

Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 56

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Chapter 56

LEIGH-ARI

From the deep slumber of stupor, I felt a wave of icy coldness covering me. It took a second for my mind to register that my body was completely drenched. The biting cold caused wild shivers to erupt intensely, pulling me back from the dark world. My senses slowly connected with my body, my mind regaining itself.

My ears were ringing loud, and my head felt like it had been banged against a hard concrete for at least a million times. My body was pinioned in a very cramped position making me immobile in all ways. I tried to move my arms, but what felt like cold chains held me back in place, and that explained why I felt like I was tied down.

An aggrieved groan escaped my much-patched throat, causing it to hurt even more. I willed my heavy eyes to open but everything was just so blurry and unclear. ‘Rise and shine princess.’ A voice called out from somewhere behind me, ringing painfully in my already disturbed ears. The unending throbbing in my head made it feel like someone took an ax and plunged right through the skull, splitting it into two halves. Why was I in so much pain? And the headache?

I tried to engage my mind to function but everything wasn’t just cooperating. “Water.” I croaked, my voice scratching painfully against my dry throat.

“We don’t want you to die early. So here.”

I opened my mouth to take a sip of the water but what I received was more! A whole bucket of cold water splashed right on my face and my body, the hard ice cubes hitting my already abused body bitterly. The cold water clothed my already wet body completely. The shivers just went on and my teeth began clattering against each other. No matter how heady the pain made my mind be, the bucket of icy water cleared everything. I heard better, I saw everything.

Through that haze of pain and confusion, I fully opened my eyes to take in my surrounding. I was still dressed in my gym clothes, my body covered in angry wounds that were oozing blood, goosebumps from the cold, the ice cubes that fell on me, and the droplets of water. I was chained on a metal chair with big chains that had me secured in one place, restricting my every movement. I looked up to find a huge empty warehouse, with a few lights illuminating the dark space.

Pieces of memories flooded my mind and I remembered the heated collision between the intruder and me. He hadn’t gone easy on me at all. I remembered him dragging me against the floor full of broken glasses, him banging my head against the floor and then repeatedly kicking me on my front. That explained the splitting headache, painful ribs, and muscles, the sting on my lower back. My

arms were covered in angry scratches, a few wounds that had pieces of broken glasses inside. And the burn on the wounds told me that they had been

inflamed.

“How are you feeling, Tesoro?” The oh-so-familiar voice called out again and the owner stepped in my line of sight

My mouth hung open from utter shock. All the words seemed to have been stuck in my throat as I stared at my captor with shock, horror and so much trepidation. I tried to piece everything together, tried to make sense of why HE, of all people, could do this? Betray the boys? Hurt me? My puzzled and confused look amused him and he chuckled stepping further in front of me.

“Shocked right? I get that every time”

“Lorik!” I managed a small whisper.

“In the flesh!” He waved his hand and then folded his giant arms across his chest. I tried to find all the words; I really wanted to know why he was doing this.

“I thought we were friends,” I called out in a small voice causing him to throw his head back and let out a burst of huge belly laughter that echoed around the empty warehouse, creating a ghostly sound that multiplied my tremors. By now, I wasn’t just shivering from the cold, I was scared, terrified!

“See? That’s where you are wrong. You and I have never been friends.” He spat with a mocking face, his hateful eyes boring holes into me.

I felt my heart clenching immensely. Xander had been right. One person I thought I understood was the one who harbored ill intentions towards me. It hurt when I found out about Valerie but this was a different kind of hurt. This one was way too much! 1

“All this time, you hated me,” I said almost to myself while looking down at my knees. There was so much I wanted to say. The times we had sat together talking about the OR, the operations, the patients, and how awesome it felt to bring someone back to life, all meant nothing to him. Lorik had been one of those I just clicked with because of our medical profession. Yes, he wasn’t a surgeon like me, but he knew a thing or two about it. He was even the one taking care of patients in the castle, he attended to the wounded. And that’s why I just got too along with him. So all along...

“I don’t just hate you Leigh-Ari. I despise your possible being. I hate the idea of knowing I breathe the same air as you. I hate everything about you.” He spat angrily glaring daggers at me. I just looked up, feeling so inanimate and out of it. I didn’t even know why he hated me so much for crying out loud.

“But why? Why do you hate me so much? What have I ever done to you?” I asked with a small tear drizzling down my face. The sight of my tears was like a sweet confection that marinated his anger and hatred, causing him to be even crazier.

"Oh, you did nothing sweetheart. You just had to exist." He said stepping backward and began taking unhurried steps around me.

"What do you mean?"

I have never been so perplexed. Was it normal for someone to hate the other without a reason? What problem did my existence cause to him? Lorik was one of the big respected guys at Dark Woods. Although I knew little to nothing about him, I knew he was a big fish. "You stole everything from me Leigh-Ari. My boys. You stole them from me and kept them all to yourself. That's not how I nurtured them. That's not what I taught them. They have everything, they could get anyone they want. You know that yourself because the east wing is full of women they've fucked. But then there you are; your mere existence sends them crazy. I hate you because you make them weak. And I don't do weak." He said angrily with a raised voice. I tried to make sense of all his words but I was failing miserably. What does did even mean? The twins are the ones who popped into my life, turned everything upside down, and then stole my life from me. This fucker had no right to tell me I was the one who destroyed his world. 1

"You don't know what you are saying Lorik. The boys are the ones who just popped out of nowhere like they fell from the sky, took everything for me, confined me in that damn castle, and forced me to live THIS life. And now you dare to say I stole your life?" I seethed from my seat, wishing that I was out of these damn chains. Because help me God, if I was, I was going down with this psycho.

He stopped in front of me and then smirked. I glared at him angrily and he raised his hand in the air, and then slapped me so hard that I felt like my head had rotated two times before swinging to my side. That fueled my anger further!

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"Beat me all you want coward. But at the end of the day, you are just a damn sick bastard who has no balls but can only hit a woman who is chained down. You have me in chains because you know so fucking well that had I been free, I was going to fuck you so hard you won't even recognize your own fucking ass." I yelled at the top of my lungs, feeling so much anger brew inside me.

He didn't retaliate, he just took a step backward and then left my eye side to my behind. After a few heartbeats, I felt the clunking of metal and cursed my unruly mouth for saying those words to him. I was completely bound and helpless, and I didn't even know where this becursed place was. Good lord he could do anything he wanted and no one would even know.

"You have a sharp tongue girl." He said in a calm relaxed voice, still working on whatever he had on his hand. But the continuous clunking of the metal made me wince and shrink into myself.

I chose not to reply to him and shut my eyes close. The sounds of his footsteps sounded as he rounded the chair and stood right in front of me yet again.

“See, I know so much, little Ari. I know way more than you think. I know things that you can’t even begin to imagine. And yes, you may think I am being a little unreasonable but no darling. I am not. I am not going to watch a low life like you destroy everything I have built.”

e informed in yet another calm tone, but this one held so much authority that I had to open my eyes and look at him.

He had a big crowbar clamped in his hand, his body towering over me. “You don’t have to do this. You know that.” I said in a trembling voice. Even if I wanted, I wasn’t going to make it out alive here. Lorik was a very big guy with giant ass muscles. I may have taken a few guys down during the training but now...

“Oh, I have to darling. I have to. Because even if I let you free and took you far away to where the sun doesn’t shine, they would look for you, find you and bring you back. And that’s the game I am not ready to play.” He said crouching lower to my eye level. 1

“But why?” Was I really going to die here?

“Because I am their father.” 1

LORENZO POV

“Calm the fuck down will you?” I spat throwing an exasperated glance at Verner who was going under a very serious outburst.

“How the hell am I supposed to calm down? That bastard doesn’t know his place at all. He is in my turf, my turf. But he still thinks he can waltz here and do all he wants. I am going to kill him. I swear I am going to kill him.” he raged throwing curses. He went in by smashing his whiskey glass to the floor of the limo, causing the liquid to spill all over. I decided to pay him zero attention. I had my own thoughts to battle against, and although I didn’t like my brother having his crazy episodes, I wasn’t going to pamper his little tantrum fit this time.

I took a small sip of my own whiskey and leaned my head against the headrest. Meeting with Xander had been a bad idea. I was surprised at his cooperation at the beginning. Although it was hard to locate him, he had agreed to meet us and have a little talk with us. The location had been this deluxe bar somewhere in town. We set off early to meet him but when we arrived there; the bartenders gave us a small note that pointed us to another location. We drove there, and the same thing happened.

We drove around in circles until we arrived at this shabby diner that pointed us towards Milan. By that point, we were fed up with his little game, but we couldn’t leave things unfinished because Ari was concerned here. So with that, we took off to Milan. For full dang six hours, we stretched to Milan to that said location, and luckily we found him.

Upon seeing us, he had stood up and welcomed us warmly, then ordered a drink for all of us. Verzi had wanted to punch him in the face for toying with us and for many other reasons, but I stopped him just in time. Xander on the other hand seemed unbothered by Verzi's attempt to maim him. I guess he was too used to him. He was surprisingly so calm, and I was a little wary of his sudden nice attitude. It was just way too good to be true, but at the same time, we couldn't enrage this lunatic because we needed his help. While everything was well served, we laid our news on him, asked him about the imposter.

He gave a little information by telling us the imposter wanted him to kill Ari in exchange for the East. Well, that had sent me over. I flew from my seat ready to fuck his little handsome face and wipe that dang smirk, but his words stopped me halfway across the table. If I hit him, then he was going to go ahead and kill Ari. And that was something I couldn't afford to see it happen.

After that, he had laughed like a maniac he is, stood up, and left us in there. So yeah, I was pretty pissed off. Mind you, the fucker didn't even foot the bill for the drink he ordered.

"That fucking son of a bitch with a scar on a dang face..." Verzi's curses rang around the whole limo. I get it! He was pissed, and so was I!

The trip to Milan had been a true failure. But that was highly expected from Xander. We never saw eye to eye. So what good would he gain from helping us?

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XANDER POV

Feeling utterly spent, I plopped myself on the lush bed in a hotel room which was rented under the name of some innocent citizen who had no idea how cruel this world is. Although I was a prick who felt guilty for not feeling guilty, pointing a gun and threatening the poor lady didn't sit well with me. But I couldn't use my own name; else the renowned Cattanio Twins would find me in a split second and eunuchize me without a second thought.

Toying with them had been the best thing ever. I knew the east was well off gone, and as much as I hated to admit it, they did a good job at running the underworld shit. I was tired honestly. The blood on my hands was crying out loud, haunting me every day and night. I knew I couldn't just leave; I was part of this world now and there was no going back. It was that kind of a thing that once you are in, there's no going back. It was a vicious hole where you just kept falling and falling and falling deeper into the bottomless abyss.

Having the twins take the east had reduced the burden off my shoulder, now I had a few things to run, and most importantly, I had time to myself. For the very first time since the beginning of forever, I felt alive again. And that's all thanks to

the twins. Not that I would go tell them that! Oh hell no! Our feud was something that wasn't going to end today or even tomorrow.

One thing I admired about them was their love for their girl. The naïve little sweetheart was so alluring one couldn't help falling in love with her. And when Lorik came to me telling me that he wants her dead, I had been so surprised. Leigh-Ari was naively cute and so warm. I didn't find the reasons why someone would want to kill her. So with that in mind, I made sure to keep tabs on her. It was the first time I did that and I couldn't even give find an answer to why I decided to drag the mission and not just get done with it.

Unbeknownst to me, the little girl grew deep in me. She grew so big I actually got addicted to those little visits I made into her bedroom when her men were out. Although I let Lorik believe that he had the upper hand, I concluded that nothing bad was going to happen to her. Leigh-Ari didn't deserve all of this. She deserved an uncomplicated life, somewhere far away from here, where she took care of her patients without all the care in the world. The mafia vendetta and fiasco were something she was well off without.

A sudden quick beeping of my pager had me tearing off the bed where I was laying on my back. I reached for the side table and picked up the small device, powered it on, and cursed out loud!

"Shit!"

The fucker decided to take action. I had known long ago that he was going to take matters into his hands and so I prepared myself in advance. The beep was a signal that the nanochip I had planted on Leigh-Ari's vanity was attached to her body. Not only was it an alarm, but it

was a tracker.

I ran to the wardrobe and quickly armed myself, put on the bulletproof vest. Once I was well loaded and steeled, I ran to the window and pushed it open, then jumped out. Had it been anyone, they'd have shattered their skulls spilling their brains all over the concrete ground. But I smoothly on my feet at the hard ground behind the hotel. I quickly fished my phone from the pocket and shot a quick text to the twins. I don't care whether we were enemies, but Leigh-Ari was in danger.

And I wasn't going to sit back and watch from the sidewalks! 1

VERNERO POV

My eyes landed on Enzo who was utterly oblivious to my temper tantrum. Although I hated being pampered by him at times, him being fully unfazed by my outburst kind of stung me a bit. I was expecting him to sit next to me and calm down like he always did. But instead, he ignored me completely. I smashed bottles to gain his attention, cursed out loud, but he didn't even badge. Just sat there with his eyes closed and unfinished whiskey in his hand.

That only added up to the riling storm inside me. I grew even angrier. The thought of Xander made me tremble violently in my seat. I wanted to cry because my brother wasn't having any pity on me. It was as if he told himself he wasn't going to dance to my guitar this time. But deep down I knew I needed him to calm down. I needed his power, his energy to dilute the tornado in me. 1

After cursing for millennia with no success, I felt drained and settled in my seat. The limo continued stretching back to Rome. It had been an angering ride to Milan, and that was highly expected. I cursed myself for even thinking that Xander aka dickturd would actually help us this once. Well, we didn't come back empty-handed; we knew that the imposter wanted to trade the east for Ari's head. And kill me if I was going to let that happen.

A loud siren went off and Enzo abruptly tore from his seat. I knew that sound so well. It was the secret device I installed on Leigh's bedroom ottoman. When pushed against violently, it was triggered sending the alarms to Enzo and me.

We shared a panicked look before focusing on our phones and began sending orders.

Gosh please let her be alright. There was only one way the device could be triggered, and the thought of what was going on at that very moment chilled me to the core. She was all alone, with the intruder.

"How far are we from home?" Enzo called out yanking his tie off. I know he was trying to stay calm, but I could feel the fear resonating from him heavily.

"Two hours plus," I answered cursing, Ciello answered the phone and I barked orders hurriedly into the receiver. He was calm like always, ready to fuck the world at my order. He had to catch that motherfucker before he left Dark Woods.

"Got it, boss." I cut the call and made the next one,

"I got Raquel, she's checking on her. Leigh-Ari wasn't wearing the 'bracelet' in the gym today" Enzo announced still looking down. A cold wave of hopelessness blanketed me completely. For two hours, anything could happen, and my baby would be alone. And didn't even wear the tracker.

I didn't know what to do, but what I felt inside was so much.

"Valerie is coming to get us. This shit-ass bucket is slow." He announced yet again in a hurried voice. For the umpteenth time, I was thankful to have him by my side. Had I been alone, I was going to lose it!

My phone rang in my hand and I quickly picked it up, it was Ciello.

"Where's she?"

"She's gone, boss. The imposter knocked out all the guys guarding her room and silenced all the security devices."

"Nooooo!"

"And boss?" He called out in a low voice,

"Yes?"

"There's so much blood here."

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LEIGH-ARI

Minutes ticked by as I sat there with my mouth hanging open from shock. What I just heard numbed all the pain from my body, leaving my mind reeling with so many questions.

"High school mistake. Was 17 at the time, pretty lousy, and very much drunk. Had a steamy night with my girl and 9 months later, she dropped two boys at my doorstep. I had the same reaction as you." Lorik pointed the crowbar at me, explaining further. My eyes traveled on his face shocking me further when I saw a bit of resemblance. The eyes were so much like Enzo's, and the hairline was flat out Verzi's. From there, they were different people.

"Oh? You must be wondering why we look so much different right? They took after their mother." He said stalking towards me.

I was still out of words as I tried to make sense of everything he was saying. I just didn't believe that he was the twins' father. Heck! They had one hell of a relationship, nothing about them screamed "sons and dad". I have heard Verzi cursing and biting Lorik's head a few times than once, he even instructed him like one of his men.

"Where is their mother?" I asked after finding my voice.

"Six feet underground. I killed her." He said with a face so blank, so casual like he was talking about the weather. I felt a cold sweat drizzle down my spine and settle on my drenched leggings waistline. If this man had mercilessly killed his wife, the mother of his sons, then I was nothing in his eyes.

"Why? Were you married?"

"Naaaah! Engaged? Yes! But she wanted to teach me how to raise my sons so I couldn't keep her alive. You see, everyone who stands between my boys and I has to die Leigh-Ari. And you are no exception." He said crouching lower to my level. With each heartbeat and him reciting the story of his life, I felt a wave after wave of hopelessness settling in.

"See, a very long time ago, I took them to Poland, I had some business to take care of and I couldn't risk their safety. There they lived happily across a little girl with silly piggy tails and her dad. I thought, my boys, will be safe here. Who knew

that as the years went by, they would grow so fond of the girl that they refused to part with her. One day I told them they had to leave Poland, they refused. Their condition was that they take you along, or they aren't leaving. That's when I knew that you are an obstacle. So I brought up an idea for them. Wanna guess what it was?" He grinned joyfully, but I knew what was coming next was so spiteful and hateful, so I shook my head!

"Bummer! Anyway, I told them they can take something from you, something which is very precious to little girls. Like the good boys they are, they listened. And they did it very well." He smirked causing my blood to run cold. He couldn't mean what I thought. My eyes snapped open at the sudden realization of his words. How could someone be so evil?

"I see you finally caught up on it. They took your little virginity. I didn't think they'd be fazed by the idea of taking you, 'forcefully', but they enjoyed it. To the maximum. Only after popping your cherry did they agree to leave Poland because they had claimed you by then. So years went by and they still couldn't forget you. Every time they'd fantasize about how grown you must be and how they'd love to relive "that day" ... I knew I had to do something. So I sent my men to take care of you. Who knew that you'd come out unscathed from that 'accident', with

only a concussion that led to memory loss? Sad that your dad died though. He was a good man."

At that moment, I felt like I had been thrown into a very cold sea and I kept on going further down no matter how hard I tried to surface. I didn't even believe every word he was saying. How could he be so cruel?

"You killed my father." I choked out a sad sob.

"By my mistake. The plan was to kill you, not him. But who knew that he'd die. Anyway, you didn't die, right? You are still alive. Not for long though." How could this man even breathe the same air as other people? He was a total psycho. A real maniac. He was the real devil walking among the living! So all along he had been manipulating my life, taking and taking everything from me. My life, my only parent, everything was all taken by him. And he showed

zero sign of remorse. Just why did I have to cross paths with such an evil man?

"You know they won't forgive you if they knew this." I looked up through teary eyes at his blurred silhouette. My heart hurt so badly I felt like someone was clenching his fist around it, the rapid pounding of my head just intensified the whole thing. The pain around my body made everything all worse. God, it hurts so bad! Not the headache, not the wounds, but my heart. The fact that he killed my father. This man had long hated me, and I had been an idiot for thinking we bonded because of a little medical knowledge!

"Oh, that I know *very* well. But don't let that fool you, little girl. In Dark Woods, I call the shots. All that empire, it's me behind it. The power and glory were all bestowed upon them by me. And I am not going to sit back and watch as you destroy everything." He said rocking the crowbar in his hand and stepping backward. He slowly pulled backward and I knew what was coming next.

I pinched my eyes closed and prepared my shock absorbers, readying my body for the agonizing pain that was coming next.

"You aren't planning to hit a chained lady with a crowbar now are you?" a familiar voice called out from somewhere above. My eyes tore open to find none but Xander swinging on the lantern just right on top of me. What is the actual hell?

"Xander?" I asked with a very perplexed look. How did he even get here? How did he get on the lantern and manage to swing on it without falling?

"Hey, babe. Glad to see you alive." He grinned before applying the force to swing which threw him towards the far end of the empty warehouse. He landed expertly on his two feet and walked graciously towards Lorik who was seething, his chest rising and falling rapidly.

"What the hell are you doing here Xander?" He asked through clenched teeth as he watched Xander sashay on smooth steps. This guy was a true maniac.

"Me? Don't mind me, I'm just watching as you make a coward out of yourself. Hitting a restrained woman? Seriously? And I heard you shamelessly admitting that you let your sons rape her." He said standing a foot from Lorik. Somehow I felt a rush of relief washing over me. With him here, the chances of survival were high.

"You failed to do the job. Now I am doing it myself." Lorik spat crazily and flexed his arms on his sides, the tight muscles of his back rippling from the movement.

"Hold it up big up. Are you flexing because you want to hit me? I am not your opponent. Your opponent is that lady there..." He pointed behind Lorik at me. My anxiety skyrocketed hitting the roof. On whose side was Xander on?

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Chapter 58

LORENZO POV

The trepidation piled up with each heartbeat, my knee kept bouncing rapidly against the hard ground and my muscles clenched so tight I felt like I was going to have dead ass cramps all over my body. I didn't even want to look at Verzi to know how he was, I already knew. He was a whole bughouse with emotions sending him over the edge.

A lot of things flashed through my mind like a tape recorder, the otiose trip to Milan, had it been Xander's plan? To get us away from Ari so that he can take her? And my girl, where was she? Was she still... God forbid that.

I couldn't even begin to imagine what I was going to be if anything happened to her. The loud rumbling of our Chevy Camaro sounded from a distance. I looked to

Verzi to find him already gathering his paraphernalia with a very angry face. I felt for him, in more ways than he could ever imagine. I wasn't being a dick for not being his shoulder. It wasn't that and it would never be that. But I wasn't the strong one this time, I was the weakest. And he had so much power to hold me up or else I was going to crumble. As soon as the sound was near, we piled out of the limo and ran towards the midnight black beast. We hopped on and Valerie stepped on the wheel, none of us said anything, but the tension in the car was so thick. While she was swerving and maneuvering through the heavy evening traffic, Verzi and I were busy clamping ourselves with our toys. Guns and blades. A small vibration made me halt, I fished my phone from out of my suit pants to find a text from an unknown number.

Opening it, I found the GPS with a red dot that was blinking.

"What?" Verzi asked from my side, I showed him the phone and his brows furrowed,

"It's a location." He pointed out. I zoomed in on the GPS to get a clear view of things. The location was at least an hour from where *we* were currently.

"To Ponza." I barked at Valerie who stepped on the gas immediately,

"Boss, I think we shouldn't just go there. It might be a trap." Val warned looking at us in the rearview mirror. Be it a trap or not, I wasn't going to take any chances. Our girl was currently all by herself in the hands of some psychomaniac who wanted to kill her. I didn't want to think of the situation she might be in, I just needed to get to her.

"I'll send people to check in first." Verzi chimed in already punching on his phone. From then on, the ride was full of Verzi barking orders to his men to surround the place and see if there are any traps. 30 minutes later, we got a call from Ciello, that they'd found where she was kept and that they already surrounded the abandoned warehouse, waiting to ambush at our commands.

Upon hearing this, I felt a rush of relief washing over me. Whoever sent us the location, may

God be with him. I wasn't sure of his plans yet, but I was thankful because he led us to our girl! I was sitting beside myself until Valerie expertly swerved the car into the parking lot a good distance from the warehouse. In a heartbeat, we were out with our guns ready to fuck anyone and anything in our way.

We were swift on our feet, very light without making even a sound. Although I so wanted to go head-on into the building and maim whoever was in there, I didn't want to do anything that would jeopardize this in any way. We had to be clever, we had to be su

A shadow flicked on my right, I aimed my gun in its direction ready to burst its head up when Ciello shot up the signal that everything was well in place. We approached the building stealthily until we were right in front of it.

I stole a glance at Verzi and he looked at me, then we nodded at each other and signaled our

to the iron door down. The door was sealed shut with gazillion giant padlocks. Working on them was going to alert whoever was inside, and that could be dangerous to Ari.

With that, we cleared the way for our men who placed a shit-ass bazooka down, then waited on us. I covered my ears as a loud bang rang out, the bomb tearing through the iron door shattering it into pieces. We didn't wait for the flames to subside, just threw ourselves inside to find Xander on top of Lorik, hitting the living life out of him. 1

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Ari who was strapped down in chains, struggling to get free. My heart shattered at the sight of her, all so bound and helpless, waiting for her death.

"You son of a bitch!" Verzi roared as he took giant steps towards Xander and kicked him right in his guts, causing him to roll over and fall a foot from Lorik.

"Verzi, Noooooo!" Ari's cry unclued my feet where I was standing, I rushed to her and cradled her head, so that she looked at me.

"Baby. We are here, you are safe now." I said trying to avoid the blood and she was covered in. She had suffered so much!

"It is not him. He's innocent. He didn't do it." She kept on repeating the words like a mantra, but my mind was utterly focused on getting her out of the chains.

"Lorenzo stop him! He is hurting him." She screamed into my ears causing me to halt,

"Xander saved me." She revealed shocking me to the core. I straightened up to find Verzi having the same reaction.

"What?" I finally asked when I found my voice.

"Xander came here to rescue me. It's Lorik who kidnapped me." She said looking at Lorik through teary eyes. At that moment, I felt like the whole world had stopped rotating. It was as if time has abruptly stopped, pausing everything.

I turned to Lorik to find him snaking on the floor. Ciello quickly pinned him down and held a gun against his head.

"You ungrateful motherfucker." Xander coughed out as he got up in a standing position, spat the blood from his mouth, and walked beelined past Verzi while clutching his stomach. He stopped next to Ari and kissed her forehead.

"I guess my job is done here." He mentioned and then limped towards the shattered entrance.

"See you around sweet cheeks. And you two, I am going to fuck you up for this!" His voice echoed through the warehouse as he exited and disappeared into the night.

What the hell was happening here?

"Is it true?" *Verzi's* voice boomed around the eerie silence, pulling me from my daze. I felt so inanimate and lifeless. How could he do this? How could our father hurt the only thing that mattered to us?

'You fucking know why I did it.'" He spat under *Ciello's* hold trying to turn over. I couldn't listen, I needed to get Ari out of here.

With that, on very unsteady feet, I walked towards her and dropped in front of her, then unhurriedly removed the chains off her. While she was free, Valerie walked by and covered her in a small blanket, and then passed her to Raquel. She was safe. She was okay!

"ARI WATCH OUT!" A loud scream jolted me out of my skin.

From somewhere, I heard a sudden outburst of laughter followed by a loud gunshot.

Everything happened so quickly and in a blink of an eye, Ari fell clutching her stomach with so much blood gushing out of the angry gun wound. Everything played in slow motion as I screamed, running to her to catch her.

Her body dropped in my arms and we both fell down. Her body began convulsing in my hold, blood gushing out of her mouth.

"No! God no!"

LEIGH-ARI

I was tired, I was finished. I couldn't keep holding on any longer. Even when Xander popped up, the glimmer of hope had surfaced just a bit, but then he had crushed it and stomped on it when he told Lorik that he wasn't going to stop him from doing whatever he intended on me. I didn't know what to feel at that moment. I just gave up. There was no point for Xander to save me because he didn't owe me anything.

And there was really no point holding on when I was locked here with two psychopaths.

Right when I was about to surrender to my fate, Xander leaped into the air and kicked Lorik in the stomach, sending him flying past me where he landed at the table he kept his toys on with a very loud crash. I have never been so perplexed and confused. Xander himself had

stated that he wasn't here to stop Lorik, so why the hell fight him? He was just so unpredictable it felt maddening trying to understand him.

Lorik had gotten up and fought back, and he did have some moves there. The fight went on, and I never knew Lorik could fight like that. They hit each other and cursed out loud, but never stopped

At that moment, it finally dawned on me that Xander had come for me.

The spark of hope glimmered and sizzled hot, I was going to make it.

When I was busy praying to God for a miracle, a loud explosion went off, fire raging at the entrance. I had sat there scared like shit when my boys busted through the flames, with eyes so wide they looked like night owls. Enzo spotted me and came running towards me. Hope! Salvation.

My heart had skipped a few beats. They were here. I was safe.

From there, everything didn't matter. Lorik and all the things he had said, Xander and his infuriating self, they all didn't matter. But I was so grateful for what he has done. He didn't have to. God he didn't risk his life to come save me. But he did. And I was indebted to him.

After being freed from the chains, I had smiled to myself, I was safe. Alive. For the second time, I had escaped Lorik's hell traps and survived.

That was all until a loud bang went off, and then I was laying in the pool of my own blood with Enzo cradling my head. One minute I was standing beside Raquel, and the next she had pushed me off and shot me right in my guts. Raquel the woman who was entrusted with my life shot me. I tried to find all the words that could explain why she did that, but I didn't. 1

I raised my head and looked at Enzo through very tired eyes. I was feeling it. Life was slowly slipping through my fingers. "Ari, no0000!" My boy wept as he cradled the wound with me, trying to stop the blood that was flowing like a calm steady stream. Extra pair of hands joined in, and I turned to find Verzi's handsome face staring down at me.

"Don't you fucking dare Leigh-Ari. Don't leave us." He rattled pushing down on Enzo's hands. I raised my bloodied hand and cradled his cheek. He leaned into my palm and kissed it, the wetness from his cheeks wetting my hand.

I turned my head to Enzo and laid further into him.

"I am so tired," I informed him in a very weak voice,

"Ari, please. Stay with us." He cried out, his teardrops hitting my cheek. I smiled at him, feeling so depleted to even keep my eyes open. They fluttered close and I let them, and then said the only thing I needed them to know. In case they had forgotten.

“Verzi, Enzo. I love you...”

“BULLSHIT LEIGH-ARI DON’T YOU DARE CLOSE YOUR EYES,” Verzi yelled yanking my heavy head from where it was cradled on Enzo, and then roughly shook me, “soooo much...”

Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 59

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Chapter 59

VERNERO POV

“SHE IS DYING!” Valerie’s scream jolted me out of my daze pulling me to the moment. My body trembled at the sight of Leigh-Ari who laid limp in our arms, her head cradled in my blood-covered hands.

“You have to let the paramedics take her.” Someone called out pushing me to the side. I robotically stood up and absent-mindedly watched as they strapped Leigh-Ari on the stretcher, rolled it out of the warehouse, and placed her in the back of the ambulance.

The heavy sense of nothingness settled heavy on me, numbing everything from the inside. At that time, my heart stopped beating, my mind stopped running, everything stopped and I ceased breathing. In that anathematized minute, I was dead. I wasn’t living. The fire burning inside me had been extinguished, breaking to the ground the very remaining stem of my being when Leigh’s body went limp in our arms.

A very weak, tired hand clasped my shoulder,

“Are you coming?” Enzo inquired in a very broken voice. My dazed ass turned and looked at him, his face was red, so flustered and his eyes were so teary like he had just cried buckets. His pain brimmed over, igniting some life inside my numb body.

I stared at him for a good minute and looked at the entrance where they shut the back of the ambulance and took off,

“No!” I whispered almost to myself. I was still trying to understand what had just happened. Because it all felt like a dream. It had to be a dream! There was no way I could have seen Leigh -Ari covered in so much blood, lying limp in my arms. It had to be a cruel prank.

“We have to,” he informed softly and tightened his grip.

I looked down at Ciello to find him steady and unmoving on top of Lorik who had a big grin on his face. The look of triumph was so evident and loud on his face. I could almost hear his thoughts and clearly, as he enraptured for his mission had rumped through.

I thinned my eyes, feeling everything flooding back in a flash. The pain, the repulsion, the great loathing, the memories of everything he has put me through, the malicious beating and revolting words he barked to me day and night, telling me I was not enough, it all came back and slapped me brutally in my face engulfing me whole. My body began trembling as the rush of adrenalin coursed through my body. I stared down at my bloody hands, the sight of Leigh's blood caused a chill to drizzle down my spine, intensifying the tremours.

"No. You go along. I have something to take care of." I announced with a blank face while staring down at Lorik. He had taught me to mask my emotions, he had told me that emotions were for the weak and that he wasn't going to let his son be a pussy.

All his teachings were going to be put to use, on him.

Enzo nodded and then took off, with Valerie running behind him. I was thankful because Valerie was with him, he needed someone to hold on to. But I couldn't at the moment, I had to take care of this, else I didn't know how I'd look Leigh in the eye. Not after what my dear father has done to her!

"To Dark Woods," I called out and picked the chains that Leigh was restricted in, then left the warehouse with my men carrying a very bundled Lorik and Raquel behind. They stuffed them

in the truck and I sat beside them. I needed to be near them, to feast off their fear. I needed to feed off their distress because I was going to need all the energy.

"Get me out of these chains, son." Lorik's horrid voice called out and I looked up to find him staring at me. He had that 'you can't do anything to me' look and I so couldn't wait to show him what I can actually do to HIM. Our dear father had always thought he was a unicorn farting rainbows and shit. He always believed he is God and that he runs the shit. No, that was not the case. His time was over, I was the king, I was the GOD! I ran everything with my brother. Not him. And I was so going to show him all the things I have been willing and dreaming to show him.

I didn't reply, just continued my staring contest. He didn't deserve a word from me, and he sure as hell didn't deserve to hear Enzo's voice. I was going to make sure that he left this world without seeing his perfect son! A small smirk stretched up on my face, and then I wiped it off!

He had no idea what was going to happen to his becursed self. Matter of fact, he knew very well that I was going to break every bone in his body, rejoice at his screams and make him suffer everything I suffered during my "remodeling phase". The man in front of him was not his son, no he was not. His son died years ago after being left to die outside for 5 days straight, tied on a post, in the heart of winter under the biting cold where the clouds were angrily spitting cold snow.

The man in front of him was someone else.

The ride to Dark Woods was filled with him preaching of how much he loved and cared for us, of how much he would die for us. And oh heavens I was so ready to witness that kind of fatherly love. The one where the father dies for his sons.

I wasn't listening to his rumbling, I just stared at him, face void of all emotions. Raquel was as still as death next to, barely breathing. I was glad she knew what was go feel the fear reverberating heavily from her. As our biggest mercenary, she had witnessed how the traitors were dealt with. Although she hasn't seen the real story behind 'Dark Woods' unfold, she had heard them saying.

I had trusted her for keeping Leigh safe because she has never done anything that made me wary of her. Gosh, she was one of the baddest weapons we had in Turantello. But her time was over, her ride had come to an end; because she had just double-crossed me in a way I

could never think.

I didn't want the details, I wasn't going to waste my time trying to find answers as to why she did what she did. No!

Upon arriving at Dark Woods, I jumped out of the truck and had my men bring the two piles of shit down to the dungeons.

The place was my favorite in the world. The stone walls carried the screams and multiplied them by a hundred, creating the echo that rumbled deep within me, feeding the beast ins me and boosting it with so much energy. The more they screamed, the more I got excited.

We arrived at the foot of the castle and Ciello and the rest of the guys dumped the two shits down, strapped them on St. Andrews cross, and then left without saying a thing. I looked up at Lorik and flexed my muscles, for it was about to get down!

Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 60

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Chapter 60

LORENZO POV

"Sir, you can't go into the ER while the doctors are treating the patient. Kindly wait here and w e will get back to you." A very stern nurse called out trying to push me from the doors which were engraved with huge block red letters.

I robotically just stared ahead, staring into nothing in particular.

"Hey..." Someone gently tugged on my shirt, I looked back to find Val looking at me with a very concern-filled stare, she wasn't judging. She was being the stronghold I needed at the *very* moment. "She's is going to be alright. She is a fighter." She informed in a small voice, adding a little bit of smile. I turned my

head and looked at the door yet again. Everything just felt so hallucinatory. Nothing about this whole vendetta made sense. It was as if someone had just pulled a cruel prank on us, and I was still recovering from the aftershocks. Or I had been too happy and caught up in the moment forgetting how cruel and unforgiving life actually is.

I just couldn't find the answers, the sense in all of this. One minute we had been happy with Ari, our lives so complete and not lacking of anything, and the next thing I had held her while she laid in the pool of blood, body limp and cold in my arms.

"Ma'am, please get your husband to sit down." The annoying nurse said once again, now in an exasperated voice. I didn't budge. Val took careful steps and defensively stood in front of me, gently nudging me backward with her arm,

"Can I ask you, how long have you been working here?" she asked in that badass voice she always switched to when she was about to yank some random bitch down her high horse,

"For some time now." the nurse replied boastfully,

"Okay! That couldn't be more obvious. Listen, since you are new here, I am going to let it all slide. This man right here can make you disappear with just a snap of his fingers and you would be wiped from the surface of the earth and no one would even know where your sorry ass was dumped, not even the gods themselves I tell you. You may not know this, but this hospital, he donated shit-ass money so that you can get some job here, wear these little scrubs, and have a nice rented apartment with an indoor gym and a little pool by the side. And if this is how you are going to treat your benefactor, then I don't know what to say about your sorry becursed self. I suggest you behave before things get really ugly because he is so not in a good mood right now." The little nurse let out terrified puffs of air,

"And oh; he is not my husband. He is my boss and his wife is lying on that cold table in there with a bullet inside her stomach. Now pick up your jaw from the dang floor and fuck off." She barked causing the little nurse in scrubs to swallow audibly and scurry away hurriedly, the sound of her heels echoed further and further as she left the hallway.

"Asswipe!" Val cursed and pulled me by her arm, then carefully laid me down on the chairs in the hallway.

"Want something to drink? Water, anything?" She offered from the corner of my eye. I took my minute comprehending her words and then shook my head softly.

She perched herself next to me and rubbed small circles on my back, without saying anything.

After a long pregnant pause, the fractions of memories flooded back into my mind, the sight of Ari laying in blood replaying itself. I so wished my mind was a computer where I could just delete off the damn nightmare, get it out of my mind

forever. I saw her once again, I felt that sense of helplessness, that brutal stab in my heart that had knocked me to my knees when she said those words before her eyes fluttered closed,

It had been the cruelest minutes of my life. Every breath I had taken since that moment felt like a waste on me. I had just stared defeatedly as the paramedics whisked her away onto the stretcher.

"There was so much blood." I intoned out my thoughts,

"I know. I saw that too." Val replied in a smooth voice and hurried her rubs on my back.

"No! There was just so much blood, and she had wounds all over. He hit her, Val. My father hit my woman and he was glad for doing it. And Raquel..." I let the words hang heavy between us. It still sounded foreign even when I said it. There was no way Lorik could have done that, I mean he was our dad. Yes, we didn't have the cutest dad-sons relationship we saw on TVs, but still, he was our dad.

"I can't believe it either. Ari was so good to him." She replied,

"She's so good to everyone. Tesoro is kind to everyone, even enemies. You saw Xander, he has grown on her. Because she's my angel, our angel." I had no idea of what I was saying, I just had to talk, to get rid of this pent-up tension that was boiling inside me.

Val didn't reply, just sat there quietly and listened. "Lorik has never loved Vernerero. He always thought of him as weak and pathetic. I remember when we were six, Mom arrived home with a little cute bunny for Verzi. Verzi was just so empathetic, he felt more than everyone else. And dad knew this. He despised him for that. And when mom brought that bunny for him, dad had screamed at her, I remember holding Verzi in our bedroom, my hands on his ears so that he couldn't hear all the shouting. He just sat there holding the little white rabbit, with a huge smile on his face. And downstairs, it was so noisy, so loud. The last thing I heard was the sound of glass breaking, that was the last day we saw our mother. We never saw her after that. And when Verzi asked where she was, Lorik said she visited grams. We believed him, Val, we were so young and we didn't know that our father killed our mother while we were hiding in our bedroom. Mom never came back, we asked dad about her but he always dismissed the topic about her. And when Verzi grew

attached to the bunny, my dad killed it, cooked it, and fed it to him. Can you believe it? He forced him to eat it while he stood there with a whip in his hand. Verzi ate his friend in tears, you could have seen him, Val. I have never seen my brother so shattered in all my life." A small sob escaped my throat.

"Oh my goodness," Val whispered and then laid her head on my shoulder, I continued:

"He took us to Poland after that. Left us to fend for ourselves. We were only 8 by then. He got u sa maid who came once a week to cook and make sure we had

everything we needed. We met Ari by then, she was just so small, so tiny and chubby and cute. She became our best friend, we loved her. She grew on us. For 10 years, we lived with Ari. We would go for sleepovers, she would invite us for hearty meals, good food that was prepared with love. Life became meaningful with her around. We even forgot we had a son of Lucifer as our father. He never set foot in Poland. He never called. He completely vanished from our world. But we never ran out of food, our fridge was always full and we were never expelled for not paying the fees. He showed up 10 years later, telling us we had to leave Poland. Oh, how we reigned hell on him. There was no way we were going to leave Poland. Not when we had a reason to keep living. Ari! She was our reason to dream for tomorrow. Do you want to know what he said? He said we could take her', Val. And we did. Forcefully, we took her innocence and claimed her. For years, we had fantasized about having her, and by then, that moment where we had her between us, was so bewitching. We let our father hurt her through us." 1

By now tears were unforgivingly pouring down my face, the snort blocking my nose making it so hard to breathe. But I kept going, I spilled my heart down. Everything that has happened since then, all came back and crashed down on me, knocking all the air out of my lungs. I heaved for air, trying to make up for the lost oxygen. It had been so much. And for the first time since it all began, I allowed myself to be a child, to feel weak. I was tired of being the hero. Because no one ever saved the hero.

Sitting on the cold chain in the hallway of the hospital while my woman was just behind that door fighting for her life, I let everything out. And gosh I cried.

I just never knew. I never knew I had this much burden on weighing me down.

"After manipulating us into believing that we were doing the right thing, we raped her. And then left right at that moment and went away with him. Arriving in Italy, he showed me the acceptance letter from Harvard. I had no idea how he got it, especially because I never applied to Harvard or even had the thought of leaving Poland. I told him I was going with Verzi, he refused. The following morning, he took me to the airport, and send me to the US. I didn't want to leave my little brother with that monster. But I had no power to go against him, so I left. I left my brother with that monster and he destroyed him. He separated us, Val. He killed our mother, got rid of everything we held dear, manipulated us into hurting the only woman we cared for, then separated us. He removed my other half from me. I didn't hear from Verzi for the next full 6 years. I wasn't allowed to go home either. I stayed in the US for that long, no word from him, from Verzi. I missed him, so much. I wanted to hold him, I wanted to know how he was doing, to hear his cheerful voice. But I couldn't. I finished my studies, from

bachelor's all up to a doctorate. The night of my graduation, I found a random man in my room, telling me he was taking me back home. There was something dark and evil about him, and I just knew he had something to do with my father. So I left with him without question. Traveled for two days and nights straight, then landed in Russia. I remember being thrilled by the idea of being in Russia. I always loved Russians..." I let out a bitter chuckle." We arrived at a huge castle-like property. It was so big and I wondered why I was being taken to such a grand place. I was shown to my room where I freshened up, Later that evening, my father came and took me to the dining hall. I found Verzi sitting on the right

side of him, with so many people dressed in black. I remember being glued in place as his eyes landed on me.

They had been so cold, so lifeless. The man I saw that night wasn't my brother. My brother was full of life, he had this vibrant energy around him, always wore his smile heart on his sleeve. The lifeless, stone-cold creature covered in tattoos was not my brother." The day replayed in my mind as clear as the day. I remember how he had angrily looked at me. There had been so much I needed to tell him, so much I needed to hear from him. But I couldn't. Because my brother was gone. All that was left was the shell of his former being. And I remember wishing to see the smiling boy I left that morning I flew to the US. But he was gone.

"Lorik broke him. He made sure to get rid of the kind little lively boy. He broke him in ways I never redeemed possible. He made him the monster he was. Growing up, I was the tyrant because I was protecting my mild brother. But now? You'd think I am just bluffing." I wiped

the tears and looked down at my wet hands. Gosh, I was a mess!

"He took everything from us, but Verzi; my poor brother had it worst. He took HIM from himself, he shredded off his being until all that was left was the soulless shell. !! HATE! MY! FATHER!" I stated the last words with long heavy pauses in between, making a very strong emphasis on them. "I am so sorry Enzo. I am really sorry. I had no idea." Val sniffled next to me and tightened his hold on my arm.

"I wish I could see the look on his face as Verzi takes his life. He won't spare him. I mean that's what he wanted from the beginning. For Verzi to be remorseless. Now he gets to have the taste of his own medicine. And I won't even shed a tear for him."

As soon as the words left my mouth, the ER door slid open, and out came three doctors. I was out of the chair in a heartbeat waiting to hear what they had to say:

"Family?" one of the doctors called out, my mouth felt so dry I couldn't say a word.

"Oh, she's my boss. This is her..." Her voice trailed to nothing..

"Mr. Cattanio." One of the doctors called out and stepped forward to shake my hand. I shook it back and looked at him with pleading eyes, "Madam is out of danger."

Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 61

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C

hapter 61

BACK IN DARK WOODS

RAQUEL POV

wwFLASHBACK

I had just left the gym and was on my way to the east wing where my bedroom was. I rounded the corner and my mind drifted back to my lady. Although sometimes she made me want to scream because of how brainless she got, I liked her a lot. I mean just a few days back the mines nearly split her open, and I had just told her not to go into Dark Woods. She was a very good person, sweet, very kind and so warm. Being around her never made me feel left out and I felt more comfortable with her than any of the girls here in Dark Woods. As a hard clodhopper who only knew how to hold a riffle and burst someone's brain from at least 3km away, I never really clicked with the models and bikinis and martinis. I was gung ho punk and preferred my things a little way too tight.

My lady never made me feel left out or ridiculed me for things I loved. She never, even for a second, made me feel like I needed to be someone around her. She was just so welcoming.

I grew up in the Familia after my parents just vanished into thin air overnight. That day is still fresh in my memory, I knew it intimately. I was only 5 at the time. I remember waking up in a very silent house, which was not how it was. My house was always a ruckus, a battlefield kind of noise with my mom singing and my dad joining in with his deep voice. They always cracked me up every time. After that, my dad would go away to work with his briefcase, leaving my mom and me behind, and then come back in the evening with a rose for mom, and candy for me. We were a happy family.

That morning, I was woken up by the eerie deafening silence and padded downstairs to find a big man dressed in black. He was so big, I remember looking like an ant beside his mountainous body. He had smiled at me and said:

"Mommy and daddy told me to come and take you to your new school." He had informed and coaxed me with dolls and unicorns until he left my house with me. The sight of new dolls and barbies was so enchanting and captivating to the mind of the 5-year-old. I left with the man who took me to a big castle, there he told me that I was a princess. I believed him. I remember arriving inside the castle and finding other princesses, who were just as excited as I was. We were each taken to our rooms, fed, and clothed. The days of living like a princess went on and on until one day, one big man arrived and gave us guns!

Since his arrival, we said goodbye to the old princess days. Then welcomed dark days of hellish training

The girls were divided into small groups, each taken to a different kind of sector. I was taken to the mercenaries and boy did I outshine my peers. When I reached 10, I knew everything

there is to know about guns. I slept on them, I ate with them. I was a gun by myself. My very first mission was when I was 14. I was sent to shoot some rich ass guy in his hotel room for a good distance from the hotel building. I remember being on the rooftop with my rifle, with the 'Big Man' standing behind me, just watching. I remember being so calm when I pulled the trigger and then watched as the bullet busted through the skull of my target, spilling his brains.

Since that day, I gained the 'Big Man's' respect. He took me with him wherever he went to. By the age of 17, I was his lapdog. Attending to his 'needs' and doing everything that pleased him. He grew on me and became the reason why I lived. Pleasing him and getting credit from him was all that mattered. I became sharper with him around, more steady and untouchable. That only pulled me closer and closer to him. The power he pulled with just a raise of his hand always left me bewildered. Although he was just the right man of the boss, he commanded like a real king, and everyone in the familia worshipped him. My admiration for him hit the roof, went to greater extremes. I found myself thinking about him more often than necessary, found myself pleasuring myself in the middle of the night with his name dancing on my tongue.

Until one night when he 'rewarded' me. My body shuddered by just a mere memory of that night. Besides the fire all night long, in his room, his body had slid on top of mine, wet and hot, muscles rippling as he slowly yet firmly thrust into me, taking his time to explore my body. I remember screaming his name as a very foreign rush of excitement tore through me, my mind going blank from such a beguiling feeling of having him between my legs, inside me, his hot breath caressing the side of my neck. Since that day, he had tattooed his name on my heart, making him a factor I can't tire of.

"You look distracted, baby girl." That panty-dropping voice called out a good distance from where I was paused in the hallway, making me very aware of the present. My lips parted as I watched him draw closer to me in slow, steady steps.

"I was... thinking," I said plainly, trying to refrain from the small shudder and the rush of excitement that sizzled all the way down to my lady bids, making me very aware of how aroused I was. He hadn't even laid a hand on me yet, but I was so ready for what he had in store for me. And how I know the goodness of it all!

"I can tell. Mind sharing?" He stood right in front of me, his cologne engulfing my sense of smell and knocking the air from out of me, I felt so light-headed yet so horny to even think straight. I licked my lips and stared up at his face, a bit of stubble evident on his sharp jawlines, he hadn't shaved. I loved that stubble when it brushed between the sensitive smooth skin of my inner thighs.

"What are you thinking of baby girl?" His gentle voice called out yet again, causing me to blush an embarrassing shade of red,

"You!" I answered, my breasts brushing against his chest.

"I know." He said something and raised his hand, then pulled my lower lip with his thumb,

his eyes following every movement of his finger.

"I have an assignment for you. Will you do it for me, baby girl?" He asked in a sultry voice.

"Yes. Anything for you." my eyes fluttered close, reveling in the feeling of him against me. Although we had clothes between our bodies, I could feel him, from head to toe.

"Anything?" He asked digging his thumb harder into my face,

"Anything!" I replied pulling his thumb into my mouth and sucked on it. He rewarded me with a loud rumbling growl that shot straight to my clit, causing it to thrum harder. Gosh, I was so horny!

"Good girl!" he commented and took my hand in his, then let me to his quarters. His room was the biggest in the east wing, and it had its

own rooms inside. Spending time with him always reminded me of that time in Russia. This man, I could do anything for him.

He let me into the shower where he made love to me under the spraying water. The feeling of his wet skin against mine made everything so full of meaning. After that, he took me to bed, continued making love to me non-stop. I was in love with Lorik. I would burn the world if that's what he wanted.

After screaming our release, he laid next to me and trailed his finger on my flat belly.

"I want to kill Leigh-Ari." He announced causing me to tear from the bed in shock. I just stood there and looked at him like he had grown an extra pair of eyes,

"I can't do that," I said without thinking. I didn't know the assignment he was talking about was my lady. I couldn't kill her. She was the only person who has ever accepted me,

SS

"I mean it's... It will be hard to do that. The security and... the bosses, they..." I rattled trying to find something that would convince him not to do that,

"I know. And you are not going to kill her. I will do the job myself." He said relaxing further into his giant bed.

"But..."

"All you need to do is to switch off those damn devices in her room. I can take care of the rest."

ww~END OF FLASHBACK~~~

va

Dangling from the heavy chains, I looked to the side where Lorik was chained down, head hanging upside down. My heart ached at his helplessness. I wasn't sad for what I had done, I was sad that I couldn't do anything to help him. From the corner of my eye, Boss V walked towards me holding a mini drill, dragging a giant table behind him.

His face was so blank I couldn't even read him. I wanted to know what he was thinking; I needed him to ask me questions so that I could at least tell him why I did what I did. I knew

they had trusted me with my lady's life, but I couldn't go back on my word, I couldn't disappoint the only man who has ever made me feel whole. I hated the idea of hurting my lady. She was the purest soul I have ever met, but I had to do what I had to do.

Boss V silently and unhurriedly placed the table in front of me, then placed the drill on the surface and rounded the table. He was so relaxed as if he was about to sit on the recliners under a hot day with a drink in his hand.

He stood on my side and began unchaining me. I didn't want to be excited at what that might mean. I knew today was the day I die. I was not going to be given a chance to walk out of here with my head attached to my neck.

When my hands were free, he pulled the straps from the sides of the table and strapped my hand's palm flat, fingers stretched out. He rounded the table and stood in front of me, then looked at me with the emptiest eyes ever. He powered the drill and slowly leaned it down. My eyes widened at the realization of what was going to happen.

"Wait, which hand did you use to shoot her?" He asked raising the drill. I swallowed audibly and faced down; gosh it was going to hurt.

"The left one," I replied, a few seconds ticked before the cold steel bit into my flesh, penetrating deeper to the bone. A shriek left my lungs as the most excruciating pain coursed through my body. The buzz of the drill amplified as the blade cut through blood to spurt everywhere as the steel ground through my wrist until it bit into the steel table. 1

By the time he lifted the drill, my hand was no longer attached to my wrist. My body shook at the intense pain of being butchered alive

He powered the drill off and walked off to the far end of the room where he came back holding a bucket. I looked to the side to see whether Lorik was watching. Did he see that? What was he thinking? I found him as quiet as death, not even watching. His ignorance stung more than the drill had. Boss V stood in front of me and took what was my hand, then tossed it in the bucket and took the drill yet again, powering it on. This was going to be the longest night ever.

"I love him. That's why I did it." I called out even though he didn't ask. He had to know why I did it. I couldn't just shoot M'lady without a reason.

"Pity!" He replied flatly and placed the drill on the little finger of my right hand, earning himself a good cry from me. My muscles trembled at the most intense pain I have ever felt in life. Fuck Lorik's negligence. Being butchered alive was the worst kind of pain!

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Chapter 62 VERNERO POV

The night is dark and full of terrors!

I understood that saying more than anyone could ever fathom. I knew it intimately and felt its meaning in and out. For I have lived it before. One time through my sad hateful life, I breathed in darkness and breathed out terror. I ate darkness and dumped out terror. Darkness broke every ounce of humanity in me, turned it into terror, and made sure it reined all over my body. It took everything from me until I was but the darkness that had swallowed me whole.

Lorik Cattanio, the man whom I once looked up to as a father, the one whom I had dreamed of him being my superhero, happened to be my worst nightmare. He was the darkness that took residence in me, snipping every little fiber of my being and replacing it all with maliciousness, remorselessness, the emotionless devil that feasted on the pain and screams of those I had trampled upon.

For the very first time since he turned me into this, the sparkle of hope and light had shimmered deep inside me, deep within my rotten hardened core. I felt it sizzling daily and growing into bigger flames, lighting up my world and ridding the darkness. And that was all to Leigh's arrival in my life. She was my hope, she became the reason why I wanted to see the light, why I wanted to be a better man.

Watching her take that bullet had utterly distinguished the little flame, letting darkness take full rein of my soul yet again. The sight of her blood had made me lose myself in a way I never thought possible. Leigh-Ari Montreal was my angel, and without her, I was going straight to hell and there wouldn't be any redemption. And if that's what it was, then fuck it! What would be the point of living in a world where she doesn't exist?

My mind drifted to her. I loved that girl. Heavens I loved that soul with every fiber of my cursed, evil, and unworthy of redemption being. I loved her so much I couldn't imagine my days without having her in my arms. I needed her, she was the factor that controlled my heart, she owned me. This broken, shattered soul was all hers. A tremor shot through me at

the thought of her laying in a pool of her blood. She had to live. Goodness, she had to live!

While I was busy maiming and dismembering the Judases here, Leigh-Ari was fighting for her life at the hospital. I didn't even know which hospital she was taken to. I feared for her because I was afraid she might leave me. She might leave US. And if she did, there was no guarantee of what would happen to me. To my brother! My poor brother, the center of my life and my citadel.

When the first light of the morning chased away the darkness that covered the land, I called Ciello down and some of the guys to help me take the now incapacitated Raquel up. She was still alive, which was rather shocking. I hadn't expected that she would hold on this long, especially after drilling each limp off her body. But then she was so strong, I'd give her that.

It's a pity she had to betray me and hurt the only woman I'd burn the world for. If she hadn't done that, she was going to live her life like a queen. But again, she made her choice, didn't she?

"Just kill me already! You can't leave me hanging here like a fuckin' bat for everyone to see. How dare you humiliate me in front of these cowards?" Lorik barked struggling down the chains, causing them to make a loud sound as they swung him around. The sight of him so bound and helpless was a frickin' feast to my eyes. And they say the eyes are the windows to the soul, now just imagine how thrilled I was! So dang happy!

"Not yet! You and I have a loooo00oooooot to talk about." I called out dragging the chair next to his suspended body and placing it under him. I sat down and watched him, then busted out laughing when he glared at me angrily. I couldn't believe this day had finally come. I was beginning to think there was never going to be a time I got to experience such a beguiling

moment,

"The mighty Lorik Cattanio. Who would have thought?" I asked with a huge grin on my face.

"I regret not killing you. You should've died that..."

"GI//TTIITI!" I scrunched my nose, squinted my eyes, and raised my hand, fainting a small roar at him, and then laughed again.

"You know, it's funny how you still think you are in control. I kind of admire your mind. I mean no one stays this delusional for so long. It's impeccable. Truly amazing. Like, look at you, screaming and yelling at me." I said reclined back and watching as the air literally left his lungs. It was clear that he had never, even in his wildest dreams, ever thought that he would be the one on suspended chains, head upside down. I mean I didn't go extra as he had done. with me, he placed a raging fire right beneath me. The pain from the heated chains had been so intense that I passed out.

"I am your father you dicktard. And I command you to get me out of these chains." He said in a calmer voice, but he still held that spite and I didn't like it. It made me so sick I wanted to throw up the nothing in my stomach!

"Oh no! That's where you got it wrong. I am not your son." I said leaning closer to him, "You remember that time you left him out in the biting cold, for three damn nights without food or anything to cover his body, that's where you lost your son." I corrected.

"Then who are you?" He asked with a serious face.

"I am the devil," I said then got up from the seat and laughed.

Ciello and the rest of the guys entered at that moment in a long queue,

"I brought you a new shirt, boss," Ciello informed motioning to a small tee draped on his shoulder. I looked at my bloodied self and winced at the sight of the blood that had covered my whole front. If Leigh was here, she was going to kill me, like literally, she was going to kill me and bury me with her own hands.

I nodded to Ciello and the guys pulled Raquel up, then followed me out the dungeons. The walk into Dark Woods was silent, filled with the sound of our feet against the drying leaves. The mines had done a good number on the trees here, but despite the great destruction, one tree caught my eye.

It was lean, so sharp with no branches on the log. It was dry, nicely perched for what came next! I pointed it and the guys bunched Raquel on it, tying her with the ropes that had taken a

good soak in the gasoline, then dried up to absorb the gasoline into its fibers.

Ciello hurriedly tore the sulfur pack open and covered Raquel all over, leaving her eyes out so that she could watch. I squatted in front of her and intensely looked at her. I felt for her. She had explained why she had done that! And I truly felt for her. It's a pity her love was the cause of her doom.

*1...am... s-sorry." She whispered with her head hanging between her shoulders. I squinted my eyes and then nodded.

'I am too!" I truly was, but not for what I did. I was sorry that she fell in love with the wrong person. And what had gotten to me was that Lorik didn't even say anything to her, didn't console her while she was going through the torture. Lorik was a heartless monster, Raquel deserved better. Maybe in her next life, she won't stumble upon a creature like Lorik. 1

I got up and took a matchbox from one of my guys, lit it, and then tossed the burning matchstick on the lime-yellowish powder. The powder welcomed the flame and quickly roared, spreading so fast and licking every inch of her body. Her lungs tore open as the ear shattering scream erupted from the inside, filling the early morning sky with her pained cry. The scent of the burned fleshed polluted the air, making it so unbearable to the hearts of the innocent. I was not innocent, and that word didn't exist in my world. And to prove that, her cry soothed me, calmed me in a way I couldn't tell.

I turned my back and started to walk away, leaving the fire to take care of the one who had gone against me. I went straight to the west wing and got into Leigh's room, the sight of her blood marring the whole place leaving a bitter taste in my mouth. There were glasses all over, the whole place was a battlefield. It looks like she went down fighting, and a good sense of relief tugged at my heart, making me smile. She was my tigress, and I knew she was still fighting even now. She wouldn't just leave us. She loved us, she said that. Through that haze of seeing her covered in blood, I heard her when she told us she loved us. And she wouldn't dare die. If she did, I would resurrect her, kiss her and hold her, then kill her yet again. And then do that for at least a hundred times until she runs out of life.

I picked up her favorite necklace and placed it on her bed, then went into the bathroom where I stood under the shower heads and let the water wash away the dried blood of my body. Once I was through, I climbed in my car and left for the hospital, thanks to Ciello for getting the information beforehand. I needed to see her. I needed to be with my brother. My head felt like it was going to explode from so much bottled in vendetta. It was a dang ruckus in my mind and I knew only my brother could keep it down.

Upon arriving, I was escorted up to the fourth floor into the recovering room. The scent of antiseptics, the nauseating bitterness in the air, and the lingering smell of fragrances made my stomach churn painfully. The metal scent of blood was also heady and I tried to figure out whether it was because I had bathed in blood for the whole night, or because I was in a damn hospital where there's blood all over. The little nurses in scrubs and doctors made my mind drift to Leigh. I so wanted to see how she looked when she saved a life. I needed to watch her.

The elevator dinged open and I took a step out. The nurse walked on hurried steps in front of me and my heart dropped with every footstep I took towards the room where she was kept. W

e stopped in front of a door written VIP and she bowed before turning back and leaving. I stood outside for a good minute before pushing the door open.

The first thing I was a huge ass bed with Leigh laying there with her eyes closed. My heart skipped a beat or two as I saw her beautiful face. Even when laying on death bed, Leigh-Ari managed to be the most beautiful woman in the world and that was really unfair. There were at least a million tubes that were connected to her body and then stretched to the machines that were making the most annoying beeping sounds ever. I took a step a little further and closed the door behind me.

A loud thud sounded from somewhere on the couches, I quickly whisked my gun and jumped to find Enzo groaning. I didn't know whether I should laugh or help him up. He got up, very slowly and so unsteady, and straightened up. His eyes landed on me and he came straight to me and pulled me in a long hug. I let him share my burden, let him calm the storm inside me. We stayed locked for a long minute, with him just holding me, and me being weak in his arms. "She did it. Our woman survived."

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Chapter 63

LEIGH-ARI POV

~~~5 WEEKS LATER~

Sitting at the rooftop on the side of the west wing, I looked up at the naked trees that laid ahead, with leaves shed to the ground and the branches stark naked. The forest which was once so dense was now a small boscaje, thanks to the mines that nearly ruptured me open. Just the thought of that had me laughing softly. I tugged on my fleece shawl that was draped over my lap, shielding me from the biting cold of the end of November. Winter was finally here, carrying with it the frost that spared none. The little sun in the sky provided the little heat that warmed me up, despite the whirl of the cold wind.

The past year had been a rollercoaster ride. Once I was just a normal citizen of Cyprus, a good doctor that took pride in saving lives, a friend, and a neighbor. Then suddenly everything went downhill that night I saved a guy, brought him into my apartment, and stitched him back to life. Had I called the police, surely things wouldn't have turned out the way they did.

My life took a turn for the worst since that night, but if I were to be honest, I did not regret even a single thing that has happened. All the unfortunate things that befell me since my arrival in Dark Woods, made me the woman I am today. From being locked in the steam room, to being spanked till I couldn't sit, the sleepless nights where I cried under the blankets and being pointed with a gun at least a few times, I did not regret even a single one of them.

But it was truly sad, having to find out that all your life, you have been living under someone's watchful eye, without even knowing. It took a gun in my spleen to realize I wasn't really living my life for myself. I truly wasn't. Since that day that the two boys arrived, across the street 20 years ago, I lost the right over my life.

That's right. My memories are back. After waking up from a small coma due to the Splenectomy, I woke up feeling like a new person. I wasn't just Leigh-Ari from post-accident. I was me. And my memories were all back. From the day my mom left us, to the very first sleepover with the boys, I remembered it all.

I was confused at first because, since the beginning of forever, I wasn't seeing the faceless figures and pieces that didn't make a full picture. I had called for a nurse, explained everything to them, and that I needed to do a quick PET scan. After knowing that I was a doctor, they all agreed to the scan and many other tests.

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When the results came out, it was clear that my hippocampus was healed. It was magical. And my boys, they were with me through it all and never left my side. I remember when I slipped back to the land of the living, I woke up to find Verzi sleeping on my shoulder, while Enzo was sitting by the bed with my hand in his, his head crushing down my thigh. I had just laughed softly. They never changed. When their eyes opened and saw me, they went wild. I

have never seen them so happy. They looked so ragged and tired, and I didn't blame them. This has been so much for all of us.

One thing I did however was that I didn't tell them about me regaining my memories. They just went with me to do the scans and had no idea why I was doing them. I had to lie to them and said the scans were related to the surgery, poor them! They believed me!

Thank God they weren't doctors and they couldn't read the scan results. I figured they didn't have to know I regained my memories back.

I wasn't trying to be selfish. It wasn't that. I was just reveling in the feeling of being reconnected to my old self, the younger me who was so carefree and so happy. I didn't want to share that with anyone. Not even the twins, at least not yet.

After that, they had taken me back to the castle, insisting that I had to recuperate at home. Verzi hated the hospitals, he grumbled about the scent of the antiseptic and nurses who always told him to move. He was just him! And he came in a full package!

"Tesoro." Enzo's soft voice called out, I turned my head in my wheelchair and stared at his handsome face, then gave him a small smile. "Hey."

He walked towards me and kissed the top of my head, then grabbed the handles of the wheelchair and turned it around.

"You should go inside. You will catch a cold out here." He informed wheeling my chair towards the entrance where my ramp laid.

"I don't want to go inside." I conflicted hitting the stop button on the armrest, slamming the brakes of the electric wheelchair. Technology has never been better!

"It's cold out here." He called out bewildered, I turned and stared at him.

"I am wearing enough clothes," I gestured to the heavy woolen sweater I had on, he stayed quiet for a second and nodded, then wheeled me back to where he had found me.

"Where's Verzi?" I asked staring out at the forest. The renowned Dark Woods. The name didn't seem befitting now. I think they were more like Funny Woods than Dark!

"He... uh... He went out..." He said with a bit of a stammer, they were just so bad at lying. I wonder how they managed to deceive me at first.

"I want to see Lorik," I informed causing his eyes to widen in shock.

"Bullshit! You are not seeing that asshole. Verzi is finishing him off as we speak." He cursed, ratting himself out.

I arched a brow, causing him to realize what he just blurted out. He covered his mouth with his hands and then turned his broad back on me. I just chuckled and turned my wheelchair using the little joystick. Was it even called that? Joystick?

"I'll go by myself," I announced already heading for the stairs. He came running after me and then stopped right in front of me.

"You can't go in there." He said with a serious face.

"Are you aware that I am tired of you two treating me like a kid?" I said in a stern voice. His shoulders dropped and his head hung low, I hadn't meant that to come out too harsh, but it did.

"I mean you can't go in the wheelchair." He corrected, I smiled at him and got up to my feet, placing the fleece on the chair.

"I can walk," I said with a grin.

"No! You aren't walking." He contradicted and scooped me up bridal style, tearing a small giggle from out of me.

"What are you doing?" I asked as he walked us in the other direction,

"I am taking you down there." He said in a small voice, furrows bundling on his forehead.

"I can walk. I had my spleen removed, not my spinal cord." I pointed out and he looked down at me with a serious face, and then looked forward continuing with his steady strides.

"I know. But you haven't healed completely." He said as he began climbing down the stairs.

I placed my head against his shoulder, letting the sound of his heartbeat soothe me. A lot has changed since that incident. Something inside me had shifted. I was still madly in love with the boys, but I didn't want to be tied down to them anymore. I wanted to be free, to be let out of the cage. And I wasn't going to let anything stop me.

"What are you thinking about?" He asked in a gentle tone that made a small echo in the creepy stone staircase. I looked up at under chin and then shook my head. 1



“Nothing,” I said instead,

“Hmmm.” He said.

“You sound like Verzi when you say that.” I pointed out causing him to chuckle.

“Do I?”

“Yeah. You too are so much alike, yet so different.” I said placing my hand on his flat chest, heat resonating through his dress shirt..

The walk into the dungeons took almost forever, but soon, we came to that clearing that always made my heart skip fast from how unsettling it was.

The walls were pure stone, doors made with giant iron bars that creaked painfully creating a ghostly sound. The lanterns didn't make anything better, just made it all worst. While I was busy looking around, my eyes landed on a half-dead body that looked so pale. It was as if it

has been drained off every single drop of blood from the veins. The eye bags were so huge, with dark circles marring the under eyes. It was dressed in a thin pair of shorts, and from here, I could see the outline of the skeleton vividly. I have no idea how ghosts look like, but I tell, I was looking at one!

The bulky rich guy who had kidnapped me and abused me was now chained on a stool looking so frail and so weak like his soul could depart at any moment.

A shocked gasp left my lips, and Enzo gently placed me on my feet.

“You shouldn't in here,” Verzi called out emerging from the shadows, I looked at him for a good second and then shifted my eyes at the very tormented Lorik who was literally hanging by a loose thread. I had no doubt with this one, but the Gream Ripper was already telling him stories of the afterlife. 1

I didn't reply to Verzi, instead, on the hushed steps, I walked towards Lorik and perched myself on a chair that was in front of him. His chest rose and fell slowly, and that was the only sign that he was still alive.

“I would like to talk to him. In private.”

“Oh hell no!”

“What the fuck?”

The boys yelled, jumping to secure my sides in a split second. They glared daggers at Lorik who just sat there with his head hanging on his shoulders.

“I wouldn't do anything to her even if I wanted.” He slightly raised his hand, cancel that, his arm that had no hand. Coagulated black blood made a coating

around the angry wound. A shudder tore out of me at the unnerving sight, making my stomach churn painfully.

I looked up at Verzi and to find him watching me, his face a little sad. It was as if he was waiting for me to yell at him for doing what he did. Because I bet my heart this was all his

doing.

"I'll be okay. He won't hurt me." I informed adding a small smile. The sense of relief evidently washed over him, and he gave me a small nod in return.

"Are you sure?" Enzo asked from my left. I nodded at him and he leaned down to kiss my forehead, then the two of them left the clearing.

"Call us if anything happens!"

I reclined in my seat and took my time assessing Lorik. When I stepped in here, I hadn't fully seen the damage done to his body, but I tell you, he was better off dead. A proud man like him wasn't going to live in this world looking like this.

He had deep cuts all around his pale body, and the blood from the cuts was uncleaned which made the blood clots mar him all over. The sight wasn't pleasing to the eye. I looked lower to

his feet, to find them... gone. Both of his feet were gone, leaving just a leg-stick. The only limb he had was one left hand, which was missing two fingers. The stench of blood and death was so heavy around him.

"You can laugh. I know that's what you came in here for." He spat in a low voice. Instead of doing that, I got up and searched for a clean cloth, then took a bottle of drinking water and wetted the cloth with it.

I walked to him and began scrapping the clots from him. He winced at first, but then relaxed when he realized I wasn't going to stop.

In silence, I scrapped the disgusting clots off his back, revealing deep wounds that seemed to have been caused by a dagger, or a sharp knife. The wounds were coupled with the angry purple lash marks all over his back. I didn't even want to begin to imagine what Verzi had looked like when he did all this. I couldn't paint that picture in my mind.

When his back was through, I looked around and spotted a small sink. I went to it and ran the bloodied cloth under cool water, and then got back to work.

We stayed in a long silence, but I could hear he wanted to say something. "Why are you doing this?" He asked when I began cleaning his hands. "I am a doctor," I replied plainly and focused on his maimed arm.

"Yes, but why?"

"If the wound is not treated, it will be inflamed and it won't heal faster. I think you know that." I said and scrapped the clot that was covering the whole wrist.

He didn't reply, just let me finish with what I was doing.

"You must be thrilled to see me like this." He said and then attempted to chuckle, only to cough out violently making his body shake so bad I thought he was going to crumble into a heap of bones. I cradled his body with my hands until the coughing subsided.

"I am not," I said refuting him.

"That's because you are stupid." He said as I helped him lean back to his seat.

"Maybe," I said softly and went back to work.

"I so want to kill you right now." He announced, and I smiled. He noticed this and froze,

"You are smiling."

"I am." I looked up at his sunken face and fuck! This man was on the brink of death.

"Why? I just said I want to kill you."

"Has that ever worked out for you?" I asked with my smile so big, then refocused my attention on the cleaning. Words seemed to fail him when my words sunk deeper into him.

"You tampered with my dad's car in an attempt to kill me. I survived. You kidnapped me and shot me. I survived. You can try another method again, I will survive. Throw anything at me Lorik and I will survive it." My words shot straight to his heart causing him to shrink even further. I wasn't trying to make him feel any worse, I was just telling the truth, and the truth will always be bitter.

He didn't say anything further, and I didn't either. I jeast cleaned his body in silence, and once I was through, I got up and discarded the cloth, then stood a good foot from him. His eyes landed on me, I smiled at him and said:

"I forgive you!"

And with that, I turned my back and left him there. No matter how malicious he had been to me, there was no point holding a grudge to a dead man. Hell would deliver the punishment for me.

## Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 64

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## Chapter 64

### BONUS CHAPTER 1

#### LORIK POV

"I forgive you."

The words charged at me like a sharp dagger that gatecrashed through my heart leaving me breathless. Heat rose from my neck and settled just right above my head, creating a cloud of intense self-loathing that made my ears deaf. With blurred vision, I watched as she slowly sashayed out of the damp dense cellar where I was chained.

My eyes followed her movements until she was out of view. My mind reeled with all sorts of thoughts recalling all the evil things I have committed. She had forgiven me, despite everything I had done to her. She forgave me and bathed me clean, after being tortured by my son for how long... Heck, I didn't even know how long I have in here without food, water, let alone taking a bath. I reeked of death and all the things I have done in my past. Venero always brought him a small bite of protein bar just to keep me alive, nothing more than that. I was famished, my throat so parched it felt like it was burning. In my darkest moment where I felt life slipping through my fingers, Leigh-Ari gave me water to drink and quenched my thirst.

Good lord, had I been wrong all these years? Was I wrong to want what's best for my sons? Was I wrong to uproot things that would bring them distraction? I just wanted what was best for them. I never wanted my sons to end up as low lives with nothing to do. I wanted to pave a way for them, to sharpen them and make them unstoppable, and they were exactly what I had hoped. What wrong did I commit in doing all that?

A lone tear escaped my eye and drizzled down my cheek. I couldn't even believe what had just happened. When I saw her, I thought she came in here to laugh at my face, to torment me even further and tell me how much of a failure I was, how weak and pathetic I am. That's what I had hoped for. Because at least I wouldn't have felt so shitty like I was.

My heartfelt lighter, it was at that moment it dawned to me that I needed her forgiveness. I needed Leigh-Ari to forgive me for all I have done to her. Her forgiveness was what made me look forward to my death without regret, not because I was running away from all my sins, but because I was redeemed and ready to receive my befitting punishment.

I have hurt the only people I tried to protect, and there was no way I could ever undo all the things I did to them. But out of all the fiasco, Leigh-Ari suffered the most. She didn't even have to forgive me. Heck! Even if she cursed me and told me to rot in hell, I wouldn't cry and raise a ruckus, I deserved it. I was sp unworthy of her forgiveness, but she chose to forgive me nonetheless.

That made me feel so pathetic and low like I have never felt in all my life.

An image of Elaia flashed through my mind like a tape recorder in slow motion. Her hazel eyes and pearly white teeth with a smile that could brighten up the whole world, she had been the most beautiful girl I have ever laid my eyes on. And instead of cherishing her and thanking her for the wonderful gifts she gave me, I killed her. She gave me a reason to live, she gave me two sons, but I didn't give her the credit she deserved. I whipped her every minute of her days, cursed her, I could literally see the angry lash marks on her porcelain skin. Despite everything I did to her, she still came home to me, to our sons, to us.

And then I killed her. With my own hands, I killed her. The look on her face when she gave out her last breath flashed even slower. At that moment I had her lean body between my legs, straddling her, with my hands squeezing tight on her throat, preventing all the air from entering her body and leaving. I remembered as she tried to fight me off, hitting my arms and trying to pry my hands off her neck with her small delicate hands, but I didn't budge.

I had throttled her until her face turned purple, her eyes had pleaded with me, as she silently begged for me to get off from her, but I didn't. Gosh, I killed her. she didn't last long. She became weaker until her eyes rolled into the back of her head and her body went limp. I didn't let go. Even when her arms dropped to her sides I just held on tight. And my beautiful Elaia died. The mother of my sons died and I had killed her.

I didn't deserve Leigh-Ari's forgiveness. I didn't.

Soft murmurs echoed around the stone walls as Lorenzo and Venero emerged to where they had gone off to after being dismissed by their girl. The way they let her control them always puzzled me. My boys took orders from no man, but one word from Leigh-Ari had them on their knees, submitting to everything she said. That never went well with me. I hated the idea of my boys being weak, being controlled by someone else. But that little girl knew just the right words to say to them and they would do whatever she wanted.

Was that how it is supposed to be like? To be controlled by a woman like that? To be ordered around like a headless chicken? Was I supposed to let Elaia control me as Leigh-Ari did with the boys?

I guess we'll never know.

I watched as the boys drew closer towards me, Enzo had his eyes on his feet as they conversed slowly. They halted and then looked up the stairs where Leigh-Ari had taken off to, their voices were so low, so full of admiration and adoration and pure appreciation whenever they talked about Leigh-Ari. I don't know what that was, but I bet you my rotten life it was love. They loved her, they always did. And I hurt her.

"See you up." Enzo gave his brother a small hug and then climbed up, without much of a glance at my side or even a word. I longed to hear his voice, I longed for him to talk to me and call me "pops" like he used before I sent him to the US. And how long it has been!

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I waited and waited with my breath hitched, for his voice to call me out, but what I heard was the sound of his footsteps as he climbed up the cold, stone stairs, leaving me behind. He

hated me. And I had myself to blame for all of that. My head felt so heavy that it just dropped between my shoulders. Verzi's steps were all I could hear as he took steps towards me, then stood right in front of me, removing the chair from sight.

"She may have forgiven you, but I haven't. Because you didn't raise me like that." He informed in a plain voice, so raw and empty of any emotion. It hurts! Goodness, it hurts so bad.

This is what I had wanted, this is what I had hoped for, why did it hurt like this? Why did it feel like someone had my heart in their fist, and they were angrily clenching on it with each passing second, painfully squeezing all the blood out? Why?

Had I treated him better, had I accepted him as the small, soft, and mild boy, so full of life and always supercharged, would things be this way? The image of his toothy grin flashed in my mind, the day he had come to me holding a toad in his hands, so happy about it. The smile on his face when his mother gifted him a bunny. He had looked at me with a huge grin and then laughed out loud, he had been so happy.

"Do you remember Stickas?" I asked facing down, my eyes shut close because I couldn't bring myself to look at him. I didn't even deserve looking at his face to see all the damage I had done to him!

"Hmmm. How can I forget him? You forced me to eat his flesh remember?" He spat stepping from my line of sight.

"Your mother gifted it to you." I ignored his biting spite and focused on something I needed to

say.

"I know. And then you killed her right after. It was my fault for existing. Had I not been there, maybe she'd still be alive." He intoned causing me to raise my head abruptly. Words seemed to be stuck in my throat as I watched him cleaning his dagger so unhurriedly, his face was still blank, and I so wanted to know what he was thinking. But one thing that made me feel like a dick head was that he blamed himself. He blamed himself for his mother's death. All these years, Venero carried the burden of guilt, and I caused all that. But what made me want to lose my medulla was the fact that I never knew! Heavens what have I done?

"It wasn't your fault," I said plainly and let the tears pour down my face. Gosh, it wasn't his fault. He didn't know anything, he was a child, a lovely child who knew nothing.

"Then whose fault was it? Yours? I remember you screaming at her that she's spoiling me. And that makes it my fault. Everything that has happened, to mom,

to my brother, to Tesoro, you did all because you hated me.” He shrugged off casually, making my heart sink even further.

“It’s not like that. It was never your fault son. You were never at fault.” My shoulders shook as a sob wretched through me. He didn’t reply, he didn’t have to. Venero was one child who suffered the most. I knew intimately how I tortured him. Now when death was right in front of me, I saw how stupid I was. And Venero, my poor boy became the victim of my stupidity. He suffered so much and I did all that. All I ever did to him was take, and take, and take until he

had nothing more to give. Even when it was to that extent, I still took from him. Until I completely took his being, and he blamed himself. How can I be so horrible?

“I am sorry son. I am so sorry. For everything.” I intoned through a sob. I didn’t need his forgiveness, I didn’t deserve it. Even if he chose not to forgive me, I wouldn’t blame him.

“Hmmm! I am sorry too. That I was never what you wanted.” He said and walked towards him. He stood in front of me and lifted my head with the sharp blade of the dagger, causing its sharp edge to bite on the smooth skin under my chin.

“You suck Lorik. You are the cruelest monster this world could ever have. You killed me. You killed me completely because you hated me. No amount of forgiveness could ever redeem your forsaken heart. Heck, even the devil himself is going to deny you. That’s how rotten you are. Not even the devil would want you in his abode.” He yelled in my face, his words piercing so deep inside me I felt like I was going to lose my mind. My whole body felt like it was being consumed by this raging fire that burned me deep to my core. At that moment, I felt hell. I knew hell was real, and I was in hell.

“Hold on to Leigh-Ari. Love her the way I failed to love your mother.” I said in a small voice. My heart shattered even further when a lone tear drizzled down his eye.

He didn’t reply, instead, he pulled back his hand and then hurriedly jammed the dagger through my ribcage, all the way to my heart. My eyes stayed glued to his face as he twisted it to the side, causing it to dive even further and rapture my heart. Blood gushed out of my mouth as seconds ticked by. I felt life running through my fingers like smooth sand, my vision gave out, and my tongue became heavy in my mouth.

“So... S-sorry.” The words escaped my mouth, and they were responded to by a loud, tormented, tortured, and pained scream from my beloved son. His cry accompanied me to the afterlife!

## Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 65

[/ Twin Tormentors By RARE](#)  
Chapter 65

## VERNERO POV

A wall-shattering scream tore out of my lungs, as my body sunk into a deep bottomless sea of cold water. I watched as the air leave his body, his soul departing with his black eyes still glued to my face. For the very first time since I have known my father, this was the time he looked at me with fatherly love, the one kind I have longed for, for as long as I can remember; and my heart hurt so much. I didn't understand it! Why did it hurt so bad? Why did I feel weak in the knees for killing him while it has been the one thing that I have dreamed of?

Tears streamed down my face as I turned the dagger, eliciting a squelching sound as it tore deeper and deeper through his heart. He was dead already because he wasn't moving. But his eyes were as open and as clear as day! I screamed! God, I screamed so hard that my cry made the walls of the dungeons tremble.

With a very defeated body, I slowly pulled the dagger from him, and then robotically watched as it dropped between me and his dead body! I killed him! I killed my fat me the same monster as he was? Didn't that make me as wretched and as evil as he was? He told me he was sorry, he said it through tears that he was sorry and I didn't listen to him. Instead, I jammed a sharp dagger through his heart, the one I had crafted a millennia ago. I have long prepared for this day, I had imagined the thrill and excitement as I watched the air leave his forsaken body!

But what I felt right now was entirely the opposite of what I had thought!

With that I dropped between his knees and laid my head on his lap; then cried. There was no sound coming out, just bitter tears that didn't seem to stop. It was as if the gates were open, and the tears just poured freely. I cried so much it felt like my body was going to grumble. I cried for his soul, for everyone he has hurt! For all the things he had done, to me, my mother, my brother, and my sweet, sweet Leigh-Ari. I let it all out.

A wild imagination flashed through my head, I saw a better place, a better life where I had a loving father who played catch with me in the backyard, and I saw a life where my mother prepared a warm dinner for all of us, and then tug us into our beds at night. I saw a life where I was the vet, taking care of the sweet, helpless animals. I saw a life where my brother was my everything! It all passed in front of my eyes, tearing my heart even further.

I felt depleted, spent, so sated from crying. The guilt that consumed me knew no bounds. He asked me to forgive him, but I turned a deaf ear on him. Even after torturing him for that long, maiming him, and ensuring that he was tormented as I had been; I still didn't find it in my stone-cold heart to forgive him. And in the end, I killed him. Didn't that make me the worst?

On the very trembling knees, I got up and closed his eyes for the very last time; and then

began unchaining his body. I picked all the remains of him and laid him on the steel table, took all the maimed limbs, then began piecing them back on his body. After that, I retrieved a white cloth and covered him, wrapping it firmly around



him so that nothing dropped. When I was all through, I took the secret exit that was at the end of the dungeons, walked robotically with his body in my hands until I came to the iron doors at the other side of Dark Woods. It was dark outside, as dark as it was inside me.

After placing him gently on the ground, I opened the iron doors causing them to creak painfully against the hard ground, the sound so abusing to my already tormented body and soul. I yet again picked him up and walked further into the woods through the night, then arrived at that one tree that I had planted for this very cursed day. Great self-loathing consumed me whole as I realized how evil I have been since the very first beginning. I had planted the tree while I was blinded by hatred and vengeance. Now, now I saw what kind of a monster laid just beneath the core of my being. :

I laid him down, pushing him until he was leaning against the dry log, and secured his dead body with the ropes. I fished for a lighter in my pocket and then lit the cloth, setting it ablaze.

I didn't wait for the fire to cover him. I didn't have that power to watch as the flames licked the remains of him, scorching him to the bone until nothing but ash and cinder was

With that, I absentmindedly went even deeper into the woods. This side of the rest was still dense and thick, safe from the destruction caused by the explosion of the mines. I stumbled and fell, then picked myself up and continued walking.

My whole body felt like it was still sinking deeper and deeper into the sea, the tears didn't stop either. My throat hurt so much from keeping everything in, I wanted it all out. Because it hurt. It hurt so much I couldn't breathe, my lungs were closing in on me, failing to take in the air I tried so hard to breathe. It was just so impossible. At one point, I dropped down on my knees, feeling so depleted. I tried to stand up but there was no energy left in my body. But I had to keep going, I had to. 1

And I crawled.

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Twigs and sticks snapped beneath my weight, but I didn't stop. I continued crawling even when my knees were bleeding, my hands pricked by the sharp sticks. I continued crawling even when my eyes couldn't see because of the darkness that had befallen the world. I bumped into trees with my head, causing my ears to ring louder and louder, but I didn't stop. I needed to keep going!

Finally, I arrived at that secluded pond. The warm water welcomed my body while I took a sweet dive inside. My eyes were snapped open, looking out for things, but I couldn't see anything in front of me. I swam to the bottom of the pond and let the water carry me. And then I let it all out!

Under the warm, pitch-black water deep within the forest, away from the watchful eyes and ears, I let it all out. I opened my mouth and screamed. Bubbles

formed in front of me but I didn't stop. With each tormenting memory of my life, I screamed harder. Seconds turned to

minutes with my body covered by the water, I screamed. I didn't stop until everything was out. My tears mixed with the pond water, all the hatred left my body, and got carried away by the water.

My lungs cramped up from the lack of air from underwater, but I screamed. Everything I have been carrying for all my life, I let it all out! I screamed until my body began hurting from the depletion of oxygen, I screamed even when I began filling lightheaded; and then abruptly stopped.

By the time I surfaced, I felt like a new person. By the time my head made it out of the water, I felt like I came back to life like I was just woken up from a deep, dreamless slumber. I slowly made it out of the pond and began my way back to the castle. The night had fallen, covering

the whole sky. Light from the burning corpse and tree glimmered through the night, the stench of burned flesh very heady and sickening.

I waited for the mind-fogging pain that sucked me in with the thought of my dead father, but nothing came. And when nothing came, I took giant strides back to the castle. A hope of a better tomorrow glimmered in the air, the promise of the new life occupying my mind.

The waters, they didn't just swallow my imperfections, they didn't just swallow my pain; they cleansed me. I was a new person, the imperfect son of the imperfect father died in the pond. A new man was born:

A brother to his twin;

A lover and soul mate to his woman;

And a man who cherishes those around him!

LORENZO POV

It was done!

Lorik Cattanio was no longer among the land of the living. Did it hurt? I had no idea. But one thing I had felt when the flames sparkled through the cold evening was a huge sense of relief. Did that make me the evil one in this? Did that make me so horrid and heartless that I didn't even shed a tear for my father? The man who had birthed me? The man who created me?

Instead of pain, happiness had clouded me. I so wanted to throw an ass party and celebrate his death! Because we were free. For the very first time since the beginning of forever, I felt so free, like I had just been released from a cold prison that was full of maliciousness of this world.

When the flame grew bigger and bigger, I found it hard to contain my smile. It was finally over. *My brother would be free, finally! I would be free!*

I stayed like that with my hands tugged in my pockets, my eyes glued at the flame that was raging deep within the woods. From this side of the castle, I could see everything despite the

bitter darkness of the night. Minutes turned to hours and I stayed there, and then a shadow flicked from down at the ground. My brother emerged from the trees, I watched him as he made it to the entrance, then hurriedly left to the one room I knew he was going to go to first.

I reached Ari's room and found her sitting out on the terrace, very lost in thought. She was in her electric chair, the strands of her hair flying softly in the air. Upon hearing me, she turned and welcomed me with the biggest, warmest smile. I walked to her and dropped to my knees in front of her, then placed my head on her lap. It was finally over.

"I am so sorry." She whispered in a soft voice while threading her fingers through my hair, I didn't have to say it out, but she knew that Lorik was well gone. I had no idea why she was apologizing, but that made a very strange feeling tug in my heart, then quickly leave. Right when I was trying to put a finger on it, the door busted open, and in came Verzi.

Ari and I both got up and walked to him. My eyes landed on him for the very first time since he handed us our freedom. He was wet, from head to toe, he was wet with water dripping from his body. His eyes met mine, and I saw it, the renewed version of him. The freedom in his eyes. He began stripping right in front of us until he stood with nothing but himself, all in his full glory.

Ari opened her arms and he slowly walked to her, then engulfed her in a long hug. My heart clenched from his pain, the pain that had eaten him for day and night, for as long as I could remember. The two of them dropped to their knees on the floor, and I followed suit. Wrapping protective arms around them, I pulled them and kissed their heads, then laid mine between theirs.

He did not just set us free, but he bared himself to us. He had shredded off the agony that gnawed at him through the night, and leaving himself, all in his purest form for us to accept him. And we did. We welcomed him into our hearts, our souls, our own beings, and three became one!