower and see her. She was finally here, with me, under the same roof, but I didn't have the balls to just climb the stairs and go see her beautiful face.

After millennia of thinking, I came up with an idea. I was going to take her out, maybe for shopping or anything. I didn't want her to feel like we had stripped her life and freedom off of her. I wanted to give her everything she ever wanted and more.

With that, I called the maids and told them to prepare a hearty meal for her. Once everything was ready, I took the tray and climbed the stone stairs to the tower lounge. Standing outside her door, I thought of all the things she'd want to say to

me and I took a huge gulp of air when I felt the space closing in around me. I needed to man up, I wasn't going to hyperventilate here; of all places in Dark Woods.

After a heartbeat, I turned the doorknob and pushed the door open, only to find her sitting on the big window seal that overlooked the dense forest, a few meters from the castle. She was a little white dress she had earlier and nothing on earth and beyond could compare to her! She was the most beautiful thing life could ever have.

Her head swung my way but then turned back again when she realized it was me. Panic shot through me with the realization that she had ignored me.

I took delicate steps to the coffee table that was at the side of the room and placed the tray.

"Eat!" that came out harsher than I had intended. She paid me zero attention as she focused on something below the castle.

"Leigh-Ari." I tried to soften my voice but that seemed to be as impossible as ever. She cast me one look without saying anything.

"Eat." Why the hell couldn't I just speak like a normal human?

"I am not hungry." She cut me short and refocused on her staring contest outside.

"You haven't eaten anything in two days damn it." Her head flung my way and confusion marred her perfect face.

"What?"

"I said it's been two days since you've had food. So you should eat!"

"You mean I have been out for two days?" her eyes bulged wide as she tried to make sense of the situation. She remained quiet for some time and chewed on her bottom lip, one habit that was part of her being.

"Lorenzo drugged me?" she asked almost to herself.

I decided to remain to stay quiet since I didn't want to anger her further.

"You should eat," I said instead.

"Where is this place?" she narrowed her eyes at me, making me feel uneasy.

"Dark Woods."

"And where is that?"

"Italy!" she sucked in a huge breath before chuckling softly. But the chuckle held no humor at all. Instead, it was a cold, mocking, defeated chuckle ever that nearly knocked me on my knees.

"So you guys kidnapped me huh?"

I walked towards her and stood in front of her, my tall figure hovering above her small seated one.

"You should eat. I am taking you somewhere." I voiced out hoping that she would get my intention, that

she would understand I did not mean any harm.

"The food. Is it poisoned?" She asked eyeing the hearty breakfast a good distance from where we were.

"No. It's not. See?" I took hurried steps towards the table and took one waffle, bit into it, and chowed it down. After swallowing it, I looked back at her with the hope that she would see that everything was still good.

I nearly did a happy dance as she unglued herself from the window and walked to the couch, sat down, and silently gobbled her food down.

We sat in deafening silence as I watched her eat her food slowly. I could literally see the wheels turning in her mind, trying to think of a way to leave this place and stuff. But little did she know that there was no leaving

She could hate me, she could resent me; but she wasn't leaving us again.

"So, what are you going to do with me after this?" She mocked looking straight at me.

"I am taking you out. To get some new clothes, maybe." That was the longest sentence I have ever said to her since I found out that she was still alive.

"So we are going to town huh?"

"Yes."

"Can I at least go alone?"

"No!" That came out harsh and I slowly willed myself to calm down.

"I mean, I can send someone to go with you."

"Yeah right. That's expected from a guy that kidnapped me." her words were like a cold slap in the face, especially of how rhetorical she was being.



"I didn't kidnap you, Tesoro."

"That doesn't look like it." She mocked, causing my fists to ball tightly.

"Go take a bath." Anger was slowly brewing deep within me, and I wasn't going to explode in front of her. She didn't need to see that.

"Or what?" She challenged with one eyebrow raised.

"I mean seeing as how you guys kidnapped me, you probably have something you want from me. so tell me, what is it? What do you want from me? I don't have money or fancy cars, I have never offended anyone of any sort. I am just a normal girl whose dream is to save as many lives as possible. I don't even have a boyfriend who gambled his property and ended up falling into the hands of the bad guys, I don't have an uncle who owes loan sharks. Now tell me, what do you want from me?" Her words were laced with pure animosity and I wasn't strong enough to handle it. "You don't remember anything. Do you?"