

## **Devil Lucifer 101**

### [Chapter 101 Bring Me Her Little Finger](#)

After Tyler has left, Lucinda shuts the door and leans against it, touching the spot he kissed on her forehead.

A forehead kiss?

Why?

Dazed, Lucinda trudges into the kitchen to start preparing breakfast.

Mandy joins her soon after and gives her a helping hand by getting started on the bacon and eggs.

"Mandy?" Lucinda calls, taking out the bread slices from the toaster and arranging them on two plates.

"Yes?"

"What does it mean when someone kisses your forehead?"

Mandy scoops fried bacon slices onto each plate before dropping the tongs and casts her friend a sidelong glance.

"Well, it's a sign of adoration and affection,"

"Adoration and affection?" Lucinda echoes, emptying the can of beans into a heated pan.

Pursing her lips, she adds a pinch of black pepper and Worcestershire sauce and stirs.

"Mmm-hmm," Mandy hums, slicing a roll of beef sausage and adding it to the beans on the fire.

She waves the knife in the air, gasping when a sudden thought occurs to her.

"Why are you asking?" Mandy narrows her eyes suspiciously, "Did you get a forehead kiss? Damn, Luci, you seem to be getting more love than I am,"

To hide the blush rising on her cheeks, Lucinda lowers her head, pretending to stir the beans in the pan.

"Your imagination really does run wild, Mandy. I asked because I was curious,"

"I see. I don't believe you, but I'll pretend I do,"

Lucinda says nothing as she concentrates on the food on fire instead.

Adoration and affection?

Tyler most definitely doesn't adore her. He probably kissed her out of instinct, or maybe it was a "thank you" gesture.

She decides not to think about the possibilities, lest she ends up causing her own heartbreak.

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Tyler finds Austin lounging on his bed when he arrives home. Without a word, Tyler grabs his towel and enters the bathroom for a shower.

After showering and getting dressed, he joins Austin in the living room.

"It's a wonder how you disappear and appear like a ghost. I should confiscate your spare keys. They make you feel like you're the second owner of this apartment,"

Austin grins, stretching out a bowl of spicy chicken wings.

"Want some?"

"Did you order those?" Tyler's stomach rumbles at the sumptuous-looking meal.

"I brought them from home,"

Tyler raises an eyebrow, "So you have a home? I guess you aren't homeless after all,"

"Keep throwing jabs at me, and your eyes only see these wings, but your mouth won't touch them,"

Rolling his eyes, Tyler grabs a plate from the kitchen and returns to the living room. He scoops a couple of chicken wings onto his plate with some sauce and pairs it with white rice.



"You should bring more of these every day. It'll save me money, and you will make yourself useful,"

"Just keep mute and enjoy the meal," Austin rolls his eyes.

After eating, both men pack the used utensils into the kitchen to wash them.

"Anyway, just a heads up, I'll be going to the mansion today,"

"Why?" Austin casts his friend a glance, placing the washed plates on the rack.

"There's someone I need to go and see," Tyler replies, wiping his hands with a napkin and leaning against the counter.

"Oh right," Austin nods, "The girl. Lily, is it? I vaguely recall you saying you would go and see her,"

"Yeah, Lily,"

"Right, I'll come with you,"

Tyler narrows his eyes, "And why would you?"

"It's nothing serious. I only want to see the girl who has captivated your stone-cold heart," Austin smirks.

"She hasn't captivated my heart, moron. I told you whatever I feel towards her is purely platonic. I guess I care for her, like..."

He pauses, thinking of a suitable word.

"Like a sister," Austin chips in, and Tyler glances at him in surprise, agreeing with him.

He nods, "Yes. Like a sister."

Austin hums, pursing his lips.

Could it really be who he thinks it is?

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Back at the mansion, Ryan and Dean had just arrived. After parking the car, Ryan climbs down with his companion in tow.

Together, they enter the house and make their way upstairs toward the inner chambers, where they know the boss is waiting.

Stopping in front of the door, Dean knocks and stands back.

A reply comes after a few seconds, "Enter,"

Just as Dean pushes the door open, a lady, none other than Mariam, exits the room while adjusting her bra straps.

After, she wipes excess lipstick from the corner of her lips and quickly adjusts her wild hair before stepping aside to grant both men space to enter.

When she looks up, her eyes meet Dean's, shocking her for a millisecond before she regains her composure, flashing him a smile.

"Hello," she greets both men and walks away.

Ryan notices Dean clenching his fists by his sides and immediately understands why.

He's no fool.

It's no news that Mariam is one of the girls who satisfy the boss, and on one occasion, had let him and the others choose any of the girls they wanted.

He and Dean had chosen girls from the same room.

Dean chose Mariam while he chose her roommate.

Any person with eyes could see the jealousy burning in Dean's eyes.

The moron seems to be developing feelings for her.

He would have to warn Dean about the issue later.

But for now, Dean needs to keep his feelings in check.

Ryan nudges him and lowers his head to whisper into his ear.

"Compose yourself, man. Your jealousy is written all over your face,"

Only then does Dean release his clenched fist and lick his lips, attempting to relax his facial muscles.

He enters the room with his companion and shuts the door behind him.

As usual, Alex is sitting behind his desk, smoking tobacco.

"You're back," he mutters without sparing them a glance.

"Yes," both men reply in unison.

"Hmm. And I hope she gave you no trouble?"

"No, boss. She's as fragile as a flower," Ryan answers, knowing Dean wouldn't be able to utter those words.

"I see," Alex exhales smoke. "Evidence?"

Both men share a look before Ryan fishes out for his phone and hands it to Alex.

Alex accepts the phone and glances at the lit screen as a slow smile appears on his face. He stares at it for a while before commenting, "Is she really dead, though? Because if there ever comes a day when the supposed dead person comes back to life, I will personally slit your throats and feed your body to the vultures,"

Ryan and Dean maintain their composure, refusing to let their emotions give anything away.

They have known Alex long enough to know he doesn't make empty threats.

Dean chuckles wryly, "As far as I know, the dead do not come back to life unless the person was never really dead, to begin with, or there was a miracle,"

"We can take you to where we buried her if you wish to see it for yourself, or we can bring you her finger as a souvenir," Ryan quickly adds, to which Dean almost chokes on his saliva.

What the fuck?

He forces himself not to look in Ryan's direction, lest Alex suspects him.

Why the heck would Ryan suggest something like that?

How would they show the boss where they buried Lily if there's nothing to see?

Alex chuckles, rolling the tobacco between his fingers. He drops it on the ashtray and refills his glass with beer.

He takes a sip and picks up his tobacco again, taking a long drag before exhaling.

After a long silence, he speaks up, "Bring me her little finger,"

Ryan, who wasn't expecting the boss to say that, widens his eyes in surprise.

He had only said that to clear any doubts from the boss' mind, but he had no idea Alex would want such evidence.

#### [Chapter 102 Why Haven't You Ratted Me Ou](#)

Ryan forces a nod, "Yes, boss,"

He turns away and exits the room with Dean in tow. When they are a far cry away from earshot, Dean flares up.

"What the fuck, Ryan?"

"Keep your voice down, man. A mere picture isn't enough to convince the boss. People fake such pictures all the time. It's the 21st century, and anyone can make a fake picture look real. The boss isn't that shallow to accept such evidence. I only said that to erase any trace of doubts, but I had no fucking idea he would make such a request,"

Dean groans, "What do we do now?"

"I don't know, man. We have to think of something fast. We should be glad Alex didn't ask us to take him to the graveside,"

Dean shudders, "That would have been worse,"

While they talk, Tyler suddenly makes an appearance, causing them to cuss silently.

Tyler approaches them upon sighting them.

"Well, fancy seeing you here,"

"We live here. Where else would you see us?" Ryan replies.

Tyler smirks, "Sassy much? Well, you must know why I'm here, don't you? You look like you're on your

way out. Let me not delay you any further. I can find my way around,"

He bypasses them and walks farther into the house.

"If you came here for Lily, I suggest you save yourself the energy because she isn't here," Dean's voice halts Tyler as he whips around, furrowing his eyebrows.

"Where could she have gone then?"

"The boss sent her to work at the casino," Replies Dean.

"The casino? Why? She's too young to work there,"

Dean shrugs, feeling helpless. There's no other tangible reason he can give to explain Lily's sudden disappearance.

Tyler purses his lips, saying nothing for a while.

"I'm going upstairs," he declares suddenly, turning away.

Alarmed, Dean reaches out to grab Tyler's arm, stopping him.

"Don't, Ty. Do not meddle in things that do not concern you. Let sleeping dogs lie. Lily isn't your friend, lover or family member, so let it be. Don't go around asking about her,"

"Don't cause trouble, Ty," adds Austin, who's been quiet all along.

He remains silent for some time before finally sighing in resignation.

They were right.

Lily was neither his friend, lover or family member.



He had no right to cause a ruckus for something as frivolous as this.

"Fine. But I made you aware I would be coming to see her today, so why didn't Alex wait till after?"

Dean shrugs, "It's not my place to know."

Tyler retracts his steps and heads for the exit, halting midway.

He looks as if he wants to say something, but then he shakes his head, deciding against it and finally walks out with his friend.

Ryan and Dean watch him leave the mansion before exhaling, sharing a glance.

Ryan rubs his face, looking worried.

"He doesn't recall the kind of bond he shares with the girl, yet he's already being protective of her. Whatever memory suppressants you guys are giving him seem not to be working after all,"

Dean sighs, "How do you mean?"

"The memory suppressant you've been drugging him with mainly works by targeting certain brain nerves that process emotional information." He chuckles when he notices the confusion on Dean's face.

"Haven't you read about it? You've been administering it to him for nearly two years. You should know how it works,"

"Well, I do know how it works, but not entirely,"

Ryan pockets both hands, walking out of the house onto the compound. Dean follows.

"What I mean is, the drug works well for PTSD patients by blocking out anxiety and fear. Hence, whatever memory causes them anxiety and fear, the drug blocks it. So, for it to work, the drug targets specific parts of the brain nerves that are mainly involved in processing information. So whatever memory that causes fear and panic, the drug blocks it."

"Right," a dazed Dean mumbles, opening the door to one of the many cars on the compound.

Deciding to drive, Ryan gets in the driver's seat, and after securing his belt, he casts Dean a side glance.

"And don't get me started on the side effects when one abruptly stops usage of propranolol,"

Buckling his seat belt, Dean cocks his head to the side.

"Which are?"

Ryan chuckles, sparking the engine to life.

"Irregular heart rate, migraine, shaking, sweating etc. It's like experiencing withdrawal from cocaine, but worse,"

"How worse?"

"Does Tyler complain of migraines?" Ryan questions instead, waiting for the security guard to open the main gate.

"He does,"

"Hmm. Well, if you suddenly stop drugging him, there's a high chance he might suffer a heart attack. Can you imagine a healthy and energetic twenty-five-year-old man suffering from a heart attack? That's what you're setting him up for," the car zooms out of the compound.

Dean remains silent for a while, digesting Ryan's words.

Finally, he asks, "Does the boss know?"

Ryan laughs, "Don't make me laugh, man. He's well-learned. Of course, he fucking knows. What Tyler needs is to regain his memories, not to have them suppressed. The boss is doing the opposite of what needs to be done. He fucking knows,"

Dean remains silent, contemplating. This and many more reasons he needs to gather enough money and leave.

Today is Tyler's turn. Tomorrow might definitely be him.

"Now that we're on the topic, it'll be in your best interest to kill whatever feelings you're developing for Mariam, man. Take it from me,"

Again, Dean says nothing. It's useless to try and deny Ryan's words. He has no idea if he's developing feelings for Mariam.

But what he does know is that, it suffocates him to know she's sleeping with the boss too. Not that it's surprising. It has never bothered him to date.

Dean sighs heavily, leaning against the headrest and closing his eyes. "You're right. These feelings need to die," he finally mutters.

"It's easier said than done, Dean. Firstly, if you really want to kill those feelings, stop fucking her when you think no one is looking,"

Dean's eyes shoot open in shock as he spares his companion a glance. Without looking back at him, Ryan

smirks, cutting into an intersection.

"Don't look so shocked, man. Improve your way of sneaking around. It's a shame no one has caught on till now."

"You've known all along? Why haven't you ratted me out to the boss yet?"

Ryan shrugs, "Until the boss himself caught you red-handed, I planned to pretend I didn't know anything."

Dean sighs, running a hand through his hair.

He honestly thought his escapades with Mariam had gone unnoticed, but he was dead wrong.

### [Chapter 103 Cast Your Emotions Aside](#)

If Ryan had already noticed his escapes, how long before someone else does too?

Perhaps, he might not be lucky another time.

The next person to catch him sneaking around with Mariam might rat him out.

Dean purses his lips, deciding to keep his distance.

"Anyway, your sex escapades aren't our priority. We need to figure out what the hell we're going to do,"

Dean sighs again, agreeing with Ryan.

They need to figure out what to do.

They have a few hours to present the evidence to Alex.

Failure to do so and they'll be next in line to die.

Dean rests his head against the headrest, feeling exhausted.

They spent the night running around to make sure Lily didn't die.

They left her this morning to come to the mansion and are returning.

Whether she died or survived through the night, they do not know.

But...

Right on cue, both men glance at each other as if thinking the same thing.

How were they going to get a human finger as evidence?

The question lay on the tip of their tongues, but neither uttered a word.

The worry in their eyes is enough proof.

Ryan breaks eye contact and concentrates on the road ahead.

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Tyler arrives home feeling annoyed for unknown reasons. He plops down on the sofa, resting his head against the headrest. Austin stares at him.

"Why do you look annoyed?"

"I don't know, man," Tyler answers before adding after a while, "I mean, I made them aware I would be coming to see Lily today, so why did they suddenly send her off?"

"Don't beat yourself over this, Tyler. Let it go. If it's fate's wish, then you will meet her again,"

Tyler's lips twitch into a smirk, "You do believe in fate, huh?"

Austin shrugs, "To some extent, yes. It doesn't hurt to believe in fate, right?"

"That's your opinion, man,"

"Hmm. Speaking of opinions," Austin turns on the television.

"I think you should concentrate on getting a different doctor to help you out,"

"Hmm," Tyler nods thoughtfully.

"I think I should. It shouldn't be difficult finding a professional doctor, right?"

"Leave that to me. All you need is to make yourself available, and I'll find you a doctor,"

Tyler narrows his eyes infinitesimally, "How would you do that?"

Austin smirks with a light shrug, saying nothing.

"You do have connections, don't you?"



He shrugs again, "Maybe,"

Tyler eyes his friend, "You amaze me sometimes. There are times when I feel like I know you, and there are times I don't,"

"I feel the same, Ty. Same,"

Tyler nods, crossing his arms behind his head.

"When is this doctor coming?"

His friend chuckles, "Relax, man. I'll have to check if he's available first, then we can continue from there."

"Alright, fine," he agrees.

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Thirty minutes later, the car finally stops as Ryan kills the engine. He unbuckles his seatbelt and climbs down with Dean in tow.

They round the car and stare at the building ahead before entering.

Once they enter, the receptionist at the desk greets them and lets them in without questions. Both men walk through the quiet halls until they stop in front of a particular door.

Ryan pushes the door open and steps inside. Dean follows suit, shutting the door behind him.

They approach the bed in the middle of the room, gazing at the frail figure lying on it with machines hooked to her.

A nurse dozing off by the bed suddenly jolts awake, rubbing her eyes.

"Uh, I'll inform the doctor of your arrival," she mumbles and rushes out of the ward.

A few minutes later, a dark, stout man enters the room.

"You're back," he acknowledges both men, who turn to face him.

"Has the girl woken up that?" Ryan questions.

The doctor nods, approaching the bed, "She did wake up for barely a minute a couple of hours ago. She's yet to reopen them,"

"I see. How long until she wakes up again?"

"It varies with every patient, so I can't give a specific time. We can only keep monitoring her until she regains consciousness,"

Ryan and Dean share a disappointed look as they take a seat.

Lily has to wake up.

They need to figure something out before it's too late.

If they delay bringing the finger, the boss will suspect something is fishy. After all, how difficult is it to retrieve a finger from a supposed dead person? It should be easy. Right?

The doctor gazes at both men for a while, pushing his glasses up his nose, "I still insist on alerting the police. Every doctor must report all gunshot wounds to the right authorities. Keeping this girl here in secret is not the way to go,"



Ryan glares at the doctor, "We've paid you handsomely, so what else do you want? No police should be involved in this. Focus on doing your job and treat the girl. If you dare let word get out of this clinic, I will make sure you lose your job and this clinic," he sneers, causing the doctor to shrink back.

"Fine. You don't need to threaten anytime you speak," the doctor mumbles, recalling how the men had threatened him the previous night into treating the girl.

"I'll be back. I have another patient to attend to," the doctor turns away and exits.

After he has left, Dean turns to his companion.

"What now? Do we wait for the girl to wake up?"

"We've got no other choice,"

"And how long will that be? We ain't got much time on our hands," Dean mutters, glancing at Lily.

"Let's just wait for a while and hope she wakes up soon,"

Dean purses his lips, "Why do we need her awake, though? Shouldn't we be finding a solution to the problem at hand?"

Ryan looks down at his feet and doesn't answer.

Dean stares at him, confused at his silence before his eyes widen in disbelief.

He shakes his head as if understanding the meaning behind Ryan's silence.

"No. No way, man. You can't possibly be thinking of such absurdity as a solution!"

"Do you have a better idea?!" Ryan counters, looking frustrated.

Dean continues shaking his head, refusing to agree to the ridiculous plan.

"No, Ryan. Just no. That's revolting!"

"Then you can leave and tell the boss what you've done,"

Dean tries to argue when a muffled groan startles them into silence. Both men turn just in time to notice Lily stirring on the bed and struggling to open her eyes.

Beneath her lids, her eyes flutter.

"Lily? Can you hear me? If you can, try opening your eyes. We need to talk,"

Dean nudges Ryan with a frown, "Take it easy on the girl, man. She hasn't fully woke up yet,"

"Well, what do you want to do? Do you want to wait till she regains consciousness at her own pace? We do not have time, Dean. We should be on our way already,"

"I understand, but.." Dean begins, but Ryan cuts him off.

"Casts your emotions aside. We need to be logical about the issue at hand," Ryan pauses, chuckling.

He continues, "Have you ever sat down to think of what to do after acquiring the finger? Shit, Lily is still very much alive, and her body is warm. If we're presenting a supposed dead person's finger, it should be cold, shouldn't it?"

Dean opens his mouth in shock, slumping in his seat, "Shit,"

#### [Chapter 104 The Promise Of Vengeance](#)

Ryan's expression is grim as he replies,

"Yes, shit. We're in deep shit than you think, Dean. Once you tell a lie, you need to keep lying to cover your initial lie. And that's what we're doing here. That's why I asked you if you knew what you were doing when you tried to save the girl,"

"I shouldn't have been a hindrance, Ryan. If you really wanted to end her, you could have done so with your first shot. You're not a sloppy shooter, Ryan. You could have hit her in the head or chest to kill her instantly, but you didn't. Admit it. You wanted her alive just as much as I did,"

Ryan curses, running a hand through his hair.

"Sir," Lily's small voice cuts through the tension in the room. Both men turn in her direction.

"It's good you're awake, Lily. We need to talk and come to a decision. There's no time," Ryan doesn't bother to beat around the bush.

"What?" Lily asks faintly, licking her dry and chapped lips.

She desperately wants to close her eyes and return to sleep, but she knows she can't.

These men saved her. So if they want to talk, she has to stay awake and listen.

Sleep can come later.

"The boss wants evidence of your death," Ryan replies, and without allowing her to digest his words, he continues, "He asked for your little finger,"

Lily's heart skips a beat, and the heart monitor begins to beep loudly.

Nevertheless, Ryan continues, "We came here because you're involved in this as well. You have to help us come up with a solution,"

Alarmed, Dean tries to press the emergency button, but Ryan stops him. He casts a quizzical glance at his companion.

"Don't,"

Annoyed, Dean returns to his seat.

Lily stares at both men with her heart in her throat.

"We need your finger to present as evidence," these are the hidden words behind Ryan's statement, and Lily knows.

He didn't spell it out in plain words, but she knew that was what he was implying.

If not, why else would they bother coming to discuss such an issue with her? Unless they needed her help in solving it.

Lily glances at her hand, flexing her fingers slowly as if it's the last time she will get to see them intact.

After a while, she drops her hand and lifts her eyes toward the ceiling.

Tears prickle her eyes, and she blinks them away.

To this day, Lily can't comprehend how she went from a carefree and doted-upon teenager to a girl with no family and constantly running for her life.

If a soothsayer ever told her her life would turn out like this, she would have laughed in their face.

But alas.

Here she is today, about to willingly give out her finger so she can stay alive.

Lily chuckles darkly. How wicked can life get?

Having made a decision, she fixes her gaze on both men.

"Take mine,"

Shock registers on their faces, and she shrugs.

"Don't look so shocked. Isn't that your reason for coming here? You wanted it, so I'm giving it to you. Cut it off,"

Ryan is stunned into silence at her determination.

Of course, he came here intending to convince Lily to agree to his idea, no matter how ludicrous it seemed. But he didn't expect her to give in so easily.

Admiration shines in his eyes. Indeed, the girl seems too frail and timid at first glance, but when pushed to the edge, she can be a strong-headed and determined person.

"Are you sure about this?" Dean's question cuts through the deafening silence.

Lily spares him a glance, "This isn't a matter of surety. It's a matter of ensuring my safety. If losing a finger is what it takes to achieve that, I have no qualms about it."

She pauses, staring into space with a dark glint in her eyes. Suddenly the innocence surrounding Lily seems to have disappeared.

"But losing my finger will surely come with a price. I will make sure Alex Garson pays me back in kind. He will pay me back with more than just a finger. I will make sure of it, no matter how many years it takes. I will have my revenge, even if it takes me a lifetime,"

Her promise of vengeance stuns both men into silence again. Those words of deep hatred couldn't possibly have come out from the frail girl lying on the bed.

Then again, everyone has a bad side to their personality, but it's up to them to choose which dominates them.

The good or bad.

Lily has been good all her life, and that has brought her nothing but pain and anguish.

It's high time she pays some people back in their own coin.

An eye for an eye.

A tooth for a tooth.

Staring at Lily suddenly reminds both Dean and Ryan of Tyler.

Both men share glances as if reading each other's thoughts.

They look back at Lily.

"Anyway, can we please get on with it? The sooner, the better,"

Ryan clears his throat, motioning for Dean to press the emergency button.

A nurse rushes into the ward less than a minute after pressing the button.

"Oh, you're awake," she exclaims, nearing the bed to check Lily's vitals.

After, she excuses herself and returns later with the stout doctor.

He nears Lily and realises she's been awake for quite a while.

Turning, he casts a disapproving glance at Ryan and Dean.

"Why didn't you alert me immediately after she woke up?"

Dean purses his lips, eyeing the nurse standing behind the doctor. Noticing his stare, the doctor addresses the nurse.

"Can you check on the patient in ward twenty-three, bed number 5? She needs stitching on her arm. You can handle that, right?"

"Yes, doctor Smith,"

"Alright, Please handle that. I'll be with you soon,"

"Sure," the nurse exits, leaving them alone.

After she has left, doctor Smith turns to the men.

"What is it you couldn't say in front of my nurse?"

"There's an issue that needs urgent solving, and we need your help," Ryan speaks up.

"Which is?"

"We need her little finger off," He deadpans, causing doctor Smith to stare at him in utter shock.

Doctor Smith blinks rapidly, hoping to wake up from a possible dream because this is no longer funny.

After a moment of silence, he chuckles, "Great sense of humour, guys. I must say you almost got me,"

"We do not have time for jokes. With that being said, I'll ask you a question. Can you surgically remove a finger without causing too much blood loss? As you can see, the patient has already lost enough blood after getting shot,"

#### [Chapter 105 Why Don't You Want To Involve The Police](#)

Doctor Smith shakes his head, laughing disbelievingly. "The heavens must be playing a trick on me. That has got to be a damn joke. A bitter joke."

"Unfortunately, it isn't. Can you make it quick for us?" Dean adds.

"In all my years of practising, never have I come across something as absurd and inhuman as this. You want to cut this patient's healthy finger? Are you delinquents?!"

"Keep your voice down, Smith," Ryan flares up, getting impatient.

Doctor Smith pays him no heed, "No. I'm not doing this. I will have no hand in something so wicked!"

"Please, doctor," Lily interrupts, pleading. "My life is at stake here. It's either my life or my finger. I will rather lose a finger than my life,"

"No. No way. No!" Doctor Smith backs away, wanting no hand in their absurdity.

Annoyed, Ryan gets up and approaches him, wrapping a hand around the doctor's neck and squeezing. He squeezes hard enough to cause panic but not cut off his air supply.

Ryan leans in and sneers dangerously, "Listen here, Smith, I'm not asking for your opinion. I'm requesting your help,"

"What's the difference?" Smith snorts.

"We do not have time for arguments, Smith. Do as I've said, else, "

"Else what?"

Ryan chuckles darkly.

"You really are testing my patience. It will cost me nothing to snap your neck right here and now,"

"Go ahead. You will get caught,"

"Then I will snap everyone's neck until this clinic is void of living beings,"

Doctor Smith shakes his head, "I'm not doing it. I can't bring myself to cut off a healthy finger. I mean, what's wrong with you all? Are you sane?"

Ryan presses the doctor against the wall, "I'm as sane as the word can get. But if you push me to the wall, there's no telling how insane I will be then,"

"Between us, I'm the one currently pushed against a wall,"

Unable to keep his temper at bay, Ryan flares up, "You fucking.."

"Ryan," Dean places a hand on his shoulder, stopping him from hurling curses at the doctor.

"Let me speak to him. You can't solve this issue with anger. We need his help, remember?"

Reluctantly, Ryan releases his hold on the doctor and steps back, running a hand through his hair.

Dean turns to face the doctor, who immediately shakes his head.

"Whatever you have to say to me, save yourself the energy because my answer remains no."

"Hear me out, at least. If you still refuse help after hearing me out, I won't bother you,"

Doctor Smith purses his lips, eyeing him for a while, before agreeing to listen to what he has to say.

Nodding, Dean leads Smith to the corner of the room and begins to talk to him.

Begrudgingly, Ryan takes a seat and retrieves his phone to check the time. It's almost noon. He sighs, pocketing his phone.

They should be well on their way by now.

Meanwhile, Dean speaks to the doctor for almost five minutes before finally stepping away, giving him space to think things through and make a decision. He reoccupies his seat beside Ryan and leans back, stretching his feet.

Dean rubs his stomach, suddenly feeling famished. He recalls he hasn't had a minute of sleep since last night, nor has he had any food.

He purses his lips, hoping to get this over and done with.

After contemplating for a moment, doctor Smith approaches them, sporting a grim expression.

"I still can't comprehend why you don't want to get the police involved,"

Ryan cocks his head to the side, "Even if whoever is behind this gets arrested, they still have people on the outside who will find and kill us. If it were that easy, they would have been apprehended years



back,"

"Then what are you doing working for such a person? The way you speak of them clearly tells how merciless they are. So why haven't you quit?"

Ryan's lips twitch, "That's a story for another day,"

Doctor Smith sighs, pushing his glasses up his nose. He casts a glance toward Lily.

"Are you positive this is what you want?"

Lily's smile doesn't reach her eyes, "If it will ensure my safety, why not? I don't mind losing a finger as long as I get to live. How else will I see the downfall of my enemy if I'm dead? That would be bad, won't it?"

She flexes her hand. "The one because of whom I'm losing a finger will surely pay me back in kind. I will take more than just a finger from him. So, do not fret, doctor. It's all good,"

Ryan and Dean do not bother hiding their shock at her statement. Sure, Lily had said a similar thing a while ago, but hearing her repeat it with a smile gives them chills.

The blank look in her eyes betrays her smile. Lily ignores the men's gazes on her and turns to the doctor, licking her dry lips.

"Can we please get on with it?"

Smith purses his lips, finally agreeing, though unhappy.

"Alright. I'll go get a few things,"

"Can we just do it here?" Lily interrupts him.

"What?"

"Can you cut it off here? It'll be useless transporting me to the theatre for something so trivial. It is not an amputation of a limb, so I'm sure it won't take long. Right?"

Smith opens his mouth as if to say something. Instead, he shakes his head and exits the ward.



He re-enters with a few surgical tools and places them on the bed. He injects an anaesthetic into Lily's bloodstream and glances at her.

"You may want this, but I don't want you awake during the process," he tells her, and she shrugs.

"It's fine," she turns away, blinking slowly as the anaesthetic dulls her senses, plunging her into unconsciousness.

She soon falls asleep.

Not wanting to stay inside the ward during the process, Dean and Ryan exit, deciding to wait outside.

Less than fifteen minutes later, Smith opens the door to the ward, inviting them inside.

Both men enter to find Lily asleep with a bandage around her left hand.

"Did she bleed a lot?" Dean questions, looking away.

He's unable to stomach the idea that they just made someone cut off a healthy finger.

"No. Though the patient bled a little, it was nothing serious. We'll have to give her another blood transfusion,"

"Alright, do what you must to keep her safe," Ryan says.

Nodding, the doctor packs up his tools.

"I'll have to cure the finger first to kill the nerves in it,"

Ryan nods as the doctor exits.

Another fifteen minutes later, doctor Smith returns and hands the finger wrapped in a cloth.

"Here you go,"

Ryan accepts it, feeling queasy about the texture of it in his hand, so he immediately pushes it into his pocket.

"Thank you. We promise to repay you for the help you've rendered,"

Smith only nods.

"We'll be back. But for now, we need to go,"

"Sure,"

Ryan and his companion exit the clinic immediately after, wasting no time getting into the car and driving off.

They arrive at the mansion sooner than expected and hurry up the stairs to present the evidence to Alex.

When Alex unwraps the finger, his lips stretch into a grin as he drops the tobacco in his hand, laughing hysterically.

After laughing for a while, he drops it and gazes at Ryan and Dean.

"I almost began to think you two were trying to play a fast one on me. I was this close to coming in search of you,"

Dean shudders. He didn't want to imagine what would have transpired if the boss had come searching for them and met their absence.

Shit would have hit the fan.

"Alright. You both can leave," Alex dismisses them, waving a hand.

Nodding, Dean and Ryan exit, leaving in opposite directions towards their respective rooms without casting each other a glance, as if they're strangers.

#### [Chapter 106 Are You Planning To Sell Me Off](#)

Tyler exits the bathroom with a towel around his waist. Nearing his bed, he picks up his phone after wiping his hands clean on the towel.

Scrolling through his contacts, he stops at Lucinda's and sends her a message.

The sun has set. And as he promised earlier in the morning, he would go and wait for Lucinda at the park.

He will leave if she doesn't show up after forty-five minutes.

Taking off the towel around his waist, Tyler walks toward his wardrobe naked, ransacking it for a perfect fit.

He later settles for a checkered blue button-up long-sleeved shirt with a pair of jeans.

He pairs it with his favourite sneakers.

After getting dressed, Tyler exits the bedroom to find Austin lazying on the sofa.

"There's somewhere I need to be. I'll be back soon,"

Austin looks up, eyeing him.

"And where are you going all dressed up?"

"Don't be ridiculous. It's just an everyday outfit," Tyler rolls his eyes.

"Hmm. And the cologne? That's some exotic cologne you have on, man,"

"Shut up."

Ignoring his teasing remarks, Tyler walks out of the apartment.

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Lucinda checks her cell phone, reading through Tyler's message for the thousandth time. She purses her lips, wondering if she should go or stay back and watch some good old rom coms.

She checks her time. It's already fifteen minutes past the agreed time.

She sighs heavily.

A part of her wants to keep her sanity intact by not going, while the other rebellious side wants to know what he has to show her.

In the end, her curiosity wins.

Twenty minutes later, Lucinda is haphazardly going through her wardrobe for an outfit. After getting

dressed, she gathers her hair into a high ponytail and applies some lipgloss.

She smacks her lips to even out the lipgloss and applies some perfume.

After, Lucinda puts on her footwear and dashes out of the apartment with nothing but her phone and purse.

Forty-five minutes after Tyler's arrival and Lucinda's still absent.

He gets on his feet and sighs, "Well, the forty-five minutes are up,"

He turns away only for a body to come barreling into him.

Tyler scrunches his nose in pain when a head collides with it.

He groans.

"Sorry. I'm sorry I'm late!" Lucinda moves away, breathing heavily.

"Were you leaving?"

"My God, I think you broke my nose. Is your forehead made of stone," Tyler complains, cradling his nose.

"You're overreacting. I barely run into you," Lucinda pouts, crossing her arms over her chest.

Tyler rubs his nose and drops his hand, eyeing her.

"Really? Maybe I should behead you and knock you with it. Only then will you know how it feels,"

"That's not even possible," she rolls her eyes.

"Anyway. I hope I dressed for the occasion. You asked me to wear something casual, right?"

Tyler takes a step back to analyze her outfit. He clicks his tongue, nodding appreciatively, "You don't look homeless, so I guess that will do."

"When have I ever looked homeless?!" Lucinda frowns as he chuckles.

She sighs, wondering why she hasn't figured out he purposely says such things to aggravate her.

"You love riling me up, don't you? It's like your daily supplement,"

"It sure is, baby doll. Now, come on," Tyler holds his hand out toward her.

Lucinda stares at the outstretched hand and back at him.

He's never given her his hand before.

When did this start?

"What? I won't bite, I promise,"

Reluctantly, Lucinda takes his hand, almost sucking in a breath when he wraps his fingers around her dainty ones.

Is he holding her hand?

Lucinda looks down at their intertwined hands, recalling how Tyler would jerk his hand anytime she tried to hold it.

But tonight, he willingly gave her his hand to take.

"Where are we going?" She forces herself to ask as they walk through the empty park toward the roadside.

"Patience, baby doll. Patience,"

"Are you planning to sell me off?"

A burst of laughter escapes Tyler as he throws his head back, "If I sell you off, there would be no one for me to annoy,"

Lucinda snorts, "Yeah, right,"

Stopping by the roadside, they hail a cab.

After driving for nearly fifteen minutes, Lucinda turns to face him.

"Where are we going?"

"Patience," he flicks her nose, and she frowns.

"Why can't you tell me? You're going to sell me off, aren't you?"

He chuckles and shakes his head, refusing to answer.

Less than ten minutes later, the car comes to a halt as they arrive at their destination.

Lucinda looks ahead, narrowing her eyes at the building ahead. She turns to Tyler as he leads her inside without saying a word.

Inside, the building is bustling with music.

Drinks are being served while couples dance haughtily in dark corners.

"Tyler, where are we?"

"Don't tell me you're blind, baby doll,"



"I'm not blind, Tyler. I can see where we are. But what are we doing here? Care to explain?"

Without replying, Tyler leads her to a bar and orders drinks.

"What will you have?" he turns to Lucinda.

"Uh," she looks around nervously, clutching her purse.

"I'll have the virgin mojito mocktail,"

"And I'll have a glass of mojito,"

After the bartender serves them their drinks, Lucinda wastes no time taking a sip. She licks her lips and glances over at Tyler drinking from his glass. His adam's apple bobs up and down as the drink slides down his throat.

Lucinda doesn't notice her gaze is locked on his throat like a creep until Tyler clicks his tongue, drawing

her attention.

Blinking, she looks away embarrassedly while blushing.

She takes another sip.

"You still haven't told me what we're doing here,"

Tyler rotates his seat to face her.

"Finish your drink first, and I'll tell you,"

"Hmm. Now I'm convinced you really are planning to sell me off. Are we here to meet someone for the transaction?"

Tyler laughs, finishing his drink in one gulp. He drops the glass on the counter, flashing her a smile.

"Your imagination really does run wild. Doesn't it? Come on, finish your drink,"

Reluctantly, Lucinda empties her glass, after which Tyler holds his hand out for the second time this night, surprising her.

Nevertheless, she accepts his hand and lets him lead her toward the dance floor.

She raises a questionable eyebrow.

"You brought me here to dance?" Lucinda asks as Tyler lets her wrap her arms around his neck while he places his on her hips.

"Don't you want to? We can return if you don't want to dance,"

"It's just that I can't comprehend why you brought me to a club to dance. It feels so out of the blue, especially for someone like you,"

"Someone like me?" Tyler echoes, smiling.

Lucinda nods, "Yes. And you're smiling too. That's creepy," she points at his face, earning a snort from him.

"What's wrong if I smile? Am I not human enough to smile?" he draws her closer.

"You're always smirking, Tyler. You have this annoying smirk that never goes away. It's like your resting bitch face,"

Tyler laughs, flicking her nose. "Oh, baby doll. You have no idea how much you crack me up,"

"Am I a clown?" Lucinda rolls her eyes, and he shakes his head.

"No, baby doll. You're beautiful,"

#### [Chapter 107 Bucket Lis](#)

Lucinda says nothing in response to Tyler's compliment.

He's so unpredictable it's hard to tell if he's trying to flirt or merely complimenting her out of goodwill.

She looks down at their feet and begins to move as the music changes to a slower one.

They dance in silence amidst the noise until suddenly Tyler twirls Lucinda, earning a startled gasp from her.

Instinctively, she tightens her grip around his neck, clenching her eyes shut in fear.

Looking down at her, Tyler smirks, "Scared?"

It takes a while to compose herself before glaring at him.

"You caught me off guard,"

"Oh yeah?"

"Hmm," she hums, stepping away as the music changes to one with a faster rhythm.

Lucinda rubs her belly, looking up at Tyler with googly eyes.

"I'm starving, Tyler. If you plan to sell me off, at least feed me first. That way, I would look pleasing to my new master's eyes, hmm?"

Tyler chuckles, taking her hand.

"Come on. I spotted a kebab stand on our way inside earlier. Do you fancy some?"

"Yes."

"Ditto," Tyler leads her outside toward the kebab vendor's stand.

He turns to Lucinda, asking her to make a choice.

Pursing her lips, she scans over the kebab on the grill and opts for the spiciest one, including two

sausages. She then asks for a can of sprite, after which she turns to Tyler, noticing his eyes already on her.

She blushes, holding the items in her hand awkwardly.

"Uh, did I buy too much? I don't eat this much on a daily basis, I promise,"

Tyler chuckles, flicking her nose, "I don't mind, baby doll. Eat as much as you want to. No judgements here,"

He orders for his and pays for it before finding a spot to sit.

Tyler opens his can of coke and takes a sip before biting into his kebab. He watches Lucinda munch on her kebab and sausages hungrily.

"Didn't you eat before coming?" he questions, wiping a streak of pepper on the corner of his lips.

Lucinda swallows before replying, "It was Mandy's turn to cook tonight, but she suddenly disappeared without a word. She's been doing that a lot lately," she frowns.

"Hmm. And where does Mandy go? Perhaps your friend got herself a new boyfriend she's keeping a secret?"

Lucinda eyes him, drinking her sprite. "So what if Mandy's got a secret boyfriend? Do you care, Tyler? After all, you used to be fuck buddies,"

She tries to hide the feeling of jealousy swelling up in her heart at the mere thought of Tyler concerning himself with Mandy's love life.

Tyler studies her for a while before breaking into a smirk.

"Aren't you a bad girl for using a curse word? Hmm?"

Lucinda ignores him, concentrating on finishing her kebab.

He deliberately refused to answer her question.

After they've finished eating, Lucinda gets up, wiping her hands with a tissue.

"Can we go home now?"

Tyler shakes his head, discarding the now empty can and turns to face her, taking her hand in his.

"No. The night just began."

"Where are you taking me?" she queries, following him back inside the club, but he doesn't reply.

Instead, he beckons her to quicken her pace. In the farthest corner of the club is a door. Tyler opens it and leads her through.

Lucinda tries to complain when she suddenly stops in her tracks, taking in her surroundings.

Her mouth falls open in disbelief as she stares at the enormous table in the centre of the room.

Slowly, her gaze meets Tyler's.

"Is this what I think it is?"

"It's exactly what you think it is, baby doll. Welcome to your first billiards game,"

"What?" Lucinda blinks, "I'm going to play?"

Learning how to play billiards has always been on top of Lucinda's bucket list ever since her teenage years.

Due to her strict upbringing, she never had the chance to enjoy many things, including playing billiards.

Once Lucinda started to feel rebellious during her teenage years, she made an entire list of things she would like to do. Most of the things she listed were things that would definitely piss her parents off if they ever learned of it.

And the thought of pissing off her parents brought her immense joy.

Due to some reasons, Lucinda never got to cross out any of the things on her list.

But staring at the billiard table before her, it looks like that narrative will change starting tonight.

"Mmm-hmm. I brought you here to play. Do you want to?" Tyler replies.

Lucinda nods enthusiastically, nearing the table.

"But why is no one around? This place looks empty. Do people not come here?"

Tyler closes the distance between them, handing her a cue stick.

"Let's just say I pulled a few strings and got this place to ourselves,"



Her eyes widen, "Really?"

"Really, really. Now, come on. Let me teach you how to play,"

Excitement bubbles inside Lucinda as she positions herself by the table, with Tyler standing closely behind her, monitoring her and teaching her how to hold the cue stick properly.

While standing behind her, he wraps his arms around Lucinda, guiding her in holding the cue stick.

"You need to lean slightly over the table. Like this,"

Tyler releases his hold on Lucinda to place his arms on her waist, demonstrating how to lean over the table correctly.

Lucinda's heart skips a beat when Tyler presses his chest against her back.

His warm breath tickles her ears, and his hands send shivers down her spine. Unable to concentrate, Lucinda's hold on the cue stick loosens slightly, and Tyler quickly wraps his hand around hers.

"You good, baby doll?" Tyler questions, his breath fanning against her ears.

"Yeah," she gulps, trying hard to concentrate on pocketing an object ball.

The object ball misses the pocket by a few inches, causing her to groan.

"I missed," she complains.

"That's okay. You'll get better with more practice," Tyler consoles.

"Here, let me show you," Tyler picks up another cue stick and hits a cue ball, watching it hit an object

ball and straight into the pocket.

Lucinda jumps in excitement, widening her eyes like a child.

"That was a clean shot, Tyler!"

Tyler smirks, dropping the cue stick and closing the distance between them.

"Was it?"

"Yeah," she nods.

"I will diligently teach you if you wish to keep learning," Tyler offers.

"Really? Why?" Lucinda questions, astonished.

"Why? Don't you want me to?" He counters.

Of course, Tyler knows Lucinda has always wanted to learn how to play billiards.

This morning, when she left to distract Mandy, he'd stumbled on a piece of paper sticking out of her textbook.

He'd seen a few of her bucket lists that were yet to be crossed out.

Impulsively, Tyler had decided to bring Lucinda to play billiards.

And seeing her happy expression, he decided to fulfil all her wishes.

"No. I want to. I mean, only if you're willing to teach me," Lucinda replies.

"Hmm. I can teach you. The question is, are you willing to be a good student, baby doll?"

### [Chapter 108 Mixed Signals](#)

Tyler's statement was supposed to sound like a regular conversation between two adults. But for some twisted reason, Lucinda's dirty mind wanders farther away.

She forces her mouth shut and purses it, at a loss for words.

Tyler draws even nearer, "I'm waiting, baby doll. Without your answer, I can't teach you,"

"Uh. I'll be good,"



"A good what?" Tyler probes further.

"A good student," she answers, looking down at her feet, suddenly feeling nervous at his close proximity.

Tyler places a finger beneath her chin and lifts it, forcing Lucinda to look him in the eye.

He cocks his head to the side, studying her features.

"How good?"

"Very good," her voice is barely above a whisper.

Tension seeps between them like a water fountain as they gaze at each other in utmost silence.

Tyler's eyes darken with desire as he fights the urge to inch closer and smash his lips to hers, kissing her to oblivion.

He shuts his eyes, groaning in sheer frustration.

Fuck.

How does she affect him so?

His self-restraint always drops to zero whenever she nears him.

The way Lucinda strips him of his self-restraint with her mere presence is beyond his understanding.

Tyler runs a hand through his hair and rubs his face in frustration, suddenly feeling hot.

He bites his lips.

"Are you okay, Tyler?" Lucinda worriedly queries after noticing his discomfort.

He nods, leaning against the billiard table.

"You don't look too good," she insists, and he opens his eyes, staring hungrily at her.

"That's because it's taking a lot of restraint not to take you right here and fuck you to oblivion,"

Lucinda's mouth drops open at Tyler's vulgar words. Words get stuck in her throat as she gazes at him, suddenly at a loss for words.

After a while, she gathers her thoughts and finally averts her gaze.

"You can't say things like that, Tyler,"

"Why?"

"I'm not your rebound or whatever this is. You can't talk about fucking me anytime you want. This is not a friends-with-benefits situation, and I hope it stays like that,"

He gazes at her for a while, frowning.

"Friends-with-benefits?"

Annoyance bubbles inside Lucinda as she gazes at his expression.

"Will you pretend you have no idea what I'm talking about?"

"Whatever makes you think I'm pretending, baby doll? I only spoke about fucking you. You don't need to get worked up over it,"

Tyler's nonchalance only fuels Lucinda's rage.

She hits his chest, albeit weakly, attempting to push him away.

"That's the problem with you, Tyler! You're nonchalant about every damn thing. It's like you care about nothing!"

Tyler lifts an eyebrow, surprised at her sudden outburst, "Calm down, baby doll. It was just a silly joke,"

That's a lie.

It was no damn joke.

Tyler was serious when he spoke about taking her.

How can he not feel that way when she invades his thoughts every single hour of the day?

Lucinda's like a shadow, following him everywhere.

Try hard as he might, Tyler can't stop thinking about her.

The more he tries to forget her, the more everything reminds him of her.

It gets so frustrating sometimes it makes him want to yank his hair.

"I don't care about your silly jokes!" she raises her voice.

Realising her sudden outburst, Lucinda sighs, taking a deep breath as she pinches her nose in frustration.

"I just," she pauses, gathering her thoughts.

"I don't understand why you brought me here. Did you bring me here as a friend? Are we even friends?"

Without waiting for an answer, she continues, "I expressed my feelings for you long ago, and to date, you have said nothing in response. You went AWOL after that day and approached me after a few days, acting sweet and all. I'm not forcing you to like me back, Tyler. I'm not. I won't be the first person to have her feelings unreciprocated, nor will I be the last. But at least, can you give me closure? It's either you like me, or you don't. It's as simple as that. But do not leave me hanging and turn around to try kissing me or speak casually about fucking me. You're giving me mixed signals, and it's not fair to me,"

Lucinda sniffs, wondering why her mood has suddenly plummeted in less than a minute.

She was jumpy a few minutes ago but now is moody.

"Baby doll," Tyler begins, but she cuts him off.

"I have a name. Stop calling me that," She turns around, only to wince when her chest bumps into the cue stick leaning against the billiard table.

Lucinda clenches her fist, forcing herself not to rub her nipples where they hurt.

That hurt like hell.

"Are you on your period?" Tyler suddenly asks, startling her.

"What?" she stares at him in astonishment.

"I asked if you're on your period. Or the date is near,"

"Why do you ask?" she frowns.

"Because you have a big ass pimple on your forehead waiting to get popped. And your breast seems to be tender to touch. Plus, you're moody as hell," the words spill out of Tyler's mouth without much thought, surprising him.

Lucinda slowly touches her breasts and winces again.

How did she not notice this earlier?

Per her calendar, her period is due next week,

Pfft! she groans inwardly.

Next week is just around the corner.

How distracted has she been not to have realised this sooner?

Subconsciously, she touches the pimple on her forehead.

How did Tyler know all this?

"How do you know all this?" she asks him, and he shrugs in response.

Honestly, Tyler has no idea how he guessed it.

His best guess was the appearance of the pimple on Lucinda's face.

He's seen her face severally to know she rarely ever has pimples, at least not as big as this one.

As for her tender breast, it's unexplainable.

The words spilt out of him as if he was well abreast with the topic.

Perhaps he used to know someone who taught him?

He shakes his head, unable to remember.

It sounded so natural and familiar when he said those words.

Tyler sighs, deciding not to dwell so much on the topic lest it gives him a migraine.

"I just know," he finally replies.

Annoyed at his swift topic change, Lucinda turns around, deciding to return home.

But her feet freeze immediately after she turns around, rendering her temporarily immobile.

Horror fills Lucinda as she looks down at her legs, almost trembling.

Noticing her discomfort, Tyler approaches her, "You okay, baby doll?"

Mortified, Lucinda bites her lips, unable to utter a word. She remains standing, fearing to move an inch.

"Lucinda?" Tyler calls out.

Hesitantly, she lifts her head to gaze at him, embarrassment and mortification dancing in her orbs.

"I think I just had my..." she trails off, unable to complete the sentence.

"Your what?"

"My period," she forces herself to say, "I..I have to go home, Ty," her voice is barely above a whisper.

This has never happened to her before.

How did she not notice?

"Hold on tight," Tyler's voice instructs, cutting through Lucinda's thoughts. Without warning, he lifts her off her feet and carries her.

Startled, she wraps her arm around his neck.

"What are you doing? Let me down, Tyler!" she almost screams, fearing she will stain his hands since it is beneath her butt.

But Tyler doesn't stop walking until he arrives at the washroom before letting her down.

"Do you think you can use some tissues until you get home? I wouldn't mind, but the driver will curse us if you stain his seat with blood,"

"Uh," Lucinda opens the door to the washroom and peeps inside, noticing one roll of paper towel and a toilet paper.

The paper towel might work.

"Yeah," she finally answers.

"Alright. Go inside and do what you have to do. We'll stop by a convenience store on the way home to get you some pads, okay?"

Touched by his kind gesture, Lucinda thanks him and enters the washroom.

#### [Chapter 109 Special Treatmen](#)

Tyler remains behind the door, waiting for Lucinda. She emerges fifteen minutes later, looking everywhere else but him, out of sheer embarrassment. But Tyler doesn't seem to notice as he wastes no time lifting her off her feet and carrying her outside.

Mortified, Lucinda buries her face in his chest while clinging to him.

"Let me down, Tyler. You're drawing attention to us," she complains, but he ignores her and continues walking.

"Everyone here is either drunk to a stupor or horny. No one will notice,"

And true to his word, no one pays them any heed as they walk through the crowded club toward the exit.

Once outside, Tyler flags an approaching taxi and climbs inside with Lucinda in his arms. Blushing, she wiggles on his lap.

"You can let me go now. I don't want to stain your clothes. I'm not sure how long the paper towels can hold out," Lucinda whispers for fear of the driver listening in on their conversation.

"It's better to stain my clothes than the seat, right? Enjoy the feeling of using my body as a cushion while

it lasts. It feels like heaven, I know," he smirks, watching her roll her eyes.

"You never lose an opportunity to praise yourself, do you?"

"If I don't, who will?" he counters, and she sighs, resting her head on his chest and curling herself into a ball.

Tyler cradles her in his arms, her intoxicating scent wafting through his nostrils. Discreetly, he tries to sniff her hair like a creep, smiling in satisfaction. He rubs her back, surprisingly soothing Lucinda as she sighs in contentment, urging him to continue.

He chuckles, "How much will you pay me for this special treatment?"

"Name your price," She hums, inching even closer, trying to get as much warmth emanating from his body.

"Really?"

"Yes,"

"Well, unfortunately, I have nothing to ask. So give me your word that you'll fulfil your end of the bargain whenever I deem fit,"

Lucinda snorts, "You're trying to tie me down with a promise. It won't work, big guy,"

Tyler laughs, "Fine. But you still owe for my special treatment,"

Lucinda hums, saying nothing more as she basks in the feeling of being in his arms.

Halfway through their journey, Tyler asks the driver to stop while he eases Lucinda gently onto the seat and goes to get some pads.

He returns with three bags and drops them on the seat, letting Lucinda return to her previous position on his lap.

She twists in his arms to try peering into the bags next to her.

"Why so many bags? Did you buy all the pads in the store?" she turns to gaze at him expectantly.

"You talk too much, baby doll. Hush,"

Lucinda opens her mouth to express her annoyance when a sharp pain cuts through her lower abdomen, forcing her to decide against speaking.



Instead, she rests her head on his chest and wraps her arms around her abdomen, wincing.

Noticing her discomfort, Tyler rubs her back soothingly, calming her down.

He continues rubbing her back until they arrive at their destination.

After alighting, Lucinda opts to walk while Tyler carries the bags and walks alongside her into the building.

The door is still locked when they arrive in front of her apartment, indicating Mandy is still not home.

Lucinda reaches into her purse to retrieve the key and inserts it into the keyhole, twisting and pushing the door open.

Once inside, Tyler kicks the door shut as he drops the items carelessly onto the sofa.

Rummaging through them, he takes a handful of different brands of sanitary pads, including a few packs of tampons.

He turns to Lucinda, holding the items out.

"Here. I picked up a little bit of everything because I wasn't sure which brand of pads you preferred. The lady at the store recommended these tampons so you can use whichever one you like,"

Blushing, Lucinda looks at the numerous pads, picking out her favourite brand.

"You didn't have to waste money buying all these. I don't use tampons," Lucinda mutters, causing Tyler's ears to turn red in mortification, a rare sight.

"Oh, is that so? Should I throw these out then?"

Lucinda shakes her head, "I may not use it, but some girls do. I can easily find someone to give it to,"

"Right. I'll keep these here while you go take a shower,"

"Aren't you leaving?"

"No. I'm staying here to make sure you're okay," Tyler declines, packing the rest of the tampons into the bag.

His words cause Lucinda's heart rate to accelerate abnormally.

She purses her lips, at a loss for what to think.

Could it be that he likes her?

Maybe just a tiny bit?

No, Lucinda. Her subconscious mind chides.

'Do not make assumptions when interpreting people's feelings.'

Their actions may differ from their words and vice versa.

Until Tyler's words match his actions, she can't conclude yet.

She would only be setting herself up for disaster.

Lucinda sighs, turning around and finding her way into her bedroom, where she hurriedly strips her clothes and enters the shower.

After staying in the shower for twenty minutes, Lucinda finally steps out, her skin looking red from being in contact with hot water for so long.

After getting dressed in comfy pyjama shorts and a crop top, she enters the living room to find Tyler leaning against the wall that connects her and Mandy's rooms.

"Were you waiting for me?"



Tyler nods, approaching her with his arms crossed over his chest. Stopping a few inches away, he eyes her, studying her.

"You were in the shower for so long I thought you had drowned," he pauses, clicking his tongue.

"But judging by how red your skin is, it's clear you were cooking yourself in there,"

Lucinda frowns. "I was having a warm bath,"

"Hmm. I bet the water was hot enough to boil eggs,"

"No, it wasn't. Get out of my way!" annoyed, she pushes past him to sit on the sofa, curling herself into a ball.

Chuckling, Tyler joins her on the sofa.

He reaches into the bag and pulls out a couple of items.

Turning to face her, he asks her to lie on her back.

Puzzled, Lucinda does as instructed, albeit curious.

She watches as Tyler tears out a pack of what looks like disposable heat wraps.

Her eyes widen.

"What are those?" she questions.

"The store attendant said it helps with cramps. Here," he carefully lifts her crop top to expose her belly and places the pad on her lower abdomen, making sure to place the adhesive side against the underwear and not directly on her skin.

"I activated it in the microwave for a while. I hope it helps,"

Tyler explains, pulling the crop top back down to cover her belly.

After, he leans back, sparing her a glance.

"How does it feel? Is it working?"

The disposable heat wraps and Tyler's overly display of care and attention suddenly takes Lucinda down memory lane.

It brings her so many memories. Both pleasant and unpleasant.

She touches her abdomen, where the heat wrap is secured.

She hasn't used a heat wrap for her period cramps ever since she left home.

Besides using a heat wrap, Lucinda realises she has abandoned several habits after leaving home.

Does she regret leaving home?

No, definitely not.

If only she had left earlier.

If only she hadn't fooled herself into thinking the people she's surrounded herself with were saints.

If only...

Lucinda sighs, forcing herself not to think any further.

She forces a smile, "Yeah. Thank you, Ty,"

Tyler smiles, handing her a tub of ice cream.

Seeing the ice cream elevates Lucinda's mood by a thousand folds.

She happily accepts the ice cream and digs in immediately, savouring the taste.

Licking the spoon, she flashes him a charming smile.

"This is delicious. My cramps hurt a lot less now."

Tyler lifts an eyebrow, amused by her reaction.

"If I knew ice cream would do the magic, I wouldn't have bothered to buy a heating pad."

Blushing, she buries her face into the ice cream.

#### [Chapter 110 You're Slowly Becoming Like My Addiction](#)

While Lucinda gorges down on the ice cream, Tyler busies himself with watching tv.

After finding nothing interesting to watch, he turns the tv off and decides to play games on his phone to while away time.

While licking remnants of ice cream from the spoon, Lucinda cranes her neck to peer at his phone. She smacks her lips childishly.

"How long will you stay?"

Tyler pauses his game and turns to face her.

"Do you want me to leave?"

"I thought you might be bored,"

Tyler pockets his phone, slightly hovering over her.

"That's not the answer to my question, baby doll. I asked if you want me to leave or not?"

Lucinda blushes.

"Uh, I mean, I can't force you if you want to leave,"

He smirks, placing a finger under her chin and lifting it, forcing her to look him in the eye.

"You still haven't answered me, baby doll. Do you want me to leave?"

"Uh, Well, Mandy isn't around. So you're welcome to stay as long as you want,"

Tyler smirks at her discomfort and says nothing.

Studying Lucinda's face for a while, he wipes ice cream from the corner of his lips and licks it while gazing at her.

"Delicious. As always," he hums satisfactorily.

Lucinda's mouth hangs open as she watches him lick his fingers seductively. Erotic images of Tyler invade her mind, causing her to blush profusely.

Attempting to hide her blush, she scoops a spoonful of ice cream and eats it.

Tyler watches her in amusement.

"I've been waiting for you to offer me some ice cream, but it seems to me you will finish everything,"

"Oh," Lucinda mumbles, scooping a spoonful and taking it to his mouth.

"Here,"

Tyler licks the ice cream off the spoon and purses his lips, frowning.

"What's wrong?" Lucinda queries.

"It doesn't taste good,"

"Really? It tastes quite delicious,"

"Hmm. Let me have another taste,"

Nodding, she scoops another spoonful and takes it to his mouth, but he declines, shaking his head.

Puzzled, she asks him, "Don't you want it anymore?"

"I do. But not like this,"

"Then how?"

Without answering, Tyler closes the distance between them while hovering over her.

Instinctively, Lucinda leans away as he advances until her head hits the pillow, trapping her between the sofa and his body. She blinks, clutching the tub of ice cream against her chest.

Noticing her flushed face, he smirks, gesturing to the ice cream.

"Don't mind me, baby doll. Eat your ice cream,"

She waits for him to get off her, but he doesn't.

"How can I eat with you hovering over me like this?"

He chuckles. "As I said earlier, don't mind me. You can treat me as an invisible wall,"

She snorts, "You're way too much in my space to be considered invisible, don't you think?"

He doesn't reply and instead continues to hover over her.

Lucinda sighs when she realises he's doing it on purpose.

Ignoring him, she scoops another spoonful and eats it, smearing some ice cream on her upper lips in the process.

She licks it off her lips and continues eating.

Her action causes desire to erupt in Tyler as his eyes darken while watching the remnant of ice cream dripping by the sides of her lips.

Oh, how bad he wants to lick it off.

"You still aren't going to let me have a taste, huh?" he cocks his head to the side.

Lucinda drops the spoon in the tub and holds it out, inviting him to scoop some for himself.

Instead of scooping, Tyler leans in and licks the ice cream off the corner of her lips.

He pulls away slightly, peering into her face.

"Now that's delicious," he mutters.

Lucinda stares at him in a daze, wondering what just happened.

Did he just lick the sides of her lips?

Subconsciously, she lifts a hand to touch the spot he licked. Her brain seems to have stopped working as her mouth drops open, sucking in air.

Tyler can't help but chuckle at her humorous expression. Instinctively, he leans in again and plants a kiss on the tip of her nose, causing her to blink.

"I'm afraid flies will enter your mouth if you don't close your mouth," Tyler teases.

Lucinda shuts her mouth, glaring at him to mask the blush threatening to rise on her cheeks.

"What was that for?"



"What?" he feigns ignorance.

"That! What you just did!"

"What did I do?"

"Fuck off!" Frustrated, Lucinda curses, earning a chuckle from him.

"Little Lucinda is cursing. Now isn't that naughty?"

"Don't call me little! And stop addressing me with such degrading names," she rolls her eyes, covering the tub of ice cream with its lid.

"Degrading?" Tyler lifts an eyebrow.

"First you call me witch, then baby doll and now little,"

"They are not degrading names. I like them,"

"But I don't!"

"So? As long as I like calling you by those names, who cares?"

Realising she can't win against him, Lucinda huffs.

Tyler glances at the wall clock and realises thirty minutes have passed since he applied the disposable heating pads on Lucinda.

He turns to her, lifting her crop top to expose the pad.

"How do you feel now? The instruction says the pad cannot be left on for more than thirty minutes, lest it causes irritations or skin burns,"



"It hurts a lot less now,"

"Alright," Tyler nods, pushing bands of her pyjama's down an inch lower to take off the heating pad.

After taking it off, he notices the skin around her lower abdomen turning red.

Cursing, he excuses himself and returns later with a wet towel.

He wastes no time applying the cloth to the irritated area.

He looks at her, "Does it hurt?"

His concern causes Lucinda's heart to swell with emotions.

Smiling, she shakes her head, and he nods.

"Good. Lieback. It will take a while,"

Nodding, Lucinda leans back and closes her eyes.

Silence envelopes the room as Tyler concentrates on working the cloth on her abdomen.

After a while, Tyler finally drops the cloth and pulls her crop top down to cover her belly.

He lifts his head only to find her asleep.

Sighing, Tyler gently lifts Lucinda and carries her into the bedroom, where he eases her onto the bed. She immediately rolls over, hugging one of the many pillows on the bed.

Burying her face into the pillow, she continues to sleep.

Tyler chuckles at her childish behaviour and gently eases the pillow away from her face to help her breathe.

After, he caresses her face gently, tucking a loose strand behind her ears.

While staring at her beautiful face, Tyler's mind wanders to the conversation they had earlier at the

club.

He runs a finger over her supple lips and bends to kiss her forehead.

"Contrary to your belief, I'm not nonchalant. I care about you, baby doll. In fact, I think I care about you much more than I would like to admit, and it's fucking scary. You're slowly becoming like my addiction, Lucinda. I fucking care. Too much. Too fucking much it's insane. And maddening,"

Tyler stares at Lucinda a while longer before climbing down the bed and covering her with the quilt.

He turns away and exits the bedroom.

As soon as he enters the living room, the door to the apartment opens and Mandy steps inside. She freezes when she spots Tyler standing in the middle of the room.

Panic sets in as she looks around, searching for her roommate. Her actions earn a dark chuckle from Tyler.

"She's still alive if you think I've killed her. In fact, she's asleep,"

Mandy glares at him, "What are you doing here?"

Tyler shrugs, "Ask your friend when she wakes up,"

Tyler walks past her and heads for the door.

He grabs the doorknob and pauses, turning.

"I heard you've been disappearing to God knows where a lot these days,"