

Devil Lucifer 27

[Chapter 27 Special Gues](#)

Glancing at the peacefully sleeping Chris, Tyler couldn't help but get irritated.

Just look at him, he thinks, sleeping as if he had no f*cking care in the world.

Well, he will give him something to care for soon.

Both men stare at the sleeping forms.

"How deeply asleep can one sleep that they do not feel someone looming over them?" Dean is baffled.

"That's how you sleep when you get rich with money you didn't work for,"

Both men sigh dramatically.

How could someone sleep so f*cking deeply?

"Alright, this is getting boring," Tyler mutters, approaching the bed.

A bottle of unfinished wine sits on the bedside table.

Grabbing it, he empties the contents on Chris's head, causing him to jolt awake with a gasp.

"What the..."

He doesn't get to finish his statement as Tyler pushes the barrel of his gun into his mouth. Chris's eyes widen in sheer horror.

His chest heaves up and down as though he is about to suffer a heart attack.

Tyler nears him.

Their faces are inches apart, separated by the gun between them.

"Shhh," He shushes him.

"We don't want your lover to wake up now, do we?"

"Though I don't mind if you want us to involve her in your sh*t. I could gladly wake her up right now, hmm?"

Chris shakes his head fearfully, glancing over at the lady who mumbles incoherently and turns on her side.

The sheet covering her body slips further down her waist, revealing her nakedness.

Dean can't help but chuckle.

"Looks like you had mad fun last night, hmm?"

"Come on. And if you make a sound, I'll blow your f*cking head off, got it?" Tyler sneers at the frightened man, who nods hastily.

Without another word, he drags Chris by his shirt out of the bedroom downstairs into the living room.

Upon arrival, Tyler drops him as though he were a sack of potatoes. He crouches lower to the man's level.

"I don't like to talk much, Mr Johnson. You probably know why we are here, don't you?"

Chris mumbles incoherently.

"Sorry, what? I didn't hear you," Tyler taunts.

He then glances at the gun he still had in the man's mouth.

"Oops, I forgot. Here, let me get that for you." He removes the gun from Chris' mouth and cleans the snout on his shirt.

"Talk!" He sneers.

"I... I don't know what you're talking about," Chris coughs while backing away.

Unamused, Tyler grabs him by the shirt and drags him back.

"I f*cking hate liars, Chris. You have the nerve to lie in my face when death is staring at you in the f*cking face!"

"I swear, I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't offended Alex in any way. I've been loyal!" He insists.

Tyler groans.

He's losing his patience.

Meanwhile, Dean finds himself a bottle of red wine and drinks it while he watches the show.

He'd have his turn soon.

"Lie to me one more time, Chris. I dare you!"

"I don't..." Chris begins but stops when Tyler points his gun to the side of his head.

"One, two, three," Chris's heart is in his throat as Tyler counts.

Before he can react, Tyler releases the trigger.

Chris falls back down. Tyler stares at him for a while before he slaps him awake. Chris awakens with a jolt, shock coursing through his body as he shakily touches the side of his head.

It isn't bleeding.

Tyler grins sardonically.

"That was a blank shot, Johnson. Who knows if the next one will be blank or not? I have just one bullet inside this gun. Lie to me again, and I would pull the trigger once more. You might not be as lucky as the first time,"

"Now, let's try again, hmm?"

Dean chuckles suddenly, catching Tyler's attention.

"Enjoying this too much, aren't you?" Tyler rolls his eyes.

"You would if you were in my shoes," Dean points at the man's pants.

Tyler's eyes follow his direction, and he scrunches his nose in disgust at the sight.

"Did you just piss yourself?!" he questions incredulously, glancing at the wet patch in front of Chris's trousers.

When Tyler fired that blank shot, it scared him beyond imagination. He hadn't realised that he had urinated on himself.

The shame he felt at that moment was indescribable.

"You're such a girl," Tyler taunts, glancing at the wall clock in the room.

It is almost six am.

F*ck!

He needs to get this over and done with.

He badly wants to go back to bed in the comfort of his home.

His sleep had been interrupted thanks to this damn cheat, yet here he was giving him a hard time.

"We do not have all day, man. Just give us what we want, and we'll be out of your hair in a minute," Dean mutters impatiently.

"I... I don't..." He begins.

Tyler fires another shot, cutting him off.

Chris trembles on the floor as sweat trickles down his face.

"Lie to me one more time. I have all day to play this f*cking game with you!"

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry, please! Spare me!" Chris sobs.

"Saying sorry doesn't cut it, man." Tyler rolls his eyes before continuing.

"Transfer all the money from your offshore account into your local one. Don't waste my time,"

"I... My laptop isn't with me," Chris manages to say amidst sobs.

Rolling his eyes, Dean goes upstairs and returns with a laptop in hand. He drops it on Chris's lap.

"There. Now make it quick, will you?"

They watch as Chris shakily unlocks his laptop and begin to type away furiously.

It took him quite a while because he occasionally wiped his eyes every minute.

After a while, Chris looks up.

"I'm sorry, but it's not going through,"

"What the f*ck do you mean it's not working?!" Dean can't help but bellow.

Tyler curses, "It's weekend, man. Banks do not allow wire transfers of such huge amounts of money on weekends or bank holidays,"

Dean groans.

"What a damn waste of time,"

Both men remain quiet, contemplating what to do next.

"Don't think you're off the hook, man," Tyler suddenly warns and fires his gun.

Only except this time, it wasn't a blank shot.

An excruciating pain tore through Chris' body as the bullet pierced his thigh.

He falls back with a loud groan.

"If you want your lover upstairs to share in your pain, then I will advise that you continue to scream till she wakes up," Tyler sneers.

Chris shuts his mouth immediately, covering his mouth as he screams into them.

No matter what, he wouldn't get her involved.

Bored out of his mind, Tyler takes a drag of his almost burned-out cigarette.

He releases smoke into the air, watching it disappear.

"We're taking him along, aren't we?" He turns to Dean.

"Yeah. The f*cker can escape at any given time. We take Johnson along with us and lock him up until he successfully transfers every cent to us," Dean replies, bending down to grab a fistful of Chris' shirt.

"Looks like you'll be our special guest until the weekend is over," Tyler shrugs and turns away, walking out the door with Dean in tow.