

Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 3

LORENZO POV

The meeting with our partners was rather annoying, provided the fact that I was having a very rough day already. And what made me want to scream and yank my hair off my scalp was the fact that they thought they could cancel our collaboration with just a word of mouth like what the hell did they take me for?

Apparently, they didn't feel "safe" with CAT Holdings after finding out it was involved with Turantello Familia, and I wanted to laugh in their faces because Turantello Familia controlled 80% of the country GDP. Little fuckers with small brains.

I remained quiet at my seat as I listened to them bickering around how it's not healthy to continue our collaboration. However, my mind was elsewhere as I tried to think of all the possible ways to reach Verzi. Knowing him, he could be trying to escape from captivity and when he did, I knew things weren't going to be pretty for whoever dared to capture him. And I prayed for their lives that they didn't do anything to hurt him.

The only hurtful thing was that my brother didn't let me meddle in his mafia business no matter how bad the situation was. He could be under guillotine, with his head ready to be chopped off, he'd still scream me off to stay the hell away from his business. And knowing him, I knew better than to defy him. Not that I feared him, but because I cared for him and understood him deeply than any one. He was my other half, and I knew when to cross the line! Venero was a grenade. Nobody knew when he was going to explode, and the sad thing is that whenever he did, someone lost their life.

"President Cattanio?" One of the partners called me out pulling me back from my day dream. I raised a brow and stared back at him, urging him to say whatever he wanted to say. I really wasn't feeling it today!

He nervously cleared his throat and said:

“Ahhmm... we would like to know what you think about the conditions. The revelation of the CAT’s dealings with Turantello Familia put us in a very tight spot. We really don’t think that it would be wise...”

“And you think it would be wise to cancel our collaboration?” I cut him off and got up from my seat, which made a small sound as I pushed it back and stepped from it. I nodded to my secretary Valerie, who walked towards me with a stack of files in her hand and handed them to me.

I took them and began my predatory steps around the table of brainless twats that thought they could get over with their little plan. They didn’t know I had long discovered what they had been up to and that I knew the reason why they wanted out.

“If my memory serves me right, our collaboration is of 15 years. And it’s been only 7 years now, but you already want out? Huh?”

“You claim that CAT’s dealings with Turantello Familia will bring harm to the company and will indirectly affect you. For your information, CAT Holdings is the leading company of Turantello Familia in business world. Sorry, you didn’t know that. Also, my brother, Venero... I assume you all know him; the head of the Turantello. Do you think he will let you off after dishonoring the agreement? Knowing his “mental health”, do you think he is someone who can let such a mistake go by without “taking care” of it?” I could sense fear and discomfort resonating deep from their core and they all shifted uncomfortably in their seats.

Everyone knew who Venero Cattanio was. Everyone knew what he was capable of doing. My brother who was once a sweet angel, who wouldn’t even raise his voice at anyone or even kill an ant, was a whole raging tornado with very unstable emotions. He killed without batting an eyelash. I remember the day we were separated; for five full years, I couldn’t see my brother or hear from him. And when we met, he was a whole different person. The Verzi I was knew was gone; and all that was left was totally not him.

“Not to sound like a prick guys but in this country and others that share the borders, Cattanio Twins are the LAW. Matter of fact, Venero is the law. Instead of bickering back and forth about how should cut ties, I suggest you all think better

because you have all been taken care of for years, under his rule. And if you defy him... shame.” I carefully placed each file in front of the owner and then walked to the long floor to ceiling window that overlooked the city. It was a little after 8 so the lights were all on, illuminating the dark sky spring.

There was a rapid shuffling of papers as each one of them opened their respective file, then the heavy silence fell inside the board room. I bet one could even hear the needle if it dropped by any chance.

They knew that I had dirt on them, because each file contained all the shady dealings they have been involved in, from personal to professional. So they knew better not to utter a word.

The small ping was the one that had me moving from the window to the table where I quietly took my phone and read the message. It was from him.

I found her!

My heart skipped a beat as the three words I’ve been longing for stared back at me. Gosh I wish I wasn’t dreaming. I composed myself and shoved the phone in my pocket, then looked around the table at the 12 partners of CAT Holdings who actually thought they could walk over me just like that. It wasn’t easy. Sadly they didn’t know.

“I suggest you all take time to reconsider your decision. The meeting is dismissed.” With that, I left the board room hurriedly and as soon as I closed the door behind me, an uproar arose inside the boardroom, but I didn’t give a damn. I had to see my brother, I had to see her.

He finally found her!

~~~

LEIGH-ARI

Laura insisted on sleeping over at my house and knowing how persistent she was, I knew she wasn’t taking a no for an answer. With that, we hailed a cab and

grabbed my poor car where I left it in the morning due to morning rush. I was actually glad when she insisted on driving.

Soon, we packed outside the apartment building and rode the elevator to my floor. She came trailing behind me talking about her dick of a boyfriend who slept with her cousin. Honestly, I didn't understand how men thought. I just... figuring a man was the same as trying to understand why a pizza is made make circular, stored in a square box and eaten in a triangular shape. I never really figured them out. That's why I was thankful that I was immune to their charms, lately.

"Girl, why don't you just dump him?" I asked her for the umpteenth time in a week because all I have been hearing lately was how she hurt her.

"I love him. I just..."

"You are in love with an onion." I shot back opening the door and kicked my high heels to the side. A long moan escaped my lips when my feet made contact with the cool tiled floor of my living room.

Laura came in and closed the door, locking it and then occupied the big lounge while I went straight to the bathroom.

"I need a hot bath like right now." I informed shrugging the blouse I was wearing.

"I am joining you." she called back causing me to laugh. I opened the door to my bedroom and walked into the bathroom, filled the tub with scalding water and peeled off my clothes. She came in holding a small piece of paper in her hand, looking ashen.

"What's that?" I asked walking towards the laundry basket and dumped clothes, then turned to her and yanked the paper from her hand. My breathing hitched when I read what's on the letter.

I AM COMING FOR YOU TERESO!

Yours truly.

“It’s him right? That patient you had over last night.” Laura inquired, but it was clear that it was him. Although his words carried a deeper meaning, I didn’t want to read too much into it.

“I guess.” I said throwing the paper into the trashcan.

“Baby you have to report this. You don’t know what he means by that but I really don’t like the sound of it.” She chimed in taking off her own clothes.

“I know what you mean babe. And I am not trying to be the smarty pants. I just want to live a peaceful life and not be involved in any kind of melodrama. You people are insane.” I said teasingly and walked into the bathroom. She came following behind me arguing of how I shouldn’t discard this matter.

She was right, I knew that. And I didn’t know where the reluctance was brewing from. But all I knew is I couldn’t get the picture of the stranger out of my head. Something about him felt so oddly familiar. Yes he was clothed in tattoos and actually screamed danger, but I didn’t know why I had let my guard down and even let him inside my house. That was just too strange to me to even decipher.

And Tereso, why did my heart sink when I saw that name?