

Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 6

Chapter 6

LORENZO

It has been a few days since Verzi's last seizure attack. And luckily this time, no one was killed because they saw him during his vulnerable time. Seeing him like that, helpless and very vulnerable, that always made my heart clench painfully.

But what made me want to yank my hair out of my scalp was the fact that he was steel-headed by keeping everything that has happened to himself.

All I wanted to do was share with him his pain. I had no idea of what our father did to him during the time he took him away from me. Before then, my brother and I were inseparables, we were the shadow of the other and shared everything. There were no secrets from us. But after that, Venero was a whole new person. That was seen through things he did. It was safe to say there was something that happened, something that made him lose his mind.

After his last seizure, I had calmed him down by informing him that the Roberts had called. The Roberts turned out to be Leigh's long time neighbors in Cyprus, who sadly had financial problems. According to the investigation, they stayed in the same apartment building as Leigh and lived across her apartment. They had a house which was under construction but had no money to complete the building. Venero and I blessed them with a heavy chunk and promised to finish building their house as long as they move out of the apartment. 1

The offer was too tempting to decline, especially when we hit them right where it hurts. They were cash strapped and we promised to take care of everything in regard to the construction of their house, and we so happened to have the money!

"Give them however much they need. As long as they vacate that apartment for you then I am all game!" Verzi had informed flatly when we went through the plan. And he was very right. Money wasn't the problem, even if they asked for a fucking billion in exchange to the small cozy building, we would have agreed. So long as we are near her, then everything was merry and beautiful!

Our men in Cyprus were keeping a safe eye on Leigh and everything that was going on around her. Now that we found her, we weren't going to let her out of our sight..

After hearing the pleasing news, we made a quick plan and informed Valerie that she'd be taking a long trip to Cyprus. She was rather excited since she has been dying to who Leigh was. She knew her place in our life and knew when to talk and when to keep quiet. She knew how much Leigh meant to us and I loved it that she never raised any questions regarding her.

The reason we chose her to be our "assistant" was because she knew who she was, where she came from, and never has she tried to be more than she was. She attended to our "needs" without question and we gave her a home and a good paying job. When we had other lays, she knew how to handle and cater for them. Our relationship with her was well more of a mutual understanding than bosses/employee relationship. A give and take relationship and she knew there can never be anything more than that.

And that made her the very best option to keep close. We didn't make love, she knew and understood that very well! There have been girls who came and left, some got killed because they wanted more than we could offer. Some of them were not pleased with the sharing; while some wanted to choose me over Vemero claiming that he's a maniac, some wanted both of us at the same time and that's no how we rolled.

We shared a woman yes. But not share as in do her all at ones. No! That part of us was kept save for the

right woman. LEIGH-ARI MONTREAL! Only she had a right to have the two of us at once. As for the rest, Verzi owned their right side while I owned the left. And that was well known!

It's pretty fucked up yes, but that's just who we are!

LEIGH-ARI

The day of my quarterly appointment arrived. I was anticipating this visit than the many I've heard before I felt like there was something I needed to remember. The nickname, that small name that was written on that small note, I swear I have heard that before. And I hated the fact that I didn't know when or where I heard it.

So I drove to Dr. Kiara, my neurologist who was helping me regain my memories, with high spirits. As soon as I entered the office, she read that I was really in a good mood.

"Someone looks happy!" she observed with a smile. At 55, Kiara Maxwell was still as fresh as it gets. She was 5'4", a nice lean bust with a curvy bottom, a good smile and hair one could die for. She was a hybrid, Asian-European woman who was, hands-down an expert in her field. She was a renowned neurologist and well known doctors paid respect to her. She was such a big inspiration. 1

"I sure am. It's been a crazy quarter I tell you." I replied smiling while walking towards her, we hugged lovingly and she ushered me to the loungers in her office. We conversed a bit until she said:

"Let's get to work shall we?" all this time, she had a smile on her face. That's what I admired about her. She was so easy going and made it feel natural to be around her. But one shouldn't mistake that as being weak. She handed you your shit on a plate if you dared try to play funny with her.

I followed her to the scan room already wearing the gowns, and quickly got into position. I relaxed with my back flat against the table with my arms on my side. The sample table whirred as it wheeled until my upper body was under the bore. I breathed out softly and closed my eyes.

"This place looks like you." Dr. Kiara called out from the control console, her voice booming around the speakers all around scan zone. I smiled because she was right; I have gotten to this routine that it actually felt as natural as breathing!

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We worked in comfortable silence and soon, I was wheeled from the bore and got up. After that, she we sat down and discussed the scans.

“Your shearing injury was pretty bad girl. And I will always say, you are the luckiest that you had memory loss only and nothing more!” she mentioned with her eyes glued to the scan.

“Yah I’ll say that also. Just that the headaches are too intense. Especially when I try to piece things together to remember something.” I replied studying the scan with her. Perks of being a doctor as well!

“Your MRI doesn’t show any improvement. Which means it will take time to recover your memories. Don’t always try to remember something. That piecing together some clues causes the vessels around your Hippocampus to swell, compressing it even further. As a doctor, you should know that! You are lucky because your condition is temporary. You will regain your memories with time.” she gave me a mini scolding. My heart sank a bit when I heard that there was no improvement

“I know Doc. I know. It’s just that, not remembering who you are or where you come from, that can rather b e annoying. Sometimes it feels as if I just existed like boof! No history of parents, or anything that links m e to my past. It’s rather lonely.” I relayed sadly. She patted my hand and smiled.

“Ready for the biofeedback therapy?”

“Oh I love those. Always work like magic!” I cheered getting up from my chair. We left the Scan Control Console and walked to the therapy room. I got into position and relaxed while she strapped me with the wires, readying me for heaven that came next.

The electroencephalography gave a perfect measurement of my brain function, massaging it intimately and working its electric wonders on the swelling, while the electromyography worked on my muscles. After the recent crazy events, I needed these more than ever!