

Devil Lucifer 171

[Chapter 171 He Will Find Her](#)

Ronald was asleep when Craig Thurman entered the dungeon.

Mr Thurman approaches Ron and squats in front of him, shining a torch into his face.

The sudden disturbance forces Ron to awaken.

He blinks his eyes open, immediately shutting them again as the light blinds him.

"What do you want? Are you not satisfied with torturing me and now want to disturb my sleep?"

The corners of Craig's lips turn up into a sneer.

"I underestimated your pain tolerance."

"I'm glad you finally realised it," Ron replies with a smirk, hissing mentally.

His lips are swollen and bloodied after being punched countless times.

Nevertheless, not once does he give Craig the satisfaction of knowing he's in pain.

"I'm sure you already know why I'm here. The sooner you give me what I need, the better your chances of leaving here alive," Mr Thurman threatens.

"I wonder what your darling daughter would think if she finds out you've locked me up for no crimes committed,"

Thurman's gaze hardens, "Shut the fuck up!"

"I bet she will hate you even more. I know she despises me, but not as much as you," Ron continues, adding salt to his wound.

Mr Thurman clenches his jaw, highly irritated.

"Tell me where Lucinda is, and I will let you walk out of here unscathed first thing tomorrow,"

Ron snorts, "Unscathed? Do you have your personal book of vocabulary stashed somewhere in your study? Do I look unscathed to you?"

He gestures to his body, and the chains binding his hands rattle noisily with his movement.

"I'll ask you one last time, Ronald. Where is my daughter?"

"I've said this a million times already. Read my lips. I. Don't. Fucking Know!"

Craig runs a hand through his hair, feeling beyond frustrated.

He clenches his fists, fighting the urge to torture Ronald some more, but he remembers he's still family.

"I've told you to let Lucinda be. Stop trying to find her! What do you intend to gain by searching for her as if she is a missing toddler? Will you drag her by the hair back to this hellhole? She's happy wherever she is. Lucinda will come to you when she deems fit. Understand that and let sleeping dogs lie, for Christ's sake!"

"Do not tell me how to raise my own daughter!" Mr Thurman flares up while Ron shrugs nonchalantly.

"I've given you the same answer every day. It baffles me why you are still keeping me hostage,"

Thurman stares at Ronald for some time, contemplating.

After a while, he straightens.

"This is not over, Ron. I'll be back," Ron watches Craig leave the dungeon before breathing a sigh of relief.

He rests his head against the cold wall and shuts his eyes, breathing heavily.

He doesn't sleep.

He remains like that till daybreak.

Tyler wakes up late the next day. He remains in bed for a couple of minutes before rolling over to feel around for his cell phone.

He finds it at the edge of the bed.

Several missed call notifications pop up immediately after he powers on his phone.

Two were from Lucas Henderson, and the last from Austin.

Tyler taps on Henderson's number and dials his number, pressing the phone to his ear.

The call gets answered five seconds later.

"Hello, doctor Henderson. I missed your calls," Tyler says, rubbing his eyes while rolling the covers off him and getting out of bed.

"Ah, yes. How was your night? Have you been sleeping well?"

"Yes. I have,"

Until last night when he had that dream about Lily.

He stayed awake most of the night and only managed to dose off in the wee hours of the morning, which explains why he woke up so late.

"Good. That's good to know,"

"I guess,"

"Can you come and see me today if you have time?" Henderson asks.

"At what time?"

"Will four pm be convenient enough for you?"

"Sure. It's not a problem,"

"Alright. I'll see you then," Henderson hangs up after that.

After speaking with Henderson, Tyler dials Austin's number.

"I see you're finally awake," Austin comments immediately after answering the call.

Tyler rolls his eyes, strolling into the bathroom. He puts the call on loudspeaker and places the phone near the sink.

Grabbing a brush and applying toothpaste, he begins to brush his teeth.

"Is that why you called?"

"Yes. You were still asleep when I left this morning. I called to make sure you weren't dead,"

"Idiot," Tyler mumbles with a mouthful of foam.

"Tyler," Austin calls after a moment of silence.

"What?"

"I want to inquire about the call you made last night. What deal did you accept? Who was it?"

Tyler rinses his mouth and straightens, glancing at his reflection.

He frowns slightly.

"It's not something you should worry about, Austin. I can handle myself."

"I know you can handle yourself, Tyler. I only want to know who you were speaking to,"

"Someone. I was speaking to someone who can give me crucial information,"

"Let me guess. You're digging for information about your sister?" enquires Austin.

Tyler doesn't refute his claims, "Yes."

"I don't mind that you're trying to find information about your sister, Ty. I only hope you aren't going about it the wrong way. Do not do anything rash, Tyler."

Tyler can't help but snort as he proceeds to strip his clothes.

"Rash? I think I've been too idle these past couple of years. Don't you think? It's long overdue, and it's high time I take matters into my own hands. It does not matter whether I have lost my memory or not,"

Austin sighs, "It's not your fault if you couldn't remember such crucial details about your life. You had lost your memory after all,"

"It's still not an excuse!" Tyler snaps, discarding his clothes.

He isn't angry at Austin for trying to talk him out of acting rashly.

He's mad at himself for having gone all this while without knowing he had a family elsewhere.

He spent the entire night awake, wondering how Lily was doing.

Was she fine?

Where was she?

Was she searching for him?

Did she still remember him?

All these and countless questions ran through Tyler's mind the entire fucking night.

And the worst question of all.

Was she dead?

Tyler shuts his eyes, refusing to accept such a possibility.

There's no way Lily is dead.

He saw her alive, hale and healthy, albeit several weeks ago.

Anything could have happened between then and now.

No.

Lily is fine where ever she is.

She must be.

And Tyler will find her.

Austin doesn't argue.

"Fine. If that is what you want, I will help you find your sister,"

After speaking for a while longer, they hang up.

Tyler turns on the shower and lets the water fall on him, cascading down his back and trickling down his legs to the floor.

He will find her no matter what it takes, even if he has to go against Alex.

[Chapter 172 Impulsive](#)

Austin places the phone face down on the desk and sighs.

Daren Miles twirls the pen he held.

"Let me guess. Tyler refused to give you details about his plans, right?"

Austin scoffs, feeling frustrated.

"Tyler is so hardheaded it drives me to the edge,"

Mr Miles raises an eyebrow, "Haven't you wondered why you're such good friends?"

Austin frowns, "What do you mean, dad? What are you insinuating?"

"I'm not insinuating anything. If the shoe fits, who am I to stop you from wearing it?"

"I've never been hardheaded,"

"Of course, you haven't," Mr Miles indulges his son.

"Alright, let's not deviate from the topic at hand. Where were we?"

"I don't know. You tell me," Mr Miles shrugs, causing Austin to sigh.

"I guess there's nothing more to say. I can't force Tyler not to do what he's set his mind on. It will be like advising a wall."

Daren Miles nods, silently agreeing.

Tyler bears complete resemblance with his father in looks and temperament.

A long time ago, Mr Miles was friends with Tyler's father, and he knows how hardheaded he used to be.

Years later, even his son has become just as hardheaded.

His temperament and the need to have things done his way are like his father's.

"It's impossible to talk him out of it. For now, pay attention to anyone with whom Tyler interacts. Be aware of where he goes and what he does. We can't afford to leave loose ends, especially not now,"

Austin nods, "Of course, dad. I understand,"

"Good,"

While conversing, a knock interrupts father and son.

"Yes?" answers Mr Miles.

"It's Ana, sir." comes the reply.

Mr Miles faces his son.

"Could you give us a moment?"

"Sure. I'll be on my way," Austin gets up, heading for the door.

"I hope that's all. Is there anything else you would like me to know?"

"No, dad. I believe that's all for now,"

"Alright."

Grabbing the handle, Austin opens the door and steps aside, allowing Ana entry.

The woman flashes a polite smile as she enters.

Austin exits the study and shuts the door behind him.

Meanwhile, Mr Miles offers Ana a seat.

He cocks his head to the side.

"I hope you've settled in quite well. Are you having any difficulties?" queries Mr Miles.

"No, Mr Miles. On the contrary, your hospitality is quite plausible. Thank you for giving me a place to lay my head till I can get back on my feet,"

"It's my pleasure, Ana. What brings you here? Is there something you would like to discuss?"

"Yes, if that's fine with you,"

"Of course. Go ahead!"

"Uh. I'm curious. Have you found him yet?"

The smile on Mr Miles' face dissipates, "Unfortunately, I haven't. I'm sorry."

Ana nods dejectedly, lowering her head, "I understand,"

"But I promise I'm doing everything I can to find him. Hopefully, I will make some progress,"

"Thank you for your effort. Although, if along the way, you get fed up with searching, you can stop. I won't hold you accountable neither will I hate you. I will understand. What you've done for me is more than enough,"

"Do not fret. I will find him,"

Mr Miles assures.

"Thank you. I.." Ana is interrupted when the door suddenly opens, and a little figure runs inside.

Aliana halts when she spots the two adults inside the study.

With a flushed face, she purses her lips and lowers her head while clutching a book and coloured pencil.

"Aliana? What's wrong?" Ana asks, getting up and approaching the little girl.

She bends to her height and caresses the girl's hair softly.

Aliana looks up.

"Aunty Sophia is asleep. Can you please help me finish my drawing? I want to colour it,"

"Oh? Did you make a drawing? That's wonderful, honey. Can I have a look?"

Reluctantly, Aliana stretches forth her hand, showing Ana her drawing.

Ana stiffens when her gaze sweeps over the drawing in the sketchbook.

"Ali? Who are these?"

The little girl points to the smaller drawing, "That's me,"

She points to the other two, "And that's my mommy and daddy,"

For a while, Ana remains mute, stunned into silence and unable to tear her gaze away.

Suddenly, she blinks, looking away.

"Don't you like it?" Aliana innocently asks after Ana remains silent.

Ana turns, smiling, "Why would you think I don't like such a beautiful drawing? I love it!"

Aliana's eyes lit up, "Really? Then would you please help me colour?"

"Of course, sweetheart. Come on, let's go!" Ana straightens to her full height and takes the little girl's hand.

Aliana doesn't resist.

Instead, she wraps her dainty little fingers around Ana's and follows her out of the study towards the balcony.

All the while, Daren watches their exchange in silence with an unreadable expression.

After they have left, he returns his attention to his computer and resumes working.

Time flies by quickly like a gust of wind.

And soon, the clock strikes four.

Tyler crosses his arms over his chest as he leans on the couch, waiting.

A while later, Henderson emerges.

"Hello, Tyler. Did I keep you waiting for long?"

"No. Not at all," Tyler replies.

"Alright, then. Shall we?"

Tyler gets up, following Henderson into the clinic inside his home.

He leads Tyler into the consultation room and offers him a seat.

"So," Henderson begins after settling in.

He leans forward.

"How have you been feeling?"

Tyler shrugs, "Good. I guess,"

"Hmm. Alright. Let's get down to business. So, I got in touch with a doctor, and he has agreed to help,"

"Really? When do we begin?"

"Well, he will be in town next week. Only then can we set up an appointment,"

"Alright." Tyler nods.

Waiting another week is no big deal.

"So, is that all?"

"Yes. But before you leave, let me run a general check-up on you,"

"Check-up? What for?"

Henderson purses his lips, "Are you waiting to get sick before you go for a check-up? That's not how it's supposed to be,"

In truth, Henderson wants to be certain there's no propranolol lingering in Tyler's bloodstream.

"Fine," Tyler agrees.

Henderson pulls the partition aside and leads Tyler to the bed, where he conducts several routine check-ups, including drawing out some blood for further tests.

After, Henderson takes off his gloves and discards them.

He turns to Tyler.

"Alright. That will be all. I'll let you know once the results are out,"

"Sure," Tyler nods.

After thanking the doctor, he exits the mansion and hails a cab.

Tyler doesn't return to his apartment.

He rests his head against the headrest as the car drives past his neighbourhood and out of town.

Meanwhile, Austin casually checks his phone.

He is aware Tyler has an appointment with doctor Henderson.

Checking his time, he realises it's quarter past five.

Surely his friend must be on his way home by now.

But to his utmost surprise, Tyler's current location is nowhere near his apartment or neighbourhood.

It looked like he was heading out of town.

Where could Tyler be headed?

Has this got something to do with the supposed deal?

Instinctively, Austin jumps out of bed, grabs his keys and coat and rushes out of the house.

He better catch up with his impulsive ass friend before he does something rash.

[Chapter 173 In the ring](#)

It takes a while before the car finally comes to a halt. The driver alerts Tyler as they have reached their destination.

He lifts his head off the headrest and blinks slowly, taking in his surroundings. He'd been so deep in thoughts he failed to realise they had arrived.

With a soft sigh, Tyler pays the fare and alights. With a hand on each waist, he looks around.

He finds no difficulty spotting the white building ahead.

Walking closer, he realises it's a pub.

But Tyler knows it's far from a pub.

Perhaps from the outside, it may look like one, but it certainly isn't.

He knows why Banks sent him this location. It's easier to hide illegal activities in such places.

He isn't friends with Banks, so it's highly unlikely he'd bring Tyler here only to have a couple of drinks.

He knew what Banks had in mind, but nothing was enough to prepare him for what met him inside the pub.

Immediately Tyler steps inside the pub, a bouncer approaches him.

Tyler glances up as the bouncer halts in front of him.

"Tyler Brown?"

"Yes,"

"Follow me," the bouncer turns and heads further inside, taking a sharp bend to the right.

Tyler follows him, walking steadily with both hands in his pocket.

Soon, they stop in a dark hallway.

Tyler watches as the bouncer opens the only door in the hallway with a key card.

Pushing it open, he turns to Tyler.

"Watch your steps. There's a staircase here and there are no lights. Don't say I didn't warn you if you slip and break your neck. We'll bury you in the bush,"

Tyler rolls his eyes, "Thanks for the unsolicited advice,"

The bouncer sneers, displeased at Tyler's reply.

Tyler raises an eyebrow, "What? You can throw threats at me, but I can't give you snarky replies? Talk about equality,"

Without another word, the bouncer turns and descends the stairs with Tyler in tow.

Upon reaching the bottom of the staircase, loud noises and cheers erupt, drawing Tyler's attention.

He follows the sound of the noise until he stops at an open space with several people cheering so loudly it almost causes Tyler's ears to bleed.

He cranes his neck, noticing a ring in the middle of all the noisemakers.

What?

Is this an underground slash illegal fighting or boxing arena?

Tyler rolls his eyes.

Typical.

He doesn't have to wait for long as Banks appears before him in record time.

Banks smiles, rubbing his bare chest.

"I see you made it. I didn't think you'd actually come,"

"I'm not one to shy away from challenges," replies Tyler.

"Good. Good. I don't shy away from challenges either. Who would have thought you and I would have anything in common? Who knows, we might become good friends in the future,"

"Never in this lifetime or the next," snorts Tyler.

Banks' smile doesn't fade.

"Never say never,"

"Can we get this over and done with? How long until it's our turn?"

"Ohh, impatient are we?"

Tyler throws him a glare, unimpressed.

"Relax. Don't be so grumpy. We can go in the ring after this fight. Would you like to warm up first?"

Tyler's glare doesn't soften.

Banks raises his hand surrender, chuckling.

"I guess that's a no. See you in the ring!"

Tyler looks away, making himself comfortable against a nearby wall.

He crosses a leg over the other to give him some balance.

While waiting, Tyler shuts his eyes, blocking the noise around him.

Soon, the loud cheers become white noise as he continues standing in the corner.

Tyler has no idea for how long he remained standing.

Perhaps, ten or twenty minutes.

After a while, he feels the presence of someone hovering over him, prompting him to open his eyes, alert.

He turns to face the intruder.

"I thought you were asleep," the man says.

"What do you want?"

"It's time. Banks is already waiting inside the ring,"

Tyler straightens, craning his neck. He catches a glimpse of Banks inside the ring, flexing his muscles while people cheer.

Rolling his eyes, Tyler takes off his shirt and throws it at the man.

"Keep that safe,"

Then he snatches the mouthguard from the man and puts it inside his mouth.

He accepts the boxing gloves and puts them on.

"Alright. Let's.."

The man doesn't finish his statement when Tyler walks past him, heading into the ring.

"Go," he mumbles, following Tyler inside the ring.

It turns out he is the announcer.

After both men have settled in the ring and been made clear about the rules, he announces the next fight.

The crowd begins to cheer.

The announcer turns to Tyler.

"How should I address you?"

Tyler shrugs.

"Anything you deem fit,"

"Huh," the announcer stares at him quizzically.

"Do you like lion? Tiger?"

Tyler rolls his eyes at the ridiculous names.

"Ty is fine,"

"Oh? Ty? Short for Tiger?"

Tyler stares at him.

He decides not to correct him.

"Call me whatever you want,"

"Alright! Tiger, it is!" the announcer faces the crowd and introduces the next fighters.

He waves his flag for the fight to begin.

At one corner of the ring, Banks bounces slightly on his feet, staring menacingly at Tyler.

Looking unperturbed, Tyler closes the distance between them.

"You do remember our deal, don't you?" Banks whispers, his voice slightly inaudible due to the mouthguard inside his mouth.

Tyler cocks his head to the side, and without warning, he strikes him in the gut so hard it sends Banks tumbling back.

He glares at Tyler coldly.

Tyler closes the distance between them, smirking.

"Why not make it worthwhile?"

"Why the fuck did you hit me?! That was not our deal!" Banks sneers.

"Don't you have a reason to hit me now?" Tyler's smirk doesn't fade.

"Oh, you bet I fucking do! Don't even think of playing a fast on me, Tyler! Else our deal will be off!"

"I'm not a backstabber, unlike you,"

Banks suddenly strikes Tyler in the jaw.

Though he had used every ounce of his strength, it was not enough to throw Tyler off his feet.

"Is that all you got?"

Fuming, Banks strikes Tyler again and again, hitting random places and not pressure points, much to Tyler's disappointment.

Tyler doesn't retaliate or try to defend himself.

He lets Banks hit him as much as he wants.

The crowd's cheer gets louder with each blow Banks administers.

Tyler still doesn't react except for pretending to defend himself between hits, albeit feebly.

After fighting for a while, the announcer steps inside the ring to stop the fight.

The first round has ended.

Usually, in a boxing ring, it would be the referee's job to stop fights, but then again, nothing here is normal.

[Chapter 174 There Are No Rules](#)

Tyler doesn't turn when a bottle of water is handed to him.

Nevertheless, he accepts it and takes a large gulp, almost emptying the bottle. Tyler drops the bottle beside him after drinking the water, ignoring the announcer handing him a clean face towel.

The announcer shrugs, dropping the towel on Tyler's lap just in case he changes his mind later.

Soon, the second round begins.

And like the first time, Tyler throws the first punch. A move Banks does not appreciate in the slightest.

Tyler flashes him a toothy grin, ignoring the pain threatening to split his wounded lips into two.

"Don't get so angry. I was only giving you a little motivation,"

Banks sneers, rubbing his jaw.

"Come on now. We don't have all day,"

Banks is beyond annoyed.

How can Tyler be in such a situation and have the strength to taunt?

He needs to step up.

Ain't no way he would watch Tyler walk out of here in one piece.

Now is his chance to humiliate and hit him as much as he wants.

Banks adjusts the glove in his hand.

Hidden inside the gloves are two metal pieces around each knuckle.

Here, in this ring, there are no rules.

Anything can be used as a weapon while fighting.

Well, except for knives and guns.

Those can cause brutal injuries and even lead to death.

Tyler is caught off guard at the sharp pain that courses through his body after Banks suddenly strikes him in the rib.

Compared to the previous strikes, this was much more pronounced and painful.

It almost felt like he got hit with metal instead of hands.

After the second strike, Tyler realises something metallic is inside Banks' gloves.

He is no fool.

It's not hard to guess what Banks is hiding inside his gloves.

Cheers erupt when Banks strikes Tyler twice in the jaw, drawing blood.

Tyler spits blood and glances up at Banks as he hovers over him.

His lips curl into a bitter smirk.

Somehow, he knew Banks had a couple of tricks up his sleeves. However, he underestimated how soon Banks would bring those tricks out.

Tyler grabs the rope for support as he tries to get on his feet, but Banks hits him again, though this time on his shoulder.

It causes Tyler's grip to loosen on the rope and fall back.

Banks grins, looking around, obviously pleased with the cheering.

He turns to look at Tyler, clapping loudly and challenging him to get on his feet.

Tyler says nothing.

He only smirks.

The fucking coward.

Even after letting himself go so he can get beaten black and blue, Banks still had to resort to using unscrupulous means to fight.

Obviously, Banks is all about talks.

He's like a toothless dog that barks all day.

Banks made a deal with Tyler to allow him to beat him and win during a match between them so he could find favour in some people's eyes.

Tyler already knew Banks held a grudge against him for stupid reasons.

Nevertheless, he agreed.

If getting beaten is all it takes to get information about Lily, he would gladly avail himself.

After all, what's the worse that can happen?

Perhaps, he might end up in a hospital after the match, but eventually, he will heal.

Tyler remains on the floor.

He doesn't try to get up again.

Instead, he cocks his head to the side, wiping blood from the corner of his lips.

"Have mercy on my face, will you? I'm too handsome, and I'm afraid ladies will stop flocking me if my face becomes disfigured."

Tyler chuckles before adding, "And one more thing. Spare these jewels too. Okay?"

He points to the front of his trouser.

"If you hurt these too, I'm afraid I won't be able to satisfy any lady again, neither will I be able to get it to erect. That's all I ask,"

Banks fumes.

It seems he isn't doing the job well.

Perhaps it's time to get serious.

Hence, he begins hitting Tyler everywhere. Though this time, he pays more attention to the pressure points.

The crowd grow silent as they watch the scene unfold.

One opponent continuously administers blows while the other makes zero attempt to defend or retaliate.

To some, it seemed like an easy fight.

But the others could care less.

All that matters is the person they have placed bets on wins.

Everything else is just a bonus.

When the announcer realises Banks has had the upper hand for too long, and Tyler looks like he is barely breathing, he ends the match and announces Banks as the winner.

Only after the announcement does he step away from Tyler, feeling satisfied with himself.

Theirs was the last match until eight, so the crowd started dispersing.

They would return when the next match begins.

After a majority have dispersed, Banks nears Tyler on the floor.

"I guess it's time to fulfil my end of the deal, huh? Well, pay attention because this information leaves my lips only once. I won't repeat myself unless, of course, we strike another deal,"

Tyler says nothing.

He only waits.

Banks bends to whisper into Tyler's ears.

After more than thirty seconds, he pulls away, grinning.

"Well, that's all I can tell you! I hope you're satisfied. If you aren't, I still don't care. Let's not come across each other again after this, okay?"

Banks exits the ring, leaving Tyler alone.

While lying there, his expression remains unreadable, but his eyes glint.

Meanwhile, at the pub, Austin orders another cocktail.

He's been here for a while.

More than thirty minutes, give or take and still no sign of his friend anywhere.

Austin checks his phone to double-check Tyler's location.

Sure enough, the location turns out to be in the same place.

Austin had tried severally to search other parts of the pub.

When he first entered, he noticed a hallway at the farthest corner and tried to go there, but a bouncer stopped him.

Only specific people are allowed entry.

Begrudgingly, Austin had no choice but to sit at the bar and order a drink.

It's his third drink, and he's yet to find Tyler.

Instinctively, Austin finishes his last drink and pays before picking up his phone and heading out of the pub.

He enters the car parked a few metres away and waits.

Ten minutes after waiting, he spots Tyler leaving the pub through a different exit.

No doubt it's the backdoor.

But what the hell?

Austin sits up, suddenly alarmed when his friend staggers.

He looks hurt.

Austin exits the car and approaches his friend.

His eyes widen when he takes in his friend's appearance.

"What the fuck happened to you?!"

Austin can't help but yell, though deep down, he knows what Tyler might have been up to.

This fucking stubborn friend of his.

Tyler looks up, blinking slowly.

Blood trails down the side of his neck.

"Austin? What are you doing here?"

"You mad man! Do you want to die?! Why are you so fucking stubborn?!" Austin punches Tyler's shoulders, causing him to groan.

"At least take me home first, then you can scold me like a child, hmm?" Tyler grins.

[Chapter 175 You're More Than Just A Friend](#)

For most of the ride back, Austin barely says a word to Tyler.

Tyler remains mute. In fact, he appreciates the silence.

Talking seems to cause more pain.

He twists and turns in his seat, trying to find a comfortable position.

Yet every position seems to hurt his body.

From the corner of his eyes, Austin watches Tyler struggle.

He knows Tyler refused to lie in the backseat because he would have difficulties when getting up.

Despite his unhappiness, he releases the steering wheel for a split second to lower Tyler's seat.

Tyler groans.

"Much better. Thank you,"

Austin rolls all the glasses up, turns on the Airconditioner and lowers Tyler's seat a bit more.

Austin will not risk getting pulled over by an officer if he sees a battered and bloodied man in his car.

It's better to be safe than sorry.

"What the fuck were you thinking, Tyler?! Was it worth it availing yourself you to get beaten black and blue?!"

No matter how hard Austin has tried not to say a word, he can't help blurting out after the car becomes excruciatingly silent.

He has held back because, knowing Tyler, he would try to make light of the situation and pass a snarky remark.

As expected, Tyler chuckles, "Yes. I managed to hit the punk twice and got some information about my sister. I think it was worth it."

Austin sighs, "I assured you that I would help you. Didn't I? Then why did you go without me?"

"I would rather not get you involved."

"Bullshit! Why are we friends if you can't get me involved in things that concern you?!" Austin is beyond livid.

"Only God knows how you would have returned home in this state if I hadn't impulsively followed your fucking ass! You don't frequent such neighbourhoods alone and let yourself get beaten in addition. No one here would be kind enough to help you get a cab. Do you get that?!"

"I know,"

It is such a rare sight seeing Austin so livid.

Nevertheless, Tyler is in no condition to argue, so he lets Austin do the talking until the car eventually becomes dead silent again.

He has no idea how long they remain on the road.

When the car finally comes to a stop, Tyler is barely conscious.

He faintly hears the sound of the car door opening, and soon, he feels himself getting lifted.

Several voices speak over his head, and it gets too hard to decipher which belongs to who.

Despite being half-conscious, a voice stands out.

"Austin? What are you doing here? Is that Tyler?! What trouble did he get himself into?"

Tyler almost smirks in triumph, except his soul seems to be leaving his body, rendering him immobile.

How lovely for everyone to think he likes getting into trouble.

Tyler suddenly feels a sharp pain in the back of his hand.

Is that a syringe?

Is he in a fucking hospital?

Before his brain can conjure any more ideas, he finally falls unconscious.

Lucas Henderson watches Tyler's lips curl into a frown when he inserts the IV needle into the back of his hand.

Even in such a state, he still dared to exhibit his displeasure.

When a nurse had rushed into Henderson's office minutes ago, requesting his presence, he had no idea it was Tyler he would be treating.

After a few seconds, Tyler's face relaxes as the drug takes effect.

He turns to Austin, "What happened?"

Austin shrugs. "Beats me,"

Henderson sighs, "You can wait outside while I tend to your friend."

With a nod, Austin does as told and waits outside.

A couple of hours later, Henderson finally exits the ward to find Austin dozing off in the chair.

Gently, he taps him.

Austin yawns while sitting up straight.

"I fell asleep, didn't I?"

Henderson nods.

"I'm afraid visiting hours are over, Austin. It's past ten. You will have to leave and return tomorrow,"

Austin rubs his neck while getting up.

He stretches.

"Alright. I'll be here first thing tomorrow. Goodnight, doctor Henderson,"

"Goodnight," Henderson watches Austin exit the hospital before turning around and entering his office.

The next day, Austin returns to the hospital.

He heads straight for Henderson's office.

Halfway, he meets Henderson heading for the male ward.

"Oh, hello, Austin."

Austin halts in his steps, "Hi, doctor Henderson. Goodmorning. How's it going? Has Tyler awoken yet?"

Henderson shrugs, "He was still sleeping when I checked on him less than an hour ago. But you can go in and see him,"

"How is he doing?"

"Well, your friend has a few broken ribs, a concussion and a few flesh wounds,"

"I see. I'm guessing the ribs will take four to six weeks to heal?"

Henderson nods in the affirmative.

"That punk!" Austin snorts.

"Can I see him now?"

"Sure. Follow me,"

Austin follows Henderson's direction to Tyler's ward.

There, he finds Tyler awake and staring into space.

Austin shuts the door behind him and nears the bed.

The movement draws Tyler's attention, and he turns to Austin with unfocused eyes.

Austin pockets his hands and cocks his head to the side, eyeing his friend on the bed.

It's been a long time since he saw him in a hospital bed with tubes connected to him like this.

He purses his lips.

"How does it feel?" Austin enquires, breaking the silence.

Tyler's lips curl into a smile.

"Right now, I can't tell whether you're mocking me or showing concern,"

"It's not concern. Not at all. I'm actually mocking your current state since you choose to be so impulsive."

Austin still couldn't hide his displeasure and annoyance.

Throughout the night, he thought about how Tyler would have returned home in that condition.

He probably still hasn't realised his cell phone is with Austin.

Austin found the phone yesterday after it fell from Tyler's pocket at the pub, and he refused to notice it.

The phone was cracked and battered beyond recognition.

After Austin returned home, he got a spare phone and transferred the sim cards into it.

"I see you're still annoyed," Tyler comments after a while.

"I'm more than annoyed! You have a broken rib and a concussion. I hope you're ready to be bedridden for the next six weeks!"

Tyler smiles.

He heard the crack when Banks hit him.

It was inside the ring he deduced that his rib was a goner.

He needed no doctor to tell him that.

"Keep smiling. I hope you'd keep that up when the painkillers begin to wear off," Austin scoffs.

"You know, I sometimes feel like you're more than just a friend,"

Austin raises an eyebrow, "What do you mean?"

"Sometimes you're more like a bodyguard than a friend,"

Austin's expression gives nothing away.

"The painkillers are making you speak gibberish, huh?"

"Perhaps. I might be speaking gibberish,"

Austin looks away and stares out of the window for a long time.

[Chapter 176 A Group Of Dimwits](#)

The sound of the door to the ward opening draws Austin's attention, and he turns.

A nurse enters, carrying a tray of food.

"Good morning, Mr Brown,"

Tyler eyes the nurse and the food on the tray.

He scrunches his nose.

Austin rolls his eyes at Tyler's expression.

"Thank you for the meal. Please leave it here. I will make sure he finishes the food,"

Nodding, the nurse sets the food down.

She then turns and exits the ward, shutting the door behind her.

Austin glances at his friend.

"Do you need me to help you up? You need to have your breakfast and take your medicine,"

"I'm not eating that."

"Don't be stubborn, Tyler. Don't make me treat you like a child,"

"That food looks like vomit. There's no way I'm eating it,"

"Don't be ridiculous. This is the best hospital in this region. You can't possibly be complaining about their food,"

Austin uncovers the food, gazes inside the bowl and places the lid back.

"This food looks nowhere near like vomit. You're exaggerating."

"I'm not eating," Tyler huffs, almost groaning in pain.

It's so hard to breathe normally now without feeling pain.

He has to pretend he isn't dying each time he takes deep breaths.

Thankfully, the painkiller seems to be helping.

Austin sighs, annoyed at his friend's childishness.

Right on cue, the phone in his pocket rings.

Austin realises it's the spare phone he got for Tyler.

It's a call from Lucinda.

Casting a mischievous glance toward Tyler, he answers the phone.

"Tyler? Where have you been? I've been trying to reach you the entire night! Are you okay?"

"Hello there, Lucinda,"

Lucinda frowns at the unfamiliar voice.

She sits up in bed, propping herself against the pillow.

"Who am I speaking to?" she pulls the phone away from her ear to be sure she dialled the correct number.

It certainly is the correct number.

She presses the phone back to her ear.

"It's Austin,"

"Austin? Where's Tyler? Can I speak to him?"

"Unfortunately, Tyler is unable to answer calls at the moment,"

"Why not?" Lucinda demands.

Austin smirks tauntingly, deliberately ignoring the warning signs Tyler keeps throwing at him.

He would like to see Tyler try getting out of bed to snatch the phone and keep him from telling his girlfriend about his location.

Tyler sneers, giving Austin the death glare, but he pays no heed.

"Your boyfriend got injured, so we're currently in the hospital,"

"Hospital?!" Lucinda jumps out of bed, alarmed.

"Which hospital? I'm on my way!"

"I'll send you a Google Map link. It will be easier to find us," answers Austin.

"Thank you, Austin. I'll be right there!"

Austin hangs up and pushes the phone into his pocket with a triumphant smile.

He ignores Tyler's death glare.

"You should have thought things through if you didn't want your girlfriend to see you in this state. Now, will you have your breakfast, or you prefer to wait for your girlfriend?"

Austin knows how badly Tyler wants to get out of that bed and give him the slap of his lifetime, but alas, he can't!

He can't even breathe or talk well.

In the end, Tyler refuses to eat breakfast.

Austin doesn't force him.

After all, Lucinda will do the job when she arrives.

After a while, he turns to Tyler.

"It's nine now. I'm starving. I heard the hospital has some great meals and cappuccinos! I'm going to fill my stomach. I will be back!"

Tyler rolls his eyes, the only thing he can do without hurting his body.

Lucinda has no trouble finding the hospital.

She jumps out of the cab after paying the driver and heads for the reception.

The entire interior of the hospital is so white it almost blinds her. The tiles on the floor are so shiny and smooth that Lucinda almost trips and falls while running.

She slows down until she arrives at the reception and asks to see Tyler.

The receptionist flashes her a kind smile and directs her to the second floor to the male ward.

Lucinda finds Tyler's ward in no time and pushes the door open.

Tyler is almost falling asleep when she enters the room.

Immediately, tears gather in Lucinda's eyes as she rushes towards him.

"Oh my God, Tyler! What happened? Who did this to you?!" she fights the urge to wrap her arms around him as she has no idea how serious his injuries are.

Tyler blinks, flashing her a smile.

He tries lifting a hand to wipe the tears off her face.

"Do not cry, baby doll," he forces out the words.

"What happened to you?"

"A group of dimwits attacked me," he lies.

"Why? Why were you attacked?"

"Don't worry about them, baby doll. I'm still alive, aren't I?"

The door suddenly opens, and the nurse from before enters.

She uncovers the food and realises it still is untouched.

"You still haven't had your breakfast, Mr Brown,"

Lucinda stares into the bowl.

"Is this his food?"

"Yes. Unfortunately, it has gone cold,"

"Can you please show me the way to the canteen? I would like to warm the food,"

"Oh, that's fine. I'll take it. One of the hospital cooks will return the food after warming it," The nurse picks up the tray, flashing Lucinda a smile.

"Thank you,"

After the nurse has left, a cook returns almost ten minutes later with a tray of food.

"Thank you. We're sorry for the trouble," says Lucinda as the cook sets the food in front of her.

"It's not a problem," the cook smiles warmly and exits.

Lucinda faces Tyler.

"You need to eat. I will feed you,"

He immediately refuses.

"You don't need to, baby doll,"

Lucinda glares at him, leaning over to press a button by the bed to lift it.

"Only God knows how long the food has been here without you touching it. Look, I have lifted the bed to make you more comfortable. Just open your mouth while I feed you,"

She picks up the spoon, scoops some of the steaming soup and takes it to his mouth.

Tyler stares at her, refusing to open his mouth.

"Do you want me to shove this spoon down your throat? Because I won't hesitate to."

Tyler rolls his eyes, "You're so kinky, huh?"

Lucinda narrows her eyes infinitesimally, "Stop trying to make light of the situation. It's not funny,"

Her voice cracks as she tries to keep her emotions at bay.

Seeing Tyler in such a condition hurt her to the core.

Although he isn't complaining, she knows he is hurting.

Unable to bear Lucinda's sullen expression, Tyler begrudgingly opens his mouth and obediently lets her feed him.

After feeding him the soup, Lucinda helps him drink some water.

"Would you like some of this?" she questions, pointing to the four fingers of banana on the tray.

Tyler shakes his head.

"I'm good, baby doll. You can have them if you want. Have you had breakfast yet?"

He bites down on his tongue.

The more he talks, the more the pain in his ribs intensifies.

Fuck.

Lucinda shakes her head.

"I can't. These are yours,"

"I insist. I'd be at ease if you ate something,"

"Okay," Lucinda reluctantly agrees.

She peels two bananas and saves the rest for Tyler.

Not long after, the nurse returns to give Tyler his medicines, after which she installs another drip and discards the empty one.

Soon, Tyler's eyes begin to droop.

He fights sleep for an entire minute before finally giving in.

For a long time, Lucinda watches him sleep.

[Chapter 177 It's Now Or Never](#)

Less than an hour after Tyler fell asleep, Austin reenters the ward to find Lucinda sleeping with her head hanging off the chair.

He sighs.

It's a Monday. Does she not have classes?

Austin's gaze shifts between Tyler and Lucinda, contemplating whether to wake her up.

At the sight of her neck hanging so low off the armrest, he decides to wake her up.

Gently, Austin taps Lucinda until she opens her eyes, looking around and taking in her surroundings.

Lucinda's shoulders droop, and her face visibly relaxes as she remembers where she is.

"Oh, dear. I must have dozed off, didn't I?" She mumbles to herself while rubbing her face.

Next, she rubs her sore neck.

"I think you should return to campus. Don't you have classes today?" Austin suggests.

Lucinda purses her lips, contemplating.

"It wouldn't do you any good to skip classes. It'll take Tyler a while to wake up. I'll stay here to keep him company if you're worried about leaving him alone,"

"Alright," Lucinda reluctantly agrees while getting up.

She adjusts the bedsheet covering Tyler and leans in to kiss him.

After, she faces Austin.

"I'll return as soon as lectures are over,"

"Don't sweat it. Take your time,"

Nodding, Lucinda casts a sleeping Tyler one last glance before heading out.

Not long after she has left, Austin receives a call from his dad.

"Hello, dad,"

"Austin! Are you still at the hospital?"

"I am,"

"Has Tyler disclosed his reasons for allowing himself to get beaten black and blue?" asks Mr Miles.

Austin frowns, "No. He hasn't,"

"I see,"

"But rest assured, I will get the answer out of him by any means possible,"

Mr Miles chuckles, "I wonder how you will make that happen,"

"Are you doubting my capabilities, dad? That's offensive," Austin gasps.

"Indeed. I am."

"I'll prove you wrong then. What will be my reward?"

Mr Miles scoffs, "Is this your way of asking for more money? Austin Miles, have you exhausted your salary already?"

"Why do you think so lowly of me, dad? I'm not an extravagant spender."

"Then why are you asking for a reward for a job you get paid to do?"

Austin sighs, "Alright. Forget I even asked lest you drag this issue to hell and back."

"Good,"

"I'll let you know if something else comes up, dad,"

"Of course. Stay safe,"

"I will," Austin replies before hanging up.

To while away time, he decides to play games on his phone.

After some time, Austin finally shuts off the game and pockets his phone.

With a loud yawn, he rubs his eyes and leans back in the uncomfortable chair, trying to sleep.

But the door to the ward suddenly opens as Lucas Henderson enters.

Austin sits up, blinking.

"Hello, doctor,"

"I didn't know you were still here,"

Henderson nears the bed.

Right on cue, Tyler stirs awake.

The first thing that greets him is Austin hovering over him.

"Get out of my face," Tyler groans.

"Hello, Tyler. How are you feeling?"

"Fucking sore," Grunts Tyler.

Austin snorts, "Of course, you'll feel sore. What did you think would happen after availing yourself like a sacrificial lamb?"

Tyler glares at his friend but says nothing.

Henderson proceeds to check Tyler's vitals.

"It's lunchtime," he says to Tyler.

"Have your lunch immediately after it's served and take your medicines. The painkillers I gave you will soon wear off, so you need to take another, or else you'll be writhing in pain,"

"Alright," Henderson slings the stethoscope around his neck, getting ready to head out when he suddenly halts and turns as if recalling something important.

"Since you're injured, I think I should put a hold on your treatment. I'll contact my friend to postpone the appointment,"

"Why?"

Henderson raises an eyebrow as if the situation isn't obvious enough.

"You can't possibly make it to the appointment in this condition, can you? Don't worry. I'll schedule an appointment for you immediately after you recover,"

The idea doesn't sit well with Tyler.

At all.

How long until he recovers?

Six weeks at most.

Will he have to wait for another six weeks before he can proceed with treatment?

Absolutely not!

He's wasted enough time as it is.

There's no need to waste any more time.

It's now or never.

"How long until I get discharged?" Tyler queries.

"You've been here for almost a day. If we find no complications with your health, we can discharge you in three days. Why do you ask?" Henderson replies.

Three days.

Tyler does a quick calculation.

It's a Monday.

That means he would most likely get discharged on Thursday.

"Friday. Can you set an appointment on Friday?"

Austin frowns, "What do you mean, Tyler? Do you want to die?!"

Tyler spares him a glance, "I won't. You'll be with me, won't you? Besides, as long as I don't engage in strenuous activities, my ribs won't hurt as much. Right, doctor?"

Henderson narrows his eyes, "Let me get this straight. You want me to set an appointment with the doctor a day after your discharge?"

"Absolutely,"

Henderson rubs his forehead, sighing.

"Why are you so hardheaded?"

"Finally! Someone else gets it!" Austin groans in exasperation.

Tyler ignores him.

To everyone else, he's stubborn, impulsive and hardheaded.

Maybe to some extent, it's true.

But his sole reason for being stubborn is that he wants to regain his memory as soon as possible and find Lily.

Not knowing about her whereabouts drives him crazy.

The sooner he gets to the bottom of this mystery, the better.

"Fine. I will set up an appointment." Henderson eyes him.

"Thank you," Tyler breathes.

Henderson heads out soon after, leaving both friends alone.

Austin turns to Tyler.

"At this point, are you still waiting for me to ask about what really happened yesterday?"

His question is greeted with silence, frustrating him the more.

"Tyler? What information did you so badly need that you had to allow someone to beat you to a pulp? Is the information so crucial?"

"Very," comes Tyler's short reply.

"And? What was the information?"

"Aren't you so nosey?"

Austin scoffs, "Tell me!"

Tyler sighs.

"Alex is involved in human trafficking, especially young girls. My sister happened to be one of those girls he sold off,"

His expression gives nothing away as he speaks, but Austin knows better than to think his friend is unbothered.

Austin has a fair idea of the disgusting things Alex is involved in, but not once did he think Human trafficking would be part.

"Does Alex know your discovery? Have you confronted him?"

Tyler's lips curl up into a smirk.

"I'm not that stupid. Such confrontations will yield no results."

Austin can easily tell there's more to what his friend has just revealed, except he's refusing to say more.

Sooner or later, he'll find out.

"Fine. Do you have a plan?" questions Austin.

Tyler's eyes glint, "You bet I do."

[Chapter 178 Haven't You Missed Me](#)

Lucinda rushes out of the lecture hall, slinging her bag over her shoulder while trying to put her books inside.

The books fall to the ground before making it inside the bag.

Cussing, she bends to pick up the books and put them inside the bag.

After successfully zipping it, she hurries out of the school premises.

Tyler will finally get discharged today.

She had promised to be there, yet she was already running late.

Lectures were unexpectedly delayed by twenty or so minutes today.

She huffs, quickening her pace when suddenly, she bumps into somebody.

"I'm sorry," Lucinda lifts her head to catch a glimpse of the person.

Liam smiles down at her, "It's fine. You seemed lost in thoughts,"

"Yes. I'm sorry. I'm in a hurry,"

"I can tell. By the way, where are you headed? I can offer you a ride,"

"Oh, no. Thank you for the offer, but I already ordered a ride. It will be here in a minute,"

"Are you sure? You can still cancel the ride,"

"Really, it's fine,"

"Alright," Liam shrugs.

"See you around!" Lucinda tries walking past him, but Liam suddenly reaches out to grab her arm,

stopping her.

Lucinda turns.

"You never gave me feedback regarding the tutoring," Liam says, watching as her eyes widen in realisation.

"Oh, shoot! I forgot! I promise to call you tonight,"

"How about you give me an answer now?"

Lucinda purses her lips, glancing at the roadside.

Liam follows her gaze.

"We still have thirty seconds before your ride arrives. So, what do you say?"

"Uh... How about Sunday? Is Sunday convenient?"

"Yes," Liam grins.

"That's absolutely fine with me,"

"Okay. See you on Sunday,"

Lucinda catches a glimpse of her ride pulling up in front of the school gate, and she tries to make a getaway, but Liam stops her again.

He removes Lucinda's phone peeking out of her jean pocket and dials his number.

When his phone rings, he hangs up and hands her phone to her.

He smiles, "There. Now I have your number. Now, in case you forget to call, I will."

"Sure," Lucinda nods and hurries towards the car parked outside and settles in.

Liam watches the car speed off before turning and continuing his journey.

Meanwhile, Tyler's discharge papers have just been completed.

Austin assists him in wearing a jacket while Lucas Henderson stands in the corner with both hands inside his coat.

"I wouldn't be doing this if you didn't avail yourself to get beaten like a sacrificial lamb," Austin mumbles, causing Tyler to roll his eyes.

He's endured Austin throwing subtle jabs at him for the past three days.

He never lets a day go by without reminding Tyler of how he got beaten.

"What would I do without you?" sarcasm drips off Tyler's voice as he snorts.

"Nothing. You will be nothing without me," replies Austin.

"Yeah, right. Thank you for your generosity,"

"You're welcome," Austin smirks, patting his friend on the head.

In the corner, Henderson sighs.

"Alright!" he takes a few steps forward, interrupting their bickering.

"I guess that will be all. Do not get into any more trouble, Tyler."

Tyler rolls his eyes, "I'm not a child. I know how to handle myself,"

"Yet you got beaten!" Austin retorts, earning a glare from him.

"Do not underestimate my strength, you dimwit! Just because I have a few broken ribs does not mean I can't beat your ass!"

"I'd like to see you try!"

Henderson groans.

"Okay, you two, enough! Please don't give me a headache this afternoon."

Soon, Tyler and Austin exit the hospital.

Outside, they bump into Lucinda as she makes her way inside.

She halts when she spots them outside the premises.

"I'm late, aren't I?"

"Don't sweat it, baby doll. All that matters is you came," Tyler answers with a smile.

Lucinda closes the distance between them, taking in his appearance.

"Are you sure you're fit enough to go home?"

Tyler smirks mischievously, leaning in.

Austin groans, moving away immediately. Judging by the look on Tyler's face, he can already guess what nonsense he's about to spew.

"Do you want to test how fit I am, baby doll? I can show you. And trust me when I say I'll have you screaming your guts out,"

It takes Lucinda a while to grasp the meaning behind Tyler's words, and when she does, she blushes.

"Oh my God, Tyler! Have you no shame? We're in public!"

Tyler chuckles, "I have not an ounce of shame, Lucinda. Do you want me to prove it?" he swiftly reaches behind her and squeezes her butt, earning a surprised gasp.

"Tyler!" Lucinda's face heats up at her boyfriend's shamelessness.

"What? Haven't you missed me?" he whispers, his warm breath fanning against her cheeks.

"I have," Lucinda admits.

"God, I feel like it's been an eternity since I kissed you properly."

Tyler presses her against a random car and captures her lips, kissing her fervently and passionately.

Lucinda wraps her arms around him and returns the kiss. She presses her body against his, albeit gently, for fear of hurting him.

Indeed, she had missed him.

It's been a while since they shared such an intimate kiss.

After kissing for a while, they pull away, gasping for breath.

Lucinda gently caresses Tyler's cheeks.

"Are you okay?"

He nods, kissing her palm.

"I am," he leans in and pecks her nose.

"For fucks sake, guys! I know I'm single. There's no need to rub it in my face like that!" Austin's sudden cry of frustration draws their attention.

They turn to find him standing by a range rover with the driver's door open.

"Get inside before I drive off and leave you to continue your public display of affection."

Tyler raises an eyebrow.

"Since when do you own a car?"

"Recently," Austin lies.

Tyler turns to his girlfriend.

"I need to get one of these so I can take you anywhere you want," he flicks her nose.

"You don't have to, Ty," Lucinda says.

"I want to. Your sharp-mouthed self deserves it,"

"I can't tell if you're complimenting or insulting me. You have a way with words,"

"Of course, I have a way with words. My mouth is skilled,"

Lucinda blushes, "Why can't you hold a sentence without including a sexual innuendo?"

She shakes her head.

"Keep the answer to yourself. I don't want to know. Come on,"

she drags him to Austin's car.

Austin thanks his stars as the lovebirds finally settle inside the car, and he drives off.

**

Friday arrives within the blink of an eye.

Tyler drags himself out of bed and heads into the bathroom.

Today, his movements are slower compared to previous days.

He'd been discharged from the hospital yesterday, and it wouldn't be right to exert so much strength.

After painstakingly getting dressed, Tyler quickly eats breakfast and heads out of the apartment, where Austin's car is parked, waiting.

Tyler opens the door and settles in.

"Are you driving me?"

Austin lifts his head off the steering wheel.

"What do you think? You obviously can't handle yourself. It's rough out there,"

"I'm not disabled, Austin. Stop talking like that," Tyler rolls his eyes.

"It's your fault for getting beaten,"

Tyler sighs.

Here we go again.

"Let's just go."

Smirking, Austin starts the car and zooms off.

In less than forty minutes, they arrive at the centre.

Tyler glances at the building ahead.

Here, he hopes to unlock his memories.

[Chapter 179 Irony Of Life](#)

Meanwhile, inside the dungeon in the Thurman Villa, Ronald stirs awake.

He forcefully opens his eyes and gazes up at the small hole in the wall.

A ray of light shines through the hole, indicating it's daybreak.

Ronald sighs.

What difference does it make, whether it's daybreak or nightfall?

Nothing changes.

He still remains locked up in this Godforsaken place.

Ron shuts his eyes, deciding to go back to sleep.

After all, he's got nothing else to do other than sleep, eat, pee, and get his body ready for more torture.

It will do him good to sleep some more and retain energy for what's to come.

Ron knows his freedom depends on revealing Lucinda's whereabouts.

But for reasons best known to him, he would endure the torture.

Who would have thought that the same people who rescued him from the gutters, clothed, fed and educated him would be the ones to lock him in a dungeon like an animal?

Ron smiles bitterly.

Such is the irony of life.

He leans against the wall and shuts his eyes, getting ready to sleep when the door to the dungeon opens, and a guard enters carrying a tray of food and water.

Well, at least he gets hot meals for breakfast and dinner.

The guard lowers the food on the floor and retrieves the tray.

The food came on a paper plate. The only plastics were the bottle and spoon.

Ron switches his gaze from the food to the guard.

Hmm.

He muses.

"I need a favour," Ron's voice stops the guard, and he turns.

"Are you talking to me?"

"Unless you think I'm going crazy, who else is present besides us?"

"Whatever it is, I don't think I can be of help,"

"You haven't heard my request yet. How do you know you won't be of help?"

The guard sighs, "What do you want? Be quick, please. I need to return to my post,"

"Can you lend me your phone for a minute? I need to make a quick call,"

The guard chuckles, "You're kidding, aren't you?"

"Why? Don't you have a phone? Are you prohibited from using phones?"

"What makes you think I'll lend you my phone?"

Ron shrugs in the dark.

"I don't think you will. It's only a request. You can choose not to help me,"

The guard remains silent for a while, contemplating.

Sighing, he fishes out his phone, turns it on and stretches forth his hand.

With the chains binding his wrists, Ron accepts the phone and quickly dials a number.

It rings for a few seconds before it's answered.

"Hello?"

"Chris," Ron mumbles.

Chris Johnson recognizes the voice immediately.

"Ronald? Oh my God, you've been missing for several weeks! The entire company and mansion have been in disarray because of that!"

"I can imagine," the corners of Ron's lips turn up.

"Listen, Chris. I'm about to hang up. I will send you a message immediately after. You will know what to do after reading my message. Do not try contacting this number."

"But where are you? Your driver said the last time he saw you was after he dropped you off at the Thurman Villa. Are you being held against your wish?" Chris questions.

"No. Stop overthinking things."

"Then where are you?! It's unlike you to suddenly disappear into thin air without a trace!"

"I'm fine, Chris. Make sure everything runs smoothly at the company in my absence. I'm putting my trust in you again. Do not let me down a second time, or else I won't hesitate to wipe you off the face of the earth,"

"I won't, Ronald. I promise."

"Words mean nothing, Chris. Prove it,"

"I certainly will," Chris affirms.

Ron nods, "I'm hanging up now. Follow my instructions and delete the message immediately after. I'll see you when I see you,"

He hangs up immediately after and quickly opens the messaging app.

Ron spends more than five minutes typing.

"What are you still typing? Your Will? Are you sharing properties or something?" The guard queries, exasperated.

Ron continues to type without a word.

After another three minutes, he finally sends the message.

He waits for some time before deleting the message and the recent call log.

Ron hands the phone over to the guard.

"Thank you,"

"A word of this to anyone, and I will kill you."

"I'm not that dumb. Why would I want to dig my own grave?"

"Good," the guard exits the dungeon, pocketing his phone.

After he has left, Ron feels around the cold floor for his food, and when he does, he pushes it closer.

He manoeuvres through the dark to find the bottle and spoon.

Ron gulps some water before wolfing down the food in less than five minutes.

After eating, he gulps down the rest of the water and rests his head against the wall.

Soon, he falls asleep.

After receiving the message, Chris stares into space, dazed and at a loss.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Tyler alights from the car and with both hands holding the door open, he pokes his head inside.

"Will you wait till my session is complete?"

"I have time. I will wait," Austin replies.

"Alright. I'll be back soon," Tyler shuts the door and heads inside the hospital.

Inside, a receptionist directs him to the third floor, where the psychologist is.

"Thank you,"

Tyler thanks the receptionist and heads for the elevator.

Soon, he arrives at the third floor.

He halts in front of the second door to his right and knocks.

"Dr Brain McCauley," the door sign read.

"Come in,"

Hesitating for a second, Tyler opens the door and enters.

The white interior momentarily blinds him.

He sighs inwardly.

He seems to be spending more time in hospitals these days.

Oh, how he hates the smell of disinfectants.

The middle-aged man behind the desk looks up from his computer and smiles warmly.

"Right on time. Tyler Brown, right?"

"Yes,"

"Have a seat, please," the doctor gestures to the seat opposite him.

Nodding, Tyler sits down.

"Alright. Shall we go through your medical files and diagnosis before we begin?"

"Sure,"

Hence, the doctor goes over the medical files once more.

He then leads him to sit on a folding chair in the corner of the room.

"Before we begin, I want to make it clear that hypnotherapy is not a solution for recovering lost memories. Though we can't force the brain to recall certain memories, it is possible to try jogging them with certain activities."

"I understand,"

Doctor McCauley nods.

He had learnt from Lucas Henderson about how Tyler's memories got suppressed with drugs for a long time.

Perhaps, he might have regained most of his memories if they hadn't gotten suppressed.

And judging by how frequent his dreams and flashes have become, it's possible to regain his memories sooner than expected with a little push.

The incident which caused Tyler's memory loss happened two years ago.

That's a long time for the brain to start healing, except it got suppressed.

"With that being said, please don't feel disappointed if we make no progress today. It's a gradual process."

Doctor McCauley advises.

Tyler nods understandably.

He doesn't care about disappointments at this point.

He'll take whatever progress he can get.

[Chapter 180 Hypnosis](#)

"Alright! Let's begin, shall we?"

Tyler nods.

Brian McCauley reaches out to lower the chair until Tyler's lying down halfway.

"I hope this position is comfortable enough for you?"

"It is," replies Tyler.

"Good." Brian leans forward in his seat and points to the clock hanging on the wall.

"Now, I want you to look at the clock and concentrate on the second-hand. Please do not think about anything else, not even about this session. Set your mind free. Let your focus be on the clock and my voice. Cast away all your thoughts and let your mind be as blank as a newborn baby,"

Tyler does as told and focuses his gaze on the clock, except his mind wanders.

For the next minute or so, Tyler's mind wanders until he forces himself not to think about anything and concentrate on the clock.

Gradually, his mind becomes as blank as a new canvas.

Though near, Brian's voice resonates in his ears as though he were miles away.

Tyler's shoulders droop as he visibly relaxes. His breath comes out slow and steady.

When Brian realises this, he says, "Close your eyes, Tyler."

Tyler's eyes slowly blink shut as he complies.

"Alright. Can you tell me if you can see anything?"

"No," comes the reply.

"Good. Now try to think of something. Anything at all, and walk me through it. You'll be the guide, and I'll follow you," Brian McCauley says.

For a while, Tyler remains quiet, so Brian tries again.

"You can think of a place. Somewhere you'd really like to go. Or you can think of a face,"

Immediately, Tyler's mind conjures images of the mansion from his dream.

"Do you see anything now?" asks Brian.

"Yes,"

"What do you see?"

"A mansion,"

"Whose mansion?"

"I'm not sure,"

"Walk me through, please,"

While in a trance, Tyler sees himself in the mansion's living room.

Blood is splattered over the white plush tiled walls and his clothes.

Tyler looks around the fully furnished yet empty room.

Somehow, the place brings him a strong sense of familiarity.

It's almost like he's seen bits and pieces of this house, like a puzzle.

Tyler remains rooted to the spot for a while before finally moving forward.

He vaguely recalls screaming at the sight of something the first time he dreamt about this living room.

Curious, he follows the direction of his gaze in his previous dreams, hoping to find answers, except he soon finds he can't.

Confused, Tyler halts in his steps.

Why can't he go further?

There's no door or barricade blocking the path, so what could be the problem?

After a few more unsuccessful attempts, Tyler gives up.

He looks around the room in frustration.

Meanwhile, Brian McCauley notices Tyler's eyeballs moving under his closed lids.

"What can you see?"

"I can't go further," Tyler replies.

"That's fine. Don't try to force it. In the meantime, try to make use of your surroundings. Try and look around for the smallest of details. Perhaps you might find something,"

Hence, Tyler searches his mind's eye.

He finds himself back in the same spot in the living room like he never walked away in the first place.

He looks around the room, searching for anything that might help.

He's been in this room in most of his dreams and never noticed anything peculiar.

What difference will it make now?

Dr McCauley watches Tyler's eyeballs move under his closed lids.

He knows hypnosis is not a reliable way of recovering one's lost memories.

Though it's proven to have many benefits, recovering memories isn't one of them.

Although hypnosis goes a long way to help find some hidden memories, it also creates an avenue to plant new memories in the patient's head, which may be fake or real.

Especially if the patient usually hallucinates or creates fake scenarios in their mind.

That tends to be dangerous as the hallucinations can take over during hypnosis, causing the patient to believe in non-existent events.

That is why Brian is only bent on using Tyler's recovered memories to help jog his unrecovered ones.

He understands that, in a state of panic, Tyler might have missed important details after having sudden flashes of the past.

After looking around for a while, Tyler finds nothing.

It's hard to explain, but aside from what he's seen before in his dreams, nothing else seems to catch his eye, no matter how hard he concentrates.

It's almost as if his brain is preventing him from seeing further.

The first time he dreamt about this living room, Tyler was sure everything around him was a blur.

He was the only one in the room.

The only vivid detail from that dream was the blood splattered everywhere and the ear-piercing scream he had let out as he stood in the middle of the room.

For some reason, Tyler decides to look down at his feet.

His feet were covered in blood.

The blood seems fresh as it continues flowing from an unknown source.

And lying in the pool of blood is a photo frame.

Curious, Tyler bends to take a look at it.

It's a family photo.

In the photo is a younger version of Tyler and a girl who bears a striking resemblance to Lily.

The photo seemed to have been taken a couple of years ago.

If his guess is correct, the girl in the photo is Lily.

Tyler shifts his gaze from Lily to the two people standing behind them.

He cocks his head to the side, studying their features.

Lily bears a resemblance to the woman.

Who's she?

Tyler stares at the man holding the woman's hand with a wide smile.

Who's he?

Are they his parents?

Tyler studies the picture for more than a minute.

He then bends and stretches his hand, attempting to grab the photo frame, but unfortunately, he's

unable to do so.

Tyler's hand passes through the photo like an invisible object.

He tries again, only to end up with the same result.

He begins to panic, and thus, his body begins to shake slightly.

Brian notices it and immediately snaps Tyler out of the hypnosis.

It takes a while to calm himself after he wakes up.

Tyler sits upright, rubbing his face.

Brian offers him a glass of water which he accepts and gulps down in thirst.

After he has calmed down, Brian asks, "What happened?"

"Uh, I tried to pick up something and realised I couldn't."

"They are memories, Tyler. You wouldn't be able to touch them because they are all in your head,"

"Yeah." Tyler mumbles.

"Anyway, how do you feel?"

Tyler blinks, "Surprisingly calm and sleepy,"

Brian chuckles, "Hypnotherapy does have its perks. You'll sleep like a baby tonight,"

"Hmm," Tyler hums.

"When can our next session start?"

"Let's see. We'll need to meet twice a week. I'll check my schedule and let you know the weekly arrangements," answers brian.

"Of course. Am I allowed to leave now?"

"Sure. We'll talk more during our next appointment. That'd be all for now,"

"Thank you," Tyler drops the empty glass on the table and gets up.

Tyler exits the hospital and meets up with Austin outside.

