

## Devil Lucifer 151

### [Chapter 151 Be as Alert as an Eagle and as Sneaky as a Snake.](#)

With a frown, Austin declines.

"No. Tyler only smokes a cigarette occasionally. But that's just about it. Why?"

"I performed a toxicology test on your friend,"

"Why?"

"Because your friend told me his previous doctor supposedly gave him an injection to flush out toxins from his body. Tyler claimed he slept well after that, so I wanted to know what kind of toxins needed to be flushed out. Hence, I drew some blood to perform a toxicology test." Henderson explains.

"Alright. And what was the result?"

"I found an overdose of a certain drug in his blood. When was the last time he overdosed?"

Austin shakes his head.

"I'm lost here. Tyler doesn't take drugs, so when and how did he overdose? I don't know how to answer this question of yours,"

"I have no idea. And that is why I'm asking you."

Austin runs a hand through his hair, sighing. "I don't know what to say."

"Alright. Let me put it this way. Have you noticed any weird behaviour from your friend lately?"

"Weird behaviour? I'm not sure," Austin racks his brain for something he might have missed regarding Tyler.

"Tyler has never taken drugs. I mean," He pauses, suddenly recalling that he had a similar thought when Tyler had a fever two days ago.

"Well, there was a time when he fell sick, and I assumed it was withdrawal,"

"Withdrawal? Can you tell me what made you assume so?" Henderson enquires, looking around for a pen.

"Well, On Sunday.."

"That's two days ago. Right? Henderson interrupts.

If Austin is describing an event that occurred two days ago, it would explain why he could still detect the toxins in Tyler's blood.

Had it been 48 hours or later, it would have been almost impossible to detect.

"Carry on, please,"

"On Sunday, Tyler returned home in bad shape. He could barely stand. His heartbeat was erratic, and he kept mumbling incoherent words as if he was hallucinating. And he had a fever."

"I see,"

Henderson drops his pen, staring at the scribbled words in front of him.

Austin's description sounds like withdrawal symptoms of the toxins found in Tyler's system.

He can't be wrong.

If Tyler doesn't take drugs, he must have ingested them through food or drinks.

There's no other logical explanation for this.

Henderson sighs.

"If you insist your friend isn't on a medication and he doesn't take drugs, then it leads us to one thing,"

"Which is?" Austin queries, even though everything is pretty clear at this point.

He can read between the lines.

His father had said something similar before and asked him to keep an eye on everyone around him.

"I think you've figured it out by now, Austin,"

"Do you think someone is drugging my friend?"

"I don't think. I know so. The drug found in your friend's bloodstream is a memory suppressant."

"What?" Austin sits on the bed.

"Yes. Such medicines are prescribed for patients when certain memories are too much to handle. It helps by reducing general anxiety. Hence, it indirectly helps suppress memories that cause anxiety or restlessness."

Henderson pauses for a moment before continuing.

"If a memory causes anxiety, the medicine blocks it. Hence, its name. It's a type of beta-blocker. Better known as propranolol,"

"You're not kidding," Austin mumbles, at a loss for words.

"When someone ingests propranolol for a long time, it's inadvisable to stop taking it without a professional's help. It's like getting addicted to cocaine and suddenly stopping usage without getting help from rehabilitation. Experiencing a withdrawal is certain,"

"Are you saying Tyler had a withdrawal two days ago? But how?"

Henderson shrugs, "Probably whoever is giving it to him stopped for a while. Think about it again, Austin. Rack your brain and try to recall all the times someone has offered your friend food or drink. You will find the culprit,"

Austin purses his lips.

Tyler had told him he went out with Dean for drinks.

It was after that he suddenly became sick.

It's been a while since Tyler went to the mansion.

And Austin doesn't frequent the mansion.

But the few times he's been there, they were always offered something to drink.

Now, that isn't bad.

On a normal day, it isn't.

It's only a sign of hospitality.

But.

What if their hospitality is only a cover-up?

Is all this nothing but a mere coincidence?

Austin sighs.

"This explains why Tyler's progress is never constant. Someone has been messing with his head all along,"

"And his heart," Henderson adds.

"How long has Tyler been suffering from memory loss?"

"A little over two years,"

"I hate to think of how long he's been unknowingly ingesting propranolol. He could already be addicted to it without knowing. We need to find a way out of this before your friend suffers a heart attack or he loses his ability to think,"

Austin purses his lips.

"This must be why the first doctor who treated Tyler went AWOL. He wanted to give us the test results when he and his family suddenly went missing. Someone must have tried to shut him up,"

"I know," Henderson answers, surprising Austin.

"You do?"

The doctor chuckles, "Did you really think your father wouldn't give me a heads up? I'm not just a doctor. I know how to fight with knives and guns when need be. I can take a life as well as I can save it."

Austin shudders.

He sometimes forgets the kind of people with whom his father is associated.

"We might not be dealing with simple people, Austin. And this situation is worse because we don't know who is behind this. It could be anyone, from a friend to a stranger. All I can say is, be as alert as an eagle and as sneaky as a snake,"

"I will,"

"Good,"

"So, what's the way forward now? Is the appointment for tonight still valid?"

"Yes," Henderson replies, "You can stop by this evening,"

Austin gazes at the ceiling, thinking.

After contemplating, he asks, "Will you give the results to Tyler?"

"Do you not want me to?"

"No. I don't want him to know. For now."

"And what's your reason?"

"I don't want to risk the enemy catching a hint of whatever is going on. It happened with doctor Grey, and I wouldn't want it to reoccur. As you said, we have no idea who we're up against. I'd rather we keep this between us and concentrate on getting my friend treatment first,"

"I see. Well, I'd do my best to help your friend while you do your part by making sure he doesn't ingest more propranolol. Keep an eye on everyone around him,"

"Of course. I will. Thank you, doctor Henderson,"

"I'm only doing my job. See you tonight,"

"Sure,"

Austin drops his phone after hanging up.

For a couple of minutes, he remains seated, staring into space.

He finally exits the guestroom to join Tyler.

#### [Chapter 152 The Green Tea Switch](#)

After lunch, Tyler receives a message from Dean asking him to stop by the mansion.

He checks his time.

It's a few minutes past three.

If he sets off now, he can leave and arrive at doctor Henderson's house on time.

Tyler quickly changes his clothes and returns to ask if Austin would like to accompany him.

Austin looks up, pausing his game.

"Where to?"

"To the mansion," answers Tyler.

"Now?"

"Yes. Now. Are you coming or not?"

Austin drops his console and shuts off the television.

"Relax, man. I'll come with you,"

"Hurry up,"

Together, both friends leave the house for Alex's mansion.

Almost thirty minutes later, they arrive at the mansion and are immediately allowed entry.

Meanwhile, inside the mansion, Austin notices his friend casually looking around as if searching for something.

Or someone.

He nudges Tyler.

"Why are you looking around like that?"

Tyler shrugs, "It's nothing." He looks away.

He thought he would be lucky enough to spot Lily here.

But it turns out she still hasn't returned.

Austin studies Tyler.

Of course, he can tell his friend is lying. It's obvious he is searching for Lily.

Sighing, he looks away.

Soon, Alex descends the stairs, smiling.

He loses his smile immediately after he spots Austin.

Clenching his jaw, he plasters a fake smile on his face and approaches them.

Austin almost rolls his eyes.

Alex thinks he's slick.

Of course, he knows his presence will cause displeasure to Alex.

Austin grins, acknowledging Alex, who forces a nod.

He turns to Tyler.

"It's been a while,"

"I guess so," answers Tyler.

"I have something to discuss with you. Come with me,"

Tyler turns to his friend as if scared of leaving him alone.

Austin rolls his eyes.

"Go on. I'll wait here. I'm not a child. I'll probably have some drinks while you're away,"

Alex blinks, and his eyes sparkle with a distinct glint, "That reminds me. Have you guys been served anything yet?"

"No," answers Austin.

"How rude," Alex immediately calls a maid over.

"Serve these gentlemen something," he pauses, turning to face Tyler.

"What would you like? Green tea? It's been a while since you had it,"

Tyler cracks a small smile, "I know. The tea is fine,"

"I'll have the same and a couple of biscuits, please,"

"Sure." The maid hurries back into the kitchen.

"I'll be in my inner chambers. You can come up after you've gotten served," Alex tells Tyler, who nods.

A few minutes after Alex has ascended the stairs, the maid arrives with two cups of tea and biscuits.

Carefully, she places them in front of them and returns to her post.

Before they dig in, Austin notices the maid standing by the kitchen door and peeking as discreetly as she can.

So he calls her over.

"You called for me, sir?"

"Yes. Can I have more biscuits? Perhaps two or three more?" Austin asks and the maid nods, hurrying back into the kitchen to get more biscuits.

Before Tyler can take a sip of his tea, Austin nudges him.

"Hey,"

Tyler rolls his eyes.

"What?"

Austin discreetly retrieves his cell phone and slides it on the floor towards Tyler.

"My phone fell. Can you pick it up for me? It's behind your left foot,"

Tyler drops his cup of tea and bends to pick up the phone.

Swiftly, Austin uses the opportunity to switch their cups.

Luckily, they were both served green tea in similar cups, so switching the cups would go undetected.

Despite hating green tea, Austin ordered it.

He sighs miserably, peering into the cup of tea and wondering if he should drink it.

Could it have been spiked?

He sighs again.

Maybe, he's suspecting the wrong people.

But isn't it better to be safe than sorry?

He has no idea if Tyler's drink is spiked, but he isn't about to risk it and drink the tea.

Right on cue, Tyler straightens himself after finding Austin's phone. He hands it over.

"Here you go,"

"Oh, thank you. You're a Godsent," Austin grins, eliciting a snort from Tyler as he rolls his eyes and picks



up the tea in front of him.

"I'll be back," He announces before getting up and heading for the stairs with the tea in hand.

After Tyler has left to meet Alex inside his inner chambers, Austin is left with no choice but to drink the tea in front of him.

Thus, he picks up the cup and takes it to his lips, attempting to take a sip.

He finally takes a sip before dropping the cup.

While dropping it, he deliberately places it at the edge of the table, causing it to tip over and fall.

The cup falls to the floor, making a loud noise as the tea splashes on the tiles.

"Shit!" Austin curses, prompting a maid to peek out from the kitchen.

Noticing the commotion, she approaches Austin.

"Is everything alright, sir?"

"Yes. My clumsy ass self spilt the tea,"

The maid blushes at Austin's choice of words.

"Oh, that's fine. I'll clean this mess up and get you another cup,"

"Could you not get me another green tea? Lemonade will be fine,"

The maid nods.

"Of course, sir,"

She disappears into the kitchen and soon returns with a mop and bucket.

After mopping the floor, the maid picks up the fallen cup and leaves to get the lemonade Austin requested.

She returns in the nick of time and serves him.

"Your lemonade, sir,"

"Ah, thank you. How kind of you. You really are diligent," Austin praises, and the maid blushes.

"Thank you for the kind words, sir. I'll get back to my post now,"

The maid returns to the kitchen while Austin sips his lemonade, scrolling through social media.

Meanwhile, inside the inner chamber, Alex gestures to Tyler to have a seat while he lits tobacco.

Dropping the lighter, Alex secures the tobacco between his teeth, making sure not to burn his tongue.

He takes a long drag and holds the smoke in for a couple of seconds before exhaling.

"You wanted to see me," Tyler says, breaking the silence.

"Mmm. I did," Alex affirms but says nothing more.

Tyler also remains mute as he waits for Alex to speak.

After a long silence, Alex finally removes the tobacco from his mouth and announces.

"I have work for you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow," Alex cocks his head to the side, puffing out smoke.

"Do you have a problem with that?"

Tyler sighs.

"Not necessarily. I don't. What kind of work?"

"Some people are owing me a huge sum of money. They have refused to pay me accordingly after delivering merchandise to them,"

Tyler nods, taking a sip of his tea.

"Alright. You can send me the place and time and I'll be there,"

Alex smiles, satisfied.

"Good."

"Is that all?"

"For now. Get me the money and we'll discuss the rest,"

"Sure," Tyler finishes the rest of his tea and checks his time.

"It's half past four. He needs to get going,"

"Alright. I guess I should get going," Tyler attempts to leave with the empty cup but Alex stops him.

"You can leave it. A maid will come for it,"

Tyler doesn't argue. Nodding, he drops the cup and walks out.

He meets with Austin downstairs and together, they exit the mansion.

After they have left, Alex rings the kitchen and requests the maid's presence.

"Clear the table," he instructs her when she shows up.

"I hope you did what was expected of you?" Alex asks before the maid exits.

"Yes, boss," she replies.

"Good. You may leave,"

### [Chapter 153 Hypnosis](#)

Tyler and Austin arrive at doctor Henderson's home in the nick of time.

Like yesterday, a guard ushers them inside, and a house help immediately approaches them to enquire what they'd like to eat or drink.

Both men politely decline her offer, and like the previous day, she tells them to call her attention with the remote on the table before returning to her post.

A few minutes into waiting for Henderson, Austin begins to feel uneasy.

Frowning, he adjusts the collar of his shirt and unbuttons the first two buttons, attempting to get some air, despite the air-conditioned room.

He attempts leaning into the couch to rest his head against the headrest when Henderson emerges, his overall swinging behind him with each step.

While adjusting his glasses on his nose, he flashes both men a warm smile.

"Hello. It's good to see you've arrived on time,"

"Of course. Why won't we?" blurts Tyler.

Henderson chuckles. Such a sharp mouth for a young lad.

"Unfortunately, I returned from the hospital barely thirty minutes ago and haven't had anything to eat yet. I'm starving," Henderson announces as he walks towards the exquisite dining table.

"I'm starving," he repeats, his voice echoing through the vast walls.

"You can join me if you wish,"

"Thank you for the invite, but I'll have to pass," declines Tyler.

"Am I free to join?" Austin asks while getting up.

He almost loses his balance, save for the couch's armrest.

He blinks.

What the fuck is suddenly wrong with him?

Sitting opposite Henderson, he crosses his arms in front of him as two house helps emerge from the kitchen to serve them.

"Thank you," Henderson says to the maid as he picks up a fork and forks a piece of steamed asparagus.

Austin tries to mirror Henderson's actions but misses the asparagus as he tries to fork it and almost drops the cutlery.

He blinks, trying to focus on the plate in front of him.

The food seems to be moving in circles, and he can't seem to stop it.

Maybe it's his eyes.

Maybe it's the table spinning.

Whichever way, it's his vision suffering.

Austin sighs, tempted to drop the fork and forgo the entire meal.

Pursing his lips, he pours a glass of juice and leans back, sipping slowly.

Henderson pauses amid chewing to stare at Austin.

"Why aren't you eating? Do you not like the food?"

"No," Austin shakes his head. "The food is great,"

"But you haven't touched your food yet. If you don't like it, I'll ask the house help to prepare something else for you,"

"No. I'm sure the food tastes delicious. Thank you. But I think I'm falling sick,"

Henderson raises an eyebrow, "What's the problem with you?"

"I'm fucking dizzy, and I feel hot. It's as if the air conditioner in this room isn't working. You should check it. Maybe your air conditioner is broken,"

Doctor Henderson chuckles, cutting a piece of steak and eating.

"My air conditioner is working perfectly fine. I think you're the one who's broken,"

"Mmm. I think so too,"

"Well, finish eating then, so I can give you a thorough check-up,"

Austin smirks, staring at the man only a few years younger than his father sitting across from him.

"You don't want my dad thinking you poisoned me. Right?"

Henderson rolls his eyes, "I'm not scared of your father, Austin. I can whoop your ass, record it and send it to him. And he still wouldn't be able to do shit,"

"You used a curse word, doctor Henderson," Austin chides like a child.

"Are you going to report me for cursing?" Henderson plays along, smirking.

"Maybe. But I can change my mind if you give me a couple of candy bars,"

Tyler, who has been listening in on their conversation, suddenly groans.

"My God, Austin! I've always known you to be childish, but this is a little over the top, don't you think?"

Austin blinks, finally picking a piece of asparagus with his cutlery.

He immediately eats it, ignoring Tyler.

After eating, Henderson calls a house help over to clear the table.

Without wasting time, Henderson leads both men into his mini clinic, where he takes Tyler inside the consultation room while Austin waits outside.

In the consultation room, Henderson washes his hands, puts on a pair of gloves and grabs the tiny bottle containing glucagon off the tray on the table in front of him.

"Before we begin, I'll need to give you an injection,"

"What kind?" Asks Tyler as he sits on the bed.

"Is it the same injection as before?"

"Well, I can't tell which injection your previous doctor gave you, but I'm sure it's similar."

"Mmm. Is it to help me sleep better?"

"Yes. Amongst other things,"

Tyler asks no further questions as he watches Henderson get to work.

Henderson flips the tiny bottle he held and picks up a syringe filled with sterile water. He inserts the sharp needle through the plastic cover of the vial and injects the water into it.

Henderson then shakes the vial vigorously until the water and powdery substance form a solution.

Tyler watches as he turns the vial and syringe upside down and withdraws the dissolved solution into the syringe.

It must be the same medicine with which doctor Grey injected him.

The procedure looks the same, even the tiny vial containing a powdery substance and the needle containing sterile water.

Without being told, Tyler rolls up his sleeves, revealing his shoulder.

Henderson sterilizes Tyler's skin with an alcohol wipe before injecting him with the solution.

Then he places cotton over the small wound and presses down on it for a couple of seconds to stop the blood flow.

Henderson removes his gloves and discards them together with the vial and syringe.

He returns to his desk and motions for Tyler to sit across from him.

"Alright. That is out of the way. Now let's talk,"

"About what?"

"About your recovery. Do you want to begin your road to recovery?"

Tyler almost scoffs, "Of course. It's the reason I'm here,"

"Hmm. Well. As you already know, memory loss isn't like a fever or malaria that can get treated with antibiotics. We can't prescribe medicines because we are dealing with the brain. And the brain heals itself. What we can do is to help your brain heal faster."

"How?"

Henderson cocks his head to the side.

"There are several ways to help the brain heal faster. But, have you ever heard of hypnosis?"

"Hypnosis?" Tyler echoes and Henderson nods.

"Yes. Hypnosis can help a person reach the deepest parts of the brain. It's not a cure to regaining your memories, but it's a good start."

"So, do you want to try? I'm not saying hypnosis is a one-stop to recover your memories, but it can help access certain parts of your brain,"

Tyler replies almost immediately.

"Yes. I'll take what I can get. No matter how small or irrelevant."

#### [Chapter 154 In High Spirits](#)

Henderson nods, satisfied with Tyler's answer.

"Okay. Great thinking,"

He then questions Tyler a little longer before finally ending their session.

Tyler thanked him before heading out of the consultation room.

Austin meets him halfway.

"How was it?" he queries earnestly, causing Tyler to roll his eyes.

"You roll your eyes so much it scares me sometimes," Austin scoffs.

"And why is that?"

"Because I fear your eyes will get stuck in their sockets one day,"

"That's impossible,"

"Do you want to test the theory?" Austin smirks evilly, nearing Tyler.

Tyler backs away, swatting his friend's hand away.

"Get your hands out of my face. You really are hyper today!"

Austin shrugs, "Am I? Well, if I don't act hyper, I'll have no choice but to succumb to this damn dizziness,"

Tyler purses his lips.

"Huh. You were serious, after all."

"You never take me seriously," It's Austin's turn to roll his eyes.

"What? It's not my fault you're always playing around. How was I supposed to know you were serious?"

"You would have known if you were a good friend,"

"Okay. There now," Tyler pats Austin's head like a child.

"Let's not get emotional, alright?"

Austin slaps his friend's hand away, "Stop patting my head like a child,"

Tyler deliberately ruffles Austin's hair before pulling away, pocketing his hands.

A mischievous smirk plays at the corner of his lips.

"You are courting death, my friend. Stop trying my patience,"

Tyler snorts, "You sound like a girl threatening me like that,"

"Oh really?" Austin narrows his eyes.



"Do you want me to put my words into action? Because I fucking can,"

"By all means, sir.." Tyler's smirk falls off when suddenly, Austin lunges at him, moving swiftly like a snake gliding through a grass field.

Instinctively, Tyler dodges Austin's attack and successfully blocks the incoming punch.

Despite blocking the attack, Tyler still loses his footing.

He spreads his legs and stands at ease to regain his balance.

He stares at Austin in astonishment.

The agility with which he threw his fist was so sharp it was enough to cause Tyler to lose his footing despite blocking the attack.

"Where did you learn that?" Tyler questions.

Austin smiles without answering.

"Where did you learn that?" Austin throws Tyler's question back at him.

Tyler blinks, shrugging.

"I only acted on instinct because you attacked."

"Same here,"

"Lies," scoffs Tyler.

If Austin wouldn't disclose how he learned to fight that like that, he won't push it.

"Why did you even attack me? Man, you're crazy!"

"How am I crazy? You dared me to put my words into action, so I did."

"I did not mean for you to attack me like a thief!"

Tyler argues.

Henderson, who has been listening to both men bicker back and forth, groans.

If he listens to them a minute longer, he will develop a migraine.

He opens the door, glaring at them.

"Please don't remind me of my nightmare raising teenage sons a couple of years ago. Are you trying to give me a live replay?"

Austin frowns, "Why would we remind you of your teenage sons? Are we teenagers?"

"No. But you look like teenagers bickering back and forth over useless things."

"Fine. We'll get going then,"

"I thought you were coming in for a check-up? Didn't you say you were dizzy?" Henderson gestures to Austin, who nods.

"Indeed. I am. But I prefer to go home and sleep. It must be stress or fatigue,"

"You can't conclude like that,"

Austin smiles knowingly, shaking his head.

"I'll be fine after I get a good rest. Don't worry,"

"Alright. If you insist. Make sure not to faint along the way," Henderson advises and turns to Tyler.

"I'll get in touch with you immediately after I get my hands on the doctor who will help you with what we spoke about,"

"Of course. Thank you," Answers Tyler.

"Oh. So you're now speaking in cryptic words in my presence?" Austin scoffs, exiting the mini-clinic with Tyler in tow.

They find themselves inside the living room after passing through the door.

They sigh.

It will take a while to get used to this weird setting.

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The next day, Tyler wakes up in high spirits.

With a wide smile, he gets out of bed, exits the bedroom and enters the living room, where he finds

Austin lacing his shoes.

Austin looks up when he feels another presence in the room. He frowns when he takes in Tyler's giddy appearance.

"What's wrong with you today? Why so hyper? And what's with that smile on your face? It's creepy."

"Are you going somewhere?" Tyler questions instead, deliberately ignoring his friend's comments.

He had a good night's sleep without interruptions.

Besides, today's a great day.

He has a date with Lucinda.

Talk about the date.

Tyler frowns slightly.

He turns to Austin.

"Are you going somewhere?" He repeats his question, and Austin finally lifts his head after lacing his shoes.

"I am,"

"Is it urgent?"

Austin raises a questionable eyebrow.

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, I have a date with Lucinda today. We'll be coming back here after the date, and I was wondering if you could help me with something,"

Judging by the glint in Tyler's eyes, Austin's eyes widen as he vigorously shakes his head in refusal.

"No. No way. I'm not helping you do any of that!"

"What?" Tyler chuckles.

"Won't you at least hear me out?"

"I don't need to because I know what you want. No way."

Tyler rolls his eyes.

"Regardless of what you say, I know you'll end up helping me. So, you sit your ass down while I go take a shower." He turns away, heading back into his room.

"Fuck, I didn't sign up for this," Austin mumbles, leaning back on the sofa with a grumpy expression.

Back then, he used to bug Tyler about admitting his feelings for Lucinda.

He had no idea things would turn out like this.

Austin scoffs.

Now, he's the middleman for the lovebirds.

What a miserable life.

Almost thirty minutes later, Tyler reemerges, showered and fully clothed.

"Alright! Do we need to order a few items? Or would you rather we go to the shop to get them ourselves?"

Austin shrugs, "Whichever one is more convenient,"

Tyler purses his lips.

"I think we should go to the shops,"

"Fine,"

Austin gets up, grumbling under his breath as they exit the apartment.

"I won't return tonight,"

"Why?"

Austin shoots Tyler a glare.

"I'll return tomorrow. You better scrub the entire house clean with disinfectant. I don't want to end up sitting on your juices," He gags.

Tyler laughs.

"You have such a wild imagination,"

"I'm not lying. Am I?"

Tyler only smirks in return.

#### [Chapter 155 Getting Ready For The Date.](#)

Tyler and Austin spend the entire morning moving from one shop to another.

It was like a never-ending cycle for Austin, having to endure following his friend around and helping him choose the right flowers and whatnot.

Yet, for some twisted reason, Tyler rejects Austin's choices time and again.

"Why bother asking for help when you know you don't like my choices?" Austin complains bitterly, finding a chair inside the shop.

Currently, they are in a jewellery shop, and so far, Tyler has rejected more than five of Austin's choices.

Annoyed, Austin moves away, deciding to sit down and relax while Tyler continues roaming the aisles for the perfect jewellery.

While moving through the aisle, a particular necklace catches Tyler's eye, and he halts in his tracks, moving closer to have a look.

It's a dainty layered gold necklace with a crescent-shaped pendant.

It's so dainty it will look almost invisible around anyone's neck.

And the pendant on the necklace is equally small yet intricate, elegant and classic.

Besides the necklace is a matching layered gold bracelet.

It's neither over the top nor too simple. It's just perfect.

Just like Lucinda.

Somehow, a single glance at the necklace reminds Tyler of her.

Hence, he turns to the shopkeeper and points at the necklace and matching bracelet.

"I'll have these," he tells the shopkeeper, and without asking for the price, he pulls out his credit card from his wallet and hands it over.

The shopkeeper accepts the card, swipes it and returns it to Tyler before packaging the necklace and bracelet.

"Here you go, sir. Thank you for shopping with us." The shopkeeper smiles, and Tyler nods, accepting the gift bag.

After the transaction, he approaches Austin.

"Alright, we may leave,"

With an eye-roll, Austin follows Tyler outside, and they hail a cab back to the apartment.

On the way, Austin alights, hails a different cab and continues his journey to his home.

Once Tyler arrives home, he gets to work immediately, putting things in order.

After a few hours of tireless working, he finally drops the last piece of flower petal and straightens himself, massaging his neck to ease the stiffness.

He sighs, looking around the apartment and admiring his handiwork.

Now, isn't that perfect?

He muses, smiling.

Tyler checks his time and realises it's almost five.

Shoot!

He hastily discards his clothes and jumps into the shower.

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Lucinda has just gotten out of the shower and is rummaging through her closet for the perfect date outfit.

She purses her lips, almost crying out in frustration when she finds out she has nothing better to wear.

"Mandy! Chrissy!" she yells.

"Coming!" Comes Chrissy's reply from the corridor.

In the corridor, Chrissy tries Ron's number for the umpteenth time, and like always, it goes straight to voicemail.

She frowns.

Why can't she get through to Ronald?

Where is he?

Is his phone broken?

She's been trying his number for the past two days hoping to obtain further instructions from him.

But his number remains unreachable.

Chrissy sighs.

Her room has almost cleared now.

And she will need to move back in any day now.

Can she stalk any longer?

No, definitely not.

She can't.

Reluctantly, Chrissy pushes her cell phone into her pocket and enters the apartment, heading toward Lucinda's room.

"Here I am,"

Lucinda turns, a frustrated look etched on her face.

"Where's Mandy?"

"Uh. I think she already left," Answers Chrissy.

"Right," Luci mumbles. "Can you help me find something to wear?"

"Sure," Chrissy approaches her, looking through the clothes scattered on the bed.

"Where are you going?"

"On a date,"

Chrissy halts amid arranging the clothes and lifts her head, a teasing glint in her eyes.

"Oooh. A date, huh?" Chrissy wiggles her eyebrows teasingly.

"With who?"

"You don't know him," Lucinda blushes.

"So? You can still tell me, right? Come on, who's the lucky guy?" Chrissy nudges Lucinda.

"Stop bugging me and help me pick out a dress! I'm going to be late!"

"Fine. I'll help you. But in return, you'll have to tell me everything when you return,"

Lucinda rolls her eyes.

"Deal,"

"Good. Now let's find you something dashing to wear that'll blow your date's brains off!"

Chrissy resumes picking up the clothes and putting the ones she doesn't like aside.

After a while, she finally looks up, holding a red dress.

"Now, this is a showstopper!"

Lucinda stares at the dress sceptically.

She bought that dress barely a month before leaving home.

She'd added the dress to her luggage on instinct and hadn't bothered wearing it to date.

Should she wear it?

She sighs.

"Are you sure this is the one?" Lucinda asks Chrissy, collecting the dress and giving it a once over.

Indeed the dress is beautiful.

"Of course!" Pair it with nude or white stilettos, and you're good to go!"

"Alright. I'll go and get changed,"



Lucinda enters the bathroom to get changed and returns a couple of minutes later.

Chrissy's eyes widen when she takes in her appearance.

"How do I look?" asks Lucinda.

"You look gorgeous! My God, I'm a little bitty weeny jealous!" Chrissy pinches her thumb and index finger together.

Lucinda blushes.

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely! Here. Wear your shoes and style your hair." Chrissy drags Lucinda to the vanity table and begins fixing her hair and make-up.

Almost thirty minutes later, Chrissy drops the make-up brush and steps back, admiring her handiwork.

"Would you look at yourself? You look stunning. Change my name if your date's mouth doesn't drop open after he sees you,"

"You're really good at flattering people, Chrissy," Lucinda says, admiring her face in the mirror.

It's been quite a while since she last wore make-up.

It's a wonder how many habits she's left behind after leaving her parent's house.

She sighs.

"I'm not lying, Luci. I'm being honest. You look stunning,"

"Thank you," Lucinda smiles.

"Alright!" Chrissy claps, picking up the purse and Lucinda's cell phone.

She hands the items to Lucinda.

"Here. Now go. You're getting late,"

"Wow. It sounds like you're kicking me out," Lucinda rolls her eyes, pushing her phone into her purse and slinging it over her shoulder as she gets up.

"Fine. You can stay and stand your date up," replies Chrissy.

"Alright. I'm leaving." Lucinda rolls her eyes, exiting the apartment.

After she has left, Chrissy retrieves her phone and dials Ron's number.

She sighs when it goes straight to voicemail.

She purses her lips, wondering what else to do.

An idea suddenly pops up in her head, and she immediately grabs some cash and her purse and exits the apartment.

She hails a cab and directs the driver to Ron's mansion.

Upon arrival at the mansion, she bumps into Chris Johnson.

"Uh. Hi. Goodevening. Can I ask you a quick question?"

"Of course,"

"I've been trying to reach Ronald, but he isn't answering. If he's inside, can you please inform him I need to speak to him?"

"I'm sorry, but who are you?" asks Chris.

"Oh. I work for Ron,"

"Right," he nods.

"Well, I haven't set eyes on Ron for the past two days,"

"What?"

"I've tried calling him severally as well. But to no avail."

Chrissy sighs dejectedly.

Where could Ron be?

"What's your name? As soon as he returns, I'll inform him to get in touch with you,"

"Oh, right. I'm Chrissy McAdams,"

"Alright. I'll inform Ron when he returns,"

Chrissy mumbles a 'thank you' and turns around, exiting the mansion.

### [Chapter 156 The Rooftop](#)

Lucinda alights from the cab after paying the driver and looks up at the enormous building a few meters ahead.

She had opted to meet Tyler here after he had offered to pick her up.

She checks her wristwatch and realises she's only five minutes late.

Lucinda glances around, and when she doesn't spot Tyler, she enters the restaurant.

The chilly atmosphere inside the restaurant greets her immediately after she enters, contrasting with the hot weather outside.

Not long after entering the restaurant, a waiter approaches her.

"Good day, ma'am,"

At the voice, Lucinda turns.

"You must be Miss Reynolds?" He asks, and Lucinda is taken aback for a split second.

What's the possibility that she's not the only person with that surname here?

High.

The possibility is high.

"Ma'am?" The waiter calls her attention when he notices she's distracted.

"Uh. right."

Reynolds.

'It's the surname you're using now, Lucinda. Keep that in mind.'

Her subconscious chides.

"Yes. I am." She finally answers.

"Right. Come with me, please,"

The waiter leads her to the elevator, and soon, they arrive at the topmost floor.

Surprise fills Lucinda as she glances around the serene rooftop.

In the centre are two chairs and a table.

In one of the chairs is Tyler, with his hands resting on the table and smiling at her.

Lucinda smiles as she approaches him and occupies the seat opposite him.

Before she can say anything, the waiter nears them.

"Would you like to order now?"

"Of course," Tyler answers, picks up a menu and hands it to Lucinda.

"Choose what you want," he tells her.

After going through it for a while, she finally answers.

"Uh. I'll have Artichoke and Spinach Dip. For the main meal, I'll have Chinese Hot Pot,"

Lucinda pauses to look at Tyler.

"Is it okay if we have the Hot Pot together?"

Tyler shrugs.

"It's fine, baby doll,"

Lucinda blushes at the way he addresses her in the waiter's presence.

"Uh, that'll be all."

She passes the menu to Tyler.

He quickly looks through the appetizer section before closing it.

"I'll have Cantonese Spring Rolls,"

The waiter nods.

"And the desert?"

"Can we order that after a while?" Asks Tyler.

"Sure. Your meal will be ready in no time,"

While waiting for their meal, Lucinda admires the scenery.

It's a few minutes to six, and the sun is beginning to set, creating a beautiful colour in the sky.

The scenery suddenly reminds Lucinda of all the times she used to frequent high-end restaurants such as this one.

Her life used to be great. Or so she thought until reality set in.

Although Lucinda was restricted most times, she never thought there would come a time when she would have to forgo the luxurious life she was used to and start living in a different city and answering a name different from her birth name.

Lucinda was so lost in thought that she didn't notice when their meals got served.

Tyler notices the faraway look in Lucinda's eyes and snaps his fingers in front of her.

She blinks, fixing her gaze on him.

"What are you thinking of?"

"Nothing. I was only admiring the view," Lucinda lies, which Tyler notices, but decides not to push it.

Instead, he gestures to their food.

"The food is here. Taste it,"

Nodding, Lucinda breaks a small piece of bread and dips it into the spinach and artichoke before eating.

She almost sighs as the flavours melt in her mouth.

Tyler watches her with interest while chewing on his spring rolls.

Lucinda catches him staring and shrugs.

"What? Do I have food on my face?" she wipes the sides of her mouth.

But Tyler shakes his head, a smirk playing at the corners of his lips.

"It's nothing. Go on. Eat." Tyler urges.

After finishing with their appetizers, the waiter brings the Chinese Hot Pot.

The soup, is placed on the fire in the middle of the table, and Lucinda watches in fascination as it resumes boiling.

Different ingredients, like meat, tofu, vegetables and starches, are arranged in front of them, including two bowls of white rice.

After the waiter leaves, Lucinda stares at Tyler as she reluctantly picks a chopstick.

"What do we do now?" she frowns, causing Tyler to laugh.

"You ordered the Hot Pot, baby doll. How can you not know how to eat it?"

She pouts, "I've always wanted to try it,"

"All you need to do is put any of these items you want to eat in the boiling soup to cook. You can also scoop some of the soup onto your rice and eat,"

"Right," Lucinda nods, looking from one ingredient to another.

Finally, she picks up a couple of spring onions and thinly sliced tofu and drops them in the soup.

After a few minutes, she scoops them out with some soup and pours it on her rice.

She begins to eat.

"Is it delicious?" questions Tyler.

"Very," she mumbles.

"Good. Have some more,"

They spend the next thirty minutes or so talking about everything and anything while eating.

After the meal, Tyler orders a takeaway ice cream for Lucinda, which she eats during their journey to their next location.

Their next stop turns out to be a spa.

Prior to their arrival, Tyler had booked an appointment at 6:45.

So they are immediately taken care of as soon as they arrive at the spa.

Tyler nudges Lucinda.

"Go on. Do whatever you girls do when you go to a spa. I'll be waiting at the reception,"

"Are you not coming?" Lucinda turns to him.

He smiles. "No. Go and have fun,"

"Do you mean I can do my pedicure and manicure?!" she almost squeals.

"Yes,"

"And I can get my hair done?"

"Mmm-hmm," Tyler nods.

"What about the sauna? Is there a sauna here?"

Tyler frowns. "No. Not the sauna. The sauna and massage are prohibited,"

"But why?"

"Because I have a tub at home, baby doll. We can do that at home,"

Lucinda rolls her eyes.

"That is different from a good sauna. I want the steam and heat to relax my muscles,"

Tyler suddenly wraps his arms around her and pulls her closer.

"Baby doll. I can make the tub steamy and hot enough for you at home," his voice drops an octave lower as he whispers seductively in her ears.

Lucinda blushes, attempting to pull away as several pairs of eyes are on them, but Tyler tightens his hold, refusing to let go.

"Would you prefer some shitty sauna at the spa or a steamy, hot session with me? Alone. Choose wisely, baby doll," He flicks her nose.

Tyler's words strike a cord in Lucinda, and she bites her lips, forcing herself not to imagine her and Tyler inside a hot and steamy tub.

After a while, she answers.

"I'll choose the sauna at the spa. Then later, you can show me what you've got and prove to me whether I made the right choice," she refuses to back down.

Tyler smirks, releasing her.

He knows how stubborn Lucinda can be.

Well, he'll have to prove it to her later. Right?

"Fine. You can do what you want. I won't talk much. As the saying goes, actions speak louder than words. Make sure not to take too long, baby doll. Because we have a long night ahead of us."

Blushing, Lucinda turns and walks inside the spa for her appointment.

### [Chapter 157 Locked In A Dungeon](#)

In a dark dungeon at the Thurman Villa lies Ronald Thurman.

The once intimidating and well-poised man has now been reduced to haggard and bloody.

Ron coughs as he tries to sit up and lean against the wall.

After a few tries, he finally manages to get off the floor and lean against the wall.

He sighs, taking deep breaths as if he's just run a marathon.

He opens his eyes and looks around.

He's been locked in here for so long that he's gotten used to the dark.

And his eyes have started to adjust to the darkness.

Ron purses his lips, wondering how long until they let him out.

It's already been a couple of days.

Two.

Maybe three or four days.

He can't tell.

There's barely any light seeping into the dungeon to help him differentiate the day from night.



The last thing he remembers is attempting to leave the villa after a brief discussion with Mr Thurman when suddenly, he felt dizzy.

He must have passed out shortly after because when he came to, he was inside this dungeon or whatever this room was.

Every few hours, Mr Thurman would visit Ron to question him about his daughter's whereabouts.

But each time, Ron denies knowing her whereabouts.

Hence, one or two men would gang up on Ron and torture him in hopes of making him talk.

The more he denies it, the more torture he gets.

After a few hours of torture, they leave him alone and return later to continue the questioning.

The sound of the door opening snaps Ron out of his thoughts, prompting him to turn.

He doesn't bother squinting his eyes to know who his visitor is because, at this point, it's obvious.

Mr Thurman approaches Ron and squats in front of him, holding up a torch.

The sudden lights cause Ron's eyes to hurt, and he squints them.

Mr Thurman rakes his eyes over Ron.

Except for a few bruises, the young lad still looks quite well.

He cocks his head to the side.

"Are you ready to tell me where my daughter is?"

After allowing his eyes to get used to the torch in his face, Ron fully opens them and stares at Mr Thurman.

"I've told you times without number that I don't know where your daughter is. You're only wasting your time keeping me hostage here instead of going out there to search for her."

"I could do that," replies Mr Thurman. "But the problem is, I know you are lying. I know you have information on Lucinda's whereabouts,"

Mr Thurman frowns.

The name tastes bitter on his tongue.

He still can't accept that his daughter got her name and identity changed only to get away from him.

"Well, I don't. You're wasting your time interrogating and keeping me locked here like a criminal."

"You really are hell-bent on keeping her whereabouts from me, aren't you? Can't you still see my daughter is in danger? She is out there walking around without protection. For your information, I'm not the only one searching for her. Others are too. And I would hate for them to find Lucinda before I do. You, of all people, should know what those people are capable of,"

"Those people are your enemies, dad,"

"Don't call me that!" Mr Thurman snaps.

"A son would never do what you're doing! I'm not your Father!"

His words do not bother Ron.

He's learned to grow a thick skin over the years.

He continues, "First of all, Lucinda is the victim in the trap you set. You unknowingly dug a grave for your daughter. Your evil deeds resulted in her inheriting your enemies. Do you think she's happy moving around and changing her identity to stay alive? No one wants to live such a miserable life,"

"Shut up!" Furious, Mr Thurman backhands Ron and the sound echoes through the dungeons.

Chuckling, Ron spits out blood, shaking his head.

He grins.

"You can hit me as much as you want, but that won't change the truth."

Mr Thurman glares at the young lad with eyes filled with disdain and resentment.

"I regret the day I took you in. I should have let you starve to death,"

Ron shrugs nonchalantly.

"Maybe. You should have left me to die instead of taking me in, enrolling me in school, clothing and feeding me."

"I will be back, Ron. Think of an answer to give me because the next time I come here, I will be ruthless and show you no mercy,"

With that, Mr Thurman turns and exits the dungeon, leaving Ron in the dark again.

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After more than four hours of manicure, pedicure, hairstyling and waxing, Lucinda walks out of the spa feeling refreshed and rejuvenated.

Indeed, this was a relaxing experience, except for the waxing.

She almost shed tears during the entire process.

But in the end, it was worth it.

Lucinda meets Tyler outside the spa.

He had decided to step out for a while to get some fresh air.

He was beginning to suffocate after staying inside for a long time.

He had no idea women could take so long at such places.

When he spots Lucinda nearing him, his heart almost skips a bit at how breathtaking she looks.

Seeing his reaction, Lucinda grins and twirls dramatically, hoping to receive a compliment, but Tyler only nods and holds his hand out.

"You took so long. Shall we go?"

Lucinda frowns, glancing down at herself.

Does she not look good?

She touches her hair.

Tyler hasn't complimented her the whole night.

What could be wrong?

She refuses to take Tyler's hand and walks ahead of him with a grumpy expression.

Tyler pretends not to notice her frown and hides a smile.

"Baby doll. Are you hungry? There's a food stall nearby. We could grab something quick to eat before

our ride arrives," Tyler checks his phone.

The ride he ordered will arrive in less than ten minutes.

"No!" Lucinda turns up her nose.

"Are you sure? It's been more than four hours since your last meal. Can you pass the night without any more food?"

"Yes,"

"Alright. Then I'll buy something for myself. Wait here. I'll be right back,"

Lucinda rolls her eyes and waits for Tyler while he rushes to the food stall.

Not far away, two men clad in black exit a supermarket and walk towards a black sedan car. Before they reach the car, one of the men reaches into his pocket to retrieve a cigarette and lighter.

As he lights his cigarette, he spots a female clad in a red, flowing dress standing alone under a tree.

The man cocks his head to the side, suddenly intrigued by the lady.

Though he can only see her side profile, it is enough to tell how beautiful she must be.

Why would a pretty lady be outside alone at such an ungodly hour?

The man takes a drag of his cigarette and exhales.

Maybe he should approach the lady and offer her a ride.

He smirks.

The lady turns, revealing her bare back.

The man admires her glowing skin.

He begins walking towards her when a man suddenly approaches the lady, holding a paper bag.

The man takes her hand in hers, causing the lady to turn, giving him a full view of her face.

The man stops in his tracks.

That face.

Why does the face look so familiar?

#### [Chapter 158 Is That Thurman's Daughter](#)

The man turns to his companion, who is putting away the shopping bags in the car's boot.

"Clark!" the man calls.

Clark, who's putting away the shopping bags, turns.

"What?"

"Can you come here for a second?"

Clark rolls his eyes.

"What is it? We need to return,"

"Just come here, will you?"

"I swear to God, Erik, this better be important," Clark mumbles as he approaches his companion.

When he nears him, Erik points at the lady wearing red and questions.

"Doesn't that face look familiar?"

Clark squints his eyes, eyeing the woman in question.

After a while, his eyes widen.

"Do you think... Could that be.." he turns to Erik, who only nods while exhaling smoke from his nostrils.

"I'm not sure, but I think so. I mean, it's a possibility. Right?"

Clark nods, looking thoughtful.

"If it's who we think it is, do you know what this means for us?"

"It means we finally found Thurman's daughter. That bitch has been fucking good at hiding,"

Clark nods in agreement.

"We need to get closer. We have to make sure it's the girl."

"And if it is?" Erik questions.

"If it's her, we grab her and bring her to the boss."

"But she's with someone,"

"So what? We can fuck him up if he tries to get in our way. Come on, Erik, let's get closer and make sure it's really the bitch before taking action,"

"Hmm," Erik nods and together with his companion, they head towards Lucinda.

Suddenly, an uber drives past them and stops near Lucinda and Tyler.

They immediately get in, and the car zooms off.

Erik curses, "Shit! They drove off! What now?"

Clark runs back towards the black Sedan car and closes the boot before entering the driver's seat.

"We have to follow them. We have to make sure it's not Thurman's daughter. If it's not her, we will leave her alone. We need to get close enough to take a good look at her face,"

Erik gets into the passenger seat and fastens his seat belt just as Clark drives out of the parking lot, following the uber.

The driver takes a sharp turn, cutting into a roundabout.

A tipper truck crosses the black Sedan, causing Clark to lose sight of the uber.

"Fuck! We lost them!" he laments, hitting the steering wheel angrily.

Several cars suddenly horn behind them, prompting them to drive off the main road to park.

It's no use chasing the uber taxi since they've already lost them.

"What now? You didn't memorize the taxi's number plate. Am I right?" Erik asks, and Clark shakes his head regretfully.

"We lost a good chance, man. I mean, that could have been Thurman's daughter,"

"We aren't sure. It's a fifty-fifty chance,"

Sighing, Clark sparks the engine and reverses the car, driving in the opposite direction.

"Henceforth, we should frequent this neighbourhood. Who knows? We might see her again,"

"Hmm," Erik nods, silently agreeing with his companion.

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Throughout the ride, Lucinda gives Tyler the cold shoulder.

Upon arrival at Tyler's apartment, Lucinda immediately alights and walks to the front porch, waiting for him to catch up.

Tyler appears behind her and unlocks the door.

Immediately they enter, Tyler shuts the door behind him and pulls Lucinda close, wrapping his arms around her while holding the paper bag containing food with the other.

He leans and whispers, "Have I told you how breathtaking you look tonight?"

"No," Lucinda rolls her eyes.

"You've acted blind the entire evening,"

"I know," Tyler smirks, and she glares at him.

"Why are you so mean? You don't behave like a normal boyfriend," she complains.

"Are you just noticing it? Baby doll, I'm far from normal. Besides, I wanted to see your reaction, and I have. It's so satisfying,"

"You.." Lucinda's words are caught in her throat when Tyler discards the paper bag on a nearby table and grabs her hands, lifting them and pinning her against the wall.

He presses his body to hers.

Her eyes widen.

"You look like a temptress and seductress in this dress, baby doll. I've had to restrain myself all night,"

And he isn't lying.

When Tyler saw Lucinda walk through that door with the flowing red dress, his breath caught in his throat.

But he played it off and smiled at her.

"You look beautiful," he says after a while, and Lucinda blushes.

"Would you like to go in the tub now?"

"Yes," Lucinda answers, and Tyler nods, releasing his hold on her.

Only after he has left does Lucinda release the breath she had been holding.

She blinks, finally noticing how different the apartment looks.

It looks nothing out of the ordinary, but for some reason, Lucinda feels there's something different.

It feels serene.

Romantic even.

She inhales, loving the fragrance in the apartment.

Her instincts turn out to be true when she enters Tyler's bathroom.

The tub is filled halfway with water, while flower petals float on the surface.

The wonderful fragrance of lavender wafts through Lucinda's nostrils, causing her to almost sigh in contentment.

"Go and change into something comfortable, baby doll," Tyler tells her, and Lucinda nods, exiting the bathroom.

After stripping her clothes, save for her bra and undies, she joins Tyler in the bathroom.

When Lucinda enters, Tyler asks her to get into the tub while he closes the glass windows, trapping the steam from the warm water inside.

He then discards his clothes except for his briefs and joins her.

Lucinda closes her eyes, enjoying the warm water relaxing her muscles while the fragrance soothes her.

They remain in the water, basking in its warmth until it begins to get cold.

Tyler nudges Lucinda.

"Are you sleeping?"



"No,"

"Come on. The water is getting cold," Tyler steps out of the tub and holds his hand out for Lucinda, but she frowns.

"Why? Can't I stay a little longer?"

"You'll catch a cold if you remain in the water. Do you want to remain here forever?"

Rolling her eyes, Lucinda climbs out of the bath and accepts a towel from Tyler, drying herself with it.

"You're fond of rolling your eyes at me, baby doll. Do you want me to teach you a lesson?"

"As if," Lucinda rolls her eyes again, walking out of the bathroom.

Tyler bites back a smile, following her out.

The little vixen is as stubborn as a mule.

"Alright, baby doll. Lie down," Tyler pats the bed.

"Why?"

"Do you no longer want the massage?" He raises an eyebrow.

Lucinda's eyes widen as she quickly discards the towel and lies down.

Tyler picks up the bottle of sweet almond oil by the bed and squirts a reasonable amount unto his palm while getting into position behind her.

"Pay more attention to my neck and lower waist, okay?" Lucinda instructs before Tyler can begin.

"Got it, ma'am," he replies sarcastically, rubbing her back with the oil.

He begins the massage, pressing down hard on her shoulders.

Lucinda groans, "Are you giving me a massage or trying to kill me?"

In reply, Tyler presses down again hard on her shoulders, eliciting another groan from her.

"Tyler!" Lucinda rolls over to reprimand him, but Tyler swiftly grabs her legs, spreads them and drags her closer.

Meanwhile, Tyler's phone rings incessantly with a call from Alex.

## [Chapter 159 A Ticking Time Bomb](#)

Tyler settles between Lucinda's thighs and hovers above her.

He leans in, peering into her face while squirting more oil into his palm.

Tyler applies it on her chest area and arms, never for once breaking eye contact.

Lucinda's lips part, at a loss for words, as the temperature in the room suddenly increases.

Tyler begins massaging her arms, neck, chest and sides, deliberately leaving her breasts.

"Is this how you prefer it, Lucinda?"

Lucinda sucks in a breath, unable to look away from his hypnotic gaze.

Is it just her, or it's actually hot in here?

Soon, Tyler moves his hands lower, massaging her thighs, occasionally slipping between them.

Lucinda's eyes are hooded with desire as her breath quickens.

"I asked you a question, Lucinda. Is this how you like your massage?" Tyler repeats, breaking the silence.

Right.

She had forgotten about the question.

How could she possibly concentrate with his hands continuously moving in and out of her thighs?

"You're teasing me, Ty," she complains, ignoring his initial question.

Tyler smirks, planting both hands on either side of her head to support his weight.

He leans in, letting his breath fan against Lucinda's cheeks.

He showers her collarbone with featherlight kisses.

"Am I?" he moves one hand lower, running a finger along the hem of her panty.

"Yes,"

"I don't think I am, baby doll," Tyler lightly bites the flesh around her collarbone and sucks on it.

Lucinda moans, wrapping her arms around him and taking the initiative to kiss him.

Tyler returns the kiss immediately, gripping her waist as he pries her mouth open, kissing her deeper.

They kiss for a long time, never coming up for air until they're almost out of breath.

When they pull away, Tyler rests his forehead against Lucinda's while catching his breath.

After a while, he rolls off her, climbs down the bed and grabs a T-shirt.

"Here. Wear this," Lucinda slightly stumbles as she gets out of bed to put the shirt on and follow Tyler out.

Whew! That was one hot kissing session.

Meanwhile, at the dining table, Tyler pulls out a chicken burger and fries from the paper bag. Lucinda joins him shortly after.

"You bought a burger at the food stall?" she questions.

Her mouth waters at the delicious sight.

Oh, if only she hadn't declined when he offered to buy her food.

She sighs miserably.

"Sit, baby doll. There is one more burger in there. Eat it while it's still warm," Tyler tells her amidst chewing.

Her eyes light up. "Did you buy one for me?"

"Mmm-hmm. Eat up,"

Lucinda squeals, rummaging through the paper bag and retrieving a chicken burger and a packet of fries.

She happily picks one fry and chews.

"Thank you, Ty. You went ahead to buy me food even after I declined,"

Tyler casts her a sideways glance, grinning smugly. "That's why the best boyfriend award should go to me,"

Lucinda can't help rolling her eyes.

After eating, Lucinda retires to bed and falls asleep soon after.

While preparing to follow suit, Tyler's phone rings again.

He looks around, searching for the phone.

After a couple of seconds, he finds it lodged between the throw pillows scattered on his sofa.

Swiftly, he answers it without checking the caller ID.

"Yes?"

"Tyler? Where the hell are you?!" Alex's voice booms through the phone, and Tyler pulls it away from his ear to check the caller ID.

His eyes widen in realisation.

Oh, right.

He was supposed to pay a visit to some people owing Alex money.

He sighs.

Well, he forgot about it.

"Uh. I'm home?" replies Tyler.

Alex almost explodes from fury, "I thought you said you'd be able to make it today! Why didn't you give me a fucking heads-up?!"

"It skipped me. I was busy. I'll get to it first thing tomorrow," Tyler assures, but Alex pays no heed.

"Busy? Busy doing fucking what?!"

"I was dealing with personal issues," Tyler answers as he glances at Lucinda's sleeping form.

His face morphs into an involuntary smile.

"Personal issues?" Alex laughs humorlessly. "You must be fucking kidding me,"

"Listen, Tyler Brown. I don't care what personal issues you've got to deal with. When I give you a job, I expect it to be taken care of when and how I want. Do you get me?!"

Tyler sighs inwardly, fighting the urge to roll his eyes. "Sure. I get you," he answers nonetheless.

"I want the job done first thing tomorrow morning. Do you understand?! I swear to God, Tyler. If those people escape before I can get a hold of them, I'll make you pay the damn money till every last cent on their behalf!"

Alex drops the call before Tyler can reply.

He throws the phone on the bed, clenching his jaws.

Alex fumes.

If, those owing him escape before he can get to them, he would make Tyler pay that money to every fucking last cent.

He wasn't kidding when he said that.

Alex lights tobacco and takes a long drag before exhaling.

The only reason he keeps Tyler around is that he still needs something from him.

Else he would have discarded the boy a long time ago.

Keeping Tyler around is like putting a time bomb in your bag without deactivating it, hoping it won't blow up.

But eventually, it will fucking blow up.

He needs to find that fucking item as soon as possible.

Only then can he get rid of Tyler.

Tyler pulls the phone away from his ear to stare at his screen after Alex rudely hangs up.

"That was so rude,"

He drops the phone on the table and joins Lucinda in bed.

Soon, he falls asleep.

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On the outskirts of town, the black Sedan drives into a compound.

After killing the engine, Clark and Erik take out the shopping bags from the boot and enter the house.

Immediately they enter, a man clad in a surgical robe approaches them.

"What took you so long?"

"Traffic," Clark lies.

The man sighs, pointing to a room behind him.

"Take the items in there. We need to begin work immediately. You've delayed me enough as it is,"

Nodding, Clark and Erik carry the bags into the said room.

Before exiting, they notice an unconscious young lady lying on the operating table.

She must have been injected with an anaesthetic to make her sleep.

Both men exit without batting an eye.

They're so used to such scenes it's no longer surprising.

On the outside, the house looks normal and void of suspicion compared to the others in the quiet neighbourhood.

But only they know how far it is from just a detached three-bedroom house.

Only the inhabitants of the three-bedroom house are aware of the shady things that go on inside.

Clark turns to Erik before they disperse to their various posts.

"Let's not reveal what we saw tonight to the boss. We aren't sure if it's really Thurman's daughter we saw."

"Sure. Whatever you say," Erik nods.

"Okay. Good."

Clark continues his journey while Erik leaves in the opposite direction.

### [Chapter 160 Another Gues](#)

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

After sleeping peacefully throughout the night, he drags himself out of bed and checks the time.

Half past eight, the time read.

Whew.

Tyler enters the bathroom for his morning ritual and exits later to find Lucinda stirring awake.

While securing a towel around his waist, Tyler walks to the closet and rummages for an outfit.

Lucinda squints her eyes, looking around the unfamiliar environment.

After a while, her eyes widen in realisation.

Oh, right.

She slept over at Tyler's the previous night.

While yawning, she sits up.

Tyler turns.

He nears the bed and leans in to kiss Lucinda, but she pulls away.

"I just woke up, Ty. Don't kiss me,"

Tyler raises an eyebrow.

"Well, why not?"

"I need to brush my teeth," she whines, trying to keep Tyler's lips at bay.

"Who says I care?" He pulls her closer, kissing her.

Tyler squeezes Lucinda's sides when she refuses to return the kiss, earning a gasp from her.

He immediately sends in his tongue, exploring her mouth.

Unable to control the urge, Lucinda finally gives in and kisses him back.

They kiss for a while before pulling away.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" He smirks, causing her to blush.

Gingerly, she pushes him away and climbs down the bed.

"I have a paper to write in a couple of hours. Don't you?"

"I do. But later in the afternoon," Tyler answers.

"Hmm. Then I'll get going," Lucinda turns, searching for her clothes, but Tyler stops her.

"Isn't it more convenient to take a bath here and leave for school instead of going to your apartment?"

"Uh," she purses her lips, weighing her options.

In the end, she nods in agreement.

"Alright. I'll be quick," Lucinda dashes into the bathroom after Tyler provides her with a new sponge, brush and towel.

After her bath, Lucinda enters the bedroom to meet Tyler's absence. Instead, she finds a beautiful strapless knee-length dress with a little coat.

Lucinda's face breaks into a wide smile as she quickly gets dressed and meets Tyler in the living room. He smiles when he takes in her appearance.

"You look stunning," he pulls her closer, admiring her.

"Thank you for the dress," she stands on tiptoe to kiss his cheeks.

"You're welcome, baby doll,"

Tyler almost sighs.

How and when did he become so soft?

It feels like yesterday when he couldn't stop quarrelling with Lucinda anytime they met.

He still recalls how her sharp mouth always irritated him to the core.

She always seemed to have a comeback to anything he said.

He sighs, pulling away.

"I have some orange juice and crackers. Would you like some?"

"Yes, please," Lucinda eagerly nods.

He nods, pouring another glass of juice.



"The crackers are here. Pick as many as you want," Tyler slides the box of crackers towards Lucinda as she settles down to eat.

She picks a couple of crackers and thanks him.

After eating, Lucinda hastily grabs her bags and gives Tyler a peck.

"I'll see you later. And thank you for yesterday."

Tyler hums, "I think something is missing,"

Lucinda frowns, "What else is there?"

"Turn around,"

Though confused, Lucinda does as told.

Tyler gathers her hair to one side and puts the necklace around her neck. After, he kisses her neck.

Lucinda looks down at her neck when she feels the cold ornament on her skin.

Her fingers trace the dainty necklace as she turns to face Tyler with a surprised expression.

Before she can get over her surprise, he takes her left hand in his and puts a bracelet around her wrist.

Tyler takes a step back to admire her. As if satisfied, he nods appreciatively.

"There. You look perfect now,"

"This is really beautiful, Ty. Thank you so much," she throws her arms around him.

Chuckling, Tyler returns the hug.

"Is that the best you can do?" He pulls away, smirking mischievously.

Rolling her eyes, Lucinda lifts herself on her toes and attempts to give him a peck, but Tyler swiftly grabs her by the waist and deepens the kiss.

After a while, he pulls away, gulping.

"I think you should go before I strip your clothes off and take you on that dining table,"

"Yeah. Uh. Right. Bye!" Lucinda squeals, running out of the apartment.

Chuckling, Tyler shakes his head. He washes the used cups and puts away the leftover box of crackers.

After making sure the house is in order, Tyler finally gets dressed and leaves for the said location.

While waiting for his ride, he decides it's finally time to get a car.

He never saw the need to get one, but his priorities are different now.

He's got a girlfriend now.

How long will he keep ordering rides when he knows he has saved more than enough money to buy a car?

Soon, Tyler's ride arrives, and he doesn't hesitate to climb in as the car zooms off.

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Meanwhile, Austin has just awoken from his slumber.

After visiting the bathroom, a maid knocks on his door.

"Yes?" Austin answers, changing into a fresh pair of trousers.

"Breakfast is ready, sir. Shall I set the table?" the maid asks from behind the door.

"Have Sophia and the little girl eaten yet?"

"Noy yet, sir,"

"Alright. Serve the table and call them downstairs for breakfast," instructs Austin.

"Of course," the maid walks away from the door and does as instructed.

Soon, Austin joins Sophia and Aliana at the dining table.

As always, Aliana refuses to eat.

When Mr Miles had first brought the housekeeper and the child to live with them, Austin had thought things would improve as the day went.

But it turned out to be the opposite.

Aliana's behaviour still remains the same, if not worse.

The little girl refuses to speak to anyone, and neither does she eat.

To this day, Sophia has difficulty getting the girl to open up, and Austin is aware of that fact.

He sighs, watching the girl clutch her teddy bear, looking downcast.

That is no way for a little girl to live.

She might never recover if something doesn't get done to alleviate her sadness.

But how is that possible when her parents are no more?

While thinking of how to coax the little girl into eating, Mr Miles walks through the door.

Austin gets up, intending to welcome his father, when he notices someone else behind Mr Miles.

A woman.

Curious, Austin cocks his head to the side, trying to take a look.

But the woman's face is covered with a scarf, and her head is bowed, making it difficult to make out her face.

Austin raises an eyebrow at his father, gesturing to the woman beside him as if to ask, "Who's she?"

But Mr Miles smiles.

"She's our guest. She will stay with us for a while, so please be nice."

Austin doesn't hide his surprise.

Another guest?