

Twin Tormentors By RARE Chapter 7

Chapter 7

LEIGH-ARI POV

Driving home from the doctor's appointment felt serene. I was relaxed from head to toe and the usual painful pounding of my head was gone. I was listening to smooth slow music as I swerved and maneuvered through the heavy evening traffic. At long last, I arrived outside my flat and packed the car, then rode the elevator to the first floor where my apartment was. 1

Upon arriving on my floor, I realized a whole new commotion of gazillion boxes stacked and piled outside the flat opposite mine. Curiosity had me walking stealthily and sneaked a peek inside. There were orders barked from the inside as a feminine voice commanded some men to decorate the house however she saw fit. One, I was happy that I had a new neighbor. Two, I was nervous as to what kind of a person she would turn out to be. Right when I was about to leave, a voice called out; telling me I was caught red handed:

"You can come in. I might need your help with all these." I raised my head to find a lady who was around my age, 5'4, lean body, very long brunnete hair and a beautiful smile. She breathed that "I am rich and I know it" vibe because she was wearing knee-breaking, ankle-spraining Loubotin heels with a neat green Gucci suit. Her nails were manicured perfectly and she had a warm smile! Add her makeup which was on

point!

"Ahhhhmm... Are you sure? I can disappear right now and never appear in front of you ever again!" Goodness I was blabbering! Always happened when I was mad nervous!

"Don't be silly. Come on in!" She insisted with a warm smile and I thought; 'Why not?'

At least she was being nice and not bitchy for some unknown reason. I decided to get inside and was awed by her taste in décor. The whole place screamed money. From the lush carpets to the renowned wall master pieces. I looked around and listened as she barked orders to a group of 6 men who seemed to be

foreigners. They spoke in very deep accent and often switched to Italian.

“This place is nice.” I complimented looking around the luxurious living room. The couches were the latest Rolls Royce couches that valued over a million dollars. Holy Pregnant Cow!

“Thank you! But it’s not mine!” she replied causing me to stare at her in shock.

“What do you mean?”

“I am just a help! This place is my boss’s. I came to furniture it for him!” She said through a smile.

“Then your boss must be stinky rich!” I thought out loud causing her to laugh so hard that I felt antsy!

“I am sorry! I have this problem of blabbering when I am nervous.” I apologized staring down at my feet.

“Ah come on! Don’t sweat it. I actually like it much!” she brushed it off and walked out, leaving me to my thoughts

I continued my tour around her place; scratch that, her boss’s place and was pretty much convinced that whoever was coming to stay here, was a big shot! She came back shortly with a smile;

“I have nothing to eat so I am going to order in! What would you suggest?” she asked with the most charming smile. This girl, why was she so open to a total stranger?

“Oh no! You don’t have to order. I am making mac’ and cheese tonight. You can join since my friend bailed

on me on the last minute!” Speaking of that, I was really worried about Laura and her ex. Whenever it came to that bastard, Laura seemed like she is not functioning. She was a beautiful successful young woman, but her choice of man sucked elephant balls!

“That’s fantastic! Let me finish off quickly and I will join you shortly!” she said clapping her hands excitedly.

“Okay! Great. See you!” I said walking towards the door only to be stopped by her voice;

“I don’t know where you live!” I turned with a shocked face. Okay, this had to be one of the most awkward but cool things ever. I just conversed with someone like we have been friends for the past 20 decades, invited her to my house for dinner only to realize I didn’t know her name neither did she.

“Just right across the hallway. We are neighbors. And oh, my name is Leigh-Ari. Leigh-Ari Montreal!” I said with a smile.

“Ooooooh right! Now that is super cool. And you have the coolest name ever. I am Valerie Romano.”

“Well, that sounds like pasta!” I teased a bit!

“That’s why I am joining you for that mac’ and cheese!” she winked and turned to walk away, leaving me with a huge smile.

I liked this girl!

Right when the clock hit 15 minutes after 8pm, there was a small knock on the door signaling her arrival.

“Coming!” I yelled taking off the oven gloves I had on and walked towards the door. And there she stood in pink matching lounge room suit that hugged her body

perfectly; and mind you, she had a body of a model. I was 99.9% straight but that remaining 0.01% made me want to pounce on her.

“Look what I got! Italian pasta goes very well with red wine. Although it’s not pasta, you are going to love it.” She raised her hands to show me two bottles of red wine she had in hands. One bottle being my favorite.

“Oh you are such a darling. Come on in. You are just in time, the food is ready.” I announced closing the door behind her and invited her to seat in my lounge room. I passed her and walked into the kitchen where I dished up and came to her, gave her the plate food and went back to take wine glasses.

We sat on the rug with cushions under our butts and gobbled down our food. All along she kept on complimenting my culinary skills, telling me how good the mac’ is, its texture and what not and how well I cooked it. While in reality, I just cooked without paying attention to all that!

“SO, Miss Montreal, what’s your story?” she asked taking a small sip of her wine. I looked up at her for a second as I finished chewing my last bite.

“HMMMMMM... Nothing catchy. I am a general surgeon, 2 and half years in the field. I am single, have 1 best friend. I have no parents. One died in an accident, and the other one, I don’t know where she is!” I shrugged it off casually.

“Hmmm... I hear you. I am an assistant to the world’s golden bachelor, I have two little brothers, a very ill mother who is currently fighting for her life. She has cancer. Like you, I am single, but I have no best friend because I am too busy working or taking care of my mother and little brothers.” She announced casually also, but I could hear the sadness in her voice.

“Oh my. That’s very terrible. What cancer is it?”

“Blood cancer. Sucks so bad! I literally have to watch as life slips away from her each and every single day. I wish she could just, leave without suffering. If you know what I mean!” I stretched out my hand and touched hers, gently squeezed it and smiled. 1

“I get you. I really do!”

“Enough about me! What happened to your parents?” she asked with furrowed brows.

“I lost my father in a car accident. I was with him and only I survived. But that’s all I remember. I don’t remember how he looks like or what kind of a person he was. As for my mother, I really don’t know whether she’s still alive or not.”

“What do you mean you don’t remember? As in, you injured yourself resulting to memory loss?”

“Uh-huh! I don’t remember anything of my childhood or my past. The life I know is post-accident. As for the past...” I left the words hanging heavy in the air. She seemed to be lost in her head for a moment before looking at me again. 1

“Okay! Now that sucks! Like you don’t remember anything? At all?”

“Nope! Not even one single thing. My memories are filled with faceless people, blurred visions and that’s about it.”

“Ah fuck! That’s really bad girl!”

We chatted more for the next hours and before I knew it, it was well after midnight! Upon realizing this, we bit each other farewell and she left to her room. I locked up and went to my room, laid on my bed and thought of faceless people in my memory!