

Devil Lucifer 25

[Chapter 25 Ignorance Is Always Bliss](#)

Startled, Mandy jerks in her seat as Lucinda barges into the room, slamming the door behind her.

She watches as Lucinda kicks off her shoes angrily, watching them land in the corner of the room.

"Whoa! What's gotten you so riled up? What happened?" She adjusts her sitting position, crossing her legs beneath her Indian style.

"Tyler stupid Brown happened!" she snaps, grabbing a pillow and screaming like a banshee into it.

Mandy remains quiet, waiting for her friend to finish her screaming spree.

At least she had the decency to scream into a pillow to mask the noise.

Not a minute later, Lucinda throws the pillow back onto the bed, glaring into thin air.

"Why didn't you tell me he was also an art student?"

Mandy raises her hands in surrender.

"To be fair, art isn't Tyler's major. But yes, he used to take art classes, but then he stopped attending. I genuinely had no idea he had returned,"

Luci groans in annoyance.

"Can you believe I'm supposed to work alongside him on a project? I can't stand him!"

Mandy bites her lips.

"Well, it can't be that bad working with him, right?"

"Is that supposed to make me feel better?"

"I guess?"

Rolling her eyes, Lucinda unzips her jean skirt and lets it fall off her waist, pooling at her feet.

She steps out of them.

She takes off her crop-top and unhooks her bra, throwing it on the bed. Half naked, she walks to the

wardrobe and grabs an oversized shirt.

She turns to Mandy, pulling the shirt over her underwear.

"Now, where the hell is that pizza?"

Chuckling, Mandy points in the direction of the kitchen.

Lucinda makes her way into the kitchen, spotting the pizza immediately.

Grabbing a few slices, she pops them into the microwave and sets the timer.

While waiting for her food to heat up, she pours herself a glass of orange juice and fish out for her phone.

Going through her texts, she realises Caleb hasn't texted her, and neither has he replied to her previous messages.

She sighs miserably.

The guy really ghosted her.

The microwave beeps just then, and Lucinda takes out her meal. Grabbing the glass of juice and cell phone, she walks into the bedroom to enjoy her pizza in the comfort of her bed.

Tyler had riled her up so much that she forgot the bag of chips she'd sneaked into class.

"Stop thinking about that brute, Lucinda!" She reprimands herself subconsciously.

He isn't worth her time.

He is a chronic liar.

All he's been doing ever since their first encounter is lying to her.

Starting from his parent's death to his arrest, he probably was doing all that just to get close to her, and then when she let her guard down, he would strike where it hurts the most.

She is not stupid.

She knows men like Tyler.

They can never change overnight unless the timely intervention of a miracle comes to play.

They feed on their pride and ego.

Tyler is no exception.

After lectures, Tyler didn't return to his apartment nor go to the mansion. He was on his way to find someone who would help him get his hands on Tony's death certificate.

He had initially planned to get it from Tony's younger brother, but then he was trying to alleviate all forms of suspicions about his motives. If anyone got the least bit suspicious, Tony's real murderer would be alerted, and all his efforts would be in vain. The murderer could be anyone.

And so, Tony's brother was out of the question.

And now, he had to get his hands dirty and sneak into that hospital.

Tyler stood under a tree as he waited for his companion to arrive.

His mind wanders.

Many strange things have been happening lately, which makes no sense.

A few weeks ago, Lucinda had accused him of giving Mandy drugs to sell, which wasn't true. He recalls Mandy saying something about a trap. He never gave it much thought before, but now, he can't help but wonder who would plant drugs in their apartment.

To top it all off, Mandy wouldn't stop accusing him of killing Tony.

It's true that initially, he didn't bother to correct her because he liked how it made her fear him.

That fear caused her to do his bidings without a struggle.

And it was also a means to take revenge on her.

The b*tch spiked his drink and slept with him while he was out of it. Thinking about it makes him shiver with disgust.

He only continued to sleep with her after that incident because he sometimes needed a release, and she was always available.

Besides, she is no saint either.

But now, it's getting tiring.

Hearing her accuse him of murder is exhausting.

He is all things wicked but not a murderer.

Besides, what does he stand to gain by killing that piece of sh*t?

Tony was no saint.

But Mandy is too blind to see it.

Of course, she is too busy wallowing in guilt.

Tyler sighs, taking out a cig and lighting it.

He takes a long drag and releases it, watching the smoke form ringlets in the air before disappearing.

Soon enough, he spots the man he was waiting for approaching.

"What took you so long?" He questions, to which the man rolls his eyes in annoyance.

"You should be grateful that I honoured your call on such short notice. Don't be a snob."

Tyler ignores him.

"Do you have everything I asked for?"

Rolling his eyes, the man reaches into the bag he carried and pulls out a stack of files.

He hands them to Tyler.

"Be careful, Tyler. What you have in your hand is information that's worth a great deal of money,"

"Aren't I ever?" Tyler snorts, trapping the cig between his teeth.

He digs into his bag and pulls out a brown envelope containing bundles of cash.

"You can count it,"

The man slaps the envelope on his wrist, smiling satisfactorily,

"Nah. I know where to find you,"

He doesn't bother asking what Tyler needed such information for, and neither does Tyler bother asking

how he got his hands on them.

Their jobs are to deliver.

And not to poke their noses into each other's businesses.

Sometimes, it was better not to know.

Because, as they say, ignorance is always bliss.

Shaking hands to solidify their deal, both men leave in different directions as though they don't know each other.