

Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 4

VERNERO POV

I was seated in my office with Marcelo going all over the things that have transpired since I went missing. I was at Black Woods; my home, my castle, my fortress, where no one dared to set a foot at. But I couldn't shake off the unsettling feeling that was gnawing from deep within. I kept on nipping the tip of my thumb with my teeth while my knee continued to bounce like crazy underneath the table; an old habit I couldn't just get rid of!

I had found her, finally. It still felt so fuckin' unreal.

"It was the Sicilian gang. They have a base in Cyprus and that's where they kept you." Marcello informed handing me a tablet; I furrowed my brows and scrolled down through the details of the rival gang that just kept poking their noses in my business.

"We have an imposter who gave out your location the time they captured you. And... he has been smuggling gold from one of the mines in Piedmont to them." that somehow managed to irk me even further. The bouncing became harder and my breathing quickened, my chest rising and falling with every intake of breath!

"Find whoever he is and bring him here." I said dismissingly, trying with all my might to keep my temper down and he got up, then left my office. Upon opening the door, he ran smack-dab into Enzo and exchanged a few words. After that, Enzo entered, locked the door and took soft steps towards me. I watched him carefully as our eyes stayed glued to each other. My brother always managed to calm me instantly without having to do anything. Him being in vicinity was like a whole painkiller. And I happened to need one very badly!

"Hey Brother." I said softly and stood up, then rounded the table and met him halfway. He pulled me in a tight hug and we stayed like that for a few minutes, with me trembling and quaking in his arms. Of all places I knew in the world, his arms was the safest.

When my tremors came down, he ushered me to the couch and walked to my whisky compartment, filled two glasses and joined me on the couch. He hadn't said anything so I knew I had to break the ice.

"I found her. She lives in Cyprus and works there. She's a surgeon."

"A surgeon? As in a doctor?" his eyes widened and he took a small swig from his whisky.

"Yahp. A surgeon. And look..." I placed my glass on the coffee table and unbuttoned my dress shirt, revealing the gazillion bandages she had bundled me with.

"This is her doing. She is so beautiful Lorr. She is still her, like nothing has changed. She is still reckless, fearless... she is... gosh I don't know if I make sense." I informed shaking my head slightly.

"I get you. I do. So how did you meet her?"

"I accidentally ran into her while I was escaping. She was out to dump trash and I used her as a shield from the men that were chasing me. I kissed her. And then she punched me in the gut." That had him throwing his head back with laughter.

"And then?" he asked after a few second of letting out a full belly laughter.

"And then she realized I was bleeding. She wanted to call the ambulance and when I told her no, she took me into her house and worked on me. In the morning when I woke up, I was wearing nothing but bandages. She even cleaned me up, and slept next to me. She watched me for a whole night. She is still her." I was suddenly overwhelmed by so many emotions when I thought of how beautiful she looked when she sucked her bottom lip in her sleep; just how she used to years back!

"About dang time! So when do we visit her again?" Enzo asked taking a small sip from his glass,

“She doesn’t remember me! She didn’t seem to remember me, or know me! While she was attending to me, she was complaining about my tattoos and everything; but she didn’t seem to know me. It’s like, she forgot about us!” by this time, my tremors were back again, and I so wanted to curse for feeling this way! Whenever my paranoia hit me, I always felt vulnerable, so weak; and violence was my only defence mechanism. That’s why I roasted people alive, just to assure myself that I was me, that the world was not ending and that I wasn’t going to break at any moment!

“How is that possible?”

“I don’t know. But she didn’t seem to know me.”

“Then we’ll have to find out what happened to her.” he said walking to the back of my seat and slowly massaged my shoulders from behind.

“I already sent people to look into it. Where’s Valerie?” I asked tilting my head to the side to give him room,

“Don’t know! Probably in her room or by the pools with the others!”

“Have you fucked her today?” That should have sounded very offensive to someone, but this was my brother; and he knew how we do things!

“Nope! Was planning to actually, especially after that boring meeting I had. But then I saw your text and everything was forgotten!” He replied softly causing me to chuckle.

“Alright. I’ll have her sent to my room then!”

“HMMMMM... And Verzi?”

“Yes?”

“Are you alright? I mean don’t you need to see the doctor?” Lorenzo was the best half I could ever ask for; he knew all of me than any other soul on this earth and

beyond! And he knew which buttons to press, when to press them and how hard or soft to press!

“Yeah I’m good. Really. You don’t need to worry about me!” I defended and got up from my seat.

“Great! Don’t overdo it. You don’t want to open your wounds.” He said dismissingly already walking out the office. I just laughed in return!

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LEIGH-ARI

The evening rolled over quickly and my body was screaming for a long nice soak in a tub of hot blazing water! Like my girl had insisted, I went to the police and laid everything that had transpired to them; I also made sure to leave the note with them (after hunting it from the trashcan) and they told me if I see anything unusual around my apartment, I should let them know. I was grateful as to how they handled the whole case, especially when I invited trouble to myself!

But then, they sure let me know of how stupid I was for just letting a suspicious person into my house; however, they didn’t leave it hanging above my head because ahhhhmmm... my life was in danger! Right?

I walked into my apartment building and actually ran smack-dab into Mr. Roberts who was carrying a big packed box.

“Miss Montreal, I didn’t see you there!” the elderly man called out placing the huge box on the small table in the lobby,

“Mr. Roberts, it’s okay. It’s my entire fault, I wasn’t really paying attention.” I said formally.

“Oh no silly. Rough day at work?”

“You can say that. I am itching for a good sleep right now.” I said yawning like crazy. We shared a good laugh and that’s when his eldest son, a polite 21 year old with dirty blonde hair and one hell of a body came out with yet another box,

“Okay, where are you all going?”

“Oh! We didn’t inform you earlier. But the house is now complete so we are moving in! We actually planned to get all settled before house-warming so yeah!” the glee could be heard in his voice as he explained.

“Oh my God! That’s good news Mr. Roberts! I am so happy for you and I cant wait to see how lovely and big it is. Oh my goodness, that’s like! Don’t mind me... I am just too excited for you!” I covered my mouth with my hand as I started babbling.

“Thank you so much. You will surely get an invitation.” he said excitedly and just then, the car horn sounded from outside. Upon hearing that, we bit each other farewell and hugged goodbye.

I walked to my room and a little bit of sadness settled in when I spotted the empty entrance of their former apartment just right opposite my door. they were such good neighbors and honestly, I was going to miss having them around! Especially the signature apple pie Mrs. Roberts made on Sundays!

With a very tired and sore body, I turned to my own door and wished to the heavens to bless me with a good neighbor.