

Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 5

Chapter 5

VERNERO

Once again, I was 19 years old. I found myself in the glacial, bitter lands of Japan, one of the bases where I was currently under my “remodeling” phase. According to my father, Lorik Cattanio, I was a weakling. I was not even fit to be his son thus needed to be reconstructed, to be remodeled into something perfect, something he would take pride in. So he took me here, to one of the Turantello bases.

The mountains and the thick heavy forest created a false scenery to the viewers, feigning the beauty of the lands of green, hiding the cruelty of what was at the feet of the mountains and deep within the thick forests.

The whirl of the gelid frosty air of winter morning sang along, adding to the fake beauty of white coated lands and swallowing the bitter cries of the distressed, creating a nice but harsh tune that bit the earlobes painfully; also giving a crisp, but cold air to breath. The land under the 4 meter thick snow was inconsolably hard against my bare feet, the pristine cold harsh and cruel against my bare skin

Despite all this, the heavy heaped snowflakes coated the lands, making the scenery appealing to the eye and gave a small kiss to the soul of the disturbed. The hope of what lied beneath the heavy forest making it rather hard to breath. Maybe peace lied beyond, maybe outside this cold personal hell created by my father there was actually life!

I knew this very well! Privily! It was not a dream, no! It was a flashback, a redo of one of the sickest days of my life where I was utterly ready to accept the angel of death and embrace the after-life.

My body jerked painfully from the bed, convulsing with each passing second as my muscles contracted and relaxed. I was intimately aware of the commotion around me. I felt it when Valerie jolted from the bed and ran out in an attempt to

seek for help. But mentally, I was not in my bedroom in Black Woods. I was in Japan!

The small piece of fabric I had that covered my abdomen was the only thing that provided heat for me. A scream tore through me when the electric bullet of the Chiappa Rhino stung me right on my shoulder spade, kissing the bone intently before doing its work. And I instantly knew who fired it. My father!

Only him was capable of hitting the bull's-eye even when the bull was meander, not steady!

“The boss is having a pseudoseizure!” Valerie’s voice was loud as a group of people rounded the bed and began strapping me to the bed to stop my body from convulsing. A strong hand cradled my jaw and forcibly parted my very clenched jaw before stuffing a huge rubber band inside my mouth to stop me from biting on my own tongue. But it was late; my mouth was already filled with the metallic taste of my own blood.

Once again my mind drifted back to the nightmare and pain shot through me when I felt the electric bullet biting into my back, depositing its poison into me. It wasn’t actually a poison, but a corrosive concoction that made the victim burn from the inside. The pain that it created was enough to paralyze the victim, sometimes even kill them. The chemical spread through the bloodstream and the longer it took, the more it burned like a bitch. If one survived the shot, then they were going to die from the burn caused by the chemical

I stumbled forward and cried out when I kicked the stone which was covered by the heavy snow. The pain from the bullet combined with the pain that pierced from my toe, caused my heart to clench painfully, rendering me breathless! I screamed and plunged forward, kicking my legs higher as I dodged other

bullets. I wasn’t going to have another bullet bite into me, not while I already had some poison running through my stream. I ran, heaving and trembling from pain and the cold.

I continued my zigzag motion and ran towards the line that was going to end my misery. Right at the far end of the clearing, was a person who awaited me with a warm blanket. At the moment, I would trade anything for warmth.

The laughter of the guys boomed around when my father landed yet another perfect shot on my lower back, just a few inches from my spine. This time, I couldn't keep up. The frigid snow covering my body, the ice laced ground against my bare feet which has rendered them numb, the chemical which continued to course through my blood stream, setting my inside ablaze, all of that, I couldn't do it. I was not strong enough!

Only death was going to end my misery. Only death was going to provide me with what I craved the most, warmth. Maybe it wasn't that cold that side!

Blood failed to flow to my brain. I lost my footing, my vision blurred and gave out. I fell face first inside the heavy piled snow. I heard screams as they rushed towards. But I couldn't care less; I was finally going to rest. Death was coming for me; maybe the angel of death would take pride into having him, since I failed my father.

And then the flashback ended!

The jerking and convulsing came down, my breathing slowly went down too. I heard loud sighs of relief and they all worked as they unstrapped my body from the bed. As soon as I opened my eyes, Lorenzo was already waiting with the small platter of simutriptan and water. I slowly opened my mouth and took the pain med that was going to kill down the splitting headache.

He softly dismissed everyone and stayed with me in bed. He didn't say anything; he didn't have to because he knew I needed his presence. As for telling him what had transpired, that was something I wasn't going to do. Not in this life time or next. He didn't have to know all the evil things my father put me through into making the man I am today.

All those events, all those unfortunate inhuman actions, I vowed to take them to the grave!