

Devil Lucifer 30

[Chapter 30 The Hatred Is Just A Camouflage](#)

Tyler arrives at his apartment to meet Austin seated on the porch. He rolls his eyes, walking past him to unlock the door.

"Why are you seated on my porch like a homeless person?" he questions.

Pushing the door open, Tyler steps inside as Austin follows suit.

"Don't you have the keys? Please don't tell me you misplaced them again, Austin."

Austin rolls his eyes in annoyance, settling on the couch.

"I'm not that careless, Ty. I told you countless times that the first time was a mistake,"

"Yeah, sure. I believe you." He mutters sarcastically, heading towards the bedroom.

Austin gets up and follows, ignoring the blatant sarcasm.

He studies his friend.

"By the way, why do you look so... weird?"

Frowning, Tyler turns to face him.

"Weird? How?"

"Hmm, I don't know. You look kinda flushed."

"No, I don't!" Tyler snaps immediately.

"Geez, relax. Don't bite my head off," Austin lifts his hands in surrender.

"By the way, I'm starving. Would you like to order, or you would rather go to the food joint?" Austin questions after a moment of silence.

"Nah, you can go ahead. I'm full." Tyler responds.

Austin raises a questionable eyebrow at that.

"You're full? Where have you been, Ty?" he questions teasingly, wiggling his eyebrows as though he knew something.

"Nowhere," he replies, shrugging nonchalantly.

"Nowhere, you say?"

Tyler turns to glare at him.

"Yes. You've got a problem with that?"

Austin shrugs, "Why would I?"

Tyler remains quiet, grabbing the stack of files from the bedside table.

"So, have you met with Lucinda yet?" Austin's questions, causing Tyler to turn sharply, narrowing his eyes.

"Why the hell will I meet up with her?" he demands.

At the sudden mention of her name, he is reminded of the hot kiss they shared a while back.

And it's messing with his head.

He can't recall the last time a mere kiss affected him this much.

He can no longer control his thoughts when it comes to Lucinda.

And he hates it.

He hates that he is losing control.

"Geez, Ty. Why are you on such a short circuit today? You keep blowing up at all my questions. I asked because you informed me you would be working with her on a project. Isn't it normal that you two will have to meet up?"

"No, we haven't met up," he lies, turning his attention back to the files.

He needs to finish going through them and proceed with finding Tony's medical records.

"Alright, I'm going to get something to eat. Are you sure you want nothing?" Austin asks after a while.

"Yeah, I'm good," Tyler replies absentmindedly.

Nodding, Austin exits.

"Mandy"

"Mandy"

"Mandy, come on,"

"Mandy!"

"What?!" Mandy groans, grabbing a pillow to cover her ears.

"Mandy, wake up! I need to ask you something," Lucinda takes the pillow away.

Grumbling profanities, Mandy sits up, frowning.

"This better be important, else I'm chewing you alive. What is it?"

"I have a question,"

"What question?" she rubs her eyes, yawning.

"Can you hate someone yet share passionate kisses with them?"

Mandy stops rubbing her eyes and glares at her friend.

"Did you wake me up just to ask me this?!"

"But you weren't asleep yet,"

Mandy continues to glare.

"Come on, Mandy. Please. Pretty please?"

Mandy huffs.

"Well, no. It's not possible. You either hate someone, or you don't. Unless, of course, you have an ulterior motive which would explain why you would kiss your enemy,"

Lucinda nods thoughtfully, biting her lips.

She has no ulterior motive.

"What if the person doesn't have an ulterior motive? But hates them?"

"What kind of hatred are we talking about here? The kind of hate that makes you want to kill someone?" Mandy questions.

"Well, the kind that makes you want to strangle your enemy whenever they are near. They annoy you so much and are highly irritating. They are so full of themselves. They feel the need to control everything, and you can't help but hate their guts, but..."

"But there's something else, other than hate when they near you?" Mandy completes for her.

Lucinda bites her lips, nodding slowly.

"Uh, yeah. Something like that,"

Mandy sighs inwardly.

That sounds like someone she knows.

"Well, then, I don't think it's hatred," she concludes.

"Then what is it?"

"It could be passion or love. It's not hatred per se that the person feels,"

"Then why does it feel like hatred to the person?" Lucinda probes further.

"That's because, whoever it is, is in denial, and they are refusing to accept that they may have feelings for this so-called enemy. So they try to find reasons to hate them. The hatred is just a camouflage,"

Lucinda frowns.

That isn't true.

She doesn't like Tyler.

She hates him.

She fucking does.

Mandy's opinion is wrong.

No way.

She turns away, thanking Mandy for answering her questions.

No way in hell does she like Tyler Brown.

Besides being an arrogant brute, they both are worlds apart.

AT JOHNSON'S VILLA

A beautiful, tall and slender woman paced the room impatiently.

For the umpteenth time, she glances at her wristwatch and lets out a frustrated sigh.

Where the fuck is Chris?

That bastard!

She can't believe how long she's been waiting for him the entire weekend and yet not a single phone call from him.

How could they have gone to bed the previous night only for her to wake up to find him gone?

The damn guards he had stationed outside were nowhere to be found, except three. Those three have refused to answer her questions about Chris' whereabouts.

She would have thought something had happened to him if not for the fact that three guards were left behind.

Besides, there is no sign of breaking in either.

Nothing has been stolen from the mansion.

Nothing to prove it is a robbery gone wrong or anything.

Where is Chris then?!

Her phone suddenly rings.

Thinking it is Chris, she hurriedly answers the call without checking the caller ID.

"Hello?"

"Is it done yet?" The intimidating voice replies.

She stops in her tracks, calming her erratic breaths.

Damn it.

"Uh, no,"

"What have you been doing the entire weekend then, hmm?"

She shivers at the voice.

"Uh, I'm sorry. I thought I could finish the job after we returned from the party. But then I woke up and realised Chris was gone. His laptop was also gone."

She wasn't going to tell him that she had drunk too much and overslept.

"Save me the f*cking excuses. Doesn't Chris have two laptops?"

"Yes, he does, but I only managed to get the password to the other,"

"And his phone? I thought you tapped it?"

"Yes, I did, but his phone has been off for..." she trails off when her phone chimes.

She pulls the phone away from her ear to check the message while putting the call on the loudspeaker.

She grins.

"His phone is back on!" she can't help but exclaim.

The joy on her face quickly dissipates as she reads the message.

Dread settles in. Sweat gathers on her forehead.

Shakily, she opens the tracking app to track his phone's location, but like lightning, the blinking disappears as soon as it appears.

"No, no, no," Fear cripples her as she slaps her phone in frustration.

F*ck!

She stares at her phone in horror.

Chris has just emptied his offshore bank account.

And to make matters worse, she can no longer track his location.

She's failed.

The money is gone.

All of it.