

Devil Lucifer 131

[Chapter 131 Friendly Advice](#)

Meanwhile at the apartment complex, Lucinda had just gotten out of the shower and was rummaging through her wardrobe for an outfit when the front door suddenly opened, only to be shut a few seconds later.

Frowning, she discards the outfit she'd just picked to wrap a towel around her body and exits the room.

In the living room, she finds Mandy dropping her bag on the sofa while hastily grabbing a charger to plug in her phone.

Lucinda approaches.

"Are you just returning?"

Mandy halts, plugging in her phone to glance over at her friend.

"Mmm-hmm," she hums, turning to turn on the switch.

"You were out the entire night again and didn't bother letting me know about your whereabouts,"

"Yeah, about that. I had no idea I would stay out so late. By the time I realised it, it was too late to return,"

Unconvinced, Lucinda crosses her arms under her breasts.

"Really, Mandy? You've been giving that excuse for weeks now. I don't want to come off as nosy, so whenever you stay out late, I turn a blind eye to it. But, come on, Mandy, it's getting a bit much now, don't you think?"

Mandy sighs, settling on the couch.

"I'm sorry, okay? I won't stay out too late anymore,"

Lucinda shakes her head.

"That's not the point, Mandy. These past few weeks, you've been staying out almost every day. You no longer sleep in your bed. We barely even have time to sit and chat like before because you go out and only return after I've fallen asleep dead in the night or gone for classes the next day."

Silence looms over their heads for a while.

"Okay. So you want me to spend more time with you, is that it?"

Frustrated, Lucinda sighs.

"No, that's not what I meant, and you are well aware,"

"What did you mean then?"

She purses her lips.

"You will keep feigning ignorance to avoid answering me, won't you?"

She sighs again, raising her hands in surrender.

"Fine. I won't ask you anymore. Just be careful with whatever it is you're doing,"

Mandy raises an eyebrow.

"What is it do you think I'm doing?"

"It's only friendly advice, Mandy. I didn't mean it in a bad way. It's just.." Lucinda shakes her head, deciding against completing her sentence.

"Nevermind."

"It's just what? No, tell me," Mandy probes.

"Never mind, Mandy. Let it go,"

"No. Clearly, you had something to say, so finish your sentence, please,"

"It's fine. Let it go,"

"No, I insist,"

"Fine. I feel you've become distant ever since Tony's anniversary. It might be only a coincidence, but you started going out to more to God knows where, spending the night out and barely staying in."

"I had no idea you've had lots of complaints about me stashed away in your heart," Mandy clicks her tongue, to which Lucinda shrugs.

"I'm not complaining, but never mind. Let's forget this conversation ever came up because you keep feigning ignorance. I'll return to my room to get dressed,"

Lucinda turns away, heading into her room.

After getting dressed, she exits her room to find Mandy nowhere in sight. She glances over at the socket.

The phone is still plugged in, meaning Mandy must be around somewhere.

"I'm going out, Mandy!" she calls out, and when she gets no response after a while, she leaves the apartment.

Meanwhile, Sophia is finding it hard to feel at home even after being allocated one of the most sophisticated guestrooms she's ever been in throughout her life.

She glances over at the sleeping Aliana, clutching her doll to her chest.

With a sigh, Sophia drapes the quilt over the little girl and sits at the edge of the bed, taking in her new surroundings.

The house, rooms and everything inside is nothing short of magnificent and elegant.

It's hard to believe Mr Miles lives in such a place, despite being alone.

At first glance, one would easily assume the house's interior is due to a woman's homely touch.

But no.

Well, maybe there is a woman, except Sophia hasn't had the chance to meet her yet.

She's only been here barely an hour.

Sophia rubs her eyes, ridding herself of such ridiculous thoughts.

What has a house's interior and homely touch got to do with her?

Pfft!

She looks at the bed, feeling the soft mattress beneath.

Oh, how she wishes she could close her eyes to sleep.

Right on cue, a gentle knock interrupts her near-sleep experience, and she forcefully blinks.

"Yes?" Sophia yawns.

"The boss has asked you to come down for breakfast."

"I'll be down shortly," replies Sophia.

"Of course, mam,"

The maid's footsteps fade as she retracts her steps, descending the stairs.

At the dining table, Sophia stands awkwardly while a maid serves Matt and Mr Miles their food.

Mr Miles looks up, smiling.

"Why are you standing? Please, have a seat. Tell the maids what you want, and they'll serve you,"

She glances at the exotic food spread on the table, and her mouth waters.

How long has it been since she had such good food?

After a while, she mutters to a maid who approaches her, "I'll have whatever they're having,"

Nodding, the maid plates some food for her.

After the maid has served her meal, Sophia gingerly picks up cutlery and glances at both men enjoying their meals with so much elegance she has the urge to match up to their standard.

Pursing her lips, she holds down the piece of salmon on her plate with a fork and begins to cut into it.

After a few unsuccessfully tries, she finally manages to cut a piece of salmon and eats it.

Mr Miles casts her a sideways glance.

"You don't need to use cutlery if you don't want to. Use whatever makes you feel comfortable,"

Nodding, Sophia drops the fork and knife and picks up a spoon instead.

Silence fills the room as they eat, save for the sounds of cutlery scraping the plates occasionally.

After a while, Mr Miles asks, "Where's the little girl? Is she not hungry?"

"Uh," Sophia drinks some water, carefully placing the glass down.

"She's still sleeping. I'll feed her once she awakens,"

"Alright, that's fine," The man nods, resuming eating.

After the meal, the maids clear the table while Sophia follows Mr Miles upstairs into his study because he requested to have a chat with her.

Inside the study, she stands by the desk while he takes a seat.

"Have a seat, please. Don't be scared. I don't bite," Daren flashes her a smile, slightly easing her nervousness.

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Sophia does as told and folds her hands on her lap, waiting for him to begin.

Daren holds up a finger, asking for a moment as he retrieves his phone to send a text, after which he places it down and looks back at her.

He clasps both hands in front of him.

"Hello, Sophia. I hope you're beginning to feel at home?"

"Uh, I'm not sure if you want the truth or not," she answers, and Mr Miles chuckles.

"Don't worry. You'll get used to it after staying here for a while,"

"For a while?" Sophia doesn't hide her surprise.

"Yes. What did you think when you packed up your things and left with Matt? Obviously, you'd be staying here for some time,"

"Why?"

Mr Miles raises an eyebrow.

"Why? Do you really want an answer to that question?"

Somehow, dread fills Sophia at his question.

Nevertheless, she replies, "Yes, I do."

"Fair enough," the man leans back in his seat, gazing at her intently.

"You'll be here for a while because, as of today, you're under my protection,"

"Protection? Why?!"

"I think you have a fair idea, mam,"

Sophia remains quiet for a while, the wheels turning in her head.

"I don't understand. It's not as if I'm an important figure." She finally mutters, confused.

"Oh, but you are. You are, Sophia. Though, for now, you're safe because whoever is behind your employers' disappearance doesn't know you were there on that fateful day. But if they do, rest assured they'll come looking for you and trust me when I say you're no match for them. They'll crush you and the little girl like ants beneath their shoes."

Sophia's lips parts, wanting to say something but is suddenly out of words.

She casts her gaze downward, thinking.

"Does that mean my employers' sudden disappearance was premeditated?"

The corners of Mr Miles' lips turn up into a smile.

"You saw Sienna Adams get shot before she pushed you into the car with the little girl. Did you think she was playing hide and seek?"

"I..."

"You've always known you are in danger which is why you hid. Trying to grasp onto a different reality will not suffice because, in the end, you still need to face it."

Sophia's mind is reeling.

How did she go from being a housekeeper to a witness to a crime?

Mr Miles watches her, letting her absorb the information he's just given.

It won't be easy, but that's the only choice if she wants to stay alive.

Sometimes, circumstances push us into unwanted situations and turning back is never an option.

The only way is to strive forward to come out of it.

Sophia's situation is no exception.

That is her reality.

And she has to face it head-on.

"I reckon this must be a lot for you to take in. We'll end the discussion here for now. Please, have some rest,"

Mr Miles tells her.

Dazed, Sophia gets up and exits the study.

It is a surprise she finds her way back into the guestroom.

Thankfully, Aliana is still asleep.

Sophia leans against the door, staring at the sleeping girl.

For how long will they have to be confined? A question to which she has no answer.

Tyler has just gotten out of the shower and is rummaging through his wardrobe for an outfit when Austin barges in, holding up his phone.

With raised eyebrows, he turns to his friend, raising his shoulders as if to ask, "What?"

"I just received a text message from my dad asking to see me. I'll be back soon,"

"Why are you reporting to me as if we're lovers?" Tyler questions and immediately adds.

"Oh, right. I might think it's a burglar when I hear the door shut on your way out. Right?"

Austin rolls his eyes, "Exactly. It's not that I care about you. "

"Right. Thank you for giving me a heads-up," Chuckling, Tyler replies, and Austin nods, exiting.

Soon, the front door opens and shuts.

After getting dressed, his doorbell rings, and he answers it.

Tyler's lips stretch into a smile as he opens the door wider to allow Lucinda entry.

"Hello there, baby doll,"

"Hmm," Lucinda hums, sidestepping him and making herself comfortable on the sofa.

She sighs.

Tyler notices her unusual demeanour as he occupies the space next to her.

"What's wrong, baby doll? Why do you look downcast?"

With her head resting against the sofa, she turns.

"I'm fine. Thanks for asking,"

"Are you certain?"

"Yes," she rubs her eyes, squealing when Tyler suddenly lifts her from the couch and drops her on his lap, placing both legs on either side.

Lucinda wraps her arms around his neck, nuzzling her face in his chest.

"I almost argued with Mandy, that's all,"

"Oh, did you now?" Tyler raises an eyebrow, showering her neck with kisses.

"Yes. Don't worry about it. Besides.." Luci trails off, lifting her head with a frown etched on her face.

"Someone promised me something extraordinary the next time we met,"

He smirks, lowering his hand to her butt.

He squeezes it.

"Oh, is that so?"

"Mmm-hmm,"

"Can you remind me, dear lady? It seems to have skipped me,"

Lucinda's frown deepens, "Don't play with me, Ty,"

"Oh, someone's cranky. Huh?"

She turns away grumpily, and Tyler takes the opportunity to shower her collarbone with kisses.

"You seem to be forgetting something as well, baby doll," He mumbles against her neck.

What?" She replies, breathless.

"How many more dates until you be my girlfriend?" While speaking, Tyler circles his tongue around the crescent shape, causing Lucinda to throw her head back in pleasure.

"A few more." She forces out a reply.

Tyler hums, moving lower and lower, stopping between her breasts.

Skillfully, he lets go of her butt to unhook her bra through her dress.

It comes undone in a single snap.

He kisses her breasts through her shirt, latching onto her n*pple.

The shirt acting as a barrier between his mouth and her flesh, results in increased friction, eliciting a strangled moan from Lucinda.

She arches her back as Tyler moves a hand between their bodies to find the spot between her thighs.

He immediately rubs her through her underwear, causing even greater friction.

Lucinda's lips part as she clings to him.

Suddenly, Tyler stops the assault on her breasts and looks up, his eyes burning with passion.

"A few more? Now, that's unfair," his voice is husky as he increases his pace between her thighs, making it difficult for her to gather her thoughts.

"Everything is fair in love and war, Ty," Lucinda forces a reply.

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. If you treat me good, I might reconsider,"

Tyler smirks, "Are you sure, baby doll? I can make you eat your words as quickly as I can make you cum,"

Heat courses through Lucinda's veins, settling at the pit of her stomach and forming a knot.

"I'd like to see you try," she challenges.

"Don't say I didn't warn you, baby doll," Without warning, Tyler pushes her underwear aside, revealing her moist flesh and immediately plunges in a finger.

Lucinda cries out in shock at the sudden intrusion, but it's soon replaced with pleasure as Tyler begins to

pump his fingers in and out.

"Am I doing a good job making you eat your words?" he asks.

"Not one fucking bit," she lies, desperate for more.

[Chapter 133 Making Love](#)

Tyler chuckles, loving the challenge thrown at him.

"You really are asking for it, aren't you?"

"What do you think?" Lucinda huffs, trying hard to reign in her moans.

She wiggles on his lap, desperate to move away yet yearning for his touch.

It's all so conflicting it leaves her brain a jumbled mess.

"You have no idea the things I want to do to you," Tyler's voice is low, husky and laden with desire.

His words send a wave of immeasurable pleasure coursing through her body, and she desperately tries to clench her thighs, but Tyler keeps them apart with his knees.

"Ty," she pants, tiny beads of sweat beginning to form on her forehead.

"I..," Lucinda trails off, unable to complete her sentence.

Tyler plunges in another finger, quickening his pace.

Lucinda almost chokes on the air as she throws her head back.

"Tyler!" she exclaims, gripping his shoulder for support as the knot begins to loosen in the pit of her stomach.

Her thighs quiver and her toes curl.

She stiffens just as the knot loosens and she comes undone.

She remains still for a while, trying to catch her breath.

Tyler watches her, amused, waiting.

After she has regained her composure, he asks, "Are you exhausted already, baby doll?"

Dazed, Lucinda blinks, focusing her gaze on him.

"Huh?"

He chuckles, pinching her cheeks.

"Look at you, so unfocused already when I've just begun,"

She narrows her eyes infinitesimally as she regains her senses.

"What more do you have in store, Tyler?"

"Wouldn't you like to find out?"

Without warning, Tyler gets up with her still in his arms.

Lucinda yelps, tightening her grip around his neck as she glares at him.

"What the hell, Tyler?! At least give me a warning!"

He slaps her butt and gives it a rough squeeze.

"Shut up,"

She gasps, glancing at him incredulously.

Tyler carries her into the bedroom, where he drops her rather roughly.

Once again, Lucinda glares at him while propping herself on her elbows.

"Aren't you such a gentleman?" she mutters sarcastically.

He smirks, joining her on the bed and hovering over her.

"Oh, I am. Aren't I?"

She snorts but remains mute as he advances towards her, watching her like a hawk.

He finally settles between her parted thighs and takes the initiative to slide down her skirt together with her underwear.

She doesn't resist.

Next, he unbuttons the first few buttons of her shirt but doesn't take it off.

After, Tyler leans back slightly to gaze at her soaking wet womanhood, a carnal desire to take her suddenly overwhelms him, but he maintains his composure.

"So fucking wet," he mumbles, making no move to touch her.

The anticipation drives Lucinda mad as she lies there, almost naked, waiting on him.

"Why are you stalling?" She whines, annoyed, and he chuckles.

"Since you're delaying accepting to be my girlfriend, I think it's fair that I stall."

Lucinda snorts, rolling her eyes.

"Why? Are you frustrated, baby doll? Say the word, and I'll ease your frustration,"

"Say what?"

"The magic word," he smirks.

"Why are you being childish?" She whines, dropping her head on the pillow as her elbow gives way behind her.

"Oh my God, you're so infuriating. Why do you like to leave me high and dry like this? You're the most annoying, obnoxious, infuriating.." Lucinda's words get stuck in her throat as she suddenly feels something warm and fleshy glide over her wet core.

She groans in pleasure, promptly lifting her head off the pillow to glance between her legs where Tyler's head is currently.

He lifts his head, smirking proudly.

"Oh, I'm sorry. What were you saying? Come again?"

"You," she blinks.

"What was that? What did you do?"

"Did you like it?" Tyler questions.

"I.." before she has the chance to say anything else, Tyler's head disappears between her thighs and repeats the action that caused her to lose her senses a minute ago.

"You taste delicious," he hums as Lucinda finally understands what's going on.

She blushes, a feeling of insecurity threatening to take over.

As if he could sense her insecurity and reluctance, Tyler pries her thighs wider, preventing her from trying to close them.

Without wasting time, he dives between her thighs again, slurping her juice while simultaneously stimulating her core.

All thoughts of insecurity fly out the window as Lucinda moans, subconsciously moving her hips to meet Tyler's finger movement.

Her fingers dig into the sheets as pleasure overcomes her.

Her breath quickens. Her heartbeat accelerates.

Despite the fan churning at its highest speed, beads of sweat gather on Lucinda's forehead.

Tyler increases the pace of his fingers while nibbling on her sensitive nub.

Pressure builds in the pit of Lucinda's stomach once more. Her toes curl, and her thighs quiver as the knots loosen.

The room is filled with her moans as she cries out in pleasure.

Tyler finally lifts his head from in between her thighs to hover over her.

He watches her come down from her high.

After a while, Lucinda opens her eyes, letting go of the sheets she's clutched so tightly.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she flashes him a lazy smile.

"Hi,"

Tyler chuckles, kissing her nose. "Hi, baby doll."

"Are you ready for more? Because I'm still starving," he adds.

Right on cue, Lucinda feels his erect member nudging against her thigh. She blushes.

"Yeah. I am," she answers.

"Thank fuck," Tyler exclaims, leaning away from her to discard his clothes.

Naked, he reaches into the drawer by the bed to grab a condom.

He wastes no time sheathing himself and returns to his position above her, giving her no time to drool over his physique.

She pouts.

"What?"

"I was trying to drool,"

He chuckles, "You'll have more time to drool later. For now, let me satisfy my hunger, yeah?"

Nodding, Lucinda releases an arm around his neck and trails it downward towards his member.

Before she can grab it, Tyler shakes his head, stopping her.

"Not today, baby doll. You can explore all you want some other time, but for today, allow me to worship you, yeah?"

Her heart warms at his words as she nods gingerly.

"Okay,"

"Good girl," bending, Tyler rests his forehead against hers and without warning, he plunges into her in one quick thrust, eliciting a cry of shock from Lucinda.

Her shock soon morphs into pleasure as Tyler pulls out, only to slam back in.

With eyes laden with desire, he asks her.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah," she answers breathlessly.

"Good, Hold on tight,"

He pulls out all the way but doesn't slam back inside this time.

Instead, Tyler pushes his member back in as slowly as possible, letting her feel every length and girth.

Lucinda moans.

She's been intimate with Tyler a couple of times, and never has he been this slow.

It's as if he's trying to let her feel pleasure with every inch.

It's as if he's making love to her.

[Chapter 134 Will You Be Mine](#)

Lucinda desperately holds onto Tyler as he pulls out and slams back in again.

His breath is heavy.

She can tell he's restraining himself.

He's controlling himself so as not to go faster than intended.

She wraps her legs around his waist and arches her back slightly off the bed to meet his thrust.

Tyler groans, every shred of self-control threatening to fly out the window.

Breathing heavily, he supports his weight with both hands digging into the bed on either side of her.

He gazes at her.

Lucinda's breath hitches at the desire in his eyes.

"Don't tempt me, witch," his voice is hoarse.

"How can you call me a witch at such a time like this?" she pouts, rolling her eyes.

Tyler cocks his head to the side, moving a hand between them to rub her bud.

He doesn't thrust, and neither does he pull out.

He remains inside her, watching her writhe beneath him as he works her with his fingers.

"Don't do that, baby doll. Else.."

Lucinda stares at him defiantly, biting back a moan as the pressure builds.

"Else what?"

Tyler smirks, pulling out completely and thrusting back in.

The sounds of their thighs slapping each other fills the room.

His sudden thrust sends another wave of pleasure coursing through her body as she involuntarily arches off the bed, groaning.

"As I said, don't tempt me,"

Lucinda swallows. "What if I want to?"

"Baby doll. I'm trying to worship you today as much as I can, but you're making it difficult," he groans, resting his forehead against hers.

"You can worship me some other time, Ty."

"Lucinda," he groans again, and she can tell he is losing his last shred of restraint.

"Please? I want you," she pleads.

He pulls back to peer into her face.

"Hard?"

Lucinda nods. "Yes. I mean, I appreciate you trying to go vanilla and shit, but I don't mind it a little rough either,"

"Baby doll. Aren't you such a vixen?"

She flashes him a proud smirk. "I try,"

"Fair enough,"

Without another word, Tyler grips her thighs and pries them apart even wider.

He pulls out, only to slam back in harder than the first few times.

Lucinda cries out.

He kisses her, swallowing her moans.

His thrust doesn't slow down.

He increases his pace each time he thrusts into her, eliciting loud pleasurable moans from her.

And he swallows each moan, kissing her fervently.

Hungry for more, Lucinda rocks her hips against his, meeting every thrust.

Groaning, Tyler pulls out, but only for a split second as he unexpectedly flips Lucinda, causing her back to face him.

She immediately arches her back as he thrusts in again.

Desperate for something to hold on to, she grabs a pillow and buries her face in it, letting it absorb her moans.

Soon, Tyler's thrust becomes long and hard.

He is close.

Gripping her hips, he increases his pace, a guttural moan escaping him as he comes undone.

Lucinda follows immediately after, and after a while, they collapse onto the bed, sweaty and out of breath.

After catching his breath, Tyler climbs the bed and trudges into the bathroom after discarding the used condom.

He returns less than a minute later with a wet towel and settles between Lucinda's legs.

She flinches when he pricks her apart, only relaxing when she realises his intentions.

Her heart warms as she watches him wipe between her thighs and around her sensitive flesh.

While wiping her down, Lucinda constantly wiggles.

Tyler grabs her thighs to hold her down. He raises an eyebrow.

"Why can't you stay still?"

She flushes, "Can you not stall and hurry up?"

He smirks, "Are you enjoying it, you little Vixen? Are three orgasms not enough, baby doll?"

"I wasn't enjoying it," she huffs, vehemently denying it.

He chuckles, throwing the towel somewhere in the room. He would find it later.

"Of course, you weren't. I believe you," Tyler answers sarcastically.

"I'll pretend I didn't hear the sarcasm in your voice," Lucinda rolls her eyes, feigning annoyance as he

settles beside her, pulling her into his arms.

She huffs, pretending to pull away, but Tyler doesn't let her.

He slaps her butt, startling her.

"Stay still,"

She rolls her eyes again, placing her head on his chest.

"Roll your eyes one more time, and I'll turn you over and fuck you to oblivion," he squeezes her butt, and she clenches her thighs.

They lay in silence for a while, basking in each other's warmth.

"Ty?" Lucinda calls, breaking the silence.

"Hmm?" He hums, blinking his eyes open.

Was he about to fall asleep?

So soon?

Now that's a first.

"Have you been to the doctor yet?" Lucinda questions, resting her chin on his chest as she peers into his face.

Tyler smiles, "Are you concerned about me, baby doll?"

"Of course. I am. Why wouldn't I?"

"Then be mine," he turns on his side.

Lucinda blushes.

"I.."

"Shhh," Tyler stops her, capturing her lips and kissing her.

She immediately responds, wrapping her arms around his neck.

While lying side by side, they continue to kiss passionately.

Tyler doesn't rush her.

Instead, he takes his sweet time exploring her mouth, tasting her.

Their tongues clash, fighting for dominance.

Tyler's hand finds its way to the back of her head, sliding into her hair.

Fisting her hair, he angles her neck back slightly, kissing her deeper.

Lucinda moans into his mouth, surrendering herself and giving him complete access.

After kissing for what seems like an eternity, they finally pull apart, panting heavily. Their lips are swollen and red from having kissed for a long time.

"Be mine? Have I not proved myself enough today?"

Lucinda purses her lips.

"I mean, you weren't bad. It was okay."

He frowns.

"What do you mean it was okay? It was damn near perfect. A 98 per cent, I'd say,"

She laughs.

"Calm down, tiger. Did I bruise your ego?"

He snorts. "My ego? Baby doll, I'd fuck you over and over to prove how right I am. No egos bruised here. It'd rather be a win situation for me."

"Of course. I forgot whom I was talking to. My bad. Forgive me,"

Tyler chuckles.

"So, baby doll. You still haven't answered. Will you be mine?"

"Hmm," she furrows her eyebrows, pretending to be in deep thought.

After a while, she looks at him

"Well, what's in it for me?"

He smirks.

"You can only open a package after purchasing it. So in that sense, you need to be mine first before I can show you what's in it for you,"

"That's such a vague answer, must I say,"

"It isn't, baby doll. So what do you say?"

"Mmmm. As a good boyfriend, you constantly need to supply me with granola cereal and orange juice."

"Is that all?"

"Well, there's more. But I'll lay down more rules as time goes on,"

"So, is that a yes?"

"Mmm-hmm," she grins.

"It's a yes. I'll be yours, Tyler,"

[Chapter 135 Another Dream](#)

Austin arrives home almost an hour later. Like always, he retrieves his phone to tap on the app and soon, the gate opens, giving way. The guard stationed at the door approaches him.

Austin shakes his head with a smile.

"I know my dad is expecting me. You don't need to inform me each time I come here. I feel more like a guest,"

The guard flushes, "I'm sorry, young master. I repeat the same thing to countless guests each day. It's become like.."

"A mantra. I know," Austin completes for him.

The guard nods.

"Don't worry. You don't need to greet me each time I come here. My dad won't kill you. You can return to your post,"

Nodding, the guard returns to his post as Austin walks into the house.

He ascends the stairs and makes his way towards the study where his dad probably is.

The man spends so much time in his study that Austin sometimes wonders if he ever gets in bed.

Stopping in front of the study, he knocks on the door.

A reply comes a few seconds later.

"Come in,"

Austin grabs the knob and pushes the door open, stepping inside.

Shutting the door behind him, he sits opposite his father.

"Oh, Austin. You're here," Mr Miles acknowledges, looking up from his desktop.

"Of course. You asked to see me urgently," Austin replies.

His father nods, clasping his hands in front of him.

"I did. I'll cut to the chase and get straight to the point. The little girl is here,"

Austin frowns.

"Which girl?"

Mr Miles sighs in misery.

"I had no idea I gave birth to such a slow-witted son,"

"Dad," Austin groans. "You could have just answered me instead of throwing subtle jabs at me."

After a second thought, he adds. "For the record, you didn't give birth to me. Mom did,"

Mr Miles rolls his eyes. "Your mother would have never given birth to you if I didn't provide my semen,"

Austin gags, feeling disgusted.

"I could have gone my entire life without hearing you say that, dad. I'll be left with nightmares henceforth, Jesus!"

"You started it. I'm only helping you finish. Don't think you can embarrass me, Austin."

"Fine, dad, you win. Now can you tell me which little girl you're talking about?"

"Grey and Sienna's daughter," Mr Miles replies, watching his son's eyes widen.

"Did you find them?"

"Well, not technically. Let's say I found them by chance."

"How?"

"The maid contacted Matt, and he, in turn, got in touch with me."

"I see," Austin nods thoughtfully.

"So, why did you ask me to come home?"

"Well, I'll be out of town for a few days, so I'll need you to frequently stop by the house to check on the maid and the little girl,"

Austin's interest is peaked.

"Where are you going, dad?"

The corners of Mr Miles' lips curl into a smile.

"Have you forgotten what I do for a living? My job requires me to move when it deems fit."

"So, where does your job require you to be now?"

"I can't tell you that, son,"

"You used to tell me all the time. What suddenly changed?" Austin whines, sounding like a child.

"Well, if you must know, things have changed. I can't tell you where I'm going. Maybe I will after my return,"

"Alright, dad. Be safe out there,"

"I should be telling you that, not vice versa. Be careful, Austin. And always have your guard up."

"I will, dad,"

"Alright, that'll be all. Let me not keep you. You have classes to attend, don't you?"

Austin nods, fishing out for his phone to check the time.

"I do."

"Alright. I'll see you when I get back,"

"Sure. Call me when you arrive at your destination, okay?" Austin instructs, causing his father to roll his eyes.

With a chuckle, Austin exits the study.

A tiny body suddenly comes barreling into him.

"Aliana! Be careful!" A woman runs after the little girl, pulling her back.

She looks up at Austin apologetically.

"I apologise on her behalf."

Austin waves her off.

"It's fine. You don't need to apologise. By the way, where are you off to?"

"Oh, um. Aliana woke up not long ago, so I was about to take her downstairs for breakfast. She's a little fussy after waking up in a different environment,"

"Ah, you must be our new guest!"

"I'm sorry?" Sophia frowns, confused.

"Right. Forgive my manners. I'm Austin Miles. Daren is my father,"

"Oh!" she exclaims.

"It's nice to meet you, Austin,"

"The pleasure is all mine," Austin shifts his gaze to the little girl fidgeting beside Sophia.

"Let me not waste your time. Go ahead,"

"Of course," Nodding, Sophia takes Aliana's hand in hers and leads her downstairs.

Meanwhile, Tyler had fallen asleep soon after being intimate with Lucinda.

Lucinda followed suit a couple of minutes after he fell asleep.

Tyler tosses uncomfortably on the bed.

A frown is etched on his face.

He is dreaming.

And in the dream, he sees himself inside the same mansion.

Except for this time, the scenario is different.

Instead of blood splattered over the walls and his body, he finds himself in a different part of the house.

In the dream, Tyler is wounded, with blood splashed over his face and shirt.

Despite his wounds, he is running, carrying someone in his arms.

A girl.

A young girl.

"Let me down, Tyler. Please!" The girl begs, crying, but Tyler pays no heed.

He continues to run, tripping over a few times, but he doesn't give up.

Blood flows from a cut on his eyebrow, trickling down the sides of his face and entering his eye.

He blinks.

The pain from the wound in his stomach threatens to tear him apart, yet he continues to run.

He needs to get his sister to safety.

Everyone is dead.

He can't let her die.

He needs to save her.

Lily.

He needs to get her to safety.

"Tyler, please! Let me down! You're hurt!" Lily cries.

Suddenly, a figure appears in front of Tyler and kicks him down harshly.

Tyler trips and falls face-first, and the wound on his eyebrow begins to bleed even more.

The figure drags Lily away despite her cries of protest.

"Let me go! Tyler! No! Let me go!"

The figure carries Lily and drops her on his shoulders like a sack of potatoes.

Lily pounds her fist against the man's back, crying.

Tyler lies on the ground, watching helplessly as his sister gets dragged away.

He tries to get up, only to fall back down.

He rolls over, groaning.

His face is covered in blood.

Suddenly, an object makes contact with his head.

Tyler groans.

Blood oozes from the side of his head.

"Lily,"

He mutters helplessly just before his eyes close, giving way to unconsciousness.

[Chapter 136 Repeated Dreams](#)

Tyler wakes up with a jolt, drenched in sweat and panting as if he's just run a marathon.

With a heavy sigh, he sits up and leans against the headboard while wiping his forehead.

His hand drops limply to his side after wiping the sweat off his forehead.

He remains sitting, staring into space for a while before finally getting out of bed to take a shower and perform his morning rituals.

After that, Tyler walks out of the bathroom.

He enters the kitchen wearing nothing but a towel around his waist.

Rummaging through his cabinets, he finally finds a can of coffee powder.

The can feels so lightweight that Tyler has to open it to be sure there's enough powder to make at least a cup or two of coffee.

It's been so long since he had coffee he mostly forgets to stock up.

He boils water and adds a few spoons of coffee powder into a cup.

He stirs it for a couple of seconds before adding milk and sugar.

He tastes the coffee and nods, satisfied.

He stirs his coffee a little longer and drops the spoon into the sink.

While leaning against the counter, Tyler sips his coffee.

He lets out a heavy sigh, rubbing his eyes.

While drinking his coffee, the doorbell rings.

With a coffee in hand, Tyler answers the door.

Lucinda's eyes widen at Tyler's half-nakedness.

She purses her lips, sidestepping him into the house.

Tyler shuts the door after her and follows her.

"What are you having?" She asks, standing on tiptoe to peer into his cup.

With an eye roll, he pushes the cup of coffee into her hand.

"I know you want to have it, so here you go,"

Grinning, Lucinda accepts it, sighing in contentment as she takes a sip.

"Of course. What are boyfriends for?"

Tyler snorts, walking back into the kitchen to make another cup of coffee. Thankfully, he still has some hot water left in the kettle to make another cup.

"All you've done is use me since I became a boyfriend. Is that all I'm worth?" Tyler raises an eyebrow, walking back into the living room with his cup of coffee.

Lucinda meets him halfway, wearing a smirk.

While sipping her coffee, her other hand trails his taut chest down to his waistline.

"That is all you're worth. Including this," Lucinda suddenly grips Tyler's member through the towel, startling him.

The cup in his hand almost tips over.

"Baby doll," he groans.

"It's too early to begin your witchcraft. Don't you think so? I thought witches only operate at night,"

She pouts, squeezing him.

"I'm a different kind of witch,"

"Mmm. Obviously. I can see that,"

Lucinda lets go of him to finish her coffee and discards the empty cup.

After, she attempts to snatch Tyler's cup, but he pulls away, shaking his head.

"Aren't you greedy? Why are you coming for mine?"

"You had already drunk half of the coffee before handing it to me. It's only fair that I help you finish yours,"

Sighing in resignation, Tyler stretches his hand, holding out the cup.

Lucinda is about to accept it when she frowns.

She looks at him closely, running a finger under his eyes.

"You have bags under your eyes, Ty. Are you still having difficulties sleeping?"

Sighing, Tyler drops his cup on the coffee table and wraps his arms around Lucinda, pulling her near.

She buries her face in his chest as he places his chin on her head, sniffing her hair.

"Why aren't you able to sleep? Do you have insomnia?" Lucinda asks after a while.

Tyler shrugs.

It's been a week since he first had the dream about Lily getting dragged away by a strange figure while he lay on the ground helplessly, unable to lift a finger.

It's been a week, and he's dreamt about the same thing almost every night.

Now more than ever, he's certain he shares a unique relationship with Lily.

Why else would he risk his life to try to save her when he was on the brink of death?

Tyler has questions.

Lots of questions.

Who is Lily to him?

What's their relationship? What ties does he have with the mansion in his dreams?

Did he live there previously?

If yes, how did he end up in this apartment?

When did he move out?

Did he live in the mansion alone?

How did he get wounded in the dream?

Who was that figure who dragged Lily away?

Judging from the figure's stature, no doubt it was a man.

But who?

These and many more questions run through Tyler's mind.

Every day, the dream becomes more vivid, yet surprisingly, the male figure's face remains blurry.

The image of him never seems to improve.

Ever since Tyler first had the dream, he goes to bed and wakes up almost every night in a cold sweat.

Lucinda doesn't know about it, and neither does Austin.

This past week, Austin has been busy with God knows what.

He claims his father is out of town.

Hence he needs to shoulder some responsibilities till his father returns.

"I think so," Tyler finally answers, pulling away.

Lucinda stares at him worriedly.

"How long did you manage to sleep last night?"

He shrugs.

"I'm not sure. I think three hours. I woke up at dawn and couldn't go back to sleep, so I decided to while away time by revising my notes. I dozed off a few minutes to six this morning and woke up again an hour ago,"

Subconsciously, Lucinda gazes at the clock hanging on the wall. The time reads eight.

It means Tyler slept for only an hour and some minutes.

She sighs.

"Come," she grabs his elbow and tugs at it.

"Where to?"

"Can you follow me and not ask questions?"

Rolling his eyes, Tyler follows.

Lucinda leads him into the bedroom.

"Lie down," she instructs

The corners of his lips curl into a smirk.

"I mean, baby doll, I appreciate you wanting to give me some loving but don't you think it's too early? Though, I don't mind."

Lucinda flushes.

"Shut up! That isn't my intention. Can you lie down?"

"Are you sure you don't want some of this?" Tyler gestures to his body.

"Tyler!" she exclaims, blushing profusely.

"Fine," Chuckling, Tyler climbs into bed, and she follows suit.

Lying beside him, Lucinda wraps her arms around his torso and places her head on his chest.

"Do you have anywhere to be today?" She questions.

"I don't think so. Why do you ask?"

"Okay. Then close your eyes and go to sleep,"

"Baby doll," Tyler begins to protest, attempting to get up, but she pushes him back down.

"Just sleep, please,"

"I appreciate your help, baby doll, but I'm good,"

"At least try. Okay, fine. Can you close your eyes for ten minutes max? If you still don't feel like sleeping, I won't force you. I promise,"

Tyler sighs, reluctantly closing his eyes.

"Fine,"

"Thank you," Lucinda smiles.

Silence envelopes the room as Tyler lies down with his eyes closed, counting the seconds until he can open his eyes again.

Except he doesn't.

A few minutes into counting, he falls asleep.

[Chapter 137 A One-day Even](#)

A few minutes after lying in silence, Lucinda lifts her head to check on Tyler.

He's been too quiet that it's suspicious.

If anything, he should be whining and complaining about how she's forced him into bed.

But to her surprise, she realises Tyler has fallen asleep.

To make sure he isn't playing tricks on her, Lucinda lightly taps him and waves her hand in front of his face.

He doesn't budge.

Wow, that was fast.

Lucinda watches him sleep, studying his features for a while. Subconsciously, her gaze falls on the scar hidden in his eyebrow and trails her thumb over it.

Somehow, her actions cause discomfort to Tyler because he frowns in his sleep.

"I'm sorry," she whispers, smoothening the crevices between his eyebrows due to his frowning.

A few seconds later, Tyler's face returns to normal as he continues sleeping.

Sighing, Lucinda carefully gets out of bed and finds her way into the kitchen.

Opening the fridge, she barely finds any ingredients enough to prepare a decent meal.

On second thought, they've been dating for only a week.

Won't it be overbearing to enter Tyler's kitchen and start cooking?

Oh, forget it.

She would order some food after Tyler awakens.

Lucinda attempts to shut the fridge when she spots a box of cookies.

And beside it is a box of juice.

Her lips stretch into a grin.

She might not cook, but at least she can help her boyfriend empty his fridge.

She quickly finds a glass and pours some juice, after which she takes out a couple of cookies and puts them on a plate.

Satisfied, Lucinda walks into the living room to revise while drinking her juice with cookies.

Meanwhile, inside the bedroom, Tyler's face contorts into a frown.

He's dreaming.

Again.

But this time, for the first time in a week, the scenario changes.

In the dream, he is still in the mansion, with the same clothes and blood splattered over his face and body.

But this time, he isn't screaming while looking ahead, nor is he running with Lily in his arms.

Instead, he seems to be in hiding.

Blood drips from the cut on his eyebrow and falls on the small figure lodged beneath him.

Lily blinks.

She is shaking.

Her face is wet with tears.

She may be young, but not enough not to understand their lives are in danger.

Her brother's bloodied self isn't helping matters either.

She whimpers, and Tyler quickly clamps his hand over his mouth, shaking his head.

"Don't make a noise, Lily. We will get caught," he cautions, lifting his head from their hiding spot to scan the room.

There's no one in sight.

Suddenly, they hear a terrifying loud voice screaming, "Come out, you little shit! You better come out now because if I go through the pain to find you, you will wish you never hid! Come the fuck out! Now!"

The yelling and screeching terrify Lily so much that she shakes.

Tyler wraps his arms around his sister, "Shh."

Judging from the direction the voice came from, it's safe to say the intruders are in a different room, so Tyler decides to take a chance and run.

He gathers a wounded Lily into his arms and begins to run, hoping he can make it to the secret passageway behind Lily's playroom where they were hiding.

Except, they get caught in the nick of time.

The dream from a week ago suddenly merges with the current one, and Tyler is suddenly kicked to the ground by a faceless figure.

Lily gets dragged away while kicking and screaming.

And he is knocked out.

"Lily," the name tumbles out of Tyler's lips as he lies on the ground just before he slips into an unconscious state.

As always, Tyler wakes up with a jolt, drenched in sweat.

Subconsciously, he glances at the clock hanging in his bedroom and sighs.

It's half past ten.

He slept for an hour and a few minutes.

Again.

Tyler groans. That's it. He isn't sleeping anymore.

This shit is too frustrating.

He runs a hand through his hair, recollecting his dream.

This time, his dream is different, yet it ends the same way as the dream from a week ago.

The clothes he and Lily wore in the dream are the same.

The house is the same, except for the change in rooms.

Tyler concludes that his brain has split a one-day event into several scenarios and is revealing them to him through dreams in bits.

It's fucking frustrating.

Why can't he recall everything at once?

Why does it have to be dreams?

These days he dreads going to bed because he always wakes up in a cold sweat.

He must admit that dreaming is much better than having sudden flashes.

The flashes cause migraine that lasts for hours, but the dreams do not.

The downside is the dreams mess up with his already fucked up sleeping schedule.

Now Tyler's sleeping hours have been shortened by a couple of hours.

The door suddenly opens as Lucinda causally walks in, munching on a cookie.

Her eyes widen when she finds Tyler sitting in bed, widely awake.

"You're awake? Already?"

He nods.

Even he can't believe he's already awake.

"Hmm. Come here," Tyler pats the spot next to him, and Lucinda joins him in bed.

Wrapping his arms around her, he flicks her nose.

"What have you been eating, baby doll?"

"Oh. Just a couple of cookies and orange juice,"

"You plan on finishing my food, don't you?"

She snorts, rolling her eyes.

"Your fridge is as empty as the Sahara desert. I could find nothing else to eat,"

"Hmm. And the juice? How many glasses have you had?"

"One," she quickly replies.

"Lucinda," he raises an eyebrow.

"Fine. I had a couple of glasses. Only two or three," Lucinda blushes, swallowing the cookie and licking

her lips.

"I see. Then your lips must taste like citrus. Delicious, I presume,"

Tyler suddenly pulls her closer, capturing her lips in a kiss.

He tastes the citrus immediately after their lips touch, and he groans, wanting more.

He bites on her lower lips, urging her to open her mouth.

Lucinda does, wrapping her arms around his neck.

Tyler sends in his tongue, exploring her mouth, tasting her.

And for a minute or two, they kiss without stopping, only coming up for air after almost suffocating.

Tyler pulls back, a triumphant smirk on his face.

"Delicious indeed,"

She blushes, placing her head on his chest.

"Do you want to sleep some more?"

"No," Tyler immediately answers, frowning at the thought of going back to sleep.

What is the use?

He'd still wake up an hour or two later.

"Are you sure? I could hang around while you sleep,"

He smiles, caressing her hair.

"Thank you for the concern, baby doll. But I'm good,"

"Mmm, okay. Are you hungry? I can order some Chinese takeout or perhaps burgers?"

"I'm not picky, baby doll. Go ahead and order whatever you want. As long as it's safe to eat, I will,"

"Of course!" Lucinda jumps out of bed and skips to the living room to retrieve her phone.

Tyler chuckles, getting out of bed.

While she orders the food, he picks an outfit to wear, finally discarding the towel around his waist.

[Chapter 138 The Slap](#)

After getting dressed, Tyler joins Lucinda in the living room, where she's revising her notes.

Not wanting to disturb her, he picks up the remote and turns on the Tv, setting the volume at its lowest as he flips through the channels.

After a while, he settles on a sports channel.

Leaning back on the sofa, he stretches his legs, spreading his arms on the headrest while Lucinda changes her position to lie down.

She adjusts her head on Tyler's lap and crosses a leg over the other. Placing her note on her legs, she continues to read.

Tyler plays with her hair as his mind wanders.

His eyes are on the TV, yet his concentration is elsewhere.

How long will he keep having such disturbing dreams?

Why does Lily keep appearing in every single one of them?

Are they related?

If yes, why didn't she say anything the first time they met?

Why did she pretend they never knew each other?

Come to think of it.

Tyler recalls asking Lily about the scar on her forearm.

Back then, she had said something, but he was too invested in studying the scar that he didn't pay much attention.

While looking at her scar, Lily had mumbled something along the lines of, "Don't you remember?"

And he, in turn, had asked, "Remember what?"

"Back then, when you.."

Tyler remembers Lily starting a sentence but never completing it.

Did she want to tell him something?

Why didn't she complete her sentence?

Tyler has never thought about that conversation till now.

It never crossed his mind.

But thinking back now, it sounded like she had something to tell him.

"Don't you remember?" the words resonate in Tyler's mind.

That is not something you say to a stranger.

Now more than ever, he needs to find Lily and question her.

He's more convinced each day that they used to know each other.

But how?

"Tyler? Tyler!"

Tyler blinks, snapping out of his reverie as he gazes at Lucinda.

"Yes?"

"How distracted are you? I've been calling out to you for a while now,"

He sighs, "Right. I guess I was a little bit distracted."

"Hmm. Your phone lit up with a message, and I've been trying to draw your attention. It could be an urgent message,"

"Right. What would I have done without you, baby doll?" he smirks, reaching out to pick up his phone from the table.

Lucinda huffs.

"Nothing, obviously."

Chuckling, Tyler checks his recent message.

It's from Austin, informing him the doctor has finally set an appointment to meet him on Tuesday at noon.

Tyler types a quick reply and sends it.

He drops his phone, pursing his lips.

Today is Sunday.

His appointment is in two days.

Oh, he can't fucking wait.

Meanwhile, inside his inner chambers, Alex paces the room, livid.

And Dean is at the receiving end of his wrath.

As Alex continues to yell and curse, Dean purses his lips, trying to maintain a passive expression.

He has no idea why his morning has to be interrupted like this.

Why is the boss yelling and spewing curses at him as if he's at fault?

"I asked you a fucking question, Dean!" Alex roars when he realises Dean is paying no attention.

He blinks, lifting his gaze at his boss.

"I'm sorry, boss. I didn't quite catch your question. Could you please repeat it?"

What happened next shocked him to the core. In the blink of an eye, Dean's head had already snapped to the side, his face unable to withstand the force of being backhanded.

He blinks, fighting the urge to touch his cheek where it's starting to burn.

Did Alex just slap him?

And that too with the back of his hand?

The same hand with rings on all fingers?

Dean's face is burning.

At this point, he is sure there are a couple of cuts on his cheeks due to the rings.

What did he do to warrant getting slapped?

Slowly, Dean turns his head to stare at the boss.

Warm liquid trickles down his cheek unto his chest.

Blood.

He needs no soothsayer to tell him the warm liquid trickling down his cheek is blood.

He gulps, gazing into Alex's fiery eyes.

"When was the last time you gave Tyler his dosage? How long has it been? A week? Two? How long?!"

"I..." Dean purses his lips, at a loss for words.

"I haven't seen him in a while," he adds.

"So what if you haven't seen him in a while? Will you wait for him to come here before you do your fucking job? If he isn't coming here, then show up at his house. Invite him out for a drink, play golf, tennis, and any other fucking thing men do to get together. How difficult is that?!"

"I'm sorry, boss. It won't happen again,"

"Oh, you bet it won't because I'll lay you off before you slack off again. If Tyler starts to recover even a third of his memories, I will kill him and bury you alive with him. I didn't come this far for you to ruin everything with your slacking!"

Dean clenches his fists behind him, swallowing the bile rising in his throat.

"Yes, boss,"

"Now, get the fuck out and do the needful!" Alex roars.

Nodding, Dean heads for the door, exiting the inner chambers.

Outside, his expression gives nothing away until he enters his room and shuts the door, locking it.

His initial passive expression morphs into rage as he stands in front of his mirror, staring at the cuts on his cheek.

Rummaging through his first aid box, Dean cuts out a piece of cotton wool, dips it into a bottle of

disinfectant and dabs his cut.

Dean hisses, clenching his teeth as the liquid burn his cheeks.

After managing to clean his cheek, he discards the cotton wool and applies ointment on his face.

Done, he retrieves his phone and places a call to Tyler.

He answers on the fifth ring.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Tyler? It's Dean speaking," Dean clears his throat.

"Mmm, I'm aware. To what do I owe this sudden call?"

"Well, I was wondering if we could go out for a couple of drinks. Tonight perhaps? What do you say?"

"Well, isn't that weird? Suddenly asking me out for drinks?"

At the other end of the line, Dean forces a smile, though Tyler cannot see him.

"Why is it weird? I'm bored, so I thought it best to call you. Who else would I call to help eradicate my boredom?"

Tyler remains silent, contemplating.

He'd initially planned to stay indoors.

Oh, well.

"Alright. Place and time?" he finally agrees.

"I'll send you a text,"

"Okay. See you then,"

[Chapter 139 Drugged](#)

After getting off the phone with Tyler, Dean briefly steps out of his room to inform a maid to serve his meal inside.

He has no plans of having breakfast with the rest at the dining table.

Nodding, the maid turns away to get his food ready.

As Dean returns to his room, he bumps into Ryan and another guy with whom he isn't well acquainted.

Their eyes widen as they take in his appearance, failing to hide their surprise.

Ryan nears him, squinting his eyes. He lifts a finger to touch Dean's cheeks, but Dean steps back.

"Dude, what happened to you?"

The corners of Dean's lips curl into a deprecating smile.

"The boss happened,"

The man beside Ryan whistles.

"What did you do? And how did your face get bruised? Did the boss punch you?"

"He slapped me."

"Did he hit you with the hand full of rings?"

"What do you think?" Dean raises an eyebrow.

"I think you need to see the nurse. She's currently in the boy's quarters." Ryan suggests, and Dean shakes his head in refusal.

"Don't worry about it. I've applied some ointment, so it'll be fine,"

"Dude, your face is turning purple. You really need to see a nurse," the man beside Ryan insists.

"As I said, don't worry. I'll see you guys later," Dean opens the door to his room and enters.

Soon enough, his food arrives, and after eating, he remains inside his room until sunset.

At sunset, Dean takes a shower and gets dressed, after which he sets out to meet Tyler.

Dean arrives at the bar twenty minutes earlier to have a talk with the bartender before Tyler's arrival.

After negotiating with the bartender for more than ten minutes, Dean sneaks an envelope full of money into his pocket.

Without a word, Dean reaches into his pocket, retrieves a tiny bottle and discreetly hands it to the bartender.

After the exchange, both men nod and go their separate ways.

The bartender, behind the bar, while Dean takes a seat, waiting for Tyler, who soon arrives.

When he enters the bar, he glances around until he spots Austin seated at the farthest end, waving him over.

Tyler joins him, occupying the empty seat next to him.

"I had no idea you are a punctual person,"

Dean shrugs, "As I said earlier, I'm bored. I'd rather leave the mansion and come sit here the entire day,"

"You haven't ordered the drinks yet?" Tyler glances at the empty table.

Dean shrugs, "Drinking alone is boring. Let me order now," He lifts a hand, signalling a waiter over.

The bartender behind the bar instructs a waiter to serve them.

Picking up a tray, the waiter approaches them.

"What would you like to have?"

Tyler and Dean share a glance.

Tyler shrugs after remaining undecided.

"You invited me out, so it's fair that you place the order. Surprise me,"

"Of course,"

"But keep in mind, I'm not here to get drunk,"

"Got it," Dean turns to the waiter, placing their order.

While waiting for their drinks, Dean cocks his head to the side, studying his companion.

"You don't look well. I see dark circles under your eyes,"

Tyler grins, "You don't look well either. I see cuts on your cheek,"

Dean rolls his eyes, "Touche,"

Tyler chuckles, leaning back in his seat and stretching his arms. "I still find it weird that you invited me out. Are you that lonely? Do you not have any friends?"

Dean snorts, taking his hands off the table as the waiter places their drinks in front of them.

He glances over at the counter where the bartender is fixing drinks. Coincidentally, their eyes meet, and they look away immediately.

"I could say the same for you. How many friends do you have?"

Tyler shrugs, lifting his drink to his lips.

"Having one loyal friend is better than having dozens you can't count on,"

Dean nods, sipping his drink.

"Perhaps, you may be right,"

"I'm always right," Tyler gloats, to which he chuckles.

"Of course. You're always right," Dean pauses, glancing behind him as a delicious aroma wafts through his nostrils.

"The lamb chops here are really delicious. Should we order some? There's a restaurant inside the bar,"

Tyler shrugs.

"If you want to."

Nodding, Drag orders two plates of lamb chops, and soon, their meal arrives.

While eating, Tyler's vision begins to feel hazy, but he blinks, shaking his head, in an attempt to clear his vision.

He continues to eat, sipping more of his drink.

After a while, Tyler drops his glass, frowning.

"What's wrong? Do you not like the food?" Noticing his expression, Dean questions.

"No. The food is fine. But I feel weird. I think I've had too much to drink,"

"I don't think so. You've only had one glass. Are you drunk already? I didn't think you to be a lightweight, Tyler,"

"I'm definitely not a lightweight. One glass is nothing to me. However, I can't explain why I feel this way," Tyler runs his palm across his face.

"I hope my drink hasn't been tampered with?"

Dean's expression remains passive as his face gives nothing away.

He casually eats a piece of lamb chop.

"I don't think so. Look at me. I'm fine,"

"Maybe you drugged mine,"

"How could I have done that? I haven't left my seat since your arrival,"

"Hmm. That doesn't matter because if I find out you ever drugged my drink, you know I'll skin you alive,"

Dean sighs inwardly.

It's the second time he's getting threatened today.

"Well, I think I've had enough. I should get going now," Tyler fishes out for his phone, immediately ordering a ride.

While waiting for his ride, he leans in the chair, closing his eyes in a bid to eradicate the dizziness.

Why is he fucking dizzy all of a sudden?

He groans inwardly.

It's been a long time since his body had such a reaction.

Why all of a sudden?

Feeling uneasy, Tyler gets out of his seat and exits the bar.

He leans against a tree in front of the bar and unbuttons the first few buttons of his shirt.

He fans himself, suddenly feeling hot.

The fresh air outside isn't helping matters.

After paying for the drinks and food, Dean follows Tyler outside.

"Are you okay?" he asks, approaching Tyler.

Tyler blinks, nodding.

"Yes. I'm just a little bit disoriented. I guess I really have become a lightweight," he chuckles.

"Should I take you home?" Dean questions further, pushing down the guilt trying to resurface.

It is no time to let guilt consume him.

He's been doing this far too long to back out now.

At this point, either he continues drugging Tyler to keep his memories at bay, or Alex kills the both of them.

As fucked up as it may sound, keeping Tyler's memories locked away is the only thing keeping him alive.

Because if he regains even a fraction, Alex won't hesitate to kill him.

Everyone knows Alex is on the brink of discovering the information he's been searching for for years.

Nothing will stop him now.

[Chapter 140 Withdrawal Symptoms](#)

Tyler shakes his head.

"No, thanks. I think I can make it home without passing out," He cracks a wry smile.

Dean sighs just as the über arrives.

"Are you coming?" Tyler questions as he opens the car door. He turns to glance at Dean, who shakes his head.

"I'll stay here for a while. You go ahead,"

"Sure," Tyler settles inside the car, shutting the door.

He rests his head against the headrest and shuts his eyes.

Dean watches the car drive away until it's out of sight before he turns and re-enters the bar.

Inside the bar, he approaches the bartender, who returns the tiny bottle of medicine to him.

Dean pockets it immediately.

"Thank you,"

The bartender nods, resuming his work.

Dean returns to the table and glances at his half-glass of drink.

He signals a waiter and orders another glass.

There is no way he would drink something he left unattended.

After the waiter serves his drink, he gulps it down at a go.

Dean orders two more glasses and downs them all.

Only when his head begins to feel fuzzy does he leave the bar and head for the mansion.

Meanwhile, Tyler has just arrived at his apartment and is having difficulties finding his keys.

His keys are in his pocket.

That he fucking knows.

The problem is his hands are so shaky and unsteady that it's hard to grasp them.

The dizziness is getting worse, and he seems to be coming down with a fever.

His body feels inexplicably hot all of a sudden.

His insides feel like it's on fire.

He so desperately wants to rip off his shirt.

His heartbeat has become irregular.

It's beating so fast that Tyler feels like he'll pass out any moment.

It's unreal.

Planting both hands on his door, Tyler rests his head against the door, taking deep breaths.

Less than a minute later, the door to his apartment suddenly opens, causing his hands to slide off the door.

He loses his footing.

His knees buckle.

A figure suddenly appears in his line of vision, holding him up just before he falls.

"Tyler, Jesus! What happened to you?"

By this time, Tyler's dizziness has worsened, and hallucinations start to set in.

He's unable to answer his friend. The only sound that leaves his mouth is a low groan.

Grunting, Austin wraps his friend's arm around his neck and helps him inside the house. He lays Tyler on the bed.

"What happened, Tyler?" Austin sighs.

He had returned barely an hour ago to meet Tyler's absence. Only for his friend to come home in such a state.

He notices sweat breaking out on Tyler's forehead.

Austin stretches a hand to check his temperature. He pulls his hand away immediately.

Sure enough, his friend has a fever.

Sighing, Austin exits the bedroom and returns later with a bowl of cold water and a towel.

Sitting at the edge of the bed, he soaks the towel in the water, squeezes it and spreads it on Tyler's forehead.

Austin unbuttons Tyler's shirt and takes it off. He goes for an additional towel, soaks it, squeezes some of the water out and wipes his friend's arms, neck and face.

While doing so, Tyler continuously mumbles incoherent words, occasionally groaning.

Austin removes the towel from his friend's forehead, soaks it again, squeezes and places it back.

He continues his actions until Tyler's fever goes down.

And his shaking stops.

He falls asleep soon after.

After his friend has fallen asleep, Austin carries the bowl into the kitchen and pours the water down the drain.

He then leans against the counter, retrieves his phone and dials a number.

Pressing the phone to his ear, he waits.

A couple of seconds later, a voice answers.

"Austin?"

"Hello, dad. How are you doing?"

"I'm doing good, soon. Is anything the problem?"

"I'm not sure, dad. Tyler had another episode. Though, it wasn't like his usual migraines."

"Really?"

"Yes. It looked like he was having withdrawal symptoms,"

"Withdrawal symptoms?" The surprise in Mr Miles' voice is evident. "How so?"

"He had a fever, was shaking uncontrollably, mumbling incoherent words and groaning. He was restless as well."

"I see. And how can you be sure it's withdrawal symptoms?"

Austin shrugs, unsure of himself.

"I'm not sure. It's the first that came to mind,"

"Well, the fact that you're unsure doesn't mean we can ignore that fact. It might be true. Except we don't know what he's withdrawing from. It'll be hard to tell. Only a doctor can give us a full diagnosis,"

"I know,"

"Where's Tyler now?" Mr Miles asks.

"He fell asleep not too long ago after his temperature dropped,"

"Hmm," Mr Miles sighs.

"How did it start?"

Austin shrugs, "I have no idea, dad. I was at home checking up on Sophia and the little girl. I returned barely an hour ago and found him almost passed out on the doorstep,"

"I see. Well, let's not conclude. Many unknown factors can be involved. Keep an eye on your friend in the meantime." He advises his son.

Austin nods.

"Sure, dad. Let me not take too much of your time. I'll let you know of any new development,"

"Of course, Austin. I'll talk to you later,"

"Dad, wait!" Austin suddenly exclaims, stopping his dad from hanging up.

Mr Miles presses the phone back to his ear.

"Yes?"

"Can you please speak to the doctor to push the date of Tyler's appointment to Monday instead of Tuesday?"

His father purses his lips.

"Why, son? Is there any reason? There's no difference between Monday and Tuesday, right?"

"I know that, dad. But can you please do me this favour?" Austin feels they've delayed Tyler's treatment long enough.

They can't delay any longer.

A day is enough to make a difference.

Dr Grey, who could have the answers to their questions, might never return.

He might be dead somewhere, and the answers they need are long overdue.

It's time to find the answers elsewhere.

Mr Miles sighs.

"Alright, Austin. I'll call him and see if he can fit you into his Monday schedule. Hopefully, there will be an empty slot,"

Austin nods, satisfied. "Sure, dad. I'll be grateful. Thank you,"

"I'll get back to you after I've spoken with him. Be careful,"

Mr Miles hangs up after that.

After the call, Austin pockets his phone and exits the kitchen to check up on his friend.

Tyler continues to sweat in his sleep despite the fan churning at high speed.

Sighing, Austin returns to the kitchen, refills the bowl with cold water and repeats his previous actions with the towel.

He continues wiping his friend with the towel until his sweating stops.

Austin sighs, finally dropping the towel into the bowl.