

Devil Lucifer 121

[Chapter 121 I think I Recalled Something](#)

After eating, Dean picks up his and Lily's plate in the kitchen.

She doesn't kick up a fuss.

Instead, she accepts his kind gesture wholeheartedly

Dean returns to his seat after dropping the plates in the sink.

A couple of minutes pass without anyone uttering a word.

Somehow, each individual seems to know what the other might be thinking.

It isn't rocket science.

So far as they'd all gathered in one place was enough to know the reason behind their meeting.

The three of them share nothing in common except a lie.

And that lie has brought them together to figure out how to keep it buried.

Finally, the silence becomes so suffocating that Ryan speaks up.

"How is your wound, Lily?"

Startled at the sudden question directed at her, Lily lifts her head, snapping out of her thoughts.

She manages a small smile.

"It's healing quite well, thank you,"

Ryan nods,

"I'm sorry for hurting you," the words remain at the tip of his tongue, but he doesn't dare utter them.

He doesn't utter them because he's shocked at his thoughts.

He's been in this dirty business for so many years he's learned how to shut off his feelings.

Do the job, push the guilt down and move on to the next.

That's how he's been keeping himself going for so long.

His is to recite it like a mantra every damn day.

But this girl, Lily.

Despite pushing the guilt down somewhere in his heart, it has begun creeping up to the surface.

Hell, he didn't even shoot to kill her, so why this fucking guilt?

He purses his lips as silence ensues once again.

"How long will we keep sitting in silence and not address the issue on our minds?" Lily questions with a raised brow, breaking the silence.

Dean throws her a surprised glance, and she shrugs.

"What? The silence is suffocating. Someone had to say something,"

He shakes his head.

Lily really has changed.

Drastically.

"It's hard to believe the words coming out of your mouth. You really have changed,"

Dean can still vividly recall the day he and Tyler rescued her.

He recalls how timid she was and refused to look him in the eye.

Lily barely spoke.

But when she did, it sounded like she was scared.

But now.

Barely three weeks later, the change in her is so glaring it's hard to turn a blind eye to it.

Dean's gaze subconsciously shifts to her left hand.

It still is bandaged.

Lily's lips curve into a self-deprecating smile.

"When the only thing you have left is your life, you aren't allowed to remain timid, lest it will be taken away from you too,"

Everything Lily had, has been snatched from her, and the only thing left is her life, which she almost lost.

She had no choice but to fight for it with every fibre of her being.

If she dies trying, it would be worth it.

Life has been too harsh on her that she can no longer afford to continue being timid.

It is now a do-or-die affair.

"Alright!" Lily suddenly exclaims, drawing the attention of both men.

They glance at her.

"What do we do now? How long will I be cooped up in here?"

"We're not sure," Ryan answers.

"But it can't be long, for sure, lest we'll be caught."

"Why?" Lily queries.

"We can't be 100% sure how long we can keep coming here before the boss starts to suspect. For all we know, he might have gotten someone to tail us," Ryan answers.

"I thought he trusted you. Aren't you Alex's most trusted aid?"

Ryan smirks, "Alex trusts no one. Not even his shadow. In his line of business, you'd be digging your grave by putting your trust in anyone, even your child,"

Lily remains silent for a while before saying, "Okay. I'll stay here for the time being,"

"Good girl,"

Dean and Ryan stay with Lily for a couple more hours before finally leaving.

Staying out too long might arouse Alex's suspicion.

After they have left, Lily decides to shower, thankful that the tap is flowing.

After her shower, she singlehandedly changes her wound dressing and locks all the doors before retiring

to bed.

Doctor Smith doesn't return until the wee hours of the morning.

Tyler slept throughout the night and woke up early the next day.

After climbing out of bed, he gets ready to shower when the aroma of delicious food wafts through his nose.

Abandoning his decision to bathe, Tyler follows the smell into the kitchen.

Austin was scooping out the last pieces of chicken from the oil when he felt a presence behind him.

He turns off the fire and turns, picking up a chicken.

He bites a huge chunk off.

"Well, look who's finally awake,"

Rolling his eyes, Tyler nears the counter and picks up a chicken with a fork.

He bites into it, leaning against the counter.

"Did you brush your teeth before eating that?" Austin questions, despite knowing the answer.

"It's too early to start annoying me. Can you wait until I've had my bath first?" Tyler finishes the chicken in three bites and drops the fork with the leftover bones stuck on it.

Austin chuckles, wiping his fingers with a tissue.

He licks his lips.

"Lucinda called me last night," he begins.

Tyler, who's already anticipated this conversation nods.

"Yes, she did,"

Austin briefly stares at his friend.

"What happened, Tyler?"

Tyler stares into space for a while before finally answering.

"I'm not sure, but I think I recalled something,"

Austin doesn't bother hiding his surprise.

"You did?"

"Yes."

"What did you recall?"

"I'm not sure, honestly. But, I think I saw a younger version of myself with a girl, and we were talking about a scar on her hand. It looked similar to the one on Lucinda's neck," he rubs his forehead, frowning.

"And this girl, what was her name? Do you remember it?"

"Lily. I called her Lily, and she looked similar to the girl Dean and I brought to the mansion. She couldn't possibly be a twin, could she?"

Austin sighs.

When Tyler had told him about a certain girl called Lily, he had suspected it was the same person he used to know, though he was unsure since he hadn't seen her.

But Tyler's words confirm that Lily from the past and the one he recently met are the same person.

Could this be a good sign?

Is Tyler starting to remember?

"The coincidence is too glaring. Twins can't have the same scar on the same spot. Right?" Tyler mumbles, the wheels turning in his head.

If his vision or whatever it is, is true, it would finally explain the sense of familiarity he felt towards Lily when they first met.

[Chapter 122 Am I Your Boyfriend Now](#)

Tyler lets out a heavy sigh, rubbing his temple. Thinking about the issue will do him no good.

Instead of searching his mind for answers, he would channel his energy into finding someone who could help unlock his memories.

But first, now more than ever, he needs to see Lily and chat with her.

Who knows, she might have answers to some of his questions

Seeing her in his memories indicates how well-acquainted they are with each other.

Tyler leans away from the counter, exiting the kitchen and into the bedroom, where he strips naked and enters the bathroom.

Inside, he discards the shower and fills the tub with water.

After the tub is halfway filled, he shuts off the tap and adds a few drops of natural oils and soap.

When the bath is foamy and ready, his phone suddenly rings loudly from the bedroom.

Wiping his hands with a towel, Tyler walks back into the bedroom naked to retrieve his phone.

He hesitates to answer the call as he walks back into the bathroom and lowers himself into the tub, sighing in contentment as the sweet scent of the oils invades his nostrils, relaxing him.

Tyler rests his head against the bath pillow before lifting the phone in his hand to check the caller.

His lips curl into a smile as the ID flashes on his screen.

He taps on the video button and makes a call. It rings for a couple of seconds before it gets answered.

Lucinda's face pops up on the screen, and she immediately lets out a horrifying shriek at the sight of Tyler.

He smirks, "Why are you shouting?"

Lucinda composes herself, trying to look elsewhere.

"I see you plan on feigning ignorance,"

Tyler chuckles, "No, I don't. I'm curious. Why did you shout?"

"Don't act like you don't know. Why did you call me on video when you're butt naked?"

"How did you know I'm butt naked, baby doll?"

She snorts, "Don't try to make me look like a pervert. There's no way you would get into a tub fully clothed. That'd be ridiculous,"

"What if I am?"

"I know you're not. You can't fool me,"

"Oh yeah? Fine, I'll prove it to you,"

Without warning, Tyler lowers his hand, angling the phone's camera toward the lower part of his body as he lifts himself out of the tub.

Bubbles cling to his chest and torso while doing so. Horrified, Lucinda immediately shuts her eyes, blushing profusely.

She doesn't dare to wait for the phone's camera to reach the area below his waist before shutting her eyes.

Enjoying her discomfort, Tyler laughs.

"Why have you closed your eyes, baby doll? Don't you want to see my clothes?"

Lucinda shakes her head with her eyes still tightly shut.

"No way, Tyler! I know you're lying. You're most definitely not wearing clothes."

"How sure are you? Just open your eyes, will you?" he persuades her, but she refuses.

"If I heed to your words, rest assured I will see things dangling like a pendulum before me,"

Tyler snorts out a laugh, lowering himself back into the tub.

"What things, baby doll?"

"Well, you know, those things,"

"Which things?"

"Those things. Stop pretending you don't know what I'm talking about,"

"No, I don't."

"Fine, suit yourself then. I'm not telling you if you don't know your anatomy. By the way, that's not why I called,"

Lucinda opens her left eye barely by an inch and peeps, checking if Tyler has lowered his dangling pendulum into the tub.

Sure enough, he has.

She breathes a sigh of relief, opening both eyes.

"Why did you call, baby doll?" Tyler questions flashing her a lazy smile while resting his head against the bath pillow.

"I wanted to know how you're faring," she replies.

"I'm doing good, baby doll. Thanks for asking," he answers genuinely.

He can't remember how long it's been since anyone asked how he was faring.

Well, besides Austin, of course.

It feels nice to know that someone else besides himself is thinking about his well-being.

"Mmm. Will you be able to make it to class? Today's Monday,"

"I'm not dying, baby doll. Of course, I'll be in class today,"

"Mmm. Alright. Just don't forget. Midterm exams are barely a week away,"

"Would it bother you if I failed?"

"Mmm-hmm," Lucinda nods. "It really would. I can't have a blockheaded boyfriend," she teases.

Tyler smirks, "Am I your boyfriend now?"

Her eyes widen in realisation as she shakes her head, "No. I was speaking in the future tense,"

He laughs, "Of course. I totally believe you,"

"Alright," the camera loses focus for a split second as Lucinda stretches on the bed, trying to grab a spoon from the bedside table.

She repositions the phone, steadying it with a spare pillow and grabs the bowl beside her, stirring it with her spoon.

She scoops some of the bowl's contents and eats.

Tyler glances at the bowl.

"Are you having granola cereal for breakfast?"

"Mmm-hmm," she nods, scooping more into her mouth.

"Baby doll, if you love granola so much, I'll get you more,"

"Really?"

Tyler nods in the affirmative.

"Fine. And add a box of orange juice while you're at it,"

"I sure will. I will buy you a hundred boxes of orange juice since it benefits both of us,"

Lucinda raises an eyebrow, sticking the spoon between her lips.

"How does that benefit you?"

"Well, I love the taste of citrus on your lips. I can kiss you for hours on end,"

She blushes, "I'll quit drinking it then," she says deliberately, and he shrugs.

"I'll still kiss you senseless,"

The tip of Lucinda's ears turns red, "Alright, that's enough. I'll leave you to finish bathing,"

"So soon?" he pouts.

"I thought you would stay long enough to watch me bathe. I could make it interesting and strip tease for you. Ever heard of strip teasing with no clothes on?"

Lucinda stares intently at Tyler, pulling the spoon from her mouth and scooping some granola.

She eats it and licks the remnants of milk on the spoon, making sure to do it as slowly as possible.

Her actions ignite heat from the depths of Tyler's heart as he gazes at her licking the spoon as if it were a...

Fuck.

Don't let your mind wander, Tyler.

"I can gladly stay and watch you strip tease for me, but unfortunately, you're not here to make me cry out of pleasure when I'm soaking wet from the aftereffect."

Lucinda revels in Tyler's shocked expression.

She bets he expected her to shy away and act mortified, but no.

She smirks triumphantly.

"Baby doll," Tyler complains, his voice somewhat hoarse.

"Don't play with me like that. You got me conjuring all kinds of images. It is detrimental to my health,"

She giggles, "You started it, Ty. I'm only helping you finish it,"

He shakes his head, "You little vixen. You have no idea the wicked things I'll do to you when next we meet. Brace yourself,"

Lucinda clenches her thighs as his words send a wave of heat travelling up her legs and settling between her thighs.

"Words mean nothing. Show me what you can do," Lucinda challenges.

"Are you challenging me?" Tyler raises an eyebrow, smirking.

Her heart almost melts into a damn puddle.

"Take it however you want,"

He chuckles, "Fine. Don't complain that I didn't warn you. I'll make you squirt, baby doll,"

Lucinda's sharp breath intake doesn't go unnoticed.

"I'll hold you to that,"

"Alright,"

"Alright,"

"Alright,"

Chuckling, Tyler hangs up.

He would make her writhe with pleasure.

So much pleasure it will be unbearable.

With a smile, he shuts his eyes and enjoys the warm bath.

[Chapter 123 He Remembered His Sister](#)

More than twenty minutes later, Tyler finally rinses his body and exits the shower after wrapping a towel around his waist. As he walks past the vast mirror in his room, he glances at his reflection and notices how pale his skin has become.

He looks like a ghost.

But it doesn't matter as long as he feels refreshed.

Tyler tears his gaze away from the mirror to rummage through his closet for clothes.

After deciding on an outfit, he wastes no time getting dressed and exits his room, making his way into the kitchen.

He plates some food for himself, making sure to add extra chicken.

"So what now?" Austin asks suddenly, breaking the silence.

While chewing on a piece of chicken thigh, Tyler casts his friend a sideways glance.

He shrugs his shoulders as if to ask, "what?"

Austin rolls his eyes.

"Now that you seem to be making progressing with regaining your memory, what is your next plan?"

Tyler finishes the chicken, wipes his hand with a tissue and gulps some water before replying.

"I need to find the girl and ask her a few questions,"

"Lily, you mean?"

He nods, "Yes,"

"Then I reckon you will be going to see Alex at the mansion today,"

"I will. After class," Tyler confirms.

"Mmm, alright then."

Both men quickly finish their meals and wash the plates, after which they head for school.

Upon arrival, Austin turns to Tyler just before they part ways into their classrooms.

"I'll be going home right after classes. I'm letting you know just in case you don't find me on campus,"

Tyler eyes him, "You need to invite me to your home one of these days. Stop acting like a secret agent,"

"How am I acting like a secret agent?" Austin raises an eyebrow.

"You complain I am secretive, but you're worse than an investigative agent undercover."

"Are you saying all this just because you don't know my residence?"

"Yes."

"Alright, fine. Soon, I'll invite you to my home,"

"Now, that's more like it,"

With an exaggerated eye-roll, Austin turns, walking in the opposite direction, and so does Tyler.

After an excruciating two-hour lecture, Tyler wastes no time packing up his books and exiting the hall while slinging his backpack over his shoulder.

He reaches the end of the hallway and turns right, attempting to round the corner, when a body comes barreling into him.

Tyler winces as a couple of books hit his chest and tumble to the floor.

He takes a step back.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry," A female voice apologises while bending to gather her books.

After gathering the books, the female straightens herself.

"I'm so sorry," she repeats, pausing for a split second when she recognises Tyler.

"I seem to have a habit of running into you,"

Tyler raises an eyebrow, "What?"

"Oh, um. I bumped into you the other day at the apartment complex," she explains, and he frowns.

"I see," he mumbles, unwilling to take a trip down memory lane.

"Well, I'm Chrissy. Chrissy McAdams, just in case we bump into each other again," Chrissy attempts to crack a joke, but Tyler doesn't budge.

Instead, he nods disinterestedly.

"Alright. Sure," Tyler sidesteps Chrissy and walks away, leaving her staring at him until he's no longer in sight.

"I didn't get his name," Chrissy mumbles, sighing dejectedly.

She remains in the same spot for a while before continuing her journey, pressing her books to her chest.

After his lectures, Austin orders an uber, which arrives in less than ten minutes. Hopping inside, he retrieves his phone to send a quick text message to his dad, enquiring if it is okay to come over.

In less than thirty seconds, his phone chimes with a reply from his father, confirming his arrival.

Pushing his phone back into his pocket, Austin rests his head against the headrest and shuts his eyes, enjoying the ride on the way home.

As always, Austin alights a few metres away from his home and walks the rest of the way.

Upon arrival at the enormous gate, he retrieves his phone and clicks on an app thrice.

A few seconds later, the remote-controlled gate opens, giving way.

Austin steps inside as a guard comes forward to greet him.

"You're welcome, Mr Miles. The boss is expecting you,"

Austin smirks, "You mean my father is expecting me? Your words imply I'm a visitor,"

The guard's eyes widen, "That is not what I meant. I say these words to so many people daily that it has become like a mantra. I recite it unconsciously,"

Austin chuckles, "It's fine. You don't have to look at me like I'm a monster,"

"I'm sorry,"

He waves the guard off while entering the mansion.

As usual, the nanny comes to greet him immediately after he enters, offering him food. But he declines politely.

"I'm not that hungry,"

"At least have something. Since you're not hungry, shall I prepare a bath for you then?"

"You pamper me too much. I need to have a short discussion with my dad, and I promise I'll eat whatever you serve me. Deal?"

"Okay, Young mister. I shall set the table," the nanny turns and heads into the kitchen while Austin proceeds upstairs and into his father's study.

He knocks a couple of times before his father answers.

Carefully, Austin opens the door and steps inside, shutting the door behind him.

Mr Miles is on the phone when his son enters.

He quickly ends the call and gives his son his undivided attention.

Cocking his head to the side, he clasps both hands on the desk and regards his son.

"To what do I owe this august visit?"

Austin snorts, "This wouldn't be an August visit if you don't throw me out each time I come here,"

"Do I throw you out every time you come home?" Mr Miles raises an eyebrow.

"Yes, you do. I sometimes forget Tyler's apartment isn't my home,"

"That's good,"

Austin frowns, "How is that good? Do you not miss me? Isn't it lonely staying in this mansion all by yourself?"

"I have guards and maids,"

Austin sorts again, "What could you possibly discuss with the guard, dad?"

As if a realisation has struck him, he narrows his eyes infinitesimally.

"You have a girlfriend who comes here when I'm away, don't you?"

Mr Miles is tempted to reach over and slap his son.

"Don't be stupid, Austin. I don't have time for frivolous things,"

"Really?" He doesn't believe his father.

"Don't you get lonely sometimes?"

"Austin Miles! Behave!" his father reprimands, and Austin lifts his hand in surrender, biting back a smile.

"Fine, dad. I won't say anymore. My lips are sealed shut,"

"You better not. You're still as childish as ever,"

"Mmm-hmm. I am, aren't I?" Austin smirks, causing his father to sigh.

"What brings you here, Austin Miles?"

"Oh, right!" Austin sits up.

"Last night, Tyler recalled something from the past. He remembered his sister, Lily,"

Mr Miles leans back in the seat, suddenly showing interest in the conversation.

"He did? Now, isn't that a good start?"

"Yes. I think it's time you made that doctor available to us, dad. Tyler is showing improvement, so it's right to introduce the doctor. Didn't you say he's good at his job? He might help speed up Tyler's recovery process,"

"Hmm," Mr Miles hums, in deep thought.

[Chapter 124 Everyone Is A Suspec](#)

Austin watches his dad contemplate for a while.

"By the way, how is it that Tyler suddenly recalled some of his memories so suddenly? I thought he usually had only migraines?" Mr Miles asks.

Austin purses his lips, shrugging.

"I have no idea either, dad. His memory seems to be recovering at an unsteady pace. Sometimes, he experiences no headaches or flashes for several weeks. Other times, the headache occurs suddenly, coupled with hallucinations. And there are times he speaks about having weird dreams, but nothing more than that. It's hard to track his progress,"

"It's like a gambling game. Isn't it? You think you're winning, only to find out you're losing instead," Mr

Miles pauses, staring into space.

"I wonder why Tyler's progress is so unstable. The human brain doesn't heal backwards. Does it? Unless..." He trails off, letting his words linger in the air.

Understanding what his father is trying to put across, Austin shakes his head in disbelief.

"No way, dad."

"Yes, Austin. Do you think it's impossible? Just because you have a good heart doesn't mean everyone else does. There are people out there with hearts as dark as a bottomless pit,"

"But, dad. How?"

"You indeed are naive, son," Mr Miles chuckles but answers nevertheless.

"Those who put your friend in his current will do everything to make him stay that way. They wanted him dead, but unfortunately, he survived, except he lost his memories. What's more convenient than to keep him that way? Hmm?"

"Dad," Austin pauses when a gentle knock on the door interrupts them.

"Come in," says Mr Miles, and the door to the study opens.

The nanny enters, carrying a tray of cookies and juice.

"I'm sorry for interrupting, but I was uneasy as the young mister still hadn't come down for his meal,"

Austin smiles gently, "How many times should I tell you to quit worrying about me? Trust me, nanny, I won't suddenly slump unconscious just because I haven't had a meal for a couple of hours. What happened years ago won't repeat itself,"

The nanny nods. "I know. But I would feel much better if your belly were full. It's not good to be on an empty stomach,"

"Fine." Austin sighs in resignation.

"You can leave them here,"

Smiling, the nanny carefully places the tray in front of him.

After, she straightens herself.

"Thank you for heeding my words, Mr Miles,"

"Why won't I? You're the closest thing I have to a mother,"

The woman smiles warmly.

"I'll leave now. I'm sorry for interrupting you,"

Austin picks up a cookie.

"And, oh, nanny,"

"Yes?" the woman halts by the door.

"Can you pack more meals for me? I will take them with me tonight. My friend loved the food you packaged for me the last time,"

The woman smiles warmly.

"Of course, Mr Miles. I'll do just that,"

Austin chews on his cookie while his father picks up the second glass of juice.

"Thanks, nanny,"

Nodding, she exits the study, shutting the door behind her softly. After she has left, Austin faces his dad, sipping on his juice.

He continues from where he stopped when the nanny interrupted them.

"Are you implying someone or something is messing with Tyler's memory?"

The corners of Mr Miles' lips turn up.

"Nothing is impossible under the sun,"

Austin drops his glass carefully on the tray and dusts his hand after pushing another cookie into his mouth.

He furrows his eyebrows, confused.

"I don't understand, dad. Who could be so senile to do something as illegal and dangerous as that?"

His father sips his juice before lowering it onto the desk, circling the glass's rim.

"At this juncture, anyone is a suspect," he pauses, lifting his eyes to gaze at his son.

"..Even you, Austin,"

Austin almost chokes on a cookie.

"What? Me? That's outrageous, dad!"

Mr Miles chuckles, "What I'm trying to say is, anyone around Tyler is a suspect. We can't rule out anyone based on sentiments. Don't forget the ones closest to you cause the most harm. The devil will never know your weakness unless they get close to you,"

Austin nods thoughtfully, chewing absentmindedly on the cookie.

"I get your point."

"I'm glad you do,"

"Does that mean I have to keep an eye out for everyone close to my friend?"

"Precisely,"

Austin sighs, picking up his glass.

"Alright. I'm in too deep at this point to complain or back out," Austin sips his juice before adding. "And the doctor?"

"Right. A moment, please," Mr Miles fetches his cell phone to go through his contacts.

Less than a minute later, he picks up a pen, tears a piece of paper from the corner of his book, and jots down the doctor's number and address.

He hands it to his son, dropping the pen.

"That's his number and address. Whenever Tyler is ready, you can take him there. He'll be expecting you,"

Austin carefully folds the paper, pushing it into his breast pocket.

He finishes the rest of his juice and gets up.

"Alright, dad. I need to take a nap,"

Mr Miles raises an eyebrow.

"A nap? I thought you were leaving,"

Austin snorts, "Yet you claim you don't throw me out whenever I visit,"

Mr Miles lets out a chuckle. "I was only kidding, son. You don't need to act like a child deprived of lollipops. You can stay for as long as you want,"

"Sure, I will," Austin grins and exits, finding his way into his bedroom.

He sighs in contentment when he falls onto the bed. It's been a while since he's been in here.

It feels surreal to be back in his home and on his bed.

His gaze falls on the picture hanging on the wall.

Austin stares at it with a sad smile etched on his face.

He sighs.

He continues to gaze intently at the photo frame until his eyes begin to droop slowly.

In less than a minute, he falls asleep.

Tyler alights from the car and walks a few metres before he spots the mansion less than a kilometre away.

[Chapter 125 I'm Looking For Someone](#)

Tyler alights from the car and walks a few metres before he spots the mansion less than a kilometre away. Soon, he arrives at the gate and rings the bell.

A voice replies to him through an intercom, asking him to look into the camera above the bell.

Tyler does so, and the gate opens less than thirty seconds later.

He steps through and enters the vast compound, manoeuvring his way through the numerous parked cars till he arrives at the front door.

The guard stationed at the door immediately lets Tyler in when he spots him.

Tyler ascends the stairs and goes straight to the inner chambers.

Before he enters, a guard walks out and holds the door for him.

"Is it safe to enter?" Tyler questions with a raised eyebrow.

He wouldn't want to enter while Alex was busy getting down with his numerous women.

"It is," the guard confirms, and Tyler nods, entering.

The guard shuts the door after him and returns to his post.

Heads turn to the door when Tyler enters.

Silence ensues in the room as several pairs of eyes fall on him.

Alex casts a lazy grin at Tyler while Dean sighs as if guessing the reason for Tyler's sudden appearance.

Tyler smirks.

"Did I interrupt your discussion? I can return later,"

"That won't be necessary. We're done here. Take a seat," Alex says as he dismisses the men before him.

Dean remains in his seat while Ryan exits with the rest of the men.

Ryan is curious to know why Tyler has suddenly shown up, but he can't stay while Dean is here, lest it arouses Alex's suspicion.

He might think the both of them have started to get close after sending them on a killing spree together.

Hence, he leaves while Dean remains seated.

After everyone has left save for Dean and Alex, Tyler finally takes a seat.

Alex attempts to offer him a drink, but he declines.

He forces a smile, "Are you sure you want nothing? Not even your favourite green tea?"

Tyler chuckles.

It really has been a while since he had green tea, but that isn't his priority now, so he shakes his head.

"No, thank you. Maybe some other time,"

"Alright. I'll take your word for it,"

Alex hides a frown.

"So, why the sudden visit?"

"I'm here to see someone,"

"Really? Who might this person be?"

Dean sighs inwardly, mentally facepalming as Tyler opens his mouth to answer, but for some reason, he smirks instead, glancing in Dean's direction.

"I'm here to see..." he pauses.

"Dean,"

Startled, Dean lifts his head, raising an eyebrow in surprise.

"Me?"

"Dean?" Alex questions him, genuinely caught off guard.

He smiles.

He'd initially thought Tyler was here to ask about the girl again.

The wheels were already beginning to turn in Alex's head as his brain conjured all sorts of plans.

"Yes, Dean."

"Why?"

Tyler shrugs, "Because I need to teach someone a lesson, and his help is most definitely required,"

Dean frowns, "Can't you get somebody else from the club or something if you need help getting your dirty work done? Why me?"

Tyler chuckles. "Because I want you and no one else,"

His choice of words causes Dean to frown deeply, scrunching his nose in disgust.

"Don't ever use that sentence in my presence, ever. An idiot will overhear you and immediately think I'm your lover,"

"Well, too bad for that idiot because I love my women. How can I want a fellow man made up of only muscles like me? Pfft!"

"I love my women too," Dean rolls his eyes.

Alex watches both men bicker like children and lets out a sigh, lighting his tobacco.

He takes a long drag and exhales.

"Alright, you two. Enough of the bickering. You can leave,"

Alex fixes his gaze on Dean.

"You, go with Tyler and help him with whatever he needs,"

"Sure, boss,"

"And don't forget that whatever you get your hands dirty on outside of this mansion has nothing to do with me. You bear the consequences when problems arise,"

"Understood, boss,"

"Good," Alex waves, dismissing them.

Both men exit, descending the stairs and exiting the mansion.

Outside, they hail a cab.

"Why haven't you gotten a car yet? You have the means to buy one, don't you?" Dean asks after a while, and Tyler smiles, leaning back in the seat.

"Does it bother you?"

Dean rolls his eyes.

"Why would that bother me? It was just a question,"

Tyler plays with his phone for a while before finally answering.

"I've got the cash to buy one, but I honestly have no idea what's holding me back,"

"Hmm," Dean hums, falling into deep thought.

After a while, he questions.

"Where are we even going? And who's this person whom you want to teach a lesson? You've never done something like this,"

The corners of Tyler's lips turn up into a smirk. "Is it hard to believe?"

"Absolutely,"

Tyler chuckles but says nothing.

They ride in silence until they arrive at their destination.

The car comes to a halt, and Dean climbs down while Tyler settles the payment and follows suit immediately after.

While pocketing both hands, Dean glances around, realising they're in front of a pub and nowhere near Tyler's apartment.

Could the person Tyler is after be somewhere around?

He turns when Tyler joins him.

"Why have we come here? Are we here to see someone?"

"Let's have a drink first, shall we?"

Tyler walks past him into the pub.

Though puzzled, Dean follows.

Inside the pub, Tyler orders a drink each for them.

After the bartender serves their drinks, Tyler wastes no time taking a sip and savouring its taste while Dean stirs his drink with the straw.

A while later, Tyler casts a glance toward Dean.

"You haven't touched your drink. Are you scared it's spiked?"

Dean snorts, "As if,"

He finally sips his drink.

"I'm only waiting to see how long you will take before telling me the reason for luring me out of the mansion,"

"Lure? That's a strong word, don't you think?"

Dean continues, ignoring him.

"I know you didn't come to the mansion to see me. You don't need my help. Correct me if I'm wrong, but involving me was a last-minute decision, wasn't it?"

Tyler chuckles, sipping more of his drink.

"You're smart. I'll give you that,"

Dean's lips twitch, "Alex doesn't work with fools, so of course, I'm expected to be smart,"

"Right,"

"So? Why did you lure me outside the mansion?"

"I'm looking for someone,"

It isn't hard to guess who that person might be.

"Lily, isn't it?"

"You are indeed smart," Tyler nods before adding.

"Yes. Now, will you go straight to the point, or you'll rather keep stalling?"

"Am I stalling? I thought we were having a drink?"

Annoyed, Dean frowns.

"Tyler Brown,"

Tyler chuckles.

"I want to find out if you know Lily's whereabouts. Where can I find her?"

"Why do you want to find her?"

"For personal reasons,"

Chapter 126 Dangerous Game

"Personal reasons? Do you perhaps know her? Is she your sister? Or your lover?" Dean plays it off in a nonchalant way.

"No. I only want to talk to the girl. It's nothing serious," Tyler lies.

"Are you sure that's all? Is it not because you think she might have answers to your questions?"

Tyler raises an eyebrow, "That's a precise question, isn't it?"

"It's not. We all know you haven't recovered your memories yet, so suddenly asking about someone will give me ideas. It's not that hard to guess,"

"Hmm, you have a point," Tyler fixes his gaze on his drink, saying nothing else for a couple of minutes.

"So, do you know where I can find her?" He finally questions.

Dean shrugs, "I'm sorry, I don't,"

The lie easily tumbles out of his lips.

On a different occasion, he might have told Tyler the truth, but something seems to be holding him back.

Maybe it's because he feels the timing is wrong. Or perhaps, Tyler must already have suspicions since he lied to Alex.

He could have asked Alex about Lily's whereabouts, which was Tyler's plan when he arrived at the mansion.

But instead of just asking, he suddenly changed his mind and lured Dean out to ask him about Lily instead.

If Dean reveals Lily's whereabouts, he will have no choice but to bring to light everything that had ensued from the beginning to the end.

And Dean isn't ready to rat himself out just yet.

Maybe one day, but not today.

It's better to keep Tyler in the dark for now.

Besides, Dean is not innocent either. He's been spiking Tyler's beverages for so long.

"Well, that's too bad," Tyler finally comments after a long silence.

Dean studies him.

But Tyler's face remains passive, giving nothing away as he gazes into his glass, playing with his straw.

Both men remain silent as they concentrate on finishing their drinks.

After, Tyler pays their bills, and they head out.

Outside, he orders a ride, and while waiting, Dean asks him, "Why don't you ask Alex? He will definitely know the girl's whereabouts,"

Tyler retrieves a cigarette and lighter from his pocket.

He pushes the cigarette between his lips and bites on it but doesn't light it.

Instead, he rolls the lighter between his fingers, playing with it absentmindedly.

"What's the point in asking him when I know I probably won't get an answer? I'd rather save my breath," he answers after a while, finally lighting the cigarette.

"How can you conclude you wouldn't get an answer when you haven't asked?" Dean crosses his arms, leaning against a nearby tree.

Tyler takes a long drag and exhales, pulling the cigarette from his mouth.

"When you know someone's character, you don't bother yourself with certain things when it comes to them,"

Dean nods, "Mmm, you may be right,"

Right on cue, the über arrives, and they waste no time getting in.

Along the way, Tyler alights while Dean continues his journey to the mansion.

Upon arrival, he bumps into Alex on the compound.

He raises his eyebrow in surprise.

"I didn't expect you to be back so soon," Alex comments while a guard opens the door to the black Range Rover beside him.

"Yeah," Dean nods, plastering a smirk on his face.

"It was nothing we couldn't handle,"

"If so, why did Tyler need your help?"

Dean shrugs, "I guess it's more thrilling when you have a partner-in-crime. Doing things alone can get boring,"

"Mmm, I see. Well, see you later then," Alex says as he climbs inside the car.

"Of course, boss," Dean nods, watching the car drive out of the compound before proceeding inside.

Immediately after Dean enters his room, he finds Mariam lying on his bed half naked.

Shocked, he quickly shuts the door and locks it.

"What are you doing here?" He whispers.

"Don't pretend you don't know," she replies, climbing down from the bed and approaching him.

Dean almost caves in at the seductive sight, but his conversation with Ryan several days ago pops up in his head.

He reels in his feelings, deciding not to think with his third leg but his head instead.

"This is an unsafe and dangerous game we're playing, Mariam. It has to stop. For our good,"

Mariam frowns, taking a step back to peer into Dean's face.

"What do you mean?"

He sighs, running a hand through his hair.

"You know what I mean, Mariam. Please, don't make me spell it out,"

She crosses her arms over her chest, still confused.

"Are you kicking me out?"

"You know, that's not my intention. Don't make me sound like a bad guy,"

"But isn't that what you're doing? Kicking me out?"

"No, I'm not kicking you out. I think whatever it is between us cannot continue. We might think we're

playing smart with this hide-and-seek game, but that won't be the case when we slip up one day,"

Mariam raises an eyebrow, "And who says we will slip up?"

"I'd rather be safe than sorry," Dean pauses, taking a step back and creating distance between them.

"It was fun while it lasted, but it has to end here and now,"

Silence envelopes the room like a dark cloud as Mariam remains mute, watching him in disbelief.

After a while, she sighs.

"You know where to find me when you need me."

She exits immediately after.

[Chapter 127 They Are Never Coming Back](#)

In the evening, Austin arrives at Tyler's apartment, unlocking the door with his spare keys.

He enters the apartment to find Tyler standing by the door in a defensive stance.

With a bag in hand, he shuts the door behind him with the other and raises his eyebrow.

"What are you doing? Learning karate?" He can't help but chuckle.

Tyler squints his eyes, annoyed.

"I thought you were a burglar. But it turns out it's my idiotic who has my keys in his possession,"

He walks back to the sofa.

"How did you even get your hands on my keys?"

"I've had it for so long. Why are you now asking?" Austin drops the bag on the counter and empties it.

The aroma wafts through Tyler's nose as he uncovers a bowl of vegetable stew.

He forgets about his initial complaint and joins his friend in the kitchen.

He hurriedly washes his hands to uncover the other bowls.

Tyler appreciatively hums when he finds spicy chicken wings in one of the bowls. Wasting no time, he picks one and bites into it.

As the taste of the chicken stimulates his taste buds, he leans against the counter and closes his eyes, relishing in the deliciousness.

After chewing the chicken, he plates some brown rice, chicken, a couple of fried plantains and some vegetable stew.

Tyler takes his food to the dining table, where he begins to eat.

With an exaggerated eye-roll at his friend's antics, Austin joins his friend with his plate of food.

For a while, they eat in silence.

"So, how do you feel now?" Austin asks, discarding a chicken bone.

For a split second, Tyler pauses amid chewing and frowns.

"Fine and yet shitty,"

"Dude, what do you even mean by that?" He forks a plantain into his mouth.

Tyler sighs, "I mean, I'm fine. But my sleep schedule is shitty,"

"I see. Don't you think it's because you slept very early yesterday? Maybe your body is giving you a signal that it's not tired,"

Tyler rolls his eyes, "I should be able to sleep whenever I damn want,"

"Well, alright, Tiger. Don't act so defensive,"

"Don't call me that ever," Tyler scrunches his nose in disgust and Austin chuckles.

They finish their food in record time and discard the used dishes in the sink."

"So, are you still interested in finding a doctor?" Austin suddenly asks as they settle on the couch.

Tyler casts his friend a sideways glance, rolling the TV remote between his fingers.

"What sort of question is that? Of course, I'm interested. It's obvious doctor Grey has gone AWOL. There's no need to keep waiting on him,"

Austin nods, "Well, I've found you a doctor. I can take you to him if you're interested,"

Tyler's head snaps so fast that it almost gives him a whiplash.

"You have?" Surprise laces his voice.

Austin nods.

"Mmm-hmm,"

"Well, what are we waiting for then?"

"Relax, man. I'll let him know beforehand so he can make time for us,"

"Please do." Tyler leans back in his seat, sighing in contentment.

Right on cue, his phone vibrates with a message, and he fishes it out of his pocket.

His face breaks into a wide smile when he opens the message to read.

Noticing his goofy expression, Austin groans, snatching the TV remote from his friend as he busies himself with replying to the text.

"Don't get lovey-dovey in my presence. It's nauseating,"

But Tyler ignores him, chuckling as he receives another message.

Annoyed, Austin turns up the TV volume, drowning out the chuckles of his lovestruck friend.

He would have prepared beforehand if he knew a day would come when Tyler found love before him.

Inside a wooden structure on a deserted land on the outskirts of town, Sophia finally turns off the fire after cooking for the past one and a half hours.

With a ladle, she scoops some of the freshly cooked meal into a little bowl and exits the structure.

Outside, she finds the little girl seated under the big tree, playing with a doll Sophia had bought several days ago.

As always, Aliana is quiet.

In normal circumstances, Sophia would have been on the moon to see Aliana so quiet and well-behaved.

But this circumstance is different.

Somehow, little Aliana seems to be coming to terms with the fact that her parents will never return.

She's been crying for her parents for weeks on end, yet, she goes to bed at night and wakes up the next day without them.

Sophia kept giving her the same excuses so much that she got tired of hearing them.

Gradually, Aliana seemed to start believing her parents would never return.

Thus, she woke up one day and never for once cried.

Instead, Aliana crawled into her shell and became a shadow of herself overnight.

Since Sophia couldn't send her to school yet, she homeschooled Aliana and would occasionally take her into her city to mingle.

And when Aliana wasn't learning, she would spend the entire day either playing with her doll in utter silence or staring into space for hours on end.

It greatly worried Sophia.

Hence, she sought help from a trusted person, though it proved futile because Aliana wouldn't talk to anyone or react to anything.

Sighing, Sophia approaches the little girl with the steaming bowl of soup and sits on a log beside her.

Gently, she pats Aliana's head, smoothening her hair.

"Are you enjoying playing with your doll, Ali?" she asks softly but gets no reply as the little girl continues fidgeting with the doll, paying her no heed.

It's as if Sophia is invisible.

After a while, she sighs.

"Look here, Ali," Sophia stretches her hand, holding out the bowl of soup.

"I made some soup with lots of meat and vegetables. Do you want to give it a try?"

Without glancing at the food, Aliana shakes her head.

Sophia purses her lips, completely at a loss.

She picks up the spoon and scoops some soup, eating it.

Her eyes widen as she lets out an exaggerated hum.

"Mmm, that tastes so delicious, Ali!"

Sophia scoops another and eats it.

"You need to have a taste, Aliana. Else I would finish it all!"

She scoops another and stretches her hand toward little Aliana's mouth.

"Come on, Aliana. At least eat a little. One spoon will be enough. Come on, love. You've eaten nothing the entire day. Mommy and daddy will be sad if they return to find out their little Aliana refused to eat,"

Aliana remains unmoving.

When Sophia is about to lose hope, the little girl suddenly turns and slurps on the soap.

Excited beyond measure, Sophia scoops another and feeds it to her.

Aliana keeps eating until the bowl is almost empty. Only then does she shake her head, feeling satisfied.

"That's so good, Ali! You finished everything!" Sophia praises the girl.

Aliana returns to fiddling with her doll.

After a while, she says, "Mommy and daddy won't be sad if I don't eat,"

Sophia is stunned.

"Huh? Why do you say so, Ali?"

The little girl turns to her.

"Because they are never coming back,"

Sophia swallows the lump in her throat as Aliana turns away, saying nothing else for a long time.

[Chapter 128 Forged Certificate](#)

It's been a while since little Aliana uttered a word since her last statement, leaving Sophia somewhat shaken.

She finally tears her gaze away from the little girl and glances at the sky looming with dark, heavy

clouds.

She gets up from the log and stretches her hand toward Aliana.

"Come on, my love. It's getting dark. We don't want mosquitoes biting you, do we?"

Aliana simply pushes her doll under her armpit and gets up, taking Sophia's hand.

Together they enter the house, and the woman locks the door.

Inside the house, Sophia asks Aliana if she wants to watch TV for a while, but she declines.

Instead, she approaches the bed and lies down, clutching the doll to her chest as she gazes unblinkingly at the wall.

Sophia lets out a sigh, sitting down at the edge of the bed.

While Aliana lies down, she caresses the little girl's hair until her eyes slowly shut as she falls into a deep sleep.

After falling asleep, Sophia covers Aliana with a quilt and exits the house, carefully shutting the door so as not to wake her up.

Once outside, Sophia retrieves her phone from the pocket of her apron and scrolls through her contact.

She finally stops on a particular number, hesitating before mustering the courage to dial it.

Gingerly, she presses the phone to her ear, waiting for the call to get answered.

After a couple of rings, someone finally answers it.

"Sophia?" the deep voice calls.

"Yes. It's me," Sophia answers, gulping.

"Is everything okay? You haven't called me in a while,"

"I know. And I'm sorry for not checking up on you often,"

"You don't have to apologise. So why did you call?"

"I need your help,"

"Hmm. What kind of help?" the person replies.

"I need a new birth certificate forged,"

Silence ensues, and for a moment, Sophia begins to think he hung up, except she can still hear his heavy breaths through the phone.

"You want a forged birth certificate? Why Sophia? What kind of trouble have you gotten into?"

Sophia sighs. She has no idea.

"I have no idea either. I'm at a loss just as much as you. I don't know who I'm up against. So I need to make myself untraceable. I've lived alone almost my entire life, but not anymore. A little girl was entrusted to my care, and I must do everything to keep her safe. I can't let the child disappear like her parents did, Matt,"

The man, whose name is Matt, sits up behind his desk, frowning.

"What the hell are you talking about? Please, elaborate because I'm at a loss here. Which little girl? And what about her parents?"

Sophia sighs, making herself comfortable on the log near the tree.

It would be impossible to get Matt's help without explaining things to him.

Thus, she narrates everything that has occurred since Sienna pushed Aliana into her arms by the roadside and disappeared into the nearby bush.

After narrating her story, Matt remains quiet, processing the information.

Finally, he exclaims, "Damn it, Sophia. This issue is no child's play,"

"Of course, I know, Matt. I'm very well aware of the gravity of the situation. I know my boss will never travel out of the country. That's ridiculous. Neither he nor Sienna would leave their daughter behind. Until I find out how to contact them, I can't take Aliana into public,"

Matt sighs, "Fine. I will help you with the documents,"

Sophia breathes a sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Matt,"

"Don't mention it. And please start packing your bags because I can't let you continue living in such a deserted place. It's no place to raise a child,"

"I know."

"Alright, then. I'll be there first thing tomorrow to help you move. Is that okay?"

"More than okay, Matt. I'm immensely grateful for your help,"

"You know I will always have your back, hmm? Alright, enough of the chitchat. You're no longer a young woman, so you need to sleep early to replenish your lost energy,"

Sophia chuckles, "Thank you for reminding me how old I am, Matt. I appreciate it."

"You're welcome." he grins.

"Okay. I'll see you tomorrow then?"

"Yes. Tomorrow. Until then, stay safe, Sophia,"

"I will, Matt. Have a goodnight,"

"Goodnight, Soph,"

They hang up immediately after, and Sophia wastes no time retiring to bed less than thirty minutes later.

It was already morning, yet Alex had still not returned.

After getting refreshed, Dean exits his room, deciding to go and visit Lily before Alex returns.

In the corridor, he bumps into Ryan, also exiting his room.

They seem to be having the same thoughts as they share a glance.

Acknowledging each other with a nod, they descend the stairs and exit the house.

Dean and Ryan get into separate cars and drive out of the mansion towards the lake near the outskirts of town where Lily lives.

An hour later, they arrive at the house.

Lily, who had just woken up, could hear the crunchy sounds of footsteps approaching the house.

Thank God for the dried leaves scattered all over the desolate land, lest the footsteps might have gone

unheard.

Carefully, Lily opens the blinds by a few inches to peep through the window.

She visibly relaxes when she notices Dean and Ryan at the doorstep.

Grabbing a robe, she wears it, ties the rope around her waist and exits the bedroom to let them in.

"Why are you here so early?" She questions immediately after letting them in.

Ryan takes a seat, looking around the neatly arranged room.

"Do you not like our presence here?" He questions.

Lily rolls her eyes, sitting opposite him.

She's become very sassy, Ryan notices.

In the past, she never dared to look him in the eye, yet here she is, rolling her eyes at him as if they were colleagues.

"I asked because it seems out of your schedule to be here so early. Is there an impending discussion?"

"Can't we come here anytime we please?" Asks Dean.

"Do we need to come here for important issues only?"

"Then why are you here? You couldn't possibly have missed me, could you?" She raises an eyebrow, re-tying the loosened rope around her waist.

Ryan's gaze subconsciously snaps to her chest for a millisecond before he quickly averts his gaze.

"Well, we did miss you," Dean answers with a playful smirk.

With furrowed eyebrows, Lily switches her gaze from Dean to Ryan, studying their expressions.

Seeing their deadpan expressions, she chuckles.

"Should I be honoured that you miss me?" her lips curl into a smile, the sight momentarily stunning Ryan into silence.

He can't remember ever seeing her smile.

It's such a rare sight.

And beautiful.

[Chapter 129 Would That Be A Good Or Bad Thing](#)

Ryan blinks, briefly glancing over at Dean to check if he noticed him checking Lily out. But thankfully, he finds him looking elsewhere.

Ryan blinks again, running a hand through his hair, utterly shocked at his sudden train of thought.

When did such thoughts begin to pop up in his head?

He mentally sighs.

"You should be honoured, Lily. Throughout your life, how many handsome men have fawned over you like this? Hmm?" Dean smirks, and Lily chuckles once more, rolling her eyes.

"For your information, I've known many men whose looks are over the bar compared to you,"

Dean raises an eyebrow, feigning hurt. "Are you saying we aren't handsome enough?"

Lily shrugs, a playful smile on her face, "I mean, if the cap suits you, you can wear it,"

Dean gasps dramatically, and without waiting for another remark, she turns and heads into the kitchen to start making breakfast.

Lily finds some eggs and cracks them into a bowl.

Next, she adds pre-chopped vegetables prepped the previous day, salt and black pepper.

She pops a couple of slices of bread into the toaster and fries the egg mixture.

While busy, Dean offers to help Lily prepare breakfast, so he takes the initiative to make three cups of hot cocoa.

Lily casts him a puzzled glance.

"Why three cups?"

Dean pauses amid pouring water into the kettle.

"Do I need to answer that question, girl?"

"Of course. You do. It's a question, so naturally, I expect an answer. Why else would I ask?" Lily huffs,

flipping the egg in the pan.

"So sharp-mouthed, aren't you?" A deep voice comes from behind, causing Lily to jump in fright, almost burning herself with the hot flipper.

Turning sharply, she bumps into Ryan, standing so close and looking down at her.

"Uh," she bites her lips, suddenly at a loss for words.

Dean chooses to turn a blind eye to them and turns, concentrating on plugging in the kettle.

In recent times, Lily has developed a backbone, but when faced with Ryan, she seems to return to her timid self.

Maybe it's because he is much more intimidating than Dean.

She could easily crack jokes with Dean but not with Ryan.

Ryan's lips twitch in amusement.

"You might want to watch out for those eggs, lest you end up burning them,"

Lily blinks, suddenly remembering her eggs.

"Sh.." she stops herself in time just before the curse word escapes her mouth.

She purses her lips, quickly turning off the fire and taking out the egg, adding it to the pile of others.

Lily drops the flipper in the pan to take out the bread from the toaster and adds another.

Done, she turns to find Ryan still behind her.

"Do you need anything?" she asks him.

He shakes his head.

"I was hungry, so I came to see if breakfast was ready,"

"You live in a mansion with maids at your beck and call, don't you? Why did you leave without eating? Instead, here you are, wanting to finish the little food I have,"

Ryan stares at her for a while and chuckles, shaking his head.

She really is Tyler's sister.

They have such sharp mouths and a way with words.

It's annoying sometimes how they play with words.

Without a word, he reaches out to grab one slice of toasted bread and bites into it.

"Hey! That was mine!" Lily frowns.

Ryan raises an eyebrow.

"Really? I had no idea. My bad. You can toast more, can't you?"

She huffs. "It's unbelievable. You bought me groceries, yet are the same people eating them. You should have bought the entire store then,"

Impatient, Ryan pushes the rest of the bread into his mouth and chews.

After swallowing, he nods, "Next time, I'll buy you the entire store,"

Lily stares at him for a while, scoffing.

"Right,"

Right on cue, the toaster dings, and she quickly removes the last batch of toasted bread and piles them on a plate.

Ryan helps her with the plates in the living room.

Dean turns to them as they emerge.

"Well, you two finally decided to end your long conversation and have breakfast, huh?"

Lily ignores him, picking up one cup of hot cocoa.

She takes a sip and frowns.

Dean raises an eyebrow.

"What? Do you not like it?"

Lily drops the cup and reaches for milk.

"There's less sugar and milk," she complains as she adds a couple of sugar cubes and more milk.

After, she stirs her cocoa and takes another sip, smiling satisfactorily.

"Now, this is cocoa,"

Dean shakes his head, picking a couple of bread slices and eggs onto the plate before him.

As they eat, Lily curiously glances at both men.

She knows they didn't suddenly show up here because they missed her.

That is absurd.

She cuts a piece of egg and eats it.

"So, who amongst you will tell me the real reason for coming?"

Dean spares her a glance, pushing a piece of bread into his mouth.

"What?"

"You heard me. I'm not dumb. I know there's a reason for your sudden appearance," Lily switches her gaze between both men.

Ryan maintains eye contact, gracefully sipping his cocoa.

Honestly, he has no reason for showing up.

He bumped into Dean immediately after he exited his room, and they made eye contact.

Judging by his clothes and the look in his eyes, Ryan instantly knew Dean was on his way out to see Lily.

Out of instinct, he tagged along.

He breaks eye contact to glance over at Dean.

If anyone has a reason, it should be him.

Realising the pairs of eyes on him, Dean sighs.

"Tyler recently asked of you," He spills, staring at Lily and studying her expression.

At the information, Lily freezes. She stares into space for a couple of minutes, saying nothing.

After a while, she asks, "And?"

"This is the second time he's asked of you. The first time was after we rescued you and brought you to the mansion. Back then, he didn't really seem serious. He was casual about it. But yesterday, he looked serious. He claimed he needed to chat with you about personal matters,"

Ryan raises an eyebrow at that.

"I recall Tyler coming to the mansion yesterday. How did he end up talking to you? Because I'm pretty sure he came to see Alex."

Dean smirks, "He did. But he lied to the boss that he needed my help. He took me to a pub and asked me about Lily,"

"Really now?" Ryan is surprised.

"And what did you tell him?" questions Lily.

Dean shrugs, "I lied. I told him I had no idea about your whereabouts,"

The room is silent for a while.

"Did he buy it? Your lie, I mean," Lily breaks the silence.

"I'm not sure. The guy looked nonchalant the whole time we spoke, but I knew better. He might have believed me, but I have a feeling he would continue searching for you,"

Lily purses her lips, "Would him searching for me be a good or bad thing?"

"I think you know the answer to that, Lily," says Dean.

Of course, she fucking knows.

[Chapter 130 You Will Tell Lies Again](#)

Lily gazes down at her fingers, fidgeting with them.

She knows. She fucking knows.

Tyler searching for her could turn out to be advantageous or not.

"Can you please keep an eye on him? I don't want Alex to suspect him. He might be keeping my brother alive now, but we all know it's for his own gains. Still, it doesn't rule out the fact that he wouldn't hesitate to wipe Tyler off the face of the earth if he found out he's been searching for answers to the events of the past,"

Dean sighs.

How is he supposed to keep an eye on the guy?

At this point, he has no idea whose side he is on.

To ease Lily's worries, he nods.

"I'll try my best,"

"Thank you,"

Meanwhile, Sophia had just finished packing all the necessities and awaiting Matt's arrival.

She checks her time.

It's half past ten.

Matt had promised to come first thing in the morning to move them elsewhere.

Hence, she had woken up earlier than usual to put the house in order and pack every necessity, going through the luggage countless times to make sure nothing important was left behind.

A short while later, an SUV pulls up near the wooden structure, and a second later, Matt alights, approaching Sophia.

He grins.

"Hello, Sophia. Long time no see,"

She returns his smile, "Indeed, Matt."

Her eyes rake over him, nodding satisfactorily.

"I see you've grown into a fine young man,"

Matt twirls dramatically.

"I have, haven't I?"

"Indeed," Sophia chuckles, leading him inside the house.

When they enter, they find Aliana seated on the bed, playing with her doll as always.

Sophia approaches her and gently caresses her hair.

"Aliana, look who's here to see us?"

It takes a while for little Aliana to finally respond as she looks up, glancing over at Matt.

"Say hello to him, love,"

"Hello," Aliana mumbles, resuming playing with her doll.

Sophia sighs, casting Matt an apologetic look, but he waves her off with a smile.

"She is just a child. Don't beat yourself over it. In the meantime, I'll carry this luggage into the car,"

While Matt carries the luggage into the car, Sophia approaches Aliana and sits next to her.

"Do you want to know where we are going, Ali?"

The little girl shakes her head.

"We're going to a beautiful place where you can make lots of friends and have many dolls like the one you have. That will be fun, won't it?"

Sophia gazes at the little girl expectantly, hoping for a reaction, no matter how unenthusiastic.

But to her disappointment, Aliana doesn't react.

Instead, she shrugs nonchalantly.

Sophia sighs dejectedly.

An outsider would have seen it as nothing more than a shrug, but she knows better.

She knows Aliana is far from nonchalant.

She is and has always been a sensitive child and for her to act like this proves she no longer cares if they stay in the wooden structure or an exquisite house.

Aliana no longer cares where they go because she knows her parents wouldn't be there.

Sophia sighs again.

"Do you not want to know where we're going, my love?"

Aliana finally looks at her, blinking.

"Will mommy and daddy be there?"

Her question feels like a weight on Sophia's head as she struggles to find an answer.

Aliana is five, yet her childhood seems to have been taken away in the nick of time.

"I.."

Aliana cuts her off, "Lies. You will tell lies again,"

Sophia decides to remain mute.

After a while, she stretches her hand, holding it out.

Aliana takes her hand, and together they exit the house and climb into the SUV.

Not long after, the car zooms off.

After almost three hours of driving, Sophia sighs in relief as Matt finally works the brakes, bringing the car to a halt.

Matt climbs down, and she follows suit, carrying Aliana in her arms.

She looks around, taking in the serene environment.

"Do you live in this neighbourhood?" Sophia asks as they walk further down the lane.

"And why did you park the car so far behind? Why are we walking?"

Matt casts her a smile.

"Well, first of all, I don't live here. I know someone who does, and he offered to help out. And secondly, it's required of us to park a few metres away from our destination and walk the rest of the way,"

"You told someone about us? Why?!" Sophia blurts out, unable to contain her disappointment and anger, ready to turn around and bolt out of there.

Matt shakes his head.

"I didn't need to tell them anything. In fact, this person can help you find the girl's parents. Whether alive or dead,"

Sophia gulps.

"Who could this person be? Who are you involved with, Matt?"

"Worry not, Sophia. He's not a bad person. I can vouch for him,"

"Trust no one," Sophia mutters.

"I know that,"

A couple of minutes later, Matt halts in front of an enormous gate, retrieves his phone and opens an app.

After clicking on it a few times, the enormous gate suddenly opens, giving way.

Sophia watches in awe as Matt pushes his phone into his pocket and steps inside, nodding at a guard who approaches them.

"The boss awaits your arrival,"

"Of course,"

Matt leads Sophia inside.

A woman walks up to them and attempts to take Aliana, but Sophia declines, moving back. "No, thank you. I can hold her,"

The woman nervously glances toward the stairs as a man in uniform descends.

"It's fine. You can return to your post," the man waves at the woman, who nods, turning and retracting her steps.

"Matt, I've been expecting you," the man turns to Matt.

Sophia studies the mysterious man while he interacts with Matt.

He looks to be in his fifties.

Early fifties, most probably.

He is well-built and looks quite young for his age.

Judging by his uniform, he must be in the military.

Who is he?

And why is he helping strangers?

What does he stand to gain?

While Sophia's brain is reeling with countless questions, the mysterious turns to her and flashes her a warm smile.

"Hello, Sophia. It's a pleasure to finally meet you,"

Finally?

What does he mean by 'finally'?

"Uh, hi," She forces an answer.

The man shifts his gaze to the sleeping girl in his arms.

"This must be Aliana. She looks so much like her father,"

"You seem to know a lot, sir,"

The man chuckles.

"Maybe, maybe not. And please don't call me, sir. It makes me feel old,"

"How would you like to be addressed then, sir?"

The mysterious man's eyes twinkle with amusement.

"Daren. Daren Miles. You can call me Daren or Mr Miles. Whichever one you prefer,"