

Devil Lucifer 141

[Chapter 141 Buried Beneath The Soil](#)

The entire afternoon, Tyler slips in and out of consciousness.

In the same way, his temperature keeps rising and dropping till the sun sets.

The sunset, accompanied by chilly air, seems to help with Tyler's temperature as it drops immensely.

Austin finally lets out a tired sigh, watching his friend sleep.

After a while, his phone rings, and he quietly slips out of the bedroom to answer it.

"Yes, dad?"

"I just got off the phone with the doctor, and he's agreed to fit you in for his evening schedule at six. Inform Tyler when he wakes up about the change of plan,"

Austin smiles, relieved, "I will, dad. Thank you,"

"Alright, I'll talk to you later, son. I have to go,"

"Dad," calls Austin.

"Yes?"

"Where are you really? I know you haven't gotten deployed yet. I confirmed it myself, so I know you're not doing something related to work. It's personal, isn't it?"

"Austin, you really should not involve yourself in such matters,"

"I got involved when you asked me to stay by Tyler's side. I may not have completed my training yet and gained a rank like you, but I'm still a part of you, aren't I? It's unfair to keep me in the dark regarding such matters,"

Mr Miles sighs, "I understand your point, but for your own safety, I can't tell you. I know you're skilled and highly capable of looking after yourself, but at the end of the day, you're still my son,"

"If you're worried about my safety, then I think whatever you're doing is dangerous and hasn't been approved by the higher ranks, right? Should they find out you're still digging into a case they closed years ago, they wouldn't forgive you, dad, for breaking the rules. The consequences would be dire. Worst case scenario, you might get laid off,"

"If my actions require me to get laid off, I will gladly accept it. After all, I'm retiring in a couple of years,"

Austin sighs, "Come on, dad. You can't say things like that,"

Mr Miles chuckles, "Are you worried about me?"

"Of course I am. Why won't I be?"

"Well, don't be. I assure you I'm not doing anything illegal."

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

"Are you actually lecturing me, Austin?" Mr Miles doesn't sound stern.

Instead, there's a hint of amusement in his voice.

Austin shrugs, "What can I do? You tend to be rebellious and stubborn, so I need to keep an eye on you,"

Mr Miles chuckles, "Oh, of course. I'm sorry for causing you problems. I promise to reflect on my behaviour and change for the better," his voice is sarcastic.

"Sure. That'll be most appreciated," Austin grins.

"I'll talk to you later, son. I have work to do,"

"Sure. Take your time. I'll talk to you later," Austin hangs up, dropping the phone on the dining table, after which he goes into the bedroom to check on Tyler.

Thankfully, he's still asleep.

Sighing, Austin grabs a towel and enters the bathroom to have a bath.

After his bath, he returns to the room to find Tyler still sleeping.

He quickly checks his friend's temperature before proceeding to get dressed.

After getting dressed, Austin occupies the single sofa in the bedroom and rests his head against the headrest, stretching out his legs.

Crossing his arms on his chest, he shuts his eyes and soon falls asleep.

Meanwhile, on a vast land with nothing but overgrown weeds stands Alex.

With a hand in his pocket, he holds tobacco with the other and takes a long snuff.

He holds the smoke in for a while before exhaling, watching it form ringlets before disappearing.

While watching the vast land ahead, he repeats his actions until he's almost out of tobacco.

Securing the small piece between his teeth, he pockets his hands and rolls his neck.

The sound of his neck cracking gives him satisfaction. He sighs.

Soon, a young man approaches him while wiping sweat off his brow.

"I'm sorry, but I found nothing,"

Alex doesn't turn.

He exhales smoke through his nostrils.

"Did you search well?" He finally asks after a while of silence.

"I did. But like every other day, I found nothing," the man replies.

He waits for Alex's command, and when he gets nothing in reply after a while, he adds, "Honestly, I think it's a waste of time digging this land and searching for something we aren't even sure is here. How long have we been searching without results? What if we've been looking in the wrong place the entire time?"

Alex remains mute, thinking. He takes another long drag of his tobacco and exhales through his nostrils.

He finally turns to face the young man.

"Go home. You will return early tomorrow morning and continue with your search,"

He walks away after that, heading towards his car parked a few meters away.

The young man sighs, slinging the shovel over his shoulder and turning, heading in the opposite direction.

When Alex nears his car, he takes one last drag of his tobacco before discarding it, crushing it under his feet to snuff it out.

He opens the door, climbs inside the car, and immediately rolls the tinted glasses up.

Leaning his head against the headrest, he sighs.

He isn't the only one inside the car.

There's another male alongside him.

The male stares at Alex passively, waiting for him to speak.

But when Alex remains mute even after the driver has started the car, he asks, "How did it go? Let me guess. As usual?"

Alex hums, annoyed. "Yes. As fucking usual,"

The man chuckles. "You know, maybe we've been looking in the wrong place this entire time. We should try looking elsewhere,"

Even the worker had said the same thing to Alex less than a minute ago.

Maybe he should heed their advice.

But somehow, Alex knows what he's searching for is buried beneath this soil.

It's somewhere around.

He knows.

He fucking knows.

It has been two years already, and he should have found what he is searching for, but for some reason, he can't.

He knows it's here.

No one understands, but he knows.

And he can't rest until he finds what he's searching for.

Alex shakes his head, "No. I know it's somewhere around. Beneath this land. It's somewhere," he remains adamant.

The man beside him sighs, "If indeed it's here, don't you think you would have found it long ago?"

"We'll continue the search tomorrow, like every other day. I'm not stopping until I turn the soil and every single stone over on this land. It is here. I'm sure,"

The man sighs again, shrugging. He knows it's almost impossible to convince Alex otherwise.

Well, let him suit himself.

"Fine. You can continue your search but bear in mind that we don't have much time left. Time is not on our side,"

Alex's face turns sour. "I know,"

"It's good that you know," The man turns away, shutting his eyes.

The rest of the ride is silent.

[Chapter 142 Unable To Sleep](#)

Alex arrives home almost forty minutes later.

Immediately after the car drives into the compound, a guard rushes forward to open the door. Gingerly Alex steps out and heads inside the house.

Another guard approaches him.

"Goodevening, boss,"

"Hmm," Alex hums, walking past the guard and climbing up the stairs, heading for his inner chambers.

The guard follows him.

Upon arriving at the door, Alex stops and turns, glancing at the guard.

"I don't want to be disturbed for the rest of the evening. Let no one in, no matter who it might be,"

The guard nods, holding out the door for Alex as he enters.

Inside his room, Dean exits the bedroom with nothing but a towel around his waist.

Walking to his dresser, he rummages through for an outfit.

After finding an outfit, he spreads it on the bed and turns, stopping in front of the mirror.

He stares at his reflection, lightly rubbing his bruised cheeks.

Letting out a sigh, he tears his gaze away from the mirror and quickly gets dressed.

After, he applies some ointment on his bruise.

He retires to bed soon after.

But after being in bed for a while, Dean is unable to fall asleep.

Sighing, he rolls over, stretching his hand and retrieving his phone from the bedside table.

Powering up his phone, he scrolls through his contacts, stopping at Tyler's number.

His thumb hovers over the screen, hesitating for a split second before finally pressing the call button.

Adjusting the pillow under his head, Dean presses the phone to his ear, waiting.

Austin is suddenly jolted awake by the constant ringing of a cell phone.

Forcing his eyes open, he rubs them, yawning.

Begrudgingly, he gets up to search for the source of the noise.

A couple of seconds later, he finds Tyler's phone buried beneath the pillows on the bed, ringing.

Austin picks up the phone to check the caller ID.

It's from Dean.

He purses his lips, contemplating whether to answer the call or let it be.

The phone continues ringing for a couple of seconds before finally going silent.

Sighing, Austin drops the phone and returns to the sofa.

He closes his eyes, about to fall asleep, when the phone rings again, startling him.

Groaning, he gets up to pick up the phone.

It's Dean.

Again.

Maybe he should answer it.

That's the only way the phone would stop ringing so much.

Sliding his thumb over the green button, Austin presses the phone to his ear.

"Hello?"

At the end of the line, Dean frowns.

"Who is this?"

Austin rolls his eyes, "Dude, how can you not know whose number you dialled?"

"I certainly do know. Except, I had no idea that you would answer the call instead of Tyler. Where's he?"

Instinctively, Austin glances over at the sleeping figure on the bed.

"He's asleep," he replies.

Dean raises an eyebrow, pulling his phone away from his ear to check the time.

Pressing it back to his ear, he speaks, "By this time? I didn't know Tyler was an early bird. It's barely seven pm,"

"Well, I guess," Austin replies.

"Hmm, is he okay?"

"Why do you ask?"

"We.." Dean pauses, suddenly deciding against saying anything about meeting Tyler for drinks earlier in the day.

"What I mean to say is, I find it weird that he's already asleep,"

"I see. Well, he is," Austin answers, rubbing his eyes.

"Alright, then. I'll call back later," Dean hangs up immediately after, and Austin drops the phone on the bedside table.

He returns to the sofa, shuts his eyes and soon falls asleep.

The next day, Austin is the first to wake up.

He forces his stiff body out of the sofa, groaning.

He can't believe he spent the night on the uncomfortable sofa.

He can feel the stiffness in every joint in his body.

While stretching, Austin's joints crack in several places, giving him the much-needed satisfaction he craves.

Before taking a bath, Austin decides to work for a while, so he retrieves his laptop from the guestroom and makes himself comfortable at the dining table.

After working for close to thirty minutes, Austin violently shuts the laptop, unable to concentrate.

His brain is a fuzzy mess.

Getting up, he enters the kitchen, deciding to make some coffee.

He searches through the cabinets for a can of coffee powder, and when he finally finds it, he frowns.

There's barely any coffee powder left.

Uncovering the can, he pours the remaining powder into a cup and discards the container in the trashcan.

After, he boils water and adds it to his coffee powder.

He stirs it and adds a couple of sugar cubes and milk.

Austin returns to the dining table, sipping the coffee.

He begins to feel refreshed when the caffeine kicks in.

Letting out a satisfied sigh, he opens his laptop and resumes work.

Meanwhile, inside the bedroom, Tyler stirs awake.

He gazes at the ceiling, mindlessly watching the fan above him churning.

A frown is etched on his handsome face.

Why is the fan churning at such a high speed?

He rolls over, attempting to get out of bed to reduce the speed, but his knees wobble immediately.

And his legs almost give away underneath him.

Tyler quickly sits back on the bed, blinking.

"Fuck," he curses.

Right on cue, Austin enters the bedroom and finds Tyler awake.

"Oh, you're finally awake,"

Tyler turns to him, still frowning.

He has no recollection of the previous day's events after alighting from the uber.

He recalls walking to his apartment and struggling to find his keys.

The rest is blurry.

Besides that, his body feels like it's on fire.

He can feel a mild headache coming on.

Tyler felt cold when he woke up barely five minutes ago to the fan churning at high speed.

But now, his temperature seems to be rising.

"What happened yesterday?" Tyler questions.

"Do you not remember?"

"I wouldn't ask if I remembered,"

Austin snorts, "I'm glad your sense of sarcasm is still intact even at such a time,"

Tyler sighs, wiping the beads of sweat appearing on his forehead.

Why the fuck is he suddenly feeling hot?

Austin notices his friend's discomfort and asks, "What's the matter?"

"I feel fucking hot," Tyler grunts in annoyance.

It's like he just walked out of a blazing furnace.

He wants nothing more than to douche himself in cold water.

Austin raises an eyebrow.

Again?

He sighs.

"Maybe you should take a cold bath. It might help,"

"Hmm," Tyler agrees immediately, climbing out of bed.

Ignoring his wobbly legs, he enters the bathroom, takes off the rest of his clothing and turns on the shower.

As soon as the cold water hits his body, Tyler relaxes.

He places both arms on the tiled wall, shuts his eyes and lets the cold water wash over his body.

What the fuck is happening to him?

[Chapter 143 Savage Girlfriend](#)

Austin knocks on the door for the umpteenth time.

When he gets no response, he presses his ear to the door, listening.

Tyler has spent so much time in the bathroom that he's beginning to feel worried.

For a long time, Austin could hear the sound of running water. But it suddenly stopped.

Worried, he entered the bedroom and approached the bathroom door, listening in for sounds.

When he heard none, he resorted to knocking but got no response.

Austin lifts his hand, preparing to knock again, when Tyler's annoyed voice yells from inside.

"I'm still alive in case you're wondering if I have drowned,"

"Why did you go silent of a sudden? I can no longer hear the water running. What are you doing in there?"

Tyler rolls his eyes, resting his head against the bath pillow.

He shuts his eyes.

"Are you taking a shit?!" Austin continues to ask from behind the door.

"No!" replies Tyler.

"Then why are you still in there?! What are you doing?!"

Tyler can't help the groan that escapes him.

"I'm in the tub, Austin. Can you stop pestering me like a mama bear? Go find something to eat!"

"I wanted to make sure you aren't dead. By the way, Hurry up. We have classes to attend this morning,"

Austin finally leans away from the door and exits the bedroom.

A couple of minutes later, Tyler walks out of the bedroom, wrapping a towel around his waist.

Grabbing another towel, he wipes his hair.

He discards the towel, throwing it onto a sofa as he sits on the bed, letting out a sigh.

His phone suddenly rings, and he answers it.

"Hello?"

"Tyler? Can you move the camera a little bit further? I can barely see your face," He hears Lucinda's sweet voice blaring through the speaker.

"Oh, right. Sorry," Tyler pulls the phone away from his face.

"Is that better?" he questions.

"Yes. That is better," Luci replies, adjusting her position on the bed.

She studies him, frowning slightly.

"What have you been doing?"

"I got out of the bathroom not too long ago. Why do you ask, baby doll?"

"You look fucking pale," Lucinda sits up on the bed, crossing her feet Indian style.

The necklace around her neck is lodged between her breasts, sparkling in the dimly lit room.

The sight is so appealing Tyler almost forgets about his fever.

He bites his lips.

"I asked you a question, Ty! And my eyes are up here," Noticing his wandering eyes, Lucinda snorts, rolling her eyes.

"The sight before me is more important than your question," he smirks.

She sighs, "Don't change the topic, Ty. Why do you look so pale?"

Tyler gazes into her eyes, finally tearing his gaze away from her breasts.

"As I said, I was bathing,"

Lucinda raises an eyebrow.

"Bathing? How long did you remain in the bathroom? What were you doing?"

Tyler sighs.

After standing under the shower for close to ten minutes, he realised it wasn't helping with the burning sensation inside his body.

Sure, the cold water hitting his body provided a cooling sensation immediately after it hit him, but it kept disappearing soon after.

Thus, Tyler decided to fill the tub instead with cold water and lowered himself into it.

Being inside the tub helped the burning sensation better than standing under the shower.

Hence, he remained in the tub until his skin began to turn pale.

He has no idea how long he spent inside the bathroom.

Clearly, his pale skin is an indication he spent too much time inside.

"I was bathing," he finally replies.

"Wow," Lucinda mumbles, biting into a chocolate bar.

"I wonder why you spent so much time in there. Perhaps, a certain body part needed extra cleaning?"

Tyler's eyes twinkle with mischief.

"Baby doll, Isn't your mind rotten? You need cleansing as much as I do,"

She rolls her eyes, "I don't need cleansing. Thank you. You certainly need it more than I do,"

"Well, who am I to refute if my girlfriend insists I'm unclean? Here, let me show you. That way, you can decide if I need further cleansing,"

Tyler places his phone against the bedside lamp and shifts backwards.

With a grin, he grabs the towel around his waist and tugs on it, pretending to take it off.

Realising his intentions, Lucinda squeals, covering her eyes with her hand. Amused, Tyler laughs.

"Open your eyes, baby doll. I'm only pulling your legs,"

Lucinda shakes her head, keeping her eyes tightly shut.

"I don't believe you,"

"Well, you can see for yourself if you don't believe me. Come on, open your eyes. I promise, I'm decent,"

After coercing her, Lucinda peeps through her open palm.

When she notices he's decent, she drops her hand, glaring at him.

"Don't play such pranks on me,"

"What?" Tyler shrugs, a smile playing at the corners of his lips.

"I don't see the need for you to close your eyes. I mean, you've seen all of me a couple of times already, haven't you?"

Lucinda can't help the blush that rises on her cheeks.

She rolls her eyes, "Still. That doesn't mean you can flash me body parts anytime you want. What if someone walked into my room and saw my boyfriend's body parts displayed on a video call?"

Boyfriend.

Oh boy, how that felt good to say out loud.

Tyler chuckles, "Baby doll, did you just say body parts? Should I be offended?"

Lucinda pushes the last bit of chocolate bar into her mouth and climbs down the bed while holding the phone.

"Do I look Like I care?"

"Of course, you don't care. Such a savage girlfriend,"

Lucinda smiles.

"That's right. Girlfriend,"

Tyler grins, "Possessive now, aren't we?"

She rolls her eyes, "Why would I be possessive? You're not that great or handsome,"

He sighs, "I'll pretend I didn't hear that baby doll because when next I see you, I'll prove to you how fucking great I can be,"

She chuckles, slipping her feet into her sandals.

"Relax, Alpha male,"

Lucinda props her phone against the dresser mirror as she bends to tie her gladiator sandals.

"Now, that's a beautiful view. I could watch it all day," Tyler licks his lips, watching her perfectly rounded derriere.

"Pervert!" Lucinda laughs, straightening to her full height after tying her sandals.

Grabbing her bag, she slings it over her shoulders.

"I'll talk to you later, Ty. Our mid-semester examinations begin today,

"Right. I forgot all about that," Tyler mumbles.

"Okay, baby doll. I'll see you later then. Good luck and think of me while you write your exams,"

She rolls her eyes, "That's another of saying you want me to fail,"

"Of course. That's what I want," Tyler grins.

"Wizard,"

"Witch,"

Laughing, Lucinda hangs up, pocketing her phone as she rushes out of the apartment.

[Chapter 144 Times Change](#)

After hanging up, Tyler drops his phone on the bed and turns to find some clothes to wear when he sights Austin standing by the door, giving him a disgusted look.

"Why do you look constipated?"

Austin rolls his eyes, "Listening to you and your girlfriend talk makes me nauseous,"

Tyler rolls his eyes, ignoring his friend.

"Are you going to class today?" He questions, noticing his friend's choice of clothing.

"Hmm. Why do you ask?"

"We have an appointment with the doctor at six,"

Tyler turns, "Today?"

"Yes,"

"I thought the appointment was supposed to be on Tuesday?"

"Yes, but apparently, he changed his mind,"

"Why?"

Austin shrugs, "I don't know. Maybe the doctor realised he wouldn't be able to see us on Tuesday, so he moved the appointment date up," he lies.

Tyler hums, "I see. Well, that's fine,"

"Alright. Get quickly dressed so we can be on our way," Austin exits the room after, shutting the door behind him.

After getting dressed, Tyler meets Austin in the living room, and they head out of the house for school.

Upon arrival, both friends hurry to the school premises.

Before they part ways, Austin turns to Tyler.

"By the way, where did you go yesterday?"

Tyler rolls his eyes, "Seriously? We're almost late for class,"

"So? How does that matter? We're already late,"

Tyler chuckles, "You're unbelievable,"

"Tell me. Where did you go yesterday? Did you take in something you shouldn't have?"

Austin pauses, nearing his friend. He lowers his voice, "Did you take something illegal? Is that why your body reacted badly hence the fever?"

"I had a fever?" Tyler asks, ignoring his friend's accusations.

"I see you still have no recollection of yesterday's events,"

"Obviously. And no, I didn't take in anything illegal,"

"I see. So you mean to tell me you randomly got sick?" Austin grins, and Tyler rolls his eyes.

"I'm human, after all. I'm prone to get sick,"

"True. True." Austin nods.

"So, where were you?" He probes further, eliciting a groan from Tyler.

"Why are you so invested in my whereabouts?"

"Well, if you had told me when I first asked, I wouldn't have to pester you,"

"Fine. I was with Dean,"

"Dean?" Austin raises a questionable eyebrow.

"Yes. He invited me out for a couple of drinks,"

"Drinks? I didn't know you had such a close relationship with him,"

The corners of Tyler's lips curl into a mocking smile, "Are you jealous?"

Austin rolls his eyes, "Why would I be? That's fucking childish,"

"Hmm. You would think..." Tyler trails off, suddenly recalling he has a class to get to.

He glares at his friend.

"If I'm late, I'm blaming it all on you!"

Austin scoffs, "You act as if I don't have classes either. We're both late!"

"And whose fault is it?" Tyler deliberately shoulder-bumps Austin as he runs past him toward his class.

"Certainly not mine!" Austin yells, running in the opposite direction.

He briefly glances at his wristwatch, cursing.

"Shit!" He quickens his pace.

MEANWHILE.

Ronald Thurman remains seated inside the car with his head resting against the headrest.

His eyes are closed, but he isn't asleep.

His chest heaves up and down with each breath he takes.

His hands are clenched tightly beside him, and his lips pursed in annoyance.

The driver behind the wheel turns.

"We've arrived, Mr Thurman,"

"I fucking know that. I'm not blind," Ron retorts, his eyes still closed.

It takes a while before he finally opens his eyes.

Taking in deep breaths, he opens the door and climbs out of the car.

Outside, Ron lifts his eyes toward the magnificent house before him.

It's been a while since he last stepped foot here.

And being back here, standing on this land, brings back buried memories.

Pocketing both hands, Ron casts his gaze downward, not making eye contact as a guard approaches him holding a handheld body scanner.

Ron watches in amusement as the guard politely instructs him to lift both hands into the air and keep his legs apart.

He does as instructed, watching the guard run the scanner over his body from head to toe.

"Are you finished? Did you find anything incriminating,"

The guard's ears turn red as he steps aside, allowing Ron entry.

"I'm only following orders, Mr Thurman,"

"Of course. You are," Ron mumbles, walking past the guard into the house.

Inside, another heavily armed guard approaches Ron, trying to lead the way, but Ron shakes his head.

"I know my way."

"Forgive me if I come off as intruding or annoying, but I'm only doing as instructed,"

Ron scoffs, rolling his eyes, "Of course. You all are doing your fucking jobs,"

The guard makes no further comment.

Instead, he turns and walks ahead of Ron, leading him into the house.

"I've brought the visitor, sir," the guard says to the man sitting at the bar.

His back is facing them.

The man nods, lifting a finger to dismiss the guard.

The guard nods, exiting.

Ron shakes his head.

Visitor?

Is that how they address him now?

Ron used to live in this house not long ago.

But today, he's being addressed as a visitor?

Indeed.

Times do change.

Ron remains rooted to his spot, waiting as the man leisurely sips his glass of wine.

After a while, the man finally spins his chair to face him.

With the glass in hand, the man approaches Ron with slow and steady strides.

Stopping in front of him, the man cocks his head to the side, eyeing him.

A smile plays at the corners of his lips.

"Ronald. It's been a while. How have you been?" His voice is smooth and sweet like fine wine, but Ron knows better.

He knows better than to trust that smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

"Good," comes Ron's short reply.

For some reason, his answer seems amusing as the man chuckles.

"Of course. You are. Come, sit. Have some wine with me,"

Ron tries to decline, but the man is already leading him to the bar.

Left without a choice, Ron follows him, sitting beside him at the bar.

The man picks up another glass and fills it halfway before sliding it over to Ron.

"There. Drink up,"

Hesitantly, Ron picks up the glass and takes a sip.

"When are you going to state your reason for calling me over?" he drops the glass on the counter.

The man smirks, sipping on his wine.

"Do I really need to spell it out? I think you have a fair idea,"

"No, I don't. So please state your reason for calling me over. I have work to do,"

[Chapter 145 Have You Found My Daughter](#)

"I see."

Mr Thurman nods.

"So my wife told me she visited you to ask for your help in finding our daughter, but you declined,"

Ron chuckles.

"That was weeks ago, my God! And is that what she told you?" Ron shakes his head.

"I don't recall declining to help her,"

"Oh, did you not? Forgive me, for there must be a misunderstanding somewhere. What was your response then?"

He shrugs,

"I only told her I couldn't do anything to help. After all, you and your wife have the best hackers and detectives at your beck and call. If they haven't been able to find your daughter, what makes you think I'm capable?"

"I see." The man, Mr Thurman, nods, twirling his glass.

"Is this why I got called over? If that's all, then I'd like to leave," Ron attempts to get up, but Mr Thurman grabs his elbow, stopping him.

"We aren't done talking to yet. Sit," His voice is cold.

"I'm sorry, Mr Thurman, but I have to go. I don't want this conversation to end in an argument,"

"I said sit,"

Turning, Ron looks at the hand gripping his elbow and back at the man's face.

He purses his lips.

"How would I sit if you're holding on to me so tight?" he finally asks.

Mr Thurman smiles, releasing his hold on Ron's elbow.

"Right. Now can you sit? We were having a conversation before you decided to try leaving,"

Without another word, Ron returns to his seat.

"So, back to our discussion." Mr Thurman picks up his glass.

"Have you found my daughter?"

Ron shakes his head, "I haven't,"

Mr Thurman raises an eyebrow.

"You haven't? Now, that's new,"

Ron sighs.

"Why are you making it seem like it's my job to find your daughter? You're capable enough, aren't you?"

"Hmm. I might be. But since you quickly found my daughter the first time she left home, I reckon you can make that happen again."

"I'm sorry to disappoint, but I also have had no progress in finding her,"

"Really?"

"Yes. Maybe, you should quit searching for her. Has it ever occurred to you that maybe she doesn't want to be found? I think you should let her be,"

"She's my daughter," Mr Thurman's face shows no sign of anger as he speaks, but Ron knows better.

The man's clenched jaw is a dead giveaway.

Ron lowers his gaze, noticing Mr Thurman's tight grip on the rim of his glass.

Ron decides to push his luck.

"Lucinda might be your daughter, but she's got a life of her own. She's no longer a child. I'm sure she's fine wherever she is,"

Silence ensues, enveloping them.

Mr Thurman casually sips his wine.

A while later, a guard enters.

"Mr Thurman?"

At the mention of the name, Ron almost turns.

But he stops himself in the nick of time.

In this house, he doesn't get addressed as Mr Thurman.

The only Mr Thurman here is the man sitting adjacent to him.

The Thurman name is just a surname he uses outside this mansion.

Sometimes he regrets taking up the name.

But like Mrs Thurman once said, he would still have been a nobody without them.

"Speak," Mr Thurman says without looking back.

"Mrs Thurman has arrived," the guard announces, and right on cue, she enters.

Mr Thurman waves his finger, dismissing the guard, who nods and exits.

Mrs Thurman approaches her husband and bends to kiss his cheeks.

She turns, casting a surprising look at Dean.

"What are you doing here?"

"Why?. Am I not allowed here anymore?" Ron smiles.

"You know that wasn't what I meant. You packed out, so my surprise should be understandable,"

"Of course, it is,"

"Alright. I'll go and get changed," Mrs Thurman announces and proceeds up the stairs.

After her departure, both men sit in silence for a while until Mr Thurman breaks the silence.

"You've found her, haven't you?"

"I'm sorry?" Ron blinks as he smiles.

"I know you have. You found her once, so you most certainly can again. What I don't understand is why you're keeping it from me. Do I not deserve to know my daughter's whereabouts?"

"I don't understand what you're accusing me of. I have done no such thing. As I said before, I have no

idea where your daughter is," Ron denies.

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes,"

"Hmm," Mr Thurman hums, a faraway look in his eyes as he spins his glass.

"If that's all, I would like to take my leave,"

Ron announces while getting up.

Mr Thurman doesn't answer.

He continues spinning his glass.

Before Ron can walk out the door, dizziness suddenly washes over him, and he groans.

Of course.

He should have fucking known.

He should have known better than to drink that Godforsaken wine.

Fuck.

Before Ron can think of anything else, his legs give away as he slumps, falling unconscious.

Mr Thurman finally turns, glancing at the slumped Ron by the door.

Without a word, he snaps his fingers and immediately, three men rush inside.

They instantly know what to do when they notice Ron sprawled on the floor.

Together, they pick him up and exit the room.

Mr Thurman finishes his wine and gets up, following the guards.

Soon, the sound of a revving engine is heard as a car zooms out of the mansion.

Ron's driver is still waiting outside when a car drives out of the compound, bypassing him.

He sighs, wondering if he should close his eyes for only a few minutes.

He rubs his neck, trying not to give in to such tempting thoughts.

A sudden knock on the car's window startles him.

He rolls down the window.

A man is standing outside.

"You can leave. Your boss has other things to attend to inside the mansion and might not return on time,"

"Really?"

Why didn't his boss send him a text or let him know of the new development instead of waiting out here?

"Yes. Unless you want to continue waiting, be my guest,"

"No, that's fine. I'll leave. Thank you for alerting me,"

The man nods, leaning away from the car and entering the mansion.

The driver sparks the engine to life and wastes no time driving off.

[Chapter 146 Are You Mad](#)

Tyler drops his pen as the clock on the lecturer's desk chimes loudly, indicating the test is over. He joins the rest of the students as they file to the front of the classroom, handing in their papers.

He returns to his desk, packs his belongings into his bag and slings it over his shoulder.

He exits the classroom and soon bumps into Lucinda.

His face breaks into a wide grin as he approaches her, closing the distance between them.

"Hi," Lucinda breathes, grinning.

"Hello, baby doll," he pulls her in for a hug.

She gasps, trying to get out of his hold.

"What are you doing, Tyler? People are watching,"

"So?" He lets go of her.

"Have you forgotten how we used to fight nasty for everyone to see a couple of months ago?" Lucinda glances around.

Sure enough, a handful of students are already starting to stop and stare.

Some females glare at Lucinda.

She rolls her eyes.

"They're already glaring at me. What did I do?" She huffs, eliciting a chuckle from Tyler.

He wraps his arms around her, kissing her cheeks.

"Allow them to glare all they want to till their eyeballs fall out."

Meanwhile, Austin emerges from the crowd of students, walking towards Tyler's class to meet up with him when he spots him snuggling with Lucinda.

He groans, rolling his eyes.

Now, he has to wait for them to finish sucking each other's faces.

Sigh.

He pouts, fishing out for his phone.

He discreetly takes a picture of the lovebirds grinning at each other under the scorching sun.

Then he pockets his phone and finds a pole to lean against.

Guess he has to be the spectator.

Lucinda rolls her eyes, pulling back to peer into Tyler's face. She frowns slightly.

"You still look pale, Ty. Are you sick? Have you been sleeping well?" She rubs her thumb under his eyes.

Tyler smiles, "I can only sleep well with you by my side,"

"Now, don't patronise me,"

"I'm not. Really,"

Indeed, he isn't lying.

He's only had a couple of good nights' sleep.

The first was when Dr Grey injected him to wash out toxins from his system.

He slept well the first few nights after that.

And the second was after he got intimate with Lucinda a week ago. He had no trouble sleeping after.

"Hmm." Lucinda hums, crossing her arms under her breasts.

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"If you don't believe me, we can test that theory out,"

She narrows her eyes infinitesimally.

"Are you indirectly asking me to spend the night? Aren't you sneaky?"

"Baby doll, you know I don't like to beat about the bush. If I wanted you to spend the night, I wouldn't hesitate to let you know,"

"Mmmm. So does that mean you don't want me to spend the night?" She raises an eyebrow.

"I never said that, baby doll. Do not put words in my mouth," Tyler spots Austin a few metres away, waving and grinning widely.

He rolls his eyes.

"I have to go, baby doll. There's something important I need to attend,"

"Sure. We'll talk later,"

Tyler bends to kiss Lucinda's nose.

Her eyelids flutter shut as Tyler's lips linger on her nose for more than a second.

When he pulls away, she opens her eyes in a daze.

For some strange reason, this kiss is much better and feels more intimate than lip kisses.

"I'll see you around, baby doll," Tyler flicks her nose, causing her to scrunch them.

She watches him walk away before finally leaving in the opposite direction.

Immediately Lucinda turns, she spots Mandy watching her from afar.

Well, shit.

Mandy turns and walks away.

Lucinda follows.

Tyler meets up with Austin.

Austin immediately begins, "Wow, that took you so long,"

Tyler rolls his eyes, quickening his pace as they leave the school premises.

"Don't start," he warns.

"Start what?" Austin feigns innocence, quickening his pace to catch up.

"Suit yourself. I have no time for your shenanigans today. I'm in a slightly good mood,"

"Oh, but of course, you are," Austin scoffs, rolling his eyes.

Lucinda shuts the door after entering the apartment. She kicks off her sandals and drops her bag on the sofa. She watches Mandy go about her business without acknowledging her.

As she enters the kitchen, Lucinda follows.

"Hey, Mandy. Are you mad?" Lucinda bites her lips, picking up a knife to help Mandy slice the vegetables.

Mandy shrugs without looking at her, "I don't know. You tell me. Should I be?"

"Uh. I mean. You have the right to be,"

Mandy places a pot on the fire and adds a couple of tablespoons of coconut oil.

After it heats up, she adds a bowl of sliced chicken breasts.

While frying, she stirs it occasionally.

When it's half cooked, she adds slices of onions and seasonings.

All the while, Lucinda watches on.

"Mandy," Lucinda whines when her friend ignores her.

Mandy stops stirring the chicken and turns.

"What? What do you want me to say?"

"I don't know," Lucinda shrugs.

"Anything. You can say anything."

She pushes the plate of chopped vegetables towards Mandy.

"Well, I have nothing to say. It's not like I can get mad. Right? You aren't my child,"

"You sound angry,"

"I'm not," Mandy sighs.

"Alright. The truth is, I haven't told you about Tyler and me because you're barely around anymore. But I'm sorry you had to find out this way. I definitely was planning to inform you," Lucinda explains.

Mandy sighs, turning down the fire to face Lucinda.

"I'm not mad that you are together. I've told you this countless times, haven't I? I just wish you could have told me earlier. I didn't want to find out via gossip,"

Lucinda raises an eyebrow. "Gossips?"

"Yes. Some nosey students were discussing how close you and Tyler were in public."

Lucinda rolls her eyes, "Of course," she mumbles, turning to wash some potatoes and peel them.

After peeling the potatoes, she cuts each into two or three at most.

While she places potatoes on the fire to boil, Mandy watches her.

After a while, she sighs, concentrating on the stir-fry she's making.

Both ladies cook in utter silence after that.

Soon, the mashed potatoes and vegetable stir fry are ready.

The delicious aroma fills the apartment, and Lucinda wastes no time dishing a plate for herself.

Mandy does the same, but before they begin eating, they hear a knock.

Lucinda turns to Mandy, urging her to continue eating while she checks who's at the door.

Lucinda opens the door to find Chrissy on the porch, drenched from head to toe.

"Are you okay? What happened?" Alarmed, Lucinda immediately questions.

"Uh, the tap in our bathroom broke and is now flooded. I tried to fix the tap, hence getting drenched," Chrissy answers, shivering.

Lucinda cranes her neck, spotting a plumber hurrying inside Chrissy's apartment with tools.

She looks back at Chrissy.

"That's unfortunate. Come in, please. Let me give you some dry clothes. You will get sick if you keep wearing these wet clothes,"

"Uh, are you sure?"

"Of course. Come inside," Lucinda steps aside, making way for Chrissy to enter.

She shuts the door and leads Chrissy into her room, where she rummages through her closet.

"I think these might fit you. Here you go," Lucinda tells her, handing over a pair of jeans and a white shirt.

"Thank you. I appreciate your kindness. I'm most grateful," Chrissy accepts the clothes and enters the bathroom to get changed.

[Chapter 147 Kindness And Selflessness](#)

Inside the bathroom, Chrissy sighs while staring at the clothes in her hand.

After a while, she drops the clothes on a neat surface and proceeds to undress, after which she takes a warm bath.

While bathing, Chrissy, shuts her eyes, wondering if her means of getting Lucinda's attention is the right way to do things.

Well.

She's hurt no one, so it can't be that bad. Right?"

A sudden knock on the door startles Chrissy.

"Do you need anything?" Lucinda calls out from outside.

"No, thank you!" Chrissy shouts in reply.

A few minutes later, she exits the bathroom, dressed in fresh clothes.

She lets her hair down, allowing it to air dry.

When Chrissy exits the room, she spots Lucinda waiting in the living room.

"I see the clothes are a perfect fit," Lucinda comments, raking her eyes over Chrissy.

Chrissy nods, "Yes, thank you,"

"That's fine. Come. Have lunch with us,"

Chrissy immediately shakes her head.

"You don't have to, Lucinda. I'll sit here till the plumber has finished working in the bathroom,"

"Even if the plumber finishes his work, how long do you think it'll take before your room dries up? Perhaps it will take a few days. Come. It's no big deal,"

Chrissy purses her lips, contemplating.

"What are you waiting for? Join us, please," Lucinda urges, grabbing a plate to dish some food.

After, she pulls back a chair for Chrissy.

"Here."

Chrissy sits down, reluctantly picking up a spoon.

"Eat. It's fine," Mandy, who has almost finished eating her meal, says.

She picks up a glass of juice and takes a sip.

"Thank you for your kindness. I'm grateful," Chrissy thanks them, smiling.

"You're welcome. Please, eat before it gets cold,"

"Sure," Chrissy scoops some mashed potato with a piece of chicken breast and eats.

"It's delicious," she compliments, to which Lucinda smiles.

"Then have some more."

Mandy finishes her food first, and after drinking the rest of her juice, she excuses herself.

When she enters her room, she locks the door behind her and sits in front of her dresser.

Her eyes are fixed on her reflection, yet her mind has wandered far off.

After sitting idle for a couple of minutes, her phone suddenly rings, startling her.

Sighing, she retrieves her phone and answers.

"Yes?"

At the other end of the line, a male voice chuckles,

"Someone seems to be in a shitty mood, Huh?"

Mandy rolls her eyes.

"Why have you called?"

"Why? Am I not allowed to call you?"

"I never said that. You rarely call me, hence my comment," Mandy explains.

"Mmm," the man hums. "So, will you tell me why you're in a bad mood?"

Mandy rolls her eyes, "I'm not in a bad mood,"

"Well, what is it?"

"I just found out Tyler and Lucinda are together,"

There's silence for a while.

"Oh, really now?" The man finally asks.

"Yes,"

"So, did your mood turn sour because you can't handle the fact that Tyler is with someone else?"

Mandy shakes her head, staring at her reflection while twirling a lock of hair around her finger.

"No. Definitely not. I don't care who Tyler dates."

Mandy scoffs.

"But it shouldn't be my friend or anyone with whom I'm close. He's bad news,"

The man sighs, "He could be good for your friend. You never know,"

His words cause Mandy to frown, "Tyler can never be good for anyone,"

"Relax, Mandy. No need to get worked up,"

"I'm not getting worked up," Mandy denies.

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely," She affirms.

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

"Hmm,"

"Will I see you tonight?" the man questions.

Mandy remains quiet for a while, weighing her options.

"Unfortunately, not tonight. I'll pass by tomorrow," Mandy finally answers.

"Okay. That's fine. We'll talk later,"

The man hangs up.

Mandy drops the phone onto the dresser.

She sits idle for a while before joining Lucinda and Chrissy at the dining table.

"Have you finished eating?" Mandy enquires.

"Yes. I have." Lucinda drops her spoon on the empty plate and picks up a glass of orange juice.

She turns to Chrissy, "How about you?"

Chrissy also drops her spoon and pushes her seat back,

getting up. "I'm done eating as well. Thank you," she wipes her lips with a tissue and discards it.

"Alright. Then let's get to work," Lucinda announces, earning confused glances from the ladies.

"Work?" Mandy questions.

"Yes. Your room has flooded. Has it not? We need to get your valuable possessions out of there before the water destroys them,"

Chrissy's eyes widen in disbelief.

She begins to protest. "Oh, no. You don't have to! I can get people to do the job. Please don't stress yourselves on my account,"

"Well, that's fine if it's what you prefer. But let's get what we can out of there in the meantime. You can later assemble a few guys to do the rest. How about that?"

Chrissy smiles, touched.

She didn't expect her plan to get reciprocated with such kindness and selflessness.

"What would I have done without you? We aren't that close, yet you're going all out to help me. Thank you, Lucinda,"

Lucinda waves her off, "Well, women should be each other's keepers. Shouldn't we? Come on, let's get to work,"

And so, the three ladies begin the tedious work of carrying Chrissy's valuable possessions out of her room into Lucinda and Mandy's apartment.

They move to and fro, carrying a different item each time.

Their clothes are drenched, and beads of sweat trickle down the sides of their faces.

After a couple of hours, the ladies finally collapse unto the sofa, breathing heavily.

"That was the most workout I've ever done in my entire life!" Lucinda exclaims, and the two ladies nod in agreement.

"I feel hungry again. We must have exhausted the energy from our lunch!" Mandy says.

"Yes. I'm famished. Let's order!" Lucinda exclaims, jumping out off the sofa to retrieve her phone.

"Yes. Some Chinese food will do," Mandy agrees.

After placing the order, the three ladies lazy around in the apartment, waiting for their food to get delivered.

Soon, the sun sets, and Austin and Tyler set off to the doctor's house.

Yes, house.

The doctor decided to honour the appointment in his home instead of at the hospital.

"Hurry up, will you!" Austin yells, turning to look at Tyler walking behind him.

Tyler rolls his eyes, quickening his pace.

They soon arrive by the roadside and hail a cab to their destination.

[Chapter 148 The Mini Clinic](#)

Thirty minutes after getting into the cab, Tyler and Austin arrive at their location.

After paying the driver, Tyler alights with his friend in tow.

They turn away to face the gigantic house in front of them as the cab zooms off.

"You seem to be affiliated with stinking rich people, huh?" Tyler clicks his tongue as they near the house, stopping in front of the black gate.

He rings the bell and immediately notices the camera fixed a few inches away from the bell.

Sighing, Tyler presses his face into the camera's lens.

"What are you doing?" Austin whisper-yells, grabbing his friend by the collar and pulling him back.

Tyler raises an eyebrow, turning to face his friend. "What? I'm only saving them time asking us to look

through the camera."

Austin rolls his eyes, "You've become childish since you started going out with Lucinda,"

Tyler grins, unbothered.

"Yeah? Maybe you should get yourself a girlfriend too,"

"No, thank you,"

They turn to the gate as it gets opened.

A guard greets them.

"Come in, please. The doctor is expecting you,"

"Thank you," Austin says, entering the house with his friend following suit.

Austin holds himself back from whistling as he takes in the house's exquisite exterior.

"You really have acquainted yourself with rich people," Tyler comments when they enter the house, almost getting blinded by the exterior.

Everything is in black and white, from the furniture to the walls

The floor-to-ceiling windows give anyone inside a perfect view of the mountains.

"This place is blinding," Tyler mumbles, blinking exaggeratedly.

"Don't be dramatic," Austin chides while nodding at the guard, who asks them to have a seat.

Tyler follows suit.

Soon, a house help dressed in uniform approaches them, asking them what they would prefer.

Both men share a glance.

"I'm good, thank you," Austin answers, and the house help turns to Tyler.

"Same here,"

"Of course. But, in case you change your mind, please use this remote to call my attention, and I'll attend to you," the house help says, pointing to a small remote on the glass centre table in front of them.

After the house help leaves, Tyler turns to Austin, raising an eyebrow.

"Rich people and electronic gadgets are inseparable,"

Austin nods, agreeing.

His home is an example.

"Indeed,"

They remain seated a couple of minutes longer before a man descends the stairs and approaches them.

Stopping in front of them, he smiles warmly, pushing his glasses up his nose.

"Hi. You must be Daren Miles' son," he points to Tyler, eliciting a snort from Austin.

"He looks like nothing like Daren,"

Tyler rolls his eyes, ignoring his friend's comment.

"My bad. You must be Austin," he turns to Austin, who nods.

"The one and only,"

"And you are the patient," the man turns to Tyler.

"Unfortunately," Tyler mumbles.

"I see. Well, you're welcome. Have you been served anything? Drinks? Food? Water?"

Both friends shake their heads and answer simultaneously, "No. We're good,"

"Alright. Let's not waste any more time. Follow me, please."

Tyler and Austin follow the doctor as he leads them through the vast living room, heading toward a door.

When they near the door, the man unlocks it by pressing his thumb on the fingerprint lock system.

The man retrieves his hand when he hears a clock sound and grabs the handle, pushing the door open.

The friends didn't prepare for what awaited them behind the door.

From inside the house, the door looks like it leads to the back of the house.

But they were wrong.

Austin and Tyler do not hide their surprise when they find themselves in another room.

No. Not a room.

As they walk further inside, they realise it looks like a detached house, to be precise.

And like the living room, this house has the same interior design, except it doesn't feel nor smell homely.

Instead, it smells faintly of disinfectants.

The smell reminds them of hospitals.

Where is this place?

Tyler can't help but wonder as the smell of disinfectants seem to get stronger the further they walk.

Is this a storage house for medicines?

After all, they have come to a doctor's house.

Tyler's thoughts are interrupted when the man finally stops in front of a door.

He turns to them.

"Tyler, come with me. Austin, please wait for us here," he gestures to a chair.

"Of course," Austin nods and sits down while Tyler and the man enter.

"Take a seat," the man sits behind a desk and gestures to the empty chair opposite him.

He does, looking around.

"What is this place? A hospital hidden away from public eyes?" Tyler can't help but ask, causing the man to smile.

This place looks like a clinic if he's not mistaken.

He eyes the stethoscope and laptop on the desk, the hospital bed and the drip stand in the corner of the room.

Hell, there's even a partition dividing the room into two.

This room looks like a consultation office.

"Well, you could say that. You can call this a mini clinic. I built it in case any family member has an emergency, and we can't convey them to the hospital due to circumstances like a storm, roadblock etc."

"Ah. I see. So do you mean to tell me you've equipped this place like a normal hospital?"

"Of course. Why build a clinic in my house when I can't go all out? You never know what the emergency might be, so let's just say we have at least one of each required equipment,"

"Rich people."

Tyler mumbles under his breath.

He sighs, "Well, I don't know if I should call it a genius plan or a waste of money and resources. Hmm, come to think of it, it's more of a genius idea than a waste,"

The man chuckles, "I guess so. Alright. shall we begin?"

"Am I not allowed to know my doctor's name?"

Tyler leans back in his seat, smirking.

The man smiles, a few wrinkle lines appearing under his eyes.

"I thought you knew my name? How do you make an appointment with someone without knowing their name?"

"Well, how do you know the name of the doctor treating you when you visit a hospital for the first time?" Tyler counters.

The man chuckles, pushing his glasses up his nose.

"Touche,"

"So, your name?" Tyler urges.

"I'm Lucas Henderson. Just call me Doctor Henderson."

"Alright, Doctor Henderson."

"Good," Doctor Henderson picks up an empty file and opens it.

He picks up a pen.

"Shall we begin?"

[Chapter 149 Opening Up](#)

"Alright, can you begin by telling me about your symptoms?"

"Symptoms?" Tyler questions and doctor Henderson nods.

"Yes. I want to know everything about you healthwise,"

Tyler runs his hand over his face, groaning.

"I hate talking about it,"

"Maybe. But you should bear in mind that I'm not your previous doctor, and I know nothing about your medical history. So obviously, we'll have to start from scratch. If you don't tell me what's going on, how will I figure out how to help you? I'm not God,"

Tyler cocks his head to the side, pursing his lips.

"I seem to be coming across emotional doctors these days,"

Doctor Henderson laughs.

He touches his chest, "Is that a compliment, or it's supposed to be an insult? I'm genuinely confused,"

Tyler smirks, "I mean. It's been a while since I met doctors who actually care. Most doctors these days go into the profession in this country because it's the quickest way to make money. Even nurses. You know, the allowance and shit,"

Henderson nods.

Well, he can't dispute that fact.

He's met a few grumpy doctors and some disrespectful nurses.

They walk around the hospital with permanent scowls on their faces.

"Well, there are bad nuts everywhere. You should know that," Henderson says after a while.

"Hmm," Tyler nods, agreeing.

"It's a breath of fresh air,"

"Right. So do you mind telling me everything that goes on with you that you think I should know? Every detail will be appreciated, no matter how irrelevant it may sound,"

"Fine," Tyler sighs, adjusting himself on the seat.

"Well, where do I start?" He mumbles as Henderson shrugs.

"From the beginning,"

"Right,"

"Well, the last doctor who saw me said I'd lost my memories,"

"Didn't you already know that?"

"Well, I did. Obviously, I knew I couldn't recall many things from my past, but I couldn't figure out why or when it happened," Tyler explains.

He watches the doctor scribble into the file.

He continues, "He figured out I might have lost my memories due to a severe brain injury or my brain purposely blocked out painful memories of events I might have witnessed. So, the doctor conducted a scan on me, and the results showed no signs of traumatic brain injury,"

Henderson looks up from his file.

"So, I'm guessing that left you with one possibility. You must have experienced traumatic events which your brain couldn't handle and instead decided to block them out,

"I guess so," Tyler shrugs.

"Alright. Well, do you sometimes recall certain events from the past? Maybe like flashes?"

"Yes, though it's irregular. I can go weeks without recalling anything.

But when I do, it gives me severe migraines. It usually feels like my head is about to split into two," Tyler answers and Henderson resumes jotting down points.

"Do you have insomnia?"

At the mention of insomnia, Tyler frowns.

Oh, how he fucking hates that word.

"I most certainly do. I barely sleep at night. Even though it used to be manageable weeks ago, it's gotten worse in the last few days,"

Tyler is surprised at himself for opening up so much in one sitting.

He sighs inwardly.

Maybe he's tired of these damn headaches and lack of sleep.

All he wants, at this point, is a solution, no matter how small.

"Really?" Curious, Henderson lifts his head, dropping his pen.

"How so?"

"I've had the same recurring dream for the past week. I think it has something to do with my past,"

"Hmm. I see,"

"Is that all?" Henderson questions.

Tyler purses his lips.

There might be more, but is it necessary?

Oh well.

"Well, there's more, but I don't think it's important," he replies after contemplating.

"Nothing is irrelevant. Allow me to decide that, will you? Let me know everything,"

"Okay. Here goes nothing. The doctor who last treated me continuously asked if I had a balanced diet or was on medication."

"And are you? On medication, I mean,"

"Of course not," Tyler scoffs.

"Is that all?"

"After I told him I wasn't on medication, he immediately asked me to go for an MRI scan."

Henderson raises his eyebrows at that.

"Just like that?"

Now, that's weird.

"Yes," Tyler affirms.

"And did you get the results?"

"No. Unfortunately, I did not. Before I got discharged, the doctor gave me an injection, claiming it would flush toxins from my body,"

"He flushed your system?" Henderson questions.

Why would Tyler need flushing if he had taken nothing harming his body?

He immediately jots it down and looks at Tyler.

"And? How did you feel after the injection,"

"Surprisingly, I felt good. I felt a little weird the first few hours, but that was also the first time I slept well. I slept the entire day and through the night. It was also the first time I had a dream about the past,"

Henderson is surprised.

"Prior to that, you never had dreams?"

"Yes," Tyler nods.

"Before that, I usually had flashes accompanied by migraines. The flashes were always blurred faces,"

"I see. And after the injection, you slept without interruption?"

"Yes. Except for the dream that startled me into waking up,"

Henderson says nothing else as he resumes writing.

His face is twisted into a slight frown as he reads through his file.

After a while, he drops his pen and gets up.

He walks over to the partition dividing the room and pulls it to one side, revealing the medical instruments displayed on a silver tray near the bed.

Henderson grabs a pair of gloves from the tray and puts them on.

Then, he turns to Tyler.

"Please join me here. I need to draw a sample of your blood,"

Tyler doesn't ask questions.

Sighing, he gets up, almost losing his balance as dizziness washes over him.

He groans, taking slow steps towards the bed and sitting down.

His chest slightly begins to hurt, and his body temperature seems to be rising again.

Fuck.

He thought his fever had disappeared after almost drowning himself in cold water this morning.

It turns out he was wrong.

"Are you okay?" Henderson asks, noticing Tyler's uneasiness.

"Yes, I'm fine,"

"Alright. Please, stretch your hand,"

Tyler does as instructed and watches the doctor apply a tourniquet and palpate around his forearm.

Henderson then sterilizes his arm with an alcohol wipe.

He has no difficulty finding Tyler's vein.

"Relax your muscles," he says before inserting the needle and drawing out some blood.

Henderson then removes the tourniquet and places a piece of cotton on the punctured area.

He asks Tyler to apply pressure to the area while he transfers the blood into a tube.

After transferring the blood sample, he labels it and removes his gloves, discarding them.

Then Henderson turns to Tyler.

"Alright, that'd be all for today. You can return same time tomorrow for the results,"

"Uh, can't it get done quicker?"

"Oh, it can. But today is my off day, and I have plans to spend time with my family, not be at the lab all day testing blood." Henderson replies.

"Right. I'll return tomorrow. Thank you,"

"You're welcome,"

Tyler exits the room and meets with Austin outside.

"So, how did it go?"

Tyler rolls his eyes, "Quicken your pace and stop being nosey. I'm starving,"

Austin scoffs.

It doesn't matter if Tyler says nothing.

He'll still find out anyway.

[Chapter 150 How about A Relaxation Date](#)

That evening, Lucinda, Mandy and Chrissy lay on the sofa in the living room, staring at the ceiling in silence.

They had just finished consuming four bowls of Chinese takeout.

To say they are satisfied is an understatement.

They overestimated their hunger level and ended up overeating.

Lucinda sighs.

"I don't think I can get out of this sofa to study. I feel pregnant,"

"Same here," Mandy agrees.

"Me too," says Chrissy.

"I'm definitely failing this mid-semester exam," Lucinda groans, attempting to get up only to fall back.

"We overate," she complains.

"We sure did," agrees Mandy.

They lay there for more than thirty minutes before finally retiring to their rooms one after the other.

Mandy leaves first, and Lucinda follows, but not before locking the door.

She turns to Chrissy.

"Come on. Let's go,"

"Oh, no. Don't worry. You were kind enough to let me stay here. I can't possibly invade your privacy," Chrissy refuses.

"You aren't invading my privacy. Why sleep on the sofa when the bed is big enough to accommodate us? Trust me. It's uncomfortable to sleep on the sofa. I don't have a problem sharing my bed,"

"Are you sure? I really don't mind sleeping here,"

"I'm sure. Now, come on."

"Alright. But can I stay here for a little longer before joining you? I don't think I can get up just yet,"

Lucinda chuckles, "Of course, that's fine. Feel at home."

After Lucinda has retired into her room, Chrissy retrieves her phone, turns it on and scrolls through her contact.

When she finds the number she's looking for, she dials it and presses the phone to the ear.

The number is unreachable.

Huh.

Chrissy pulls the phone away from her ear to check if she's indeed dialled the correct number.

It's the same number.

She redials the number and presses the phone to her ear.

It's still unreachable.

Chrissy frowns, confused.

Why is Ron's number unreachable?

She's never had trouble getting in touch with him.

If anything, his phone is always beside him in case she calls.

Ron always answers on the first few rings.

Why is it different today?

Calm down, Chrissy.

She takes deep breaths.

Maybe she's exaggerating.

Maybe Ron turned off his phone to attend to an important matter.

Maybe there's a fault with his cell phone.

There are several possibilities.

She shouldn't get worked up.

It could even be due to network issues.

Perhaps she should try calling Ron again tomorrow.

Yes.

Nodding, Chrissy closes the call app and opens facebook, deciding to scroll through social media for a while.

Meanwhile, Lucinda gets ready for bed after changing into her nightwear and wrapping her hair into a bonnet.

She puts on a pair of socks and then applies vaseline lip balm to her lips to prevent them from drying while she sleeps.

Her lips tend to dry and crack easily.

After that, Lucinda gets into bed.

Her phone immediately rings, and she cranes her neck to check the caller.

Her face breaks into a grin when she realises it's Tyler face-timing her.

While answering the call, she adjusts her position and crosses her legs underneath her, Indian style.

Tyler's face pops up on the screen.

"Hello there, baby doll,"

Lucinda bites her lips, swallowing back a giggle.

"Hi," she breathes.

Tyler accesses her outfit.

"I can see you're getting ready for bed,"

"Hmm. I'm so exhausted. I don't think I can keep my eyes open any longer,"

"Really now? What did you do?"

"Well, a friend's apartment flooded after their bathroom's tap broke. So Mandy and I helped pack all her belongings into our apartment."

"I see. You must have been exhausted,"

"You bet I was,"

"Baby doll, how can you be exhausted after carrying a few things? You have such weak stamina,"

Lucinda gasps, "You have no idea how heavy most of the things were!"

"Alright, alright. Relax. Don't bite my head off,"

Lucinda huffs, rolling her eyes.

"How about a relaxation date?"

"Relaxation?"

"Yes," Tyler nods.

"You need some self-care. Massage, pedicure and manicure, shopping and whatever shit you girls do to relax,"

Lucinda's eyes widen, "Oh, I could really use a massage right now!" she stretches.

"Hmm. Come to think of it. I'll do the massage myself. I won't have any pervert's hands on you,"

"Tyler, don't be ridiculous. There are masseuses too. Not only men can give massages, you know,"

"So? There are lesbians around these days," Tyler shrugs.

"You're being unreasonable, Tyler!"

"I prefer to be unreasonable. I'd rather massage and fuck you right after,"

Lucinda's eyes widen, blushing profusely.

She immediately looks around for her earbuds. When she finds them, she immediately wears them and connects them.

"You can't say such things when you're on loudspeaker!" she reprimands, still flushing.

"It's not my fault you had the volume on high. You know my mouth has no filter," Tyler smirks.

"You're insufferable," Lucinda huffs, yawning.

"You're tired, baby doll. I'll talk to you tomorrow, alright?"

"Mmm," She hums, blinking.

"When are we going on our date?"

"I thought you were sleepy, baby doll?" Tyler chuckles.

"I am. But at least tell me,"

"I think Wednesday will be perfect. Do you have a paper to write on that day?"

Lucinda shakes her head, "No,"

"Good. Wednesday it is,"

"Mmm. Okay," She yawns again.

"Goodnight, Lucinda."

"Goodnight, Tyler,"

Lucinda falls asleep soon after, failing to end the call. Thus, Tyler watches her sleep for a while before finally hanging up.

A couple of minutes after Lucinda has fallen asleep, Chrissy stops scrolling through social media and joins her in the bedroom.

She also falls asleep soon after.

The next day, while eating lunch with Tyler, Austin receives a call from Henderson.

He furrows his eyebrows in confusion.

Why is doctor Henderson calling him and not Tyler?

He wonders as he finally answers the call.

"Hello?"

"Yes, Austin. Lucas Henderson here,"

"Yes. Is anything the matter?" Austin asks, and Henderson falls silent.

"Is Tyler near you?" He finally questions.

Austin stares at Tyler, busily cutting into a piece of chicken.

"Yes."

"Can you find somewhere private for us to talk?"

"Uh," Austin eats the rest of his chicken and wipes his hand with a tissue.

"Sure. A moment, please,"

He covers the phone's mouthpiece and glares at Tyler.

"Please do not finish all the chicken. I'll be right back,"

"Do not blame me if you come back to find most of the food gone," Tyler replies, picking a couple of fries and dipping them in ketchup.

"If you finish the food, I'll throw you out!" Austin says while walking away.

"I'd like to see you throw me out of my own house,"

When Austin arrives in the guestroom, he shuts the door. "Alright. We can talk now," he presses the phone back to his ear.

"Sure. I only want to ask a couple of questions," Henderson says.

"Go ahead, please,"

"Mmm. Are you sure Tyler isn't on any medication?"

Austin frowns.

"No. Not that I'm aware. Why do you ask?"

Henderson sighs, "This is hard to believe. Are you sure he doesn't take any drugs?".