

Devil Lucifer 31

[Chapter 31 We Had A Deal](#)

Dean steps away from Chris, dropping the whip.

His face drips with sweat.

His shirt is soaked in sweat as well.

The room is f*cking dark and hot.

It feels like they are inside a furnace.

"All yours, boss," Dean says, acknowledging Alex.

He then turns and exits the room.

He needs a fucking cold shower.

Inside the room, Alex smirks at the battered and bruised Chris, who lay half-naked on the bare floor.

His face is badly battered.

His right eye is swollen and almost shut.

His cheeks are swollen as well.

And there is a visible cut on his dry, chapped lips.

In short, he is unrecognizable.

"I must commend you. You did such a good job stealing so much money from me. That's not how partners should be, is it?" Alex smirks, yet the malice behind his voice is palpable.

Chris could only take in shaky breaths.

At this point, it would be useless to try and defend himself.

He is pretty much done for.

There is no saving him now.

He thought he could get away with it.

But it turned out he wasn't as smart as he thought.

Bending to his height, Alex places a finger under his chin and lifts Chris' head.

"It's so sad to say goodbye to you, Johnson. I loved working with you, and it's unfortunate our partnership has come to such an abrupt end,"

Chris whimpers miserably.

Alex shakes his head.

"No, don't cry, Chris. I'm not going to kill you. I've got other plans for you, for the meantime,"

He then straightens up, pocketing his hands.

"Thank you for keeping my money safely, by the way. I love the profit that came with it,"

He turns to his men,

"Take him away. You know what to do,"

Nodding, two bulky men approach Chris and drag him off the floor. Alex watches as they drag him away despite his moans of protest.

Sighing satisfactorily, he turns to another man stationed near the door.

"Get someone to clean this mess up. Make this place sparkling clean by the time I return,"

"Yes, boss," the man nods as Alex walks past him, exiting.

"Chrissy? F*ck! Answer me, Chrissy!" the voice bellows from the other side of the line, but she wasn't listening.

Fear had numbed her.

It crept up her toes and climbed until it reached her brain, freezing it momentarily.

She stood rooted to the ground.

Her eyes were still fixated on her cell phone, hoping and praying to God that this was all a joke. And that Chris's location would miraculously appear on the tracking app.

But the longer she stares, the more the realisation hits her that not only did she fail at her job, but she had also let the money slip through her fingers right under her nose.

And to make matters worse, she couldn't even account for Chris's location.

She is done for.

"Chrissy, Godamnit!"

The sharp voice snaps her out of her reverie, and she inhales sharply, blinking repeatedly.

"Y...yes," she answers shakily.

"I asked you a f*cking question. I'm losing my shit here, girl,"

"I'm sorry. I spaced out," she explains.

"Get back here. Now,"

He orders.

Chrissy's eyes widen.

"But.."

"Now!" The man yells and hangs up immediately after.

Chrissy stands frozen to the ground.

She can't go back. Not like this, without any results to show.

She racks her brain for solutions, but even her brain seems to have given up on her.

Fuck.

Forty minutes later, Chrissy knocks on the door.

"Enter,"

Grabbing the doorknob, she twists it and pushes the door open.

There he sat

, looking as graceful and elegant as ever in his white three-piece suit.

He doesn't look up when she enters.

Instead, his slender fingers continue to tap away on his laptop.

"Are you going to speak up or stand there till daybreak?" his sultry voice snaps her out of her thoughts.

"Uh, I'm sorry,"

"Stop saying sorry and give me results,"

"Uh, yeah. I.."

She begins, but he cuts her off.

"Let me guess. You failed, am I right?"

It was a rhetorical question, and he needed no answer from her.

He stares at her for a moment and then resumes typing.

Chrissy continues to stand there, at a loss for words.

She has no idea what to do or say.

Why isn't he chastising her, she thinks.

After an eternity, he finally looks away from his laptop to stare at her.

"What are you still doing here? Do you have anything else to say?"

Chrissy bites her lips nervously, shuffling on both legs.

"Uh, I failed," she states, reminding him of her crime.

Amused, he leans back in his chair, crossing his arms over his chest.

"I'm aware, Chrissy,"

"And you aren't mad?"

The corners of his lips turn up into a smirk.

"Why would I? We had a deal, and you failed. So what else is there to talk about?"

Nodding slowly, Chrissy turns to leave, breathing a sigh of relief.

Is he letting her go unscathed?

Which side of the bed did she sleep on today to be favoured like this?

She shakes her head.

No way, he is letting her off the hook so easily.

When she reaches the door, his voice stops her.

"I'll be expecting my money in my account by tomorrow,"

She freezes, turning.

"W...what money?" She stutters.

"We had a deal, Chrissy. You get the job done, and I pay you. You insisted that I give you half payment before you begin the job. Well, since you've failed, it's fair that you return my money,"

Chrissy could feel sweat breaking out on her forehead.

"I...I don't have the money,"

The man's smirk falls.

His eyes blaze with fire.

"I won't repeat myself, Chrissy, We had a deal, and you f*cking failed. When you go to the market and buy a bad product, don't you request a refund? Return my money by the break of dawn tomorrow, and we'll have no problems, Chrissy. But if you don't, I will f*cking end you. Now get out of my office!"

Chrissy rushes out with her heart in her throat.

That money has already gone into her mother's treatment.

She is sure that hospitals do not do refunds.

What the fuck is she going to do now?

[Chapter 32 Dr Elias](#)

Tyler rolls in bed, grumbling profanities.

He turns on his side and notices Austin sleeping peacefully.

He frowns.

Why the hell was Austin sharing his bed?

And why the f*ck was Austin's butt touching his?

Ewww.

Irritated, Tyler slaps his thigh loudly, and the sound echoes across the room.

Austin wakes up with a jolt.

"What the fuck, Tyler? Why did you hit me?!"

"Your butt was touching mine!" he fires back, disgusted.

Austin's frown deepens.

"What? Is that why you hit me? Couldn't you have woken me up like a normal human being?!"

"Your butt has been touching mine the entire night. I'm not gay, man,"

Austin glares at him.

"And who says I'm gay, you dimwit?"

"I like women. A lot," Tyler glances at him.

He shifts away so that their legs wouldn't touch each other.

Austin shifts away also, glaring at him.

"I like women too!"

"Then keep your butt away from mine!"

"Okay, fine!"

"Fine!"

Both men glare at each other like children until Austin decides to give up.

He rolls his eyes, making his way toward the bathroom.

"You're so stupid," he tells his friend.

Tyler notices Austin trying to get into the bathroom.

Quickly, he gets off the bed and dashes toward the bathroom.

But he was too late.

Austin quickly enters the bathroom and slams the door, locking it.

"Hey!" Tyler shouts, banging on the door.

"Get out! You don't get to bath before me in my own house!"

"Watch me!" Austin shouts from the other side, and as if to enhance his statement, he turns on the shower.

Tyler groans, returning to the bed.

Such a stupid friend.

After what seems like an eternity, Austin exits the bathroom, smirking.

"I don't have time for you today," he rolls his eyes, pushing Austin out of the way, and entering the bathroom.

Chuckling, Austin walks over to the dresser to get ready.

An hour later, both men leave the house and head toward campus.

It was a Tuesday, and they both had morning lectures.

Once they arrive on campus, they go their separate way, promising to meet up after.

Tyler receives a call just before he steps inside the classroom.

"Dean?"

"Hello, Ty. Care to stop by today when you're less busy?" Dean asks from the other end of the line.

"Hmm, sure. Anything special?"

"Not much. Stop by when you're free, will you?"

"Okay, sure," he hangs up, stuffing his phone in his bag before entering the room.

Tyler didn't realise when the class came to an end.

Besides Sculpting, he loves artificial intelligence, which is why he's majoring in Bachelor of Science.

Pushing his books into his bag, he flings it over his shoulder and exits, bumping into someone.

Lifting his head, he realises it's the same girl he had promised to have lunch with more than a month ago.

Sh*t.

He had stormed out of campus that day because, as usual, he fought with the almighty Lucinda.

He never sought her out after that.

And honestly, he didn't care because he didn't think they'd cross paths again.

Well, he was wrong.

She looks up, recognizing him immediately.

"Uh, hi," he waves.

"You stood me up the last time, Tyler," she crosses her arms over her chest, pretending to be mad.

Her breasts are sticking out of her shirt.

He fears her shirt will pop open.

Tyler's tempted to roll his eyes at her shady attempt to seduce him.

"Yeah, about that, I'm sorry. I had a bit of an emergency. I didn't know your name, so it was hard to find you," he lies.

She smiles sweetly.

"It's okay. We can reschedule. I'm Jessica Mensah. Jess for short. And in case you try to look for me

again, you can always come to the Business Administration block,"

"Sure," he fakes a smile.

"I'll see you around, Tyler." she bites her lips, eyeing him seductively.

Sighing, Tyler forces a nod and walks past her.

He hopes to never bump into her again.

It is half-past noon when Tyler arrives at the mansion.

Dean is already waiting for him in the living room.

He drops his bag, sinking into the sofa.

"What's the occasion?" he asks, accepting a glass of water a maid brought.

Dean shrugs, "I'm guessing you haven't checked your phone?"

Frowning, Tyler fishes out his phone and turns it on.

His eyes nearly pop out of their socket.

"Holy sh*t!" he exclaims.

"Holy sh*t is right," Dean smiles.

"That means the job is done, right? You milked Chris of every single penny?"

"Yeah, we sure did. That's your share of the money. Enjoy,"

"Sweet," he grins, stuffing his phone into his pocket.

"By the way, what did you do with Chris?" he questions after a while.

"I have no idea, man. The Boss took care of it. No one knows if he's alive or dead,"

Tyler shrugs, not bothering to enquire further.

The job is completed.

And he has gotten his share of the money.

That is all that matter

s.

He doesn't care for the details.

"Anyway, I called you because someone wants to see you,"

"And who could this person be? An estranged family member?" Tyler questions jokingly, to which Dean coughs nervously, camouflaging it with a laugh.

"Nah, man. Just go upstairs into Alex's inner chambers and find out for yourself, yeah?" he smiles tightly.

Shrugging, Tyler goes upstairs and inside the inner chambers.

Alex was chatting amicably with a tall and slender man who looked like he was in his early forties.

Alex turns when Tyler enters.

"Oh hey, Tyler, you're here. Good, this is Doctor Elias. Dean has told me about some problems you've been having, so I thought, why not get you a doctor?"

"That wasn't necessary, Alex," Tyler protests.

Alex waves him off,

"It's fine. Besides, it's better to know earlier if something was truly wrong with you, don't you agree?"

Without waiting for Tyler's answer, he gets up and heads toward the door.

"I'll leave you two alone," and he was out the door.

Tyler mumbles profanities as he is left alone with the doctor.

What sort of ambush is this?

Begrudgingly, Tyler sinks into a sofa opposite Doctor Elias.

He watches the man pick out a file he presumes is meant for him.

Dr Elias pulls a ballpoint pen out of his breast pocket and presses down on it.

"So, Tyler, why don't you don't tell me about your headaches and flashbacks?"

He smiles.

Downstairs, Alex approaches Dean, a tight smile on his face.

"I have something to attend. Keep an eye out. If, after the doctor's diagnosis, it turns out that Tyler is making progress despite everything, you know what to do. Kill him,"

Swallowing hard, Dean nods, clenching his fists.

"If you hesitate to kill him, I will kill him and kill you next. No one is irreplaceable, Dean," Alex warns and then walks away, whistling.

[Chapter 33 It's Miserable Living Like This](#)

Chrissy paces around the room, occasionally glancing at the wall clock nervously.

It's noon now, and she still hasn't been able to come up with the money.

She has called everyone she can think of, yet the money she's gathered is not up to half the amount he had given her.

Anytime now and he would walk through that door demanding his money.

As if on cue, someone knocks on her door repeatedly.

"Coming!" taking slow steps, she approaches the door, grabs the handle and twists it.

Before she can open the door, her unknown visitor pushes her back harshly, causing her to jump out of the way before the door hits her in the face.

Two men stand in the doorway.

"Come with us," they order her and walk away.

She doesn't need to be told twice to follow them.

Outside the compound, she notices the Maybach parked a few feet away.

The expensive car looks so out of place in the dirty environment.

Gulping, Chrissy approaches the car.

She opens the door and climbs inside.

"I gave you till the break of dawn, Chrissy. It's noon now, and I still haven't received any alert. Unless you

mean my phone is broken," he says without glancing at her.

Chrissy fists the hem of her dress tightly.

"I...I'm sorry. I haven't been able to acquire the full amount yet," she apologises slowly, glancing at her feet.

He turns to stare at her, playing with a pen he held.

"How much do you have?"

"Three thousand cedis,"

"That's not even half the amount, dear Chrissy,"

"I... I know. Please give me some time. I'll pay you back," she begs.

He smiles.

"And how are you going to pay me back? You have no job, so where will this money come from?"

She bites her lips, forcing herself not to cry.

"I guess you'll have to pay me back in kind, huh?" he looks away from her and begins to type on the laptop he had kept on his lap.

"I could still look for Chris. I can find him and get back your money," she suggests desperately.

He chuckles, closing the laptop.

He glances at her.

"You aren't going to find him. I'm not the only one he's offended. I may have a fair idea of where he is, and in due time, I'll find him and have my share of the fun,"

Chrissy frowns.

If he knows Chris's whereabouts, why is he not searching for him?

"Anyway, since you can't pay me back, you'll have to find other ways to pay," he tells her after a moment of silence.

"Okay. I'll work for you until I clear my debt,"

He smiles.

"You don't want to get yourself involved in my work, Chrissy,"

"No, If you teach me, I can do it. I promise," she protests, determined.

"Don't make empty promises, my dear," he tells and then turns away, ordering the driver to drive.

He leans back in the seat, shutting his eyes.

Chrissy can't help but wonder what kind of situation she's gotten herself into.

"So, Tyler, why don't you don't tell me about your headaches and flashbacks?" Doctor Elias smiles.

Tyler sighs heavily.

"Uh, nothing much,"

"Nothing much?" The doctor raises a questionable eyebrow.

"Yep, nothing much," he repeats.

"You have to help me with something, Tyler. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to help you,"

Tyler rolls his eyes.

"What are you? A shrink or a doctor? Stop trying to get me to open up or whatever this is,"

Dr Elias sighs.

"I'm not a shrink. But how do you expect me to give a proper diagnosis if I don't know what's wrong."

Tyler groans.

"Fine,"

"Good, good. I'm all ears,"

"It's just... I've been having headaches,"

Dr Elias nods, writing in the file.

"How often do you get these headaches? And how serious are they?"

Tyler shrugs.

"Rarely. Perhaps once or twice in weeks. I rarely get them. But when I do, it feels like my head is about to explode. It also comes with incessant painful ringing in my head. It's hard to explain,"

"Hmm. And your flashbacks? How often do they occur?"

"They headaches usually go hand in hand with the flashbacks,"

"And about these flashbacks. What do you usually see? Familiar places, people or events?"

Tyler shakes his head.

"None of that. I usually see blurred images of people. I'm barely able to make out anyone's faces."

"And how does that make you feel?"

Tyler chuckles humourlessly.

"What kind of question is that? It makes me feel like sh*t, of course. I mean, I'm aware that there's a part of my life that I can't remember, yet I can't tell what it is. I find it miserable living like this, knowing there's a part of my life I can't recall. It makes me feel empty. Perhaps, that is why no one has tried to contact me, claiming to be a family member or some distant relative,"

"Amnesia can be very dicey. Most times, you never know if trying to trigger a patient's memory will cause more harm than good. And this is exactly the case most of the time. That is why usually, it is advised not to force a patient to recover their memories, but rather try to drop subtle hints and take it slow with them because the brain is a very complex part of the human body."

"What causes this amnesia, though?" Tyler questions curiously.

Dr Elias closes the file and spares him a glance.

"A lot of factors, actually. The common ones are head and brain injuries, certain drugs, alcohol, conditions such as Alzheimer's, or traumatic events."

"I do not have Alzheimer's disease, obviously. I also rarely take alcohol, and I don't do drugs either. Maybe a few cigarettes here and there, but that's just about it. So that boils down to two. So, either I had a head or brain injury, or I must have experienced something traumatic."

"No doubt about that, Tyler,"

"So, is there any medication you can prescribe for me? To help me get my memories back?" Tyler probes further.

Dr Elias shakes his head slowly.

"Unfortunately, no drugs or medication have been proven to cure amnesia. Amnesia is simply a condition where a patient is unable to recall information. And this is solely the work of the brain. It doesn't have a cure. All we can do is guide you throughout the healing process because the brain repairs itself.."

"How long does it take for the brain to repair itself?" Tyler interjects.

The doctor shrugs.

"It varies for every person. For some people, as early as six months, while for most people, progress doesn't begin until after a year or two."

Tyler rubs his face in frustration.

"It's been more than a year already, yet I haven't been able to make any progress. Why is mine different? What am I doing wrong? Is there something preventing me from getting back my memory? Are there drugs that can be used to prolong amnesia?"

Dr Elias suddenly coughs, the question catching him off guard.

"What... what makes you think so?"

Tyler leans back on the sofa.

"I don't know. You tell me, Elias."

[Chapter 34 Migraines](#)

"I don't know. You tell me, Elias,"

Elias stares at Tyler, utterly dumbfounded.

"What...What do you want me to say to that?" he forces out.

Tyler shrugs nonchalantly, staring at him.

"I don't know. You're the doctor here. Aren't you supposed to know that?"

"Well, I should be asking you that. Why do you think anyone would drug you? Do you have enemies?"

"Hmm, I could think of a few people who might hate me," he grins.

Elias sighs.

"Unfortunately, I can't prescribe any medications for retrograde amnesia, but I can prescribe some for use whenever you have headaches. Besides that, I can only advise you to sleep well, stay mentally and physically fit, eat healthy diets and make sure not to stress your brain by overthinking,"

He writes a prescription and hands it to Tyler, who takes it.

"Thanks, I guess," Tyler mumbles, exiting the inner chambers with doctor Elias in tow. Both men descend the stairs.

Dean is waiting for them.

"That took longer than I expected," he comments, approaching Tyler.

"How did it go?"

"I didn't find the answers I was looking for, so yeah, it went bad," Tyler groans, stuffing the prescription into his pocket.

Dean notices it.

"Is that the prescription the doctor gave you?" he enquires.

Tyler nods wordlessly.

"Well, why don't you have some tea or something while I send a maid to go and buy the drugs for you?" he offers.

Tyler shakes his head.

"Nah, man. It's too hot for tea. I'll come by later, yeah?" He exits without awaiting a response from Dean.

Dean frowns.

How many days had it been since Tyler had his dosage?

Three or four days?

That's bad.

He sighs, turning to the doctor.

"Any progress?"

Elias shakes his head.

"No. Fortunately, none of Tyler's flashbacks has yielded any positive results. He is still unable to recall anything. But that doesn't mean he doesn't have doubts. If he starts digging into the truth, you all are done for. Those memory suppression drugs can only suppress his memory for so long. Sooner or later, his body may start to fight back. Such medications shouldn't be administered, like paracetamol. Overdosing on such medicines can either cause heart failure or fry his brain for good. Be careful. I'll see you around,"

Dean watches Elias walk away until he is no longer in sight.

He sighs.

How far is Alex willing to go to prevent Tyler from recalling memories from that night?

A knowing feeling settles in his heart.

Somehow, he feels he doesn't want to know the answer to that.

Mandy lay on the sofa, watching uninterestedly as Lucinda carried a bag of groceries to the kitchen.

"What are we having for dinner?" she asks, craning her neck.

"Dinner?" Lucinda replies, offloading the contents of the bag onto the counter. Picking out the vegetables she needs, she drops them into a bowl and proceeds to wash them under the running water in the sink.

"It's past three pm now. And I'm guessing the food will be ready by five pm max,"

"Hmm,"

"Do you need my help?"

"No, it's fine," Lucinda replies while slicing the vegetables.

It is just a few more days to Tony's anniversary.

As a result, Mandy has been down since the previous night.

It's understandable.

What is worse than reliving your loved ones' death?

The closer the anniversary gets, the more Mandy's mood plummets.

"Are you sure?" Mandy probes.

"Hundred per cent sure," she replies, grabbing a pan from the cabinet.

After rinsing it, she places it on fire, pours some oil and waits for it to heat up.

Once the oil heats up, she adds in her chicken breast and begins to fry it, seasoning it when it is half cooked.

An hour and a half later, the delicious aroma of rice and vegetable stirfry wafts across the room.

Mandy, who's almost asleep on the couch, wakes up suddenly, fastening the pendant she is holding around her neck.

She follows the aroma of the food into the kitchen.

"Smells delicious in here," she cranes her neck, stealing one fried plantain.

"Want me to dish out some for you?" Lucinda asks, scooping the last batch of plantains from the oil.

"Yes, please," Mandy answers immediately, causing Lucinda to chuckle.

She grabs a plate and dishes some food for her friend, adding a generous amount of fried plantain.

She hands it to her.

"Thank you, Luci. You're a lifesaver."

Mandy eagerly accepts the plate of food and wastes no time devouring it.

While she eats, Lucinda washes the used utensils.

By the time she finished eating, Lucinda had also finished cleaning the kitchen.

Just as she is about to dish her portion, they hear a knock on the door.

Mandy drops her plate in the sink and goes to answer the door.

"Hello there," Tyler waves at Mandy.

She gulps.

"Uh, Lucinda is here. We can go elsewhere," she tells him in a hushed tone.

Tyler raises an eyebrow, amused.

"Go where?"

Mandy flushes.

"Uh, to have..."

"Sex?" Tyler completes for her.

"I'm not here for you, Mandy. Lucinda and I have a project to work on," he adds, sidestepping her and walking inside, uninvited.

Mandy lets out a breath she didn't know she was holding.

For some reason, Tyler hadn't touched her since that encounter more than a month ago when he mistook Lucinda for her.

He hasn't asked for sex since then.

It's like a switch in him has suddenly turned off on her.

And deep down, she feels relieved.

Hurriedly, she enters the bedroom and grabs her cell phone, bag and bottled water.

"I'll be back soon, Lucinda," she calls out, walking out the door.

Lucinda rolls her eyes without replying.

That was just a lame excuse to leave her and Tyler alone.

She feels his presence behind her, but she doesn't acknowledge him.

She's too hungry to deal with his shenanigans today.

"Hmm, smell delicious," his mouth waters.

"Can I have some?" he gestures to the pot of rice.

Would you look at that, she thinks sarcastically.

Here he is, behaving like they hadn't just kissed and made out twenty-four hours ago.

Lucinda slaps his hand away.

"Get lost,"

"Oh, come on, don't be mean. Is this how you treat your partners?" he teases.

Sighing, Lucinda turns to face him, rubbing her forehead.

"If you're here to annoy me, then I suggest you leave now because I won't hesitate to bash your head with my pan," she glares at him, to which he smirks.

Lucinda's eyes follow the movement, catching him biting his lips. She recalls yesterday's events and blushes profusely.

The kiss.

She blinks, forcing the images to the back of her mind.

"I'm exhausted, Ty. Not today, please," she sighs again, leaning against the counter.

For some strange reason, the way she just said his name resonated in his mind.

"I'm exhausted, Ty," Strangely, he feels like he's heard that somewhere. There is a sense of familiarity with that sentence.

Sure, it was just a sentence, but why did he feel like...

He suddenly crouches lower, groaning in pain as an excruciating pain tears through his head.

The f*cking migraine again!

Dizziness washes over him, and he loses his footing, stumbling forward.

He almost crashes into Lucinda, but she catches him just before he faceplants on the counter.

"Tyler, are you alright?" she questions, concern etching her features.

She leans against the counter to support her weight while wrapping her arms tightly around Tyler.

God, he is heavy.

"Tyler, what's wrong? Is your head aching?" she inquires worriedly, one arm leaving his waist to cup his face, caressing his cheeks.

She recalls the first time she'd seen him like this.

He suffered a severe headache after his high fever subsided.

How often are his headaches, she can't help but wonder?

[Chapter 35 Can I Please Stay](#)

It was a real challenge getting Tyler onto the bed.

He wouldn't stop groaning in pain either.

His eyes were

closed.

What is she supposed to do now?

She panics, kneeling beside him on the bed.

Stretching her arm, she touches his forehead with the back of her palm.

His temperature isn't high like the last time.

"Tyler, hey. Please tell me what to do because I don't know how to help you," she pleads.

He mumbles incoherently.

"What? I don't understand?"

Lucinda crouches lower so she can hear him better.

"Pocket," he mumbles.

"Pocket?" She repeats.

"My pocket," he affirms.

Quickly, she checks his pockets

, finding a crumpled paper in his left pocket.

Smoothening it out, she realises it's a prescription.

The date on it signifies that it was prescribed today.

Realising what she needs to do, she jumps off the bed, reaching for her purse on the dressing table.

She checks her purse, making sure she has enough money to buy this medicine, no matter the cost.

She turns to Tyler.

"I'll go to the nearest pharmacy to buy these drugs. Do you think you can hold on till I'm back?"

Tyler nods, turning on his side.

His face is scrunched up due to the pain.

Nodding, Lucinda rushes out, making sure to lock the door.

She returns fifteen minutes later, panting heavily.

She's sweating profusely from having to run so fast.

She rushes into the bedroom to meet Tyler, sitting in bed with his eyes closed.

His expression is calm, and it looks as though he is sleeping.

"Tyler?"

He opens his eyes.

"You're back,"

He sounds like an innocent little kid now, but Lucinda knows it is just the migraine stopping him from being his annoying, pompous and irritating usual self.

Sighing, Lucinda joins him on the bed and removes the medicine from her purse.

Tyler hurriedly tries to grab it, but Lucinda snatches her hand back.

He frowns.

The migraine is no longer as painful as fifteen minutes ago, but it still hurts.

"Have you eaten?"

Tyler raises an eyebrow.

"Why?"

"Answer my question. Have you?"

"Uh, no. I'm yet to," Tyler stares at her confusedly.

"Well, are you that daft to not know that you're not supposed to take medicines on an empty stomach?"

Tyler purses his lips, frowning.

"I can't tell if you're showing concern or insulting me,"

She rolls her eyes.

"How will I explain to people that you mistakenly died in my room?"

"It's just a headache. I'm not dying, girl, geez,"

"Now, you stay put while I bring you something to eat," she huffs, exiting the bedroom.

Tyler sighs.

He hasn't eaten since morning.

Who knew he would be getting free food?

He needs to come here more often.

Less than a minute later, Lucinda strolls in with a plate of piping hot white rice and vegetable stirfry with fried plantain.

"Here," she glares at him.

She hates that she is feeding him for the second time in twenty-four hours.

Tyler pretends not to notice the hole she's boring in his head with her glare. He accepts the food,

sniffing.

Free food.

He picks up a spoon, frowning.

"Why did you give me only two slices of plantain? And why do I see only four tiny pieces of chicken?"

Lucinda's head was about to explode.

"Hey, dude! I already hate the fact that you're eating my food. So if you dare to complain, I will scoop the sauce off the rice and let you eat the rice with the medicine as a replacement for chicken. How about that?"

"Geez, you don't have to act like you got something stuck up your butt," he rolls his eyes, mixing a portion of the rice with stew and scooping it into his mouth.

He smiles, chewing.

Delicious.

"I should come here more often,"

"For what?" Lucinda fears her eyes would pop out of their socket from all the glaring she's doing.

This man has a way of making her temper flare off the charts.

"Your food is delicious,"

She narrows her eyes, not impressed at the compliment.

"Hurry up before I change my mind," she rolls her eyes.

Ten minutes later, Tyler pushes the now empty plate away from him, belching loudly.

Lucinda scrunches her nose.

She hands him the medicine and offers him a glass of water.

"Take two tablets once daily," she tells him.

Tyler pops two tablets into his mouth and gulps some water.

Lucinda grabs the glass of water from him and picks up the plate.

She walks into the kitchen to wash the plate.

She returns to find Tyler lying on the bed with his eyes closed.

"Can I please stay for a while? I'm drowsy," he mumbles, sounding like a kid.

She sighs.

"Alright," she agrees after a moment of contemplating.

Tyler mumbles incoherently, burying his face in the pillow.

Utter silence fills the room, save for Tyler's heavy breathing.

Suddenly, Tyler stretches his hand and grabs Lucinda's wrist, pulling her down onto the bed.

Startled, she falls beside him.

"What are you doing, Tyler?" she hisses.

He opens his eyes, smiling.

His eyes sure look drowsy. As if he's high.

"Are you okay? How does your head feel now?" she can't help but feel concerned.

He smiles, blinking slowly.

She could tell he was fighting sleep.

"I guess the medicine is working. I feel f*cking sleepy,"

"Then you should sleep," she replies.

He shakes his head stubbornly like a kid.

Suffice to say that he looks cute.

"I want to keep staring at you,"

Lucinda's heart skips a beat at his words.

Though she's aware he probably wouldn't recall any of this once he wakes up, it still makes her heart

skip a beat.

"You should sleep, Tyler," Lucinda mumbles.

"When I close my eyes, I won't be able to see your face," He caresses her cheeks softly.

She sucks in a breath.

"Please sleep, Tyler," she pleads.

She can't fathom what's happening right now.

What in Jesus' name is happening

Why does she feel like...?

Like...

Damn it, Lucinda, don't let your mind wander in that direction.

Tyler's hand slowly drops from her face onto the bed.

She stares at him.

Thankfully, he had fallen asleep.

[Chapter 36 Baby Doll](#)

Now that Tyler is sleeping, Lucinda decides to go and dish some food for herself.

She's starving.

After eating, she decides to study for a while until Tyler awakes.

Grabbing a few textbooks and a notepad, she walks over to the learning desk she had placed in the corner of the room.

After studying tirelessly, she drops her pen and stretches, feeling her bones crack in a few places.

She glances at the clock and realises it is a quarter to eight.

Damn, she thinks.

Studying for almost three hours straight isn't bad.

She rubs her belly.

She's starving.

Again.

Deciding to fix some quick noodles, she strolls into the kitchen to check the number of noodles they have left.

She finds three small-sized noodle packs.

Well, that will do.

She quickly fixes herself some stirfry noodles.

The meal is ready in less than ten minutes, and she dishes it out, pours herself a glass of juice and heads back to the bedroom.

Mandy hasn't returned from wherever she's gone.

Tyler is still seeping.

She frowns, forking a sizable amount of noodles and pushing it into her mouth.

He isn't going to sleep here till daybreak.

Right?

For how long is he going to continue sleeping?

She glares at the back of his head.

Just look at his arrogant, pompous self, sleeping comfortably on her bed.

Just look at how he's spread his legs on her bed like a chicken.

She wishes she could close her eyes for a while too, but with Tyler in the same room as her, no way.

She lets out a sigh, sipping her juice.

She finishes the rest of her noodles in record time and then returns to sipping her juice.

Her cell phone rings suddenly, startling her.

Dropping the glass of juice carefully on the table, she swipes the screen and places the phone to her ear.

"Oh my God, Luci! Thank God!" the shrill voice sounds in her ear.

She leans back in the chair.

"Hello to you too, mom,"

"Do not sass me, young lady!"

"Relax, mom,"

"Relax? How do you expect me to relax when you haven't called me in weeks?"

"I left home for a reason, mom," Lucinda grits her teeth.

"And does that include cutting ties with your mother?"

"You know that's not true," Lucinda sighs.

"Bullsh*t!" comes her mother's reply, startling Lucinda.

"Those movies you've been watching have been corrupting you. You're even swearing now,"

"I'm serious, Lucinda. Stop kidding around,"

"Fine, mom, fine. I'll call you often henceforth, okay? Is that alright?"

"And what about your dad..."

"Not this again, mom. I'm hanging up,"

"Don't be too hard on him, honey,"

Lucinda chuckles at that.

She? Is being too hard on him?

"I don't want to talk about this, mom. Please, for God's sake, let's not start,"

"Lucinda, honey. I know that.."

Lucinda cuts her mother off with a humourless laugh.

"That's the thing, mom. You know nothing. Let's not argue, mom. I'll call you, but don't expect anything more than that,"

Without waiting for a reply, she hangs up, tossing the phone aside.

She groans in frustration.

"Looks like we got ourselves a rebellious child, huh?"

The voice startles Lucinda, and she turns to find Tyler awake.

He's sitting up, with his back propped up against the headboard.

"Were you eavesdropping?" she glares at him.

"We are barely two meters apart. You don't expect me to cover my ears, do you?"

She ignores him.

"Now that you're awake, can you get your butt out of my apartment? You have evaded my privacy enough,"

"Am I not going to stay for dinner?" he frowns.

"Dinner my foot. Get lost!"

"You seem to enjoy telling me to get lost, baby doll,"

she ignores him and picks up a book, pretending to read.

Tyler sighs, climbing down the bed.

"Fine, fine. I'll leave,"

He exits the bedroom, fishing out his phone from his pocket.

He's had a few missed calls from Austin.

He stuffs his phone back into his pocket, making a mental note to return Austin's calls on his way home.

He turns to find Lucinda standing behind him.

"Can't let me go, can you?" he smirks, causing her to snort loudly.

"I only want to watch you leave. I can never tell with you,"

Tyler feigns hurt.

"That was mean,"

She rolls her eyes, stepping back and getting ready to shut the door when Tyler stops her with his foot.

"What now, Tyler?"

"What time should I come tomorrow?"

"You aren't coming back here, Tyler," she glares at him.

He's probably coming back to eat her food again.

"Then how will we meet to discuss the project?" he cocks his head to the side, blinking at her innocently.

"We can meet on campus. I'm not letting you come into my house and eat my food for free again," she crosses her arms over her chest.

For some reason, Tyler can't help but tip his head back as laughter rumbles out of him.

Lucinda frowns.

What's so funny?

"Why are you laughing? Did I sh*t my pants or something?"

Her words seem to have triggered him because he laughs louder.

"Okay, that's enough. Get out now,"

"Fine, fine. Just let me have your number so I can text you the location tomorrow," Tyler wipes imaginary tears from his eyes.

Reluctantly, Lucinda gives him her number.

"Thanks, baby doll," he turns to leave.

"Do not call me baby doll," she shouts after him, causing him to laugh.

He seemed to love riling her up.

Such an irritating human being.

Lucinda shuts the door and settles on the sofa, deciding to watch tv for a while.

It's past ten pm now, and Mandy has still not returned.

Picking up her phone, she sends a quick text message.

Nothing entertaining is airing on tv right now, so she decides to hit the bed early.

She takes a quick shower, changes into her nightwear and jumps into bed.

Before sleeping, she decides to check her phone one last time.

A message from an unknown number pops up.

She taps on the notification to open the message.

"Thanks for not letting me die in your apartment today, baby doll,"

Baby doll.

Only the irritating Tyler calls her by that name.

She rolls her eyes, refusing to reply to him.

She doesn't realise the smile tugging at the corners of her lips as she closes her eyes to sleep.

[Chapter 37 Right The Wrongs](#)

Chrissy strolls into the dining area, clasping both hands in front of her.

He glances up from his meal when she appears and smiles warmly.

"I see the clothes fit you," he comments.

Chrissy tugs at the hem of her shirt nervously.

"Yes. Thank you so much for the clothes and for giving me a place to stay,"

A decent place to stay, unlike the slums she was used to.

"Hmm," he nods, gesturing to the enormous dining table.

"Have a seat. If there's anything you don't like here, let me know, and I'll ask the chefs to prepare you something else,"

To say Chrissy is stunned is an understatement.

The table's full of several exotic dishes.

What's there not to like?

His kindness towards her is overwhelming.

She has no idea if he is trying to fatten her up with the VIP treatment and then throw her to the dogs later.

She made a deal with him.

He paid her the first half, and yet she failed.

Why is he being so kind?

Does he enjoy seeing her squirm?

She feels he might strike when she least expected it, so she barely sleeps at night and keeps her guard up always.

"I'm not a coward. I don't strike when people let their guard down. So you can relax. None of the foods here has been poisoned either," he comments suddenly, startling her.

She stares up at him.

How does he know what she's thinking?

"The food will get cold, Chrissy. If you don't like it, I can order something else to be prepared for you,"

"No, no. It's fine. Everything here is fine, thank you," Chrissy shakes her head, quickly grabbing a slice of toasted bread and buttering it.

She pours herself a cup of coffee and adds a generous amount of milk and whipped cream. She takes a sip and frowns.

How could she forget to add sugar?

Adding a couple of sugar cubes, she stirs and takes another sip.

Next, she dishes some scrambled eggs and piles her plate with more toasted bread.

Grabbing a butter knife, she butters the rest of the bread.

"Aren't you such a sweet tooth?" The man suddenly comments, causing her to pause amid buttering her last slice of bread.

She blushes profusely.

"Uh, Well..."

He chuckles, waving her off.

"Ignore me. Go on and eat,"

He picks up a slice of bread and pushes his chair back.

He gets up.

"Meet me in my study after you finish,"

She nods, watching him leave until he is no longer in sight.

Turning to her food, she hungrily devoured it until she could no more.

He was in his study going through a stack of files when a knock sounded.

"Come in,"

Chrissy walks in, shutting the door softly behind her.

"Sit,"

She does as instructed and waits for him to speak.

Less than a minute later, he closes the files and looks at her.

He rests his hands on the desk, interlocking his fingers.

"It's been two days, and I still haven't received the money, so I reckon you haven't been able to gather the full amount?"

Chrissy bites her lips nervously.

"Uh..."

"Ron. Call me Ron," he cuts in with a smile.

"Uh, Ron. Please give me a few more days. I promise.."

"I hate empty promises, Chrissy. You shouldn't make promises you aren't sure of,"

He is still smiling, and Chrissy can't tell if it's a genuine or sinister smile.

He's such a complex person.

"I'm so sorry I didn't keep up my end of the deal," she's on the verge of tears.

"It's fine," he leans back in his seat with a sigh.

"I mean, I knew it was almost impossible to do the job. But I chose to give you the benefit of the doubt. Besides, you looked like you needed the money,"

"Why are you doing this?" she can't help but question.

She's perplexed at his nonchalant behaviour.

He's so hard to read it's scary.

The only time she saw him lose his temper was two days ago when she realised Chris' money was gone.

Ron smiles, and for a split second, Chrissy thinks she sees sadness flash in his eyes, but it disappears so fast that she can't fathom whether it's her imagination or not.

"Let's just say that I'm trying to right the wrongs I made in the past. And since you're going to help me achieve that, I'm starting by doing right by you,"

The more he spoke, the more she got confused.

She furrows her eyebrows in confusion.

"I don't quite understand, Ron. Help you achieve what?"

He doesn't reply to her.

Instead, he opens a drawer, rummages through it for a while and then sighs in contentment as if he'd

found what he was seeking.

"Here," he hands her a photo.

She accepts it gingerly, studying the photo carefully.

"I need you to find that person in the photo for me," Ron informs her.

Chrissy tears her gaze away from the photo and focuses on him instead.

"Where will I find this person?"

Ron smiles at the question.

"Would you love to return to school? Dropping out in your final year is never a good idea," he asks instead.

Chrissy bites her lips, glancing at her lap.

"I had to quit a few weeks back because I couldn't pay this semester's fees,"

"Would you still like to go back if I tell you I can fix it?"

Chrissy looks at him in surprise.

She blinks.

"I would be elated, Ron. But unfortunately, it's already the middle of the semester, and I don't think I can pay you back anytime soon,"

"Who said anything about paying me back. Finding that person in the photo will be more than enough payment. Besides, after completion, you can easily secure a good job and pay me back. So what do you say?"

Chrissy's mind buzzes with uncertainty. She can't tell if he is playing tricks on her or not.

Is this for real?

"I would be the happiest person..."

"Then it's settled!" He cuts in.

"I'll make the necessary arrangements for you to return to school on Monday,"

Chrissy finally left his study after thanking him a thousand and one times. Ron rubs his neck.

It wasn't easy finding someone who attended Radford University. It was sheer luck when he ran a background check on Chrissy and found out that she had recently dropped out of that school due to insufficient funds.

And her mother, who is sick, needs constant treatment, which costs a fortune.

That is why he chose to give the task to Chrissy.

If she fails him again, she will be indebted to him for life.

Ron couldn't believe the extent he could go to find someone.

"I'll do everything in my power to find you," he mutters, pushing his seat back and getting up.

It is time to visit Chris.

[Chapter 38 Cat Got Your Tongue](#)

Humming, Alex drops his fork and pulls a piece of the chicken thigh from the whole chicken.

For breakfast, he decided to have a whole chicken and red wine.

He's in a good mood today.

Biting off a large chunk of the chicken, he gulps some wine

, sighing in contentment.

Suddenly, he hears a knock on the door, causing him to groan.

Can't he have a moment of peace?

He left the mansion yesterday and came to his other hideout to have some peace, yet people still followed him here?

"What?!" he growls.

"You have a visitor, boss," a male voice replies from the other side of the door.

"Whoever it is, better have something important to say,"

The door opens.

"You bet it is, Alex,"

Recognizing the voice, Alex looks up from where he's sitting.

"What a pleasant surprise, Ron. To what do I owe this August visit?" he grins.

Ron rolls his eyes, taking a seat opposite him.

"Care for some chicken?" Alex offers to which Ron declines.

"No thanks,"

"Hmm," Alex muses, taking one last bite off his chicken bones before discarding them.

He pulls out the other thigh from the chicken and leans back.

"You're not here to catch up on old times, are you?"

Ron nods.

"You have something I'm in desperate need of, Alex,"

Alex raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

He refills his glass with more wine.

"I do?"

"Yeah,"

"And what might this something be?" Alex bites into his chicken.

"Chris Johnson," he replies.

Alex's eyes grow wide.

"Sh*t! Don't tell me that bastard offended you too?" he exclaims.

"As a matter of fact, yes. Johnson owes me a sh*tload of money,"

Alex chuckles.

"It seems our man has a knack for absconding with money that isn't his, huh?"

Ron bites his lips without answering.

"You should thank me for not killing him off yet. I could take you to him, but after I finish with my chicken. Do you mind?" Alex says.

"Not at all. Go ahead. But it would bore me to death watching you eat. There could be other exciting things I could do with my time while waiting, right?"

Alex laughs, almost choking on a bone.

"You can go to the casino and play," he suggests.

"Nah, not today," Ron refuses.

"Hmmm, how about some private entertainment?" Alex smirks knowingly.

Ron bites his lips, hiding a smile.

"I haven't had a release in a while. I think that will do,"

"Perfect!" Alex laughs, placing a call to one of his bouncers at the casino.

Less than a minute later, a heavily built man enters.

"Boss,"

"Hmm. Get Ron some private entertainment. Make sure he gets nothing less of VIP treatment, got it?"

"Got it, Boss,"

Ron gets up and follows the bouncer.

"Don't take too long, Alex,"

"I should be telling you that, Ron," Alex chuckles.

Laughing, Ron exits with the bouncer.

The casino was bustling with music as they stepped out of Alex's office. The noise was deafening, and the lights were blinding.

Ron follows the bouncer until they stop at the end of the hallway.

They turn right, finding themselves inside what looked like an abandoned study.

Shutting the door behind him, Ron stands still, watching as the bouncer approaches the bookshelves. The bouncer grabs a book randomly and tugs at it.

The book suddenly shifts, and they watch as the bookshelves part in half, giving way to a door.

The door has a biometric auto-lock with a digital keypad.

Gingerly, the bouncer presses the pad of his thumb to the small screen and enters the password.

The door opens a second later, giving way to another large room with several women dressed so skimpily they might as well be naked.

Well, this is exciting.

Ron thinks.

It's ten in the morning, and Lucinda's lectures are finally over. Rushing out of the hall, she stops a student and asks for directions to the pavilion.

She thanks the student and heads in that direction.

After dozing off last night, she woke up to find a message from Tyler asking to meet her at the school's pavilion after her class.

A few minutes later, she spots the pavilion.

Tyler is already there, she notices.

A few other students are present as well.

"Am I late?" she asks, dropping her bag.

She sits opposite him.

Tyler was so engrossed in whatever he was reading that he failed to hear her.

"Hey!" Lucinda slaps the stack of files in front of him in an attempt to get his attention.

Tyler blinks, lifting his head.

Quickly, he closes the files and shoves them into his bag.

"Am I late?" Lucinda repeats her question.

Tyler glances at his phone.

"Yeah. You're late by fifteen minutes and twenty-three seconds,"

Lucinda rolls her eyes, reaching into her bag to pull out a notepad and a pen.

"By the way. How are you feeling now?" she bites her lips immediately after, regretting asking that question.

"Is that concern I hear in your voice? Are you worried about me, baby doll?"

Lucinda groans, wanting to smash her head against a wall.

"I did not miss that stupid smirk of yours at all," she holds her head as if in pain.

"You missed me?" his smirk widens.

"That's not what I said!" she glares at him.

"Oh, but you did,"

"You make me want to bash your head with a pan,"

Tyler laughs.

"That's the second time you've said that to me. Do I irritate you that much?"

"You have no idea, mister,"

"Yet you can't resist kissing me, huh?"

Lucinda's eyes widen at his remark.

"What? No. I do not... I haven't..." she stutters, blushing.

"Cat got your tongue?" he cocks his head to the side, enjoying her discomfort.

"Let's get down to business," she mumbles instead.

"Right," Tyler nods.

"So, have you come up with any ideas? These are mine," Lucinda pushes her notepad toward him.

Tyler picks up the notepad and reads through it.

He drops the notepad after a while, shaking his head.

"These are good, but we need to create something extraordinary. Something that will awe people," he suggests.

Lucinda looks at him in surprise.

"Wow, I didn't think you'd be smart,"

"Thank you, oh wise one," he mutters sarcastically.

She chuckles.

"So, what do you propose?"

"I have an idea. We'll get started tomorrow," Tyler tells her.

"So, you aren't going to tell me what we'll be working on beforehand?"

"Trust me,"

She scrunches her nose.

"That should be the last thing coming out of your mouth. I'd be shooting myself in the foot if I trusted you,"

Tyler shrugs, gathering his belongings.

"See you tomorrow,"

"Are you leaving just like that?!" she yells after him.

"Yep!" he replies without looking back.

Lucinda glares at his receding back.

"What a pr*ck,"

Tyler quickens his pace.

He needs to make arrangements for tonight.

He can't afford to fail.

[Chapter 39 Past Memories](#)

The bouncer leads Ron into one of the vacant rooms down the hall.

Inside looks nothing short of a five-star hotel room.

It's beautifully furnished.

"Would you like to make a selection?" the bouncer questions.

Ron smiles, settling on the bed.

"Why don't you surprise me? Bring me your best,"

Nodding, the bouncer exits and returns a while later with a lady.

He shuts the door behind him.

"Hey, handsome," the lady coos immediately after the bouncer leaves, approaching him.

Typical, Ron thinks to himself.

"Surprise me," he tells her and lies back on the bed, leaving her to it.

"Gladly," the lady replies.

She climbs on top of him, moving seductively.

He scans her briefly.

She's beautiful, nonetheless, and has a body to die for.

That is all that matters.

With his arms supporting his head, he watches her unbutton his shirt, revealing his chest. Staring at him, she trails her hand over his chest downwards, stopping at the flap of his trousers.

Gingerly, she loosens his belt and unzips his trousers.

She fits her hand through his flap and grabs him through his boxers.

Ron groans.

His member is getting hard already.

Biting her lip, the lady begins to stroke him, enjoying his reaction.

"F*ck!" Ron groans.

After she strokes his member for a while, Ron feels like he's about to explode, so he lifts himself off the bed and grabs the lady's hand.

Swiftly, he flips them over.

"My turn," he whispers into her and with one swift move, he unhooks her bra.

"I don't want to see you ever again. You disgust me!" a voice suddenly rings in Ron's ears.

The memory he's been trying so hard to forget is resurfacing again, plunging him into the deep abyss of never-ending guilt.

That memory is one of his most painful ones.

He shuts his eyes and begins to kiss the lady harshly, hoping those painful memories will disappear.

"You disgust me! I f*cking hate you!" the voice seemed to get louder and louder with each passing second.

Unable to take the guilt gnawing at his heart anymore, he strips the lady of her underwear.

There is a box of condoms made available

on the bedside table.

Thank f*ck!

Stretching forth his hand, he takes out one condom and tears it open with his teeth.

Without taking off his clothes, he sheaths himself immediately and enters her harshly.

Oblivious to Ron's internal battle, the lady moans, loving how harsh he was being.

Ron hopes with all his might that Chrissy finds his beloved for him.

And then maybe he can finally ask for forgiveness, at least to reduce the guilt in his heart.

It isn't until Ron collapses beside the lady, sweating profusely before the voices of his memories begin to fade.

Smiling, the lady puts on her skimpy clothes.

"That was wonderful. I hope to see you again soon,"

"Hmm," Ron nods, adjusting his trousers and fastening his belt.

He reaches for his wallet that had fallen out from their marathon earlier.

"How much?"

"Oh, no. You have to pay the money to my boss," she tells him.

"Right. I can still give you tips, right?"

"Certainly, mister," she grins.

Ron takes out several crisp cedi notes and hands them to her without counting.

"All this for me? As tip?" she is stunned to the core.

Never has she made such money from one session.

"Sure. It's all yours," Ron emphasizes, buttoning his shirt.

"Oh, thank you so much, mister. Thank you!" she bounces happily, stuffing the money into her bra while exiting.

Alex is already waiting for him inside the casino when he gets out.

"Had fun?" Alex asks, grinning widely.

"Yeah, I guess. I didn't know you run this kind of business also." Ron comments.

Alex shrugs.

"There are many things you don't know yet, Ronald,"

Ron grits his teeth.

Everyone else calls him Ron, except for her.

She always insisted on calling him Ronald.

His heart hurt just from thinking about the past.

"You okay, man?" Alex notices his tense expression.

"Yes, I am. Shall we?"

"Sure, follow me,"

Ron follows Alex into another part of the mansion, where Chris is locked in one of the rooms.

Well, it is time to have his share of the fun.

EIGHT PM.

"Are you sure about this, Ty? This is dangerous," Austin tries to change his friend's mind.

"Are you scared I'll get caught?" Tyler teases.

"I'm serious, man. What you're about to do is dangerous,"

"Don't worry, Austin, I've got it covered. I need to find out what happened on the night of Tony's death,"

"Fine, I'm coming with you. Just because I don't want you to get killed," Austin sighs, putting on his shoes.

"You love me. Why can't you admit it?" Tyler chuckles.

"Shut up!"

An hour later, both men leave the house for St. Martins Hospital.

They arrive thirty minutes later.

A man in shrubs is already waiting for them at the entrance.

He hands Tyler a key.

"Follow me," he whispers.

There is no security guard in sight.

Well, that was easy.

Tyler and Austin follow the man who leads them inside the hospital through the back door.

He then leads them into one of the changing rooms and hands them shrubs and masks to wear, disguising themselves as nurses.

After changing, they follow the man through a narrow hallway, passing by a few nurses.

They stop in front of a door at the end of the hallway.

They were standing in front of the medical records department.

The man swipes a keycard, unlocking the door.

"You have ten minutes until the guard returns. Use the key I gave you to open the second door inside the records department. Once outside, follow the path on your right to arrive at the other gate behind the hospital. I've done my part. Make sure you send the rest of my payment tomorrow," he tells them before disappearing.

Without wasting time, both men enter the room.

Damn, so many files.

Thankfully, the files are arranged in alphabetical order and according to years.

Tony died a year ago, so that should be easy.

Several minutes have passed, and they still haven't found what they are looking for.

Tyler is on the verge of giving up when he finds Tony's file.

Pulling it out from between the numerous stack of files, he opens it and begins to read through.

"Tyler, we need to leave," Austin warns his friend.

"Just a second," Pulling out his phone, Tyler flips to the last page so he can take pictures and study them later.

But to his utmost surprise, the page is blank.

There is no information pertaining to Tony's death.

There's nothing besides the date he was admitted to the hospital.

It was the same day he passed away after being brought to the hospital.

Why the f*ck isn't such information documented?

"Tyler, we need to go!" Austin warns again.

He could hear approaching footsteps.

Suddenly, the door to the medical records department opens.

"Sh*t!" Tyler curses.

[Chapter 40 An Excellent Hacker](#)

"Sh*t! Get down!" Tyler hurriedly places Tony's file back where he took it and lies on the floor.

Austin follows suit, and they both pretend to be unconscious.

Noticing that the light was on inside the records department, a security guard returning from the washroom stopped in his tracks.

A frown etches on his face.

He is pretty sure the lights were off barely ten minutes ago.

He notices the door is slightly ajar also.

What the hell?

He pushes the door wider and steps inside.

He stops in his tracks, glancing at the two nurses lying on the floor, unmoving.

Are they dead?

He moves closer and bends lower, trying to have a better look.

They are still breathing.

Thank God.

Maybe he should call for help.

Before he can grab his walkie-talkie, Tyler opens his eyes.

With a swift calculated move, he punches the guard's temple with sufficient force, causing him to blackout.

This is their chance.

"Come on," Tyler gets up, grabs Tony's file again and takes pictures of all the pages.

He would study them thoroughly.

Perhaps he missed something earlier because he was under pressure.

While returning Tony's file to its original position, he throws the key the nurse had given them at Austin.

"Open the door while I put this back,"

Swiftly, Austin catches the key and proceeds to look for a door.

Soon, he finds a door at the end of the room, behind one of the many shelves.

Squeezing himself into the tiny space between the door and shelf, he inserts the key into the hole and twists it, opening the door.

"Tyler! I got it!" he whisper-yells.

Hurriedly, Tyler shuts the door to the records department, just in case someone passes by and sees the guard lying unconscious.

He glances around one last time to be certain they are leaving nothing behind.

Satisfied, he joins Austin and they both exit, following the path the nurse had shown them.

Soon they are at the back entrance of the hospital.

Without wasting time, they exit the hospital, walking casually instead of quickening their pace.

"Why don't you have a f*cking car yet?" Austin growls at his friend as they walk to the roadside to hail a cab.

"I could ask you the same thing," Tyler retorts, rolling his eyes.

"Well, you're the one who's part of a gang. Aren't you supposed to be the one making more money between the two of us?"

"I'm not in any gang, Austin. Stop exaggerating. I work for Alex, and I can quit anytime I please," Tyler flags down an approaching taxi.

"Are you sure?" Austin asks.

He doesn't want to believe Tyler can just up and quit one day when he feels like it.

Alex may look friendly, but Austin knew he was far from that.

He looks like the kind who keeps people around until they are of no use to him.

"Very sure, Austin," Tyler replies, just as the taxi stops in front of them.

He opens the back door and settles in.

"If you say so," Austin mutters, climbing into the car after him and shutting the door.

Informing the driver where they are heading, the car speeds off.

Once they arrive at Tyler's apartment, Austin snaps at his friend.

"What the hell, Tyler? Is this the plan you had in mind?"

Tyler kicks off his shoes, collapsing on the sofa.

"Relax. It's all good,"

"It's all good, you say? You really think you're made of steel and untouchable, right?"

Tyler shrugs, infuriating Austin the more.

"You're human, Tyler, and not steel. So next time you're planning such stupid missions again, think twice," Austin heads towards the bathroom to get rid of the stress.

"You know, taking into account how many times you sleep here and use my bathroom, I think you should start paying rent," Tyler yells after his friend.

Ignoring him, Austin shut the bathroom door, and soon, he hears the sound of running water.

Sighing, Tyler pulls out his phone from his pocket and turns it on.

He flips through his gallery carefully, trying to understand every word he reads.

But no matter how much he reads, he still can't find any information pertaining to Tony's death.

What the hell is this?

He'd spent money to get his hands on the hospital's schedule.

He spent days going through the files so that he could know each worker's shift duration.

He read through each worker's background information to help him determine which worker was more susceptible to bribes.

He managed to get this far only to find nothing in his quest for discovery.

"Sh*t!" he curses.

"What is it?" Austin exits the bathroom, cleaning his hair with a towel and another wrapped around his waist.

"There's nothing here," Tyler mumbles, frustrated.

"Shit. For real?"

"I don't know how nothing of that sort is written in here,"

"Well, perhaps the doctor who pronounced him dead forgot to document it?" Austin mutters with a sheepish expression etched on his face.

Tyler stares at him in disgust.

"Do you realise the words coming out of your mouth right now?"

"Well, what do you want to do now? This is obviously a sign for you to stop this madness," Austin walks over to the tabletop fridge and picks out a loaf of bread and three eggs.

He's starving.

"What madness are you talking about? I'm sick and tired of being accused of murder. What do I gain by killing Tony?" Tyler questions, irritated.

Sighing, Austin drops the items onto the kitchen counter.

Cracking the eggs into a bowl, he adds a pinch of salt and black pepper.

He's already searched for some vegetables, but Tyler's kitchen and fridge are as empty as the word itself.

What else can he expect from someone who never stays at home?

Oh well, he'd manage.

Placing a pan on fire, he drops a slice of butter and waits for it to melt.

After beating his eggs, he pours them into his heated pan and drops two slices of bread on the cooking egg.

"So what are you going to do now? Since you've refused to give up?" Austin questions, resuming their conversation.

Tyler suddenly perks up as though a brilliant idea has occurred to him.

"If I can't find what I'm searching for in the paper-based medical records, then surely, I'd find it in the electronic records,"

"Meaning?" Austin knows where Tyler is heading with his idea, but he still can't help but ask.

"Meaning, I need to infiltrate the hospital's database. And for that, I'll need a f*cking excellent hacker,"

Austin abandons his eggs on fire, walking back into the living room.

"What?!"

"You heard me. All information about any patient, deceased or alive, will certainly, be in the hospital's database system. If I still do not find what I'm searching for in the database, this will only mean one thing. That someone somewhere is trying to cover up crucial information. As to why someone will try to cover up such information about a dead person, I'll surely get to the bottom of that,"

Tyler states fiercely.