

Devil Lucifer 111

[Chapter 111 Why Was Tyler Here](#)

Mandy frowns at his statement, "And how's that your business?"

Tyler smirks, "Mind how you speak to me, Mandy."

Mandy says nothing, approaching him and holding out the door for him to leave.

Chuckling, he pockets his hands.

"Whoever you've been associating yourself with these days is really helping in boosting your confidence, huh?"

"What the hell are you talking about?!"

He shakes his head, "It doesn't bother me if you decide to feign ignorance. But whatever it is you're involved in, I hope you know what you're doing,"

"Are you accusing me in my home? Get out!" Mandy flares up.

"I merely made a statement, and look how it got you so riled up. You should learn how to conceal your emotions. Maybe then you'd become a better liar,"

Without waiting for a reply, Tyler exits, shutting the door behind him.

It takes every ounce of self-restraint not to scream and kick the door as Mandy watches him leave.

She takes a couple of deep breaths before composing herself and heading for Lucinda's room.

True to Tyler's words, Mandy opens the door to find her asleep.

Quietly, she shuts the door and heads for her room.

Just wait, Tyler.

Just wait.

She fumes as she strips her clothes and heads for the bathroom for a shower.

Lucinda wakes up the next day to a text from Tyler.

Well, that's weird.

She muses as she rolls over on the bed, stretching and feeling her bones crack in several places.

Before checking her message, she gets out of bed to perform her morning ritual, after which she heads to the kitchen for breakfast.

Lucinda spots the bags filled with necessities Tyler had bought the previous night and instinctively rummages through them.

While rummaging through, she finds a box of granola cereal and a bottle of goat milk.

Her face breaks into a wide smile as she giddily takes out the granola and tears open the box. She hurries into the kitchen to retrieve a bowl and wastes no time pouring a reasonable amount of milk into it and popping it into the microwave to warm up.

After thirty seconds, Lucinda takes out the warmed milk, retrieves a second bowl and pours some granola inside.

She then pours the milk over the granola, washes and slices a couple of strawberries into the bowl and stirs.

She happily returns to the bedroom and makes herself comfortable in bed, feeling around for her phone.

When she finds it, she checks her messages.

Immediately after Lucinda opens the message, she gasps audibly at the content.

She halts amid chewing and glares at the message for an extended period before dialling Tyler's number.

He answers on the fourth ring.

"To what do I owe this August call, Baby doll?" His deep hoard voice resonates through the speakers, almost causing Lucinda to forget her reason for calling.

Focus!. Her subconscious mind chides as she shakes her head vigorously.

"I think you know why I'm calling!" She fumes.

At the other end of the line, Tyler chuckles lowly.

"I have no idea what you're trying to accuse me of,"

"Of course you do! Who sent me that message?" She pulls the phone away from her ears to glare at the message and places it back against her ears.

She scoops a spoonful of granola and eats.

"Oh, that! I almost forgot about that. Well, what explanation is there? It's clearly a picture of you,"

"Yes, I know. Thank you for pointing that out," Lucinda replies sarcastically.

"So why did you call me then?" Tyler sits up in bed, securing the phone between his ear and shoulder.

"I guess you want me to spell it out in plain words, huh? Why did you take such a picture? Delete it!"

Tyler laughs, "Why are you so worked up? It's just a picture, baby doll. A beautiful one at that,"

"It's far from beautiful, and you know it. I look crazy stuffing my face like that," Lucinda pouts, stirring her cereal grumpily.

She had no idea when or how Tyler had taken a photo of her stuffing her face with kebab.

Her mouth and eyes were wide open as she stuffed her face with the meat.

She groans, feeling mortified.

"Well, you don't have eyes for good things then. That picture is definitely beautiful,"

"No, it's not. Delete it, please!" She complains, eating another spoonful of cereal.

"Do you really want me to delete it?"

"Yes,"

"Alright. I'll see you at the park tonight. I'll let you delete it then,"

Lucinda thinks about it for a minute before nodding, "Fine. At what time?"

"I'll text it to you,"

"Fine," Lucinda huffs, hanging up soon after.

After dropping the call, Lucinda quickly finishes her cereal and heads to the kitchen to wash the utensils.

She finds Mandy stirring a pot of stew on fire inside the kitchen and halts in her steps.

"You're back?"

Mandy nods without turning. "Yes. Last night,"

"Right. I must have been asleep then,"

Mandy hums and continues cooking.

Realising the tension lingering in the air, Lucinda asks her friend.

"Is there something you might want to say?"

"Why do you think I have something to say?"

Lucinda shrugs, "I'm not sure. It's just a wild guess. But it's all good."

She turns away after placing the bowl on the rack to dry.

As she leaves, Mandy's sudden question stops her.

"Why was Tyler here last night?"

Lucinda blinks. "Oh, that. Uh, I kinda got my period in public, and he brought me home," she vaguely answers.

"I see," Mandy muses quietly.

"Yeah," Lucinda exits the kitchen soon after to take a shower.

Suddenly feeling disgusted, she scrunches her nose,

She picks out a pair of underwear and a pad and heads into the bathroom. She needs a long warm bath.

Feeling refreshed after taking a bath, Lucinda decides to study for a couple of hours, so she packs the necessary books and heads for the campus.

On her way out, she bumps into Chrissy at the foot of the stairs.

Rubbing her forehead, Lucinda looks up.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't looking,"

"You don't need to apologize. I wasn't looking either," Chrissy replies, gathering her books that fell out of her bag upon collision.

Nodding, Lucinda turns away and heads out of the apartment complex. After walking for a few minutes, she notices Chrissy following closely behind, so she halts in her steps, waiting for her to catch up.

"We seem to be headed in the same direction. Where are you off to?" Lucinda asks, flipping her hair behind her.

"I'm heading to campus. You?"

Lucinda smiles, "Same. Let's go then,"

Both ladies continue their journey to school.

[Chapter 112 Humans Are Worse](#)

In the clinic, Lily emerges from the washroom after relieving herself.

She winces while taking slow, deliberate steps towards the bed to lie down. After successfully getting into bed, she tries to cover her legs with the sheet when her eyes land on her bandaged finger.

Throughout the previous day, she had tried her best to avoid looking at her left hand.

Lily had thought as long as she avoided looking, she could pretend her hand was intact.

But try as hard as she might, she couldn't escape it.

It was a fact she had to accept and learn to live with.

Forcefully, Lily tears her gaze away from her left hand, working with the other instead, after which she rests her head on the pillow.

She gazes at the ceiling, reminiscing how much her life has changed since that incident a few years ago.

Previously, whenever she fell sick, her room would always be decorated with scented flowers and balloons.

Lily so doted on it made her feel suffocated sometimes.

She smiles self-deprecatingly, blinking away the tears prickling her eyes.

If only she had known a day like this would come, she never would have complained and accepted the overflowing love and attention as it came.

Life is indeed cruel.

But humans are worse.

Humans contribute a higher percentage to making life miserable.

After all, her family ended up in shambles because of one human's greed and thirst for power.

That human was her parents' enemy.

But now, that human is her enemy as well.

Alex, where ever he may be, will never be free of her as long as she lives. She may be young and powerless now, but one day, she will rise.

And when that day finally arrives, Lily would take more than just a finger.

That, she promises.

Lily's thoughts are interrupted when the door to the ward is pushed open, and doctor Smith pokes his head through, casting his gaze around the room. Upon noticing the patient awake, he opens the door wider and enters, shutting it behind him.

Doctor Smith nears the bed while pushing his glasses up his nose. Instinctively, his gaze sweeps over Lily's left hand, smiling sadly, when he notices her hand hidden under the sheets. He averts his gaze, inhaling deeply.

"How are you feeling today, Lily?"

Lily cranes her neck to stare at him.

"I'm doing good,"

"Hmm," doctor Smith hums, closing the distance between them.

"I came to check how your wound is doing,"

Right on cue, a nurse enters, carrying a tray of necessities. The doctor picks up the gloves from the tray and wears them, after which he removes the sheet covering her, asking Lily to open the gown she wore.

Lily does as told, watching the doctor unravel the bandage around the wound on her lower stomach.

Smith discards the bandage, disinfects the wound and wraps it with another.

After, the nurse assists Lily in putting on the gown while he discards the used gloves.

"Alright. You're all good,"

"When do I get to leave?" Lily questions, breaking the silence.

"You'll be here for two weeks at most."

Lily frowns, "Why?"

"I can't let you leave when your wound is still fresh. It's prone to open up and cause bleeding or get infected. We can't have that now, can we?"

Lily sighs in resignation, lifting her eyes to the ceiling.

She remains silent for some time before finally answering with a vague, "Fine".

In the evening, Lucinda sets out to meet with Tyler at the park.

She'd just returned from campus after studying, when she received his text, asking to meet up at seven.

Before leaving, Mandy calls out.

"Are you going out?"

"Hmm," Lucinda hums, nearing the door. Slinging her purse over her shoulder, she grips the doorknob, halting as Mandy speaks up again.

"I hope you have your keys. I might not be home when you return,"

The statement prompts Lucinda to turn around.

"Are you going out again?"

"Yeah, maybe,"

"Where to? You barely rest between going out these days,"

Mandy leans back on the sofa, fixing her gaze on the television.

Picking the remote, she flips through the channels.

"Yeah. I'll be meeting someone in a while,"

"Forgive me for being nosey, but who could this person be?"

Mandy casts her friend a sideways glance, a small smile playing at the corners of her lips.

"Just as you said, you're being nosey. Don't you worry, when the time is right, I'll introduce you to that person,"

Lucinda narrows her eyes infinitesimally, unconvinced at Mandy's explanation.

Nevertheless, she nods and opens the door, exiting the apartment.

Lucinda spots Tyler as soon immediately she arrives at the park.

His back faces her while he leans against the tree with his legs crossed.

Approaching him with slow, deliberate steps, she takes time admiring him from behind.

Tyler's back flexes as he lifts his hand to rub a hand through his hair, dropping his hand almost immediately.

His actions suddenly remind Lucinda of how he'd shaved off his locks the next day after she told him she preferred her men clean-shaven.

She sighs, closing the distance between them while making sure to move as quiet as possible.

"You should take a picture. It will last longer,"

Tyler's voice startles her into halting her steps.

She bites her lips, blushing profusely from having been caught checking him out.

Tyler turns to face her, a lazy smirk on his face.

"You kept me waiting, baby doll,"

Lucinda gathers herself, snorting, "I'm barely ten minutes late, Tyler,"

He shrugs, "Still. If I were sharing money, you would have missed out,"

She rolls her eyes, "Well, it's a good thing you aren't sharing money today, huh?"

"Hmm," He hums, approaching her.

"Well, I'm here now," Lucinda comments, and he raises an eyebrow.

"So?"

"What do you mean by that? You said I could delete the picture if I agreed to meet you here at seven. And here I am, so hand over the phone,"

Tyler grins, "Did I say that? I seem to have forgotten,"

"Really, Tyler? Would you like me to remind you?"

"Hmm," Tyler pretends to be in deep thoughts.

"You can try reminding me, baby doll," his voice is low as he speaks, sending shivers down her spine.

[Chapter 113 The Feelings I Ignite In Your Hear](#)

It takes a couple of seconds for Lucinda to compose herself, and when she does, she clicks her tongue and averts her gaze in a bid to hide her reddened cheeks.

Nevertheless, her attempt proves futile as Tyler notices her blush. Smirking, he closes the distance between them and leisurely caresses her cheeks.

He cocks his head to the side, "Why are you blushing, baby doll?"

Despite wanting his touch, Lucinda slaps his hand away, feigning annoyance.

"I'm not blushing. You need your eyes checked. You might be going blind,"

"Oh, is that so?" A charming smile graces his face. "Now that you've mentioned it, I think you may be right. I need my eyes checked. Will you be kind enough to do me that favour?"

Lucinda eyes him suspiciously, "What favour?"

Without answering, Tyler grabs her hand and leads her to a bench. Sitting down, he spreads his legs and pulls Lucinda forward, letting her stand between his open legs.

He lifts his head.

"Can you check my eyesight?"

For a moment, she is stunned into silence by his sudden goofiness. Watching him with his widened eyes and waiting in anticipation causes her to shake her head in disbelief.

"You're kidding, aren't you?"

"Why would I kid around?"

"You're only trying to stall me. That's all you're doing, Tyler."

"I dare not try that, baby doll," Tyler's reply is sweet, but his eyes hold mischief as he gazes at her.

Lucinda stares at him, unconvinced.

Nevertheless, she sighs, moving closer.

"You're really making me do this, aren't you?"

He flashes her a smile in response.

Annoyed, Lucinda cradles his face and forcefully pulls the skin under his eyes, revealing his brown orbs.

Her effort to make him complain goes futile.

Instead, he grins while blinking rapidly when his eyes begin to water.

Feeling remorseful, Lucinda gently wipes his eyes with her thumb as a tear falls.

She releases the skin under his eyes, letting it snap back in place.

With his face up close, she can't help but admire him.

Sure, their faces had been close a few times whenever they were intimate, but she never took time to admire him, mainly because she usually was lost in the world of pleasure.

But now that she's levelheaded, it's impossible not to admire his features. While studying Tyler's face, she notices a scar about an inch long hidden in his left eyebrow.

Subconsciously, she trails the scar with her thumb.

It felt rough and jagged under her touch.

It must have been a deep wound, probably stitched too.

While busily lost in thoughts, Lucinda doesn't notice Tyler staring back at her with a distinct look in his eyes.

"Are you done checking my eyes, dear doctor?"

His question snaps Lucinda out of her reverie. Blinking, she lowers her gaze, embarrassed at being caught shamelessly checking him out.

"Y...Yeah," she stutters.

Tyler wraps his arms around her waist, dragging her further between his legs.

Startled, she loses her balance, falling on him.

His position forces her to sit on his lap, and Lucinda places both arms on his chest for support.

Lucinda wiggles on his lap, trying to get up, but Tyler locks his arms around her, keeping her in place.

"Tyler, what are you doing?" Her face heats up as her heartbeat accelerates at their compromising position.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" All traces of playfulness disappears as he stares at her with seriousness, his eyes glinting with unrecognisable emotions in the dark.

Lucinda cranes her neck, taking a glance around the park.

Despite noticing only a handful of people scattered in the park, Lucinda's embarrassment doesn't lessen.

She fears she would make a fool of herself if Tyler continues to hold her like this.

So close.

So close that she could smell his intoxicating scent and feel his warm breath on her chest each time he exhaled.

She's done a great job so far reigning in her feelings. At least, she thinks so.

"I.." she begins but pauses to gather her jumbled thoughts

"You should let me go," her voice lacks the firmness she needs, and she curses herself mentally.

"Why?" Tyler pulls her even closer.

Their faces are inches closer now.

"I'm doing nothing wrong. I'm still waiting for you to complete your check-up on me. Only after you've finished will I let you go,"

"Oh," Lucinda feels both stupified and annoyed that he's still going on about the damn check-up.

Can't he see how she's struggling?

She bets he can hear her distinct erratic heartbeat.

Finally, Lucinda sighs.

"The check-up is over," she declares.

"Is that so? What is your diagnosis, then? Am I going blind? Do I need glasses?"

She snorts, "Yes. At this point, you need both glasses and a brain check-up. You annoy the fuck out of me,"

Tyler bursts into hearty laughter, his shoulders shaking with each laugh that escapes him.

After laughing for a while, he composes himself, grinning mischievously.

"It's hard communicating with you, baby doll. I can't tell if you are insulting or complimenting me,"

She rolls her eyes, fighting to keep the smile from breaking out on her face.

"So, on a scale of one to ten, how much do I annoy you?"

"A hundred and ten,"

"I see," Tyler muses. "And is that all I make you feel? Annoyance?"

Lucinda's taken aback by his sudden question.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, is annoyance the only feeling I ignite in your heart?"

Silence ensues as tension fills the air like a thick cloud hovering over their heads.

The temperature seems to have dropped even lower as goosebumps erupt on Lucinda's skin.

Her mouth drops open, and her mind goes blank, unable to answer his question.

"I don't know.." she trails off.

"You don't know? Well, I'd like to see what other feelings I can ignite. May I?"

Lucinda's head is spinning at the sudden turn of events, unable to believe Tyler's utterances.

What is he saying?

Why is he saying that?

Is he flirting?

Does he like her?

Perhaps?

Lucinda's train of thought halts when she suddenly feels warm, supple lips on hers. Tyler presses his lips to hers and doesn't move, waiting for a go-ahead.

It takes a while for Lucinda to gather her thoughts, and when she does, her body instinctively responds, opening her mouth to give him access.

Feeling her warm lips give way to his, Tyler groans lowly, pulling her flush against his chest, deepening the kiss and kissing her without restraint.

[Chapter 114 I fucking Like You Too](#)

They kissed for a long time, never stopping until they were out of breath. Reluctantly, Tyler pulls away, watching Lucinda panting and gasping for breath.

Her face is flushed, and her lips are slightly swollen from having kissed her for a long time.

At the sight of her supple lips, Tyler fights the urge to pull her in for another kiss.

After some time, he clicks his tongue, casting her a disapproving stare.

"You need to improve your stamina. How can you be out of breath so soon?" He complains like a child causing Lucinda to throw a glare his way.

"It isn't a marathon,"

"Still," he shrugs.

She sighs, resisting the urge to touch her lips. They must be red and swollen.

"Why did you do that?"

"Do what?"

"The kiss. Why did you kiss me, Tyler?"

"Why did you return it?" He counters.

Lucinda frowns slightly. She shouldn't have returned the kiss.

Her body instinctively responded faster than her brain.

She unravels her hands around his neck and wiggles on his lap, trying to get up.

"You shouldn't have kissed me, and neither should I have responded,"

Tyler says nothing, tightening his hold around her waist and refusing to let go as she struggles to get off him.

Frustrated, Lucinda's shoulders droop in resignation as she stops struggling against him.

She casts her gaze downwards as tears prickle her eyes.

She blinks them away.

"Can you stop toiling with my feelings? It's tiring,"

"Am I?" His deliberate ignorance causes her to flare up.

"Stop pretending you don't know what I'm talking about. It's infuriating! Stop leading me on like this," her voice cracks towards the end as she fights the urge to let the tears spill.

Her emotions are all over the place, and being on her period isn't helping matters.

If anything, it's only causing her to lose control.

Lucinda has never been one to lose control.

Over the years, she learned to keep her emotions at bay.

But Tyler.

He has a way of making her unhinged and tearing down all her defences.

"Stop leading me on when you do not want me. Please."

"Who said I don't want you, baby doll?"

For a while, his statement lingers in the air as Lucinda tries to grasp the meaning behind his word.

Her head begins to spin as his words start to make sense.

"What?" Her voice is barely above a whisper.

"Who said I don't want you, hmm?" He repeats.

"What?" She repeats, stunned into silence.

Tyler chuckles at her stunned expression.

He flicks her nose.

"Silly girl,"

When Lucinda finally gathers her thoughts, her lips curl into a frown, and she slaps his shoulders.

Startled, Tyler winces.

"What was that for?"

"What kind of human being are you? How long were you going to keep yourself from confessing your feelings?!"

"Well, I have. Haven't I?"

She slaps his shoulder again, "No, you haven't! That was a half-assed confession!"

Lucinda's heart is racing with unexplainable joy.

So much so that she wants Tyler to say the words.

She needs to hear him say he likes her just as much as she does.

"That hurt, baby doll. Why are you hitting me so much?" Tyler complains, rubbing his shoulder.

"Because you're a douche! How long have you wanted to tell me?"

He purses his lips. "For a while," he answers truthfully.

Lucinda's eyes widen in disbelief.

"A while? Did you say for a while?!"

"Baby doll. You really are an emotional mess when on your period. I should keep that in mind next time," he flashes her a smile.

"I'm not an emotional mess," she refutes his claims.

"You are. Just look at you, all flustered and annoyed,"

"I'm not!" Lucinda yells, getting flustered.

It's supposed to be a romantic moment, but here he is, annoying the fuck out of her.

"You are," Tyler grins.

"I'm not! I was merely questioning you because you took so long to tell me about your feelings. You left me hanging, making me feel like a fool for impulsively confessing my feelings and... humph!"

Tyler cuts Lucinda's rants off when he suddenly grips the back of her neck and pulls her closer, attaching his lips to hers and swallowing her words.

She doesn't struggle against him.

Instead, she wraps her arms around his neck and returns the kiss, kissing him passionately.

Tyler groans, prying her mouth open, wanting more.

Lucinda opens her mouth, allowing his tongue access.

Their breaths mingle.

Hearts beating erratically.

They kiss fervently as their tongues fight for dominance.

Their mouths communicate the words lodged in the depths of their hearts.

For a moment, Lucinda forgets she's on her period and begins to grind on Tyler, a moan escaping her.

Tyler pulls away, fighting the urge to go further.

With eyes hooded with desire, he mumbles in a hoarse voice.

"You're deliberately tempting me because you know I can't do anything with you, right?"

She blushes.

"It was unintentional,"

"Indeed,"

"Why are you giving me that look? Do you not believe me?"

"It's hard to believe it was unintentional, baby doll,"

"It really was. Believe me,"

"Hmm," he hums, helping her off his lap and to her feet.

He follows suit, straightening himself and taking her hands in his.

"It doesn't matter whether it was unintentional because either way, I might not have been able to restraint myself and fucked you to oblivion right on that bench,"

Lucinda's face grows hot at his words. Her ears turn red as she bites her lips, refusing to allow her brain to conjure images of Tyler taking her on that bench and moaning beneath him as he makes mad love to her.

She sucks in a breath, clenching her thighs.

Damn it!

These hormones cannot spare her even when on her period.

"You can't say things like that, Tyler," she tells him.

He turns to face her, halting in his steps.

"And why can't I?"

She avoids his gaze, "You just can't. It's as simple as that,"

"Well, if you can't give me a tangible reason, I will keep saying it till I grow tired," he remarks.

"Don't,"

"Why? Does it make you feel hot?"

She doesn't meet his gaze and quickens her steps ahead of him.

Suddenly, Tyler grabs her by the elbow and pulls her back. Startled, Lucinda gasps as Tyler wraps his arms around her waist and presses her against the nearest tree.

His gaze burns holes through her clothes, and she can't help but feel naked.

"Do my words make you feel hot, baby doll? Does it make you crave my touch while I move inside you?"

An unexpected moan escapes Lucinda at his words, causing him to smirk triumphantly.

"You like it when I talk dirty, don't you?"

She says nothing. It is useless at this point to try defending herself when she is bare like an open book.

Of course, his words turn her fuck on.

And, unfortunately, she can't be intimate with him.

And as always, there is sexual tension between them, but this time it's much more than sexual.

There is something else.

As Tyler stares into Lucinda's beautiful face, his heart can't help but summersault.

He sighs in resignation.

He's held his feelings back for so long that it's become increasingly difficult.

"I never answered your question that day, did I?" he smiles, cradling her face in his large palm.

"Well, here's my answer. I fucking like you too, Lucinda."

[Chapter 115 Boyfriend and Girlfriend](#)

"I fucking like you too," the words resonate in Lucinda's ears repeatedly like a broken record.

Pressed against the tree and trapped between it and Tyler's hard body, her lips part open.

Words aren't enough to express the emotions bursting out of her heart.

When she'd confessed her feelings long ago, she was slightly intoxicated. There was embarrassment at first, especially when Tyler went silent on her, but it lasted for only a while because she had never been one to shy away from certain things.

All her life, she'd always been upfront.

And to find herself getting attracted to Tyler even when she didn't want to was surprising enough for her.

What good would it have done if she'd continuously denied her feelings?

It would have only made matters worse.

The more she tries to hide it, the more it will suffocate her.

Though making her feelings known was unprecedented and unplanned, she never once regretted it.

It was better to make it known and get it off her chest than act like a teenager who would admire their crush in secret all their life.

She wasn't that childish.

Making her feelings known could only generate two results.

Either Tyler would reject or reciprocate her feelings.

It was that simple.

But what she never expected was for him to ignore her.

It was unexpected and highly disappointing.

Nevertheless, she had tried to move past it, convincing herself it was a part of life.

It was like a trial and error.

Sometimes you get lucky, and sometimes you don't.

With that being said, is Lucinda happy that Tyler finally admits to liking her?

Of course, she fucking is.

Who wouldn't be happy to have their feelings reciprocated?

It's one of the best feelings.

Lucinda snaps back to reality when suddenly she feels a ticklish sensation on her neck.

She blinks.

Tyler pulls away, stopping his delicious assault on her neck, when his actions successfully snap her out of her reverie.

He smirks, flicking her nose.

"What were you thinking of, baby doll?"

"You... Did you say you like me?"

Her sudden question causes Tyler to chuckle. He plants a light kiss on her lips before answering.

"I did. In fact, I think I might like you a little bit too much,"

Lucinda's face lights up.

"You do?"

"Absolutely,"

"Hmm," she hums, nodding.

"So what does that make us? Boyfriend and girlfriend?" the words sound foreign coming out of Tyler's mouth.

Never did he think a day like this come.

"Boyfriend and girlfriend?"

"Mmm-hmm,"

Lucinda pretends to be in deep thought. Finally, she casts a glance his way.

"No,"

Tyler is taken aback.

"No? What do you mean by no? Can you elaborate?" he purses his lips, obviously displeased.

Lucinda fights the urge to giggle at his helplessness.

She crosses her arms over her chest, nodding with all seriousness.

"We can't be boyfriend and girlfriend now,"

His frown deepens, "Why not now? Is there something I'm missing?"

"Hmm. You have to propose first, and I'll think about it,"

Tyler remains silent, digesting her words.

Finally, he exclaims, "What?"

"Yes, so propose first,"

He casts her an incredulous look for a couple of seconds before sighing, resigning to his fate.

He fixes his face and flashes her a charming smile.

"Would you please be my girlfriend, baby doll?"

Lucinda clicks her tongue.

"No,"

"What?" the smile vanishes from his face in an instant.

"I said no,"

"You're pulling my legs right now, aren't you?"

"I'm not. Here's the thing, I can't be your girlfriend until we go on a couple of dates to know more about each other. We need to be on a certain level of friendship first. Only then will I decide whether I will be your girlfriend or not,"

"You're not kidding. You're actually serious," Disbelief is etched all over Tyler's face.

"Dead serious," she bites back a smile.

"Are we not friends? I thought we crossed that bridge already,"

"No, we haven't."

"Oh yes, we have. If anything, I know what it takes to make you orgasm. I know what it takes to get you wet,"

Lucinda's face burns from mortification.

"That was not what I meant,"

"Oh, no? What did you mean then?" he raises an eyebrow.

"Never mind. You'll find a way to turn everything I say into something sexual. I'd rather keep mute,"

"You know me so well, baby doll," he flicks her nose, creating some distance between them and takes her hand in his. "Come on,"

"Where to?"

"You did say you wanted to go on a date. Right? Well, we are going on a date,"

Her eyes widen as she follows him out of the park.

"Now? So spontaneously?"

"Do you not like spontaneity?"

"No, I..." Lucinda pauses, shaking her head.

She was only joking when she suggested he take her out on dates before accepting his proposal.

She had no idea he would take her seriously.

Well, she shrugs, quickening her pace to keep up with Tyler.

He can't even act romantic and try to walk slow so she can catch up.

He hasn't even bothered to look behind to check whether she has fallen or not.

He had let go of Lucinda's hand halfway through the park.

How romantic, she rolls her eyes.

After leaving the park, Tyler orders a ride. It arrives ten minutes later, and they waste no time climbing inside the car.

A few minutes after the car zooms off, Lucinda turns to Tyler throwing a disapproving glare his way. He raises a questionable eyebrow.

"What?"

"Aren't you romantic? Walking ahead of me without bothering to check whether I've been kidnapped or not?"

"Oh, Sorry. My bad. Let me make it up to you," Tyler closes the distance between them and leans in.

When Lucinda realises his intentions, she quickly slaps his hand away.

"Not like that!" she whisper-yells, casting a side glance at the driver.

"What? You were complaining about me not being romantic a few seconds ago. And I'm trying to make it up to you,"

"Not like that. Especially not here,"

Tyler says nothing. Instead, he leans back in the seat and crosses his arms behind his head, resting them against the headrest.

Judging by the look on his face, Lucinda could tell the wheels were turning in his head. So she queries him.

"What are you thinking about? And where are we going?"

He shuts his eyes and answers, "Since I can't be romantic to you here, I'm taking you to a place where I can devour you properly,"

"What?" It will take a while to get used to his straightforwardness.

"I'm on my period," she declares, blushing.

Tyler finally opens his eyes, smirking mischievously.

"I never spoke about sleeping with you, baby doll,"

"Oh," Her face heats up even more.

"Yeah, oh." He chuckles. "It turns out that between both of us, you're the naughtiest,"

"I was not thinking.." she tries to defend herself but pauses midway, huffing.

She turns away, looking out the window as Tyler's mocking laughter fills the car.

Lucinda rolls her eyes, smiling in spite of herself.

[Chapter 116 You Didn't Make Me Who I Am Today](#)

Ronald Thurman was seated at the dining table, plating a couple of spicy barbecue chicken lollipops.

Leisurely, he picks one and bites a chunk of meat off, relishing in the deliciousness.

He finishes the first chicken in no time and discards the bones on a separate plate.

After his third chicken, a guard approaches him, interrupting his dinner.

Without casting him a glance, Ron questions him.

"Why are you here?"

For a moment, the guard is taken aback.

He wonders why his boss would ask him such a question.

"You're still mute even after I asked you a question. If you aren't ready to answer, you can leave and stop hovering over me while I'm eating,"

The guard clears his throat.

"You have visitors, Mr Thurman,"

"Visitors? Who are they?"

"Chrissy McAdams and Mrs Thurman,"

Ron discards another bone, picking up the last chicken lollipop.

"Send Chrissy up to my study and have her wait for me,"

The guard purses his lips.

"I'm sorry, Mr Thurman, but Mrs Thurman has been waiting for you for a while before Chrissy's arrival,"

He thought Ron would honour the older woman's visit since she's been waiting quite a while.

But it turns out his boss has other plans.

"Did you not hear me the first time? Or did I stammer? Do as I've told you, and stop asking unnecessary questions!"

The guard nods, apologising for his mistake and quickly exits the dining area to execute the instruction.

Ron takes a deep breath before continuing to eat his meal.

Everyone in this place wants to enrage him.

After finishing his meal, a maid comes to clear the table as he washes his hands and heads upstairs to his study.

There, he meets Chrissy, already seated, waiting for him.

"I hope you've not been waiting for long?" He asks while taking a seat opposite her.

Chrissy looks up, slightly startled.

"Ugh, no," she replies, clearing her throat.

Ron nods and leans back in the seat, crossing his arms over his chest.

Silence ensues as no one speaks further.

Chrissy nervously fiddles with the hem of her dress while Ron looks at her.

After a while, he breaks the silence.

"Are you planning to keep mute forever? Or are you waiting for me to ask how things are going?"

"No. I..," Chrissy begins, but he cuts her off, leaning forward and resting his elbow on the desk. He peers into her face.

"If you're planning on explaining why you've been slacking, I suggest you save yourself the energy because I hate excuses," Ron's expression is calm, but his voice sends shivers down her spine.

She shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

He continues.

"You must be enjoying your stay in the school so much you seem to have forgotten your purpose there. Don't forget you were a dropout. And as quickly as I got you enrolled, I can make you drop out. It's a piece of cake for me, Chrissy. You failed me once, and I won't have that the second time. I won't let my money go to waste the second time. No one likes to waste their hard-earned money,"

"I'm sorry. I will do better henceforth," at a loss for words, Chrissy apologises to him, but Ron shakes his head.

"I don't care for apologies, Crissy. I need actions that yield results, not mere words. It's been weeks, and you have made no progress."

"I understand,"

"I hope you do. Because I won't have you doing the opposite of what is expected of you. Just because you accidentally bumped into Lucinda this afternoon doesn't mean you did anything,"

Chrissy doesn't hide the shock on her face at Ron's words.

How did he know she bumped into Lucinda on her way to campus?

"Don't be surprised, Chrissy. I have eyes everywhere. Do your job henceforth,"

"Okay, Mr Thurman," She nods.

"You may leave." He dismisses Chrissy, turning his attention to his laptop.

A few minutes after Chrissy has left, the guard from earlier knocks on the door, entering only after being given permission.

He shuts the door behind him and approaches the study desk.

"Mr Thurman, shall I grant your next visitor entry? She's been throwing a tantrum for the last couple of minutes,"

Ron doesn't acknowledge the guard. But his annoyed expression proves he heard the guard.

After a moment of silence, Ron sighs, asking the guard to let the visitor in.

Less than a minute later, the door to his study opens as a woman, who looks to be in her early fifties, barges inside, fuming.

She drops her handbag loudly on the desk, causing the desk to shake slightly.

Ron doesn't look up from his laptop. Instead, he continues to click away, appearing to be busy.

"Ronald Thurman! Are you ignoring my presence?!" she yells, nearing the desk and glaring at Ron.

Ron leisurely let go of his mouse and looks up at the woman.

"Screaming like that is detrimental to your health. You stand a chance of suffering a heart attack, or

worse, stroke,"

His words infuriate the woman even further. She angrily slams her hands on the desk.

"Show some respect, boy!"

Ron chuckles humorlessly, "Right. Respect."

"Do not speak to me in that tone, Ron. Do you have no manners?!"

"I will talk to you anyhow I damn please because I have no respect for you. Every iota of respect I had for you got washed down the drain long ago,"

Stunned, Mrs Thurman purses her lips, seething at his defiance.

After a while, she shakes her head.

"You seem to have a short memory. Have you forgotten how you came to be a Thurman?"

Ron glowers at her, "Yes, I fucking remember how I used to be a nobody, and you took me out of the gutters. You don't have to remind me of this every damn second of my life,"

"And is this how you will repay us? By defying and going against us?"

"I never went against you. If my memory serves me well, I have been doing the opposite for as long as I can recall. I only chose to retaliate when you put someone's life in danger. Believe me, Mrs Thurman, If I had known such a dooms day would come, I would have preferred to stay a gutter boy and not to be rescued by a treacherous family like yours,"

Unable to control her anger, Mrs Thurman lifts her hand to slap Ron, but he catches her hand mid-air, tightening his grip around her wrist.

She struggles against his hold, fuming and glaring at him so much her heartbeat starts to accelerate.

"Contrary to what you think, you didn't make me who I am today. I am who I am because of my hard work. I have never relied on your wealth and connections for anything. Maybe giving me the Thurman surname helped me gain a foothold, but that was just a quarter of the equation. Everything I have, I fucking worked for it."

Mrs Thurman's incredulous gaze burns holes into his forehead for a while before she bursts into laughter.

"I should have sent you back when I had the chance. But Lucinda stopped me. That girl loved you too much,"

Ron smiles, "That's because I gave her the sense of security and love that you and your husband could never provide despite being her parents. All you did was lavish your money on her. Buy her clothes and designer shoes, change her wardrobe every week and whatnot but never emotional stability. As if that wasn't worse, you fed her to the hungry wolves,"

[Chapter 117 Make Herself Invisible](#)

Mrs Thurman frowns, unable to stand the accusation.

"That was a mistake, and you're aware of that fact, you imbecile! She is my daughter. I would never hurt her!"

"Indeed," Ron chuckles, releasing his grip on Mrs Thurman's wrist.

He continues, "Whether it was a mistake or not, you still set her up. It's an unchangeable truth you will have to live with for the rest of your life. And it's unfortunate you involved me in your dirty schemes. She hates me as much as she hates you,"

Mrs Thurman's eyes water at the mention of her daughter, but she blinks back her tears, maintaining her cold demeanour.

She sucks in a deep breath and holds her head high.

"That is why I came here to see you. It's been weeks since Lucinda answered my calls. Can you bring her back home?"

"So she can escape again like the last time? No, thank you. I'd rather save myself the stress,"

"We will do everything to keep her from escaping this time. I promise,"

Ron glowers at her. "Are you planning to lock her up again? Huh? I'm sorry, but count me out,"

Mrs Thurman is desperate, "No one will lock her up. Please, Ronald!"

"I'm sorry, I can't help you. Even if I want to, Lucinda's nowhere to be found. She's off the grid," Ron lies.

"What do you mean? You found my daughter once. Surely, you can do that again,"

He shakes his head, "How can I find her if you haven't been able to track her location? You and your husband have the best hackers, don't you?"

"We can't find her," Mrs Thurman answers dejectedly, and Ron chuckles.

"What good would it be if you're from a rich family but can't make yourself invisible?"

Lucinda had grown up surrounded by intelligent and rich people, including herself.

She was also a beast when it came to mathematics.

He had once asked her why she chose to pursue mathematics out of all the courses. She answered that her life was boring.

She had picked up solving easy maths problems to while away time, and to bring some activity into her daily life.

Soon, she moved from solving basic maths questions to complicated ones.

In no time, Lucinda started to love mathematics.

Aside from that, she was intelligent to know it would be impossible to leave home without her family knowing her whereabouts.

The only way was to make herself invisible.

And having grown up amongst them, Lucinda knew the ways of wealthy people.

And with her parents' status, tracking her down would have been a piece of cake.

But Lucinda had already left home for a couple of months, yet her whereabouts were still unknown.

That was because she had changed her name, got a fake ID and bought an untraceable phone from a person who Ron later found out was one of his trustees.

After a few threats, he confessed to helping Lucinda make a fake ID and giving her an untraceable phone.

That was how Ron had found her location for the first time and forcefully brought her home.

But Lucinda escaped again and changed schools, including her identity.

For a long time, Ron had a hard time finding her. He could no longer track her previous phone.

Lucinda really knew how to say invisible. Even he had a hard time finding her.

That was why when he finally found her, he didn't approach her for fear that she would disappear from the face of the earth.

Instead, he watched her from afar.

And when he could no longer help it, he asked Chrissy to help him get into her phone.

Only then was he able to access Lucinda's phone.

He did all that without the knowledge of her parents.

"You have to find her," Mrs Thurman insists, interrupting Ron's train of thought.

He looks up at her.

"If your able men failed to find your daughter, how do you think I would be able to find her?"

"You're different,"

"How different? I'm just as skilled as your men,"

"Yes, but in addition to your skills, there's something you have that they don't,"

"Oh? Which is?"

"Unlike my men who share no emotional attachment with my daughter, you, on the other hand, do. Lucinda holds a special place in your heart, and that will aid you to treat the matter with urgency,"

Ron smirks at Mrs Thurman's cunning play of words.

"You may be right, but I'll have you know there's nothing more I can do. I've already done all I can. It's high time you accept your daughter's decision. We both know her reason for leaving. Let her be,"

Mrs Thurman refuses to accept Ron's words and shakes her head.

"How can you ask that of me, Ronald? She's my daughter. I can't just let her be,"

Ron sighs, "Well, what else do you have in mind? She's no longer a child that needs constant guidance. Let her be, and she will come to you when she's ready. But if you try to force her to your side again, it will do nothing but widen the distance between you. What happened is not something anyone gets over easily. Respect her boundaries and let her heal on her own terms."

Mrs Thurman slumps in the seat, looking aggrieved.

She rubs her face and cradles it between both palms, saying nothing for the next couple of minutes.

"I can't just sit back and wait for her to come around. How long will that take? Forever?" She finally

laments, breaking the silence.

Ron shrugs, picking up a pen and twirling it between his fingers.

"Every action has its consequences. You made your bed, so you have to lie in it,"

Despite his words being harsh, Mrs Thurman chuckles self-deprecatingly.

"I made my bed, huh?" She asks rhetorically.

Ron says nothing, watching her lament and brood.

After a while, she gets up, picking up her bag.

She walks towards the door and stops, turning to face Ron.

"I will try to let Lucinda or whatever name she's using now be. But do all you can to find her."

With that, she opens the door and walks out, leaving the door ajar.

The guard, who's aware of how much Ron despises open doors, quickly approaches the study and carefully shuts it.

After the door is closed, Ron returns to working on his laptop.

He already found Lucinda, but that information will never reach Mr and Mrs Thurman.

At least not for the time being.

He double-clicks on the tracking app to check her location.

Satisfied, he closes the app and proceeds to work.

[Chapter 118 A Lady's Face](#)

Flick.

Flick.

Flick.

Tyler ignores the human behind him and continues concentrating on the laptop in front of him.

Flick.

Flick.

He groans, turning to cast a glare at the human behind him but fails as his lips curl into an involuntary smirk.

"Baby doll, if you don't stop doing that, you will regret it,"

Lucinda giggles, ignoring his warning.

Instead, she reaches from her position behind him and flicks his nose again.

Annoyed, Tyler scrunches his nose.

"You really are pushing my buttons tonight, huh?"

She replies to him with a goofy grin.

He turns away, facing his laptop and resuming his work.

He ignores the continuous flick of his nose from behind and painstakingly finishes his work.

After, he shuts his laptop and turns, swiftly pulling Lucinda towards him. His action was so unexpected she squealed, falling on his lap.

Tyler wraps his arms around her waist, spreading her legs on either side of him so she can remain comfortably seated on him.

"What do I do with you, baby doll? You've become such a nuisance these days," he says, letting a hand slide down her waist and stopping at her thigh.

She is wearing a low-cut knee-length dress.

Easy access.

Oh, how he fucking likes that.

He squeezes her thighs, watching her squirm.

"What should I do with you, hmm?" He repeats, tracing her collarbones with his other hand.

Lucinda says nothing.

The temperature in the room seemed to have dropped.

"You've really become naughty and disobedient. Don't you think you need to get punished?" His hands slide higher up her thighs.

"Punishment?" Her voice is barely above a whisper.

"Hmm," Tyler nods in affirmation, flashing her a lopsided smirk.

"What kind of punishment do you think you deserve?"

"Uh," she mumbles, distracted by the movement of his hands on her inner thighs, travelling further up.

"I'm not sure," she adds after a while, squirming.

"You're not sure, baby doll?" He questions.

"Mmm-hmm," she hums, adjusting herself on his lap.

Lucinda wraps her arms around Tyler's neck and leans in, touching her forehead with his.

Their noses rub together.

It's been a week since he confessed to liking her at the park.

Since that night, they had gone on countless dates.

Most of the dates they went on were spontaneous.

It was difficult to guess where next they would be visiting.

Tyler seemed to love spontaneity, and so did she.

Simply put, it has been nothing short of blissful.

Granted, Tyler wasted no opportunity annoying the fuck out of her, but she wouldn't have it any other way.

The midterm exams were coming up in less than a week, and while Tyler was busily studying, Lucinda had taken the initiative to give him a dose of his medicine.

And as a result, here she is, seated on his lap with his arms roaming over her thighs, trying to arouse her.

Which is working, by the way.

Lucinda purses her lips.

"So, would you like me to punish you on my terms?" His voice resonates in her ears.

"What did I do to deserve a punishment?" She forces out the words.

Tyler raises an eyebrow, "Do you really not know?"

He pushes her dress further, exposing her thighs.

"No," she shakes her head.

"Hmm. I'll tell you after I have finished punishing you. After all, obey before you complain, right?"

His hands slide inside her dress and between her thighs to find her core, where he gives it a single flick through her underwear.

Lucinda's breath quickens at his actions.

She squirms on his lap, subconsciously spreading her thighs wider.

"You're soaking wet, baby doll," Tyler says, his eyes dark with desire and she whimpers.

Wasting no time, he swiftly slides her underwear to one side, exposing her bare flesh.

He stimulates her, watching her squirm while trying to hold in a moan.

"Moan for me, baby doll. Don't hold it in," His voice drops an octave lower as he quickens his pace, rubbing her flesh.

Lucinda's heart is racing.

She's aroused.

Her feelings are in overdrive.

Her brain has stopped working.

Tyler quickens his pace.

An uncontrollable moan escapes her as she tightens her hold around his neck.

The knot in her abdomen tightens, wanting to be released.

Her toes curl, and she subconsciously clenches around Tyler's fingers.

Her actions elicit a guttural growl from Tyler.

The sight of her seated on him, aroused, soaking and a moaning mess is nothing short of erotic.

He adds a second finger, watching her lips part and face contort in pleasure.

"Tyler," she moans.

"I'm going to.." He kisses her, swallowing her words.

She moans into his mouth, feeling the heightened sensation between her thighs.

He kisses her passionately, never stopping until she freezes in his arms, reaching the height of her arousal.

They pull away, heavy breaths filling the silence.

Lucinda watches in surprise as Tyler retrieves his hand and licks it while maintaining eye contact.

While watching him, her lips part, finding the sight highly arousing.

"Delicious," he mumbles, and she blushes.

"You want more, baby doll?" He questions.

Lucinda says nothing.

Instead, she takes the initiative to kiss him, silently giving him the go-ahead.

While seated on his lap, Tyler lifts her and walks with her to the bed, where he drops her.

He joins her immediately after, hovering over her.

They share a glance for a moment before he lowers his head to kiss the dip between her breasts while exploring her body through the dress.

Despite reaching her peak barely minutes ago, her arousal returns with force and hits her like a wrecking ball.

Her heart races as she holds on to him for dear life, letting her arms roam his taut back, exploring him.

After spending time on her chest, Tyler moves up to her neck, immediately finding the crescent-shaped

birthmark.

He showers the mark with kisses for a while before pulling back slightly to peer into her face, his eyes hooded with desire.

"How did you get this?" His thumb trails over the mark.

"I've always had it. I think it's a birthmark," Lucinda replies.

"It really is a birthmark, huh?"

"Yes,"

"It's beautiful. I'm obsessed with it," With that, Tyler lowers his head to kiss it again, but this time, he sucks on the flesh, occasionally biting it until the skin reddens.

When he pulls back after a while, he smirks.

"You gave me a hickey, didn't you?" Lucinda queries.

"I sure did," he grins, proud of his work.

"It really is beautiful," he mutters, cocking his head to study the mark.

He had seen it several times already, but each time he saw it, it felt like it was part of a distant memory.

Tyler had been watching the crescent-shaped mark for a while when a distant memory flashed in his mind's-eye.

He suddenly jerks while hovering over Lucinda as the memory flashes continuously like a broken record.

Suddenly, the flashes begin to take shape, and a lady's face appears in place of the blurred image.

Tyler groans in agony, rolling onto the bed beside Lucinda.

[Chapter 119 An Out-of-body Experience](#)

Tyler's sudden cry of agony startles Lucinda.

She turns to him on the bed.

"Tyler, hey!" She taps him.

A painful groan is all she gets in reply.

"What's wrong, Tyler?" she closes the distance between them, gripping his hand, which was pressing down on the sides of his head.

At this juncture, the excitement and arousal in the atmosphere had long dissipated.

With her heart in her throat, Lucinda desperately tries to figure out what's wrong.

But Tyler is in so much agony to hear anything other than the ringing in his head.

The blurred image in his mind's eye has taken shape.

But the pain in his head only increases instead of lessening.

The image in his head zooms out, appearing to be fading only to zoom in again and out.

It's like a broken record.

And it's fucking with his head and entire being.

The pain is so intense it feels as if his head is about to explode.

He hears Lucinda shouting and calling out for him, but her voice sounds far away.

But he's far too gone to respond.

In his mind's eye, he suddenly sees a younger version of himself standing before the lady in his head.

He is smiling down at her, whispering something into her ears.

The lady giggles, slapping his shoulder slightly.

Tyler grips the lady's arm, pushing the sleeve of her sweatshirt back to expose a scar.

He purses his lips and stares intently at the scar, a grim look appearing on his face.

He glances at the lady.

"Does it hurt?"

Tyler hears his younger self ask the lady, who shakes her head, smiling.

"It's healing,"

He doesn't believe her.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault you got such a deep cut," Tyler's thumb traces the scar.

"For how long will you apologise? I got hurt because we were both reckless. You don't have to keep apologising, Ty. Besides, I'm no longer a child. It's absolutely normal to get hurt once in a while,"

Tyler sighs, peering at the scar once more.

The lady adds after a while, "Though, the scar looks beautiful. Don't you agree?"

He frowns. "How so?"

He cocks his head to the side, studying the scar, noticing a weird shape around it.

"Pay close attention. It does resemble a crescent, does it not?"

"Hmm," Tyler's younger version hums, nodding in the affirmative.

"Now that you mentioned it, it does look like a crescent. And it's beautiful,"

"See?" The lady grins.

"Instead of a jagged ugly scar, I have a crescent shape in its place. You don't have to feel guilty, Ty,"

"You know I can't help it. I dote on you,"

"I know. I love you, Ty,"

"I love you more, Lily,"

As if having an out-of-body experience, Tyler watches his younger self shower kisses on the girl he addressed as Lily.

It is obvious he has a relationship with her.

But what kind it is, he has no idea.

His younger self pulls away from the girl and takes her hand in his.

He leads her inside the mansion he had failed to notice earlier on behind them.

He watches them until they disappear into the mansion, and suddenly, an invisible force starts to drag him from behind.

Tyler opens his eyes with a start, gasping for breath.

"Tyler! My God!" Lucinda exclaims, her face wet with tears as she throws her arms around him, hugging him for dear life.

"Baby doll, why are you crying?" Tyler rubs her back affectionately.

"You.." she sniffs, lifting her head to peer into his face.

"I'm not sure what happened, but you were unresponsive for a couple of minutes,"

"I was?" He rubs his temple.

This migraine will be his death of him.

"Yes. You scared me, Tyler," she sobs, still shaken.

Watching him groan continuously in agony without responding to her call is a feeling she won't be able to describe.

It was heart-wrenching. And scary.

"I'm here, aren't I? I'm going nowhere,"

Lucinda says nothing.

Instead, she buries her face in his chest.

"Does your head hurt? It's the migraine, isn't it?"

Tyler smiles despite his pain.

"You really are observant, aren't you?"

"This has happened more than thrice since I've known you. Have you seen a doctor?"

"Mmm, I have,"

Lucinda lifts her head to peer into his face.

"And? Did you get a diagnosis?"

"Not yet, baby doll. But I will soon,"

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely," he answers, sitting up in bed.

Lucinda follows suit.

"Where's your medicine? I could get it for you,"

"Thanks, baby doll. It's in the first drawer by the bed," he replies, touched.

Nodding, Lucinda climbs down the bed to search through the drawers. It doesn't take her long to find it, and when she does, she hands him the tablet, excusing herself to get him a glass of water.

"No need, baby doll," Tyler stops her, swallowing the tablet.

Sighing, she climbs back into bed.

"I almost called 112," she pouts.

"You did?" His eyes sparkle with an unknown emotion.

"Mmm-hmm, I was so frightened. I was at my wit's end when you were unresponsive,"

Tyler pulls her near, slowly blinking as drowsiness starts to set in.

"I'm sorry I scared you, Lucinda,"

"It's okay," she gazes at him, noticing his eyes drooping.

"You should sleep for a while,"

"Mmm," he hums, feeling exhausted.

"And what will you be doing while I sleep?"

"I will wait till your friend gets here before leaving. We can talk after you have had a good rest,"

"You called him?" Tyler is surprised.

"Yes,"

"Hmm," he hums again, adjusting a pillow under his head.

His eyes have become so heavy it's getting impossible to keep them open with each passing minute.

"But remember to make it up to me when you wake up. Stopping in the middle of a heated session like that was so unfair," Lucinda complains, pouting.

Tyler chuckles lowly, "I will, baby doll. I will make you scream with pleasure,"

"Good,"

He closes his eyes, letting sleep take over.

After Tyler falls asleep, Lucinda watches him for a while until Austin arrives.

She explains the situation to him before excusing herself and exiting the apartment.

INSIDE AN EMPTY HOUSE NEAR THE RIVER.

Lily holds onto doctor Smith as he helps her toward the sofa.

Gently, he eases her onto the sofa and stands back, pushing his glasses up his nose.

"Are you comfortable enough?" He questions, watching her squirm in the seat, trying to find a suitable sitting position to prevent hurting her wound.

"Yes. Thank you, doctor."

"You're welcome," he checks his wristwatch.

"I have a few patients to attend to, so I'll be on my way. Will you be okay until I return?" he asks.

Lily had insisted on getting discharged early despite his countless disapproval.

In the end, he had to give in and bring her to this deserted house as Ryan had instructed him.

"Yes. Don't worry about me, doctor. You've already done enough. I'll be fine," she flashes him a genuine smile.

Nodding, Doctor Smith exits the house, leaving Lily alone.

[Chapter 120 Those Who Cook Together Eat Together](#)

Barely an hour after doctor Smith has left, Lily gets up from the sofa to explore the house, trying to get used to the new surroundings.

The house looks like it hasn't been occupied for a long time.

Deserted and empty is what it looks like.

Empty, just like her heart is right now.

Lily sighs heavily, exiting the bathroom after checking it out and walking back into the living room, where she lies down for a while, staring at her reflection on the TV screen.

After some time, Lily gets up, feeling famished.

Carefully, she limps into the kitchen and quickly glances around, trying to find some food and ingredients.

Anything at this point would suffice.

But she finds nothing other than a can of chopped tomatoes which expired more than a month ago.

Sighing, she casually picks up a knife and plays with it while wondering where to find food.

Her stomach rumbles, and she lets out another sigh, rubbing her belly.

Lily glances out of the kitchen window, looking at the river ahead.

There must be fish in there, are there not?

Maybe she could try fishing for a start.

But if she wanted to fish, she would need a hook, line and bait.

She frowns.

Where would she find such items?

While Lily was still contemplating what to have for dinner, the door to the house suddenly creaks open.

Startled, Lily turns.

Footsteps advances.

It sounds like more than one person is in the house.

Doctor Smith couldn't have returned so soon, could he?

Cautiously, Lily moves behind the kitchen door, making sure her movements are quiet, especially when she is still limping.

Tightening her grip around the knife's handle, she leans against the door as the footsteps fade, only to return louder.

The intruders must have searched for her inside the bedroom and are now making their way toward the kitchen.

Despite her weak state, Lily readies herself to attack before the intruders do.

If fate wishes, she would die fighting.

Immediately they step foot inside the kitchen, Lily swiftly steps out of her hiding place and swings the knife.

Ryan, who saw the attack coming, dodges the knife.

It misses his throat by only a few inches.

The knife hits the cabinet behind him and falls onto the floor.

Ryan casts the knife a surprised look and turns to face Lily.

"I... I'm sorry, I thought you were intruders," Mortified, she apologises while approaching them.

Ryan rubs his neck.

"Girl, if I hadn't known you were hiding somewhere around here, that knife would have cleanly sliced my throat,"

Lily flushes.

"I'm sorry,"

"Why did you think we were intruders? Didn't the doctor inform you of our arrival?" Dean questions.

She shakes her head, "No, he didn't. Doctor Smith left immediately after bringing me here,"

"Alright. You almost killed me. But I must admit, that was a precise throw. I'm impressed,"

Lily's lips curve into a slight smile as her gaze shifts to the bag in Dean's hands.

Noticing her gaze directed at the goodies in his hand, he lifts the bag into the air, waving.

"We brought you some groceries. We figured you might get hungry,"

"Of course, I'd get hungry. It's expected of me since I'm human,"

Ryan raises his eyebrows.

"Since when did you become such a smart mouth? You used to be very quiet and timid,"

"I guess I've changed then," she moves to the counter as Dean drops the groceries.

Without wasting time, she empties the bag into the counter and spreads each ingredient.

Lily shifts her gaze from one ingredient to the other, trying to determine what to have for dinner.

Finally, after a while of contemplating, she decided to have curry rice with sausages and scrambled eggs.

Grabbing another knife, she gets to work.

Ryan and his companion stand by the door, watching Lily wash some rice.

Instinctively, Ryan picks up the knife from the floor and washes it under the running tap before joining her.

"Let me help,"

Lily, who has just finished the vegetables, shakes her head.

"This is a quick fix. You don't have to worry. It will be ready in no time,"

Ryan moves the vegetables in front of him and picks up a chopping board.

He grabs an onion, slicing it in half.

"I plan on having dinner as well, so let me help. There's a saying that goes, Those who cook together eat together,"

Lily can't help but chuckle, "I've never heard of that saying before. You made it up,"

"You're young. There are still a lot more sayings you haven't come across yet. I'm older, so I know,"

"Alright, I believe you," she answers sarcastically.

Before proceeding to dice the onions, Ryan drops the knife to roll up his sleeves and unbutton the first two buttons of his shirt.

While doing that, Lily happens to glance in his direction.

Her face turns pink, surprising her.

She quickly looks away and begins chopping some scallions.

Eventually, Dean joins in.

It was awkward standing idle while they busied themselves in the kitchen.

Not long after, Lily finally turns the fire off, dropping the wooden spoon after stirring the rice for the last time.

Coincidentally, Dean finishes scrambling the eggs and frying the sausages, so he turns the fire off.

Ryan gazes at Lily in uncertainty.

"Are you sure the rice cooked to perfection?"

Lily turns to him. "Yes, it is. Why do you ask?"

"Well, that rice had barely any water around it. And when the water dried up, you covered the rice and lowered the fire. How is that supposed to cook the rice?"

Lily chuckles, "I thought I was a bad cook, but you're worse. Do you not know how to cook rice?"

From the corner, Dean snickers, and Ryan shoots him a glare.

He turns to Lily.

"It was just a joke," He lies.

He's a person who does unpleasant and unlawful things for a living. There's no way he would admit to not knowing how to cook something as simple and stress-free as rice and let them ridicule him.

"You don't have to lie. It's nothing to be ashamed of unless you're trying to prevent your ego from being bruised?"

Listening to her made him regret saying anything in the first place.

Suddenly, Ryan wishes she was still the timid and quiet girl he knew.

She's become too sharp-mouthed.

"I will teach you next time, don't worry," Lily adds when Ryan remains silent.

"Hmm," he shrugs nonchalantly, wanting to stop the conversation from going further.

If he let her teach him, it would be worse than not admitting to knowing how to prepare rice.

Lily scoops a few spoonfuls of rice and adds some eggs and sausages. Since the house has no dining area, she puts her food on a tray and enters the living room to have her meal.

Both men join her a couple of minutes later with their own plates of food.

For the next fifteen or so minutes, they ate in silence.

Neither was bothered by it because they loved serenity and tranquillity.