

Devil Lucifer 26

[Chapter 26 Johnson's Villa](#)

Once Tyler arrives home, he discards his clothing and walks into his bathroom to take a shower.

He exists a few minutes later with nothing but a towel tied around his waist.

Wiping his face with a smaller towel that he had in hand, he makes his way into the kitchen and boils some water while he searches his pantry for a quick meal.

Much to his delight, he finds two instant cup noodles. Emptying the contents into a separate bowl, he removes his pot of boiling water off the fire and pours a reasonable amount over the noodles.

He adds the packets of seasoning and covers it.

Tyler then walks to his living room, where he places the bowl of noodles on the centre table.

While waiting for his meal to loosen up, he switches on the television and flips through the channels.

Finding nothing interesting, he drops the remote and picks up the stack of files, deciding to go through it instead.

Uncovering his meal, he stirs it with his fork and begins to eat.

He sighs in contentment.

He had added only a little water, so it turned out spicy.

He loved spicy.

While he ate, he went through the files.

It was boring, to say the least.

After going through the files for a while, he decides he has enough, so he drops the files and makes his way into the kitchen to wash the used bowl.

Returning to the living room, he turns off the television and enters his bedroom.

He plops down on the bed, falling asleep within a minute.

Tyler is jolted awake by the incessant ringing of his cell phone.

Grunting, he rolls over and blindly reaches for it, muting it.

He continues to sleep.

He groans in annoyance when his phone starts to ring again.

Grumbling profanities, he forces his eyes open and checks his wall clock.

4:00 am.

Who the f*ck could be calling him at such an ungodly hour?

Annoyed, he reaches for his phone and answers.

"What the f*ck do you want?! It better be important!" he says harshly.

"Good morning to you too, Tyler," the voice calmly replies.

Tyler pulls the phone away from his ear to check the caller ID.

He lets out a groan, pressing it back to his ear.

"Your reason for calling me better be important, Dean,"

"You bet it is. The boss has a job for us. Can you make it over here in less than thirty minutes?"

"Fine," Tyler grumbles, hanging up.

He forces himself out of bed to take a quick and perform his morning rituals.

After his shower, he gets dressed quickly and leaves for the mansion.

Twenty-five minutes later, Tyler arrives at the mansion.

He raises an eyebrow, spotting five men, Dean included, in the living room.

He joins them just as Alex makes an appearance.

He goes straight to the point.

"You lot will be paying a special visit to Johnson's villa. It turns out that lots of my money have been kept

in a secret offshore account. I want every penny back. And bring me, Chris Johnson. Alive."

Without another word, Alex dismisses them.

All five men exit.

Two jeeps had been allocated to them.

Dean, Tyler, and another man got into the first car while the other two got into the second car.

None of them bothered to ask any more questions.

Though annoying, they could guess why Alex had decided to send them out on a job at such an ungodly hour.

Chris had probably, been playing hide and seek with Alex, and he'd eventually gotten tired of it.

He was probably asleep in his home by now.

What better way to catch someone unaware than this?

While they drive to their destination, Tyler turns on the radio out of boredom.

He turns to Dean.

"You got a lighter?"

Rolling his eyes, Dean points to the glove compartment.

Reaching inside the compartment, Tyler finds a lighter together with two pairs of gloves.

He grabs the lighter together with a pair of gloves.

After lighting the cigarette, he discards the lighter and puts on the gloves, examining them.

"I don't think we'll be needing those, Ty," Dean comments, gesturing to the glove he wore.

Tyler shrugs nonchalantly.

"I don't like to get my hands dirty, Dean,"

Dean rolls his eyes.

"You do know that we aren't killing him, right?"

"Mmm-hmm. It still doesn't change the fact that it will get bloody. Getting information out of Chris isn't going to be a walk in the park,"

Dean nods in agreement.

The rest of the drive is silent.

The men arrive at the villa at the break of dawn.

It's a quarter past five.

They park the cars a few miles away from the villa and walk the remaining distance.

The environment is eerily quiet, except for the bodyguards loitering and having small conversations.

Dean whistles as he glances at the magnificent building.

Chris had managed to climb the social ladder by embezzling Alex's money.

That brute was going to pay.

"How do we get in?" One of the men questions from behind.

"Simple," Tyler answers, and before any of them could say another word, he rings the bell.

"Who is it?" a male's voice questions.

Silence.

Tyler rings the bell again.

He could hear the guard groan from the other side.

"Who the f*ck is it?"

Silence.

"Get ready," Tyler informs the men behind him.

He rings the bell for the third time.

"Whoever is behind that gate needs to be taught a lesson of their miserable lives. Must be a homeless piece of shit," Another guard grumbles.

Not a minute later, the enormous gate opens.

But only enough for a guard to poke his head through.

"Listen, whoever you are, you little sh*t..."

Before he can complete his sentence, Tyler punches him in the nose, pushing the gate open wider.

The guard stumbles forward, and Tyler wastes no time kicking his jaw with his elbow.

The rest of the guards start to notice the commotion, but before they can react to the situation, Dean and the rest of the men shoot them down with tranquilliser darts.

They fell almost immediately.

"Be on the lookout. Tyler and I are going inside to get the bastard," Dean instructs the men, who nod in return.

Both men enter the villa and make their way upstairs, opening and slamming doors until they find Chris in one of the rooms, peacefully asleep and tangled between the sheets with a naked woman.

Dean and Tyler glance at each other.

"Will you wake him up, or do you want me to do the honours?" Dean questions.

Tyler grins maniacally.

"My pleasure."