

Devil Lucifer 41

[Chapter 41 Truce](#)

After returning from Radford University, Chrissy decided to inform Ron about the development of things.

She had no idea how Ron did it, but the school had contacted her early this morning to inform her she could return to school.

He had also secured her an apartment inside an apartment complex.

The apartment complex is barely a fifteen-minute walk from the school.

She exits the room she's occupying for the meantime and heads upstairs, where she knows Ron spends most of his time when he is at home.

After climbing the stairs, she sees Ron shaking hands with three men, all dressed in suits.

"It was great doing business with you, Mr Thurman. We love the house," One of the visitors says.

"Likewise. And I'm glad you liked the house," Ron replies.

With one last handshake, the men turn, walking towards the stairs.

Chrissy watches them descend the stairs, walking until they exit through the main gate.

She turns to face Ron, biting her lips.

Chrissy is curious about the men who just left, but she doesn't want to overstep her boundaries by prying.

"Can I help you, Chrissy?" Ron's voice snaps her out of her reverie.

She blinks, closing the distance between them.

"Uh, no. I wanted to inform you that I just returned from school. They contacted me this morning,"

"That's great. You'll be leaving for school on Monday,"

"Yes, thank you very much, Ron. I don't know how I could ever repay you,"

Ron smiles.

"You can pay me back by finding that person for me,"

Chrissy nods.

She will find that person, no matter where they have hidden.

"I will. I promise,"

Ron nods, satisfied by her enthusiasm.

Tyler watches Austin getting ready for classes.

He grumbles profanities under his breath while getting out of bed.

Why is schooling such a hassle?

Rubbing his eyes, he makes his way toward the bathroom, hearing his stomach rumble loudly.

He stops in his tracks and turns to glare at Austin.

Austin raises an eyebrow.

"What?"

"You burnt the eggs last night. I had to sleep on an empty stomach," he accuses.

"It wasn't my fault. Your idea was so ludicrous it distracted me. Besides, what makes you think I was cooking for you?"

"Firstly, those were eggs from my fridge. So it's right that I have a bite, don't you think?"

"Oh my God, just go and bath. You stink," Austin rolls his eyes.

Giving him the middle finger, Tyler enters the bathroom.

After both friends have gotten ready, they head toward the school.

"Did you forward the nurse's money to him?" Austin questions just before they part ways to their various classes.

"Yeah. He'll be delivering the clothes we changed out of yesterday through a dispatch rider," Tyler replies, adjusting his bag on his shoulder.

"Okay, good." Austin nods, satisfied.

"Alright, see you later," Tyler heads towards his class, but not before sending a quick text message to Lucinda.

Unfortunately, he has two classes today, which pushes their meeting time towards the evening.

Exhausted, Tyler exits the hall before anyone else, hurrying out of campus.

He badly wants to cancel his plans with Lucinda, but then again, the f*cking project has to be completed, lest they get an F.

It's been almost a week, and they haven't started yet.

He gets to his apartment to find Lucinda seated on the porch, waiting for him.

He had proposed they work at his apartment since he had cleared a room solely for sculpting. All the tools they would need were available also.

"Well, hello there,"

Looking up, Lucinda rolls her eyes.

She doesn't say a word, waiting for him to unlock his door.

"Come in, baby doll," Tyler grins mischievously, holding the door for her like a gentleman.

"Aren't you such a gentleman," she retorts sarcastically, sidestepping him into the room.

Being back inside his house after several weeks gives her a sense of nostalgia.

She'd shared a passionate kiss with Tyler in this house, albeit he wasn't in his right mind.

Could she still refer to it as a passionate kiss?

"Concentrate, Lucinda," she chides herself.

"Before we start, I need to eat first," Tyler drops his bag, fishing out for his phone to order some food.

After a while, he pockets his phone and claps his hands loudly.

"Alright. It'll take a while for the food to get here. In the meantime, let's go to my room of art, as I like to

call it,"

Lucinda follows him into his famous Room of Art.

To her astonishment, it looks like a professional's workplace.

She heads over to the shelves to take a look at the tools he had available.

She finds an acrylic roller, a sharp knife, modelling tools, wet and dry sandpaper, and a tool organizer.

There is an empty workspace in the middle of the room, and on the floor, inside a large basin, is polymer clay.

In the corner of the room are two erected drawing boards and stools.

"I made provision for an extra workstation for you too," Tyler says, feeling smug.

"Well, isn't that thoughtful?" she mumbles sarcastically.

"You really are irritating, baby doll," Tyler leans against the wall, crossing his arms over his chest.

"I could say the same for you," she retorts.

"And why is that?" Tyler leans away from the wall, approaching her.

"You tell me, Tyler Brown,"

"Well, if I recall perfectly, I was living a peaceful and fulfilled life until you decided to show up, wrecking my peace,"

Lucinda gapes at him.

"You harassed me in my own apartment!"

"You can't blame me. I thought you were Mandy,"

"Bullsh*t! Mandy and I are nothing alike. Don't tell me you're so blind that you can't tell us apart!"

"Fine, my bad,"

"That's no way to apologise to someone," she crosses her arms, annoyed.

"If you want me to say sorry to you, then you've also got a sh*tload of apologies to give me, don't you think?"

"What?"

Tyler is in front of her.

Their faces are inches apart.

"You slapped me in public more than twice. You falsely accused me and poured your juice on me in public. The list is endless,"

"You also accused me of having a threesome with you and giving you gonorrhoea. You ruined my date, and Caleb ghosted me after that!"

Tyler smirks, hearing that.

"At least something good came out of it. That Caleb guy or whatever his name is doesn't deserve you,"

"And who does? You?" Lucinda retorts.

Tyler smirks, closing the distance between them.

Instinctively, Lucinda backs away.

But he advances toward her while she continues to back away until her back hits the wall.

Tyler leans closer, rubbing his nose against hers.

He places both hands on the wall on either side of her head, trapping her.

"I guess we have done each other dirty then," he whispers, ignoring her earlier question.

"I suggest we call it a truce then," he adds.

"Truce?" Lucinda questions breathingly.

Tyler's too close for comfort.

His hot breath is fanning her face.

And his lips.

If she moves an inch, they will kiss.

"Yes, truce," Tyler affirms.

[Chapter 42 I Could Strip For You](#)

Lucinda cocks her head to the side, staring at him.

"We aren't calling it a truce until you apologise for harassing me," she tells him.

Tyler raises an eyebrow.

"You also harassed me. But you don't see me complaining, do you?"

Her eyes grow wide as saucers.

"I harassed you? That's ridiculous!"

"Oh? Shall I refresh your memory?" he taps a finger on her temple.

She stares up at him defiantly.

"Remember when you kissed me while I was sick and barely conscious?"

Lucinda gapes at him incredulously.

"You know that's a lie!"

"Oh yeah? Then what's the truth?" Tyler counters.

"You... I f*cking hate you! You infuriate me!" she fumes, hitting his chest, but he doesn't budge.

Tyler smirks knowingly.

"I know. I love infuriating you. It gives me joy,"

Rolling her eyes, Lucinda pushes him away. Hence, putting distance between them.

Finally, she can breathe.

His close proximity and cologne were messing with her senses.

She takes in a deep breath.

"It's getting late, so if we want to make progress, we need to make a headstart," she informs him, walking over to sit on one of the stools.

"Are you going to show me what you have in mind? Tomorrow's a Friday, and we haven't started yet. After tomorrow, we'll have two weeks left to complete the project. With that being said, will you work

with me, or will you keep standing there like a statue with that stupid smirk plastered on your face right now?"

Tyler occupies the seat next to her, sighing dramatically.

"You talk a lot, baby doll," he lifts a finger to flick her nose when she slaps his hand away aggressively.

"Keep your hands to yourself!"

"Or perhaps, they could be elsewhere right now," he winks.

It takes a while for Lucinda to understand the double meaning behind his words, and when she does, she blushes profusely.

"You're so shameless," she looks away.

Chuckling, Tyler flips the blank sheet on his drawing board, revealing another sheet underneath.

He gestures to the board.

"This is my idea. It's fine if you don't like it. We can come up with something else,"

Lucinda's eyes widen at the sketch on the sheet.

"This is magnificent. Do you think we can pull this off?"

Tyler bites his lips,

"If we burn the midnight candle, yes. Do you think you can do that?"

"If you don't irritate me too much, I guess so," she mumbles, causing Tyler to laugh.

"I can't promise that, baby doll. Anyway, what do you think?"

"It's beautiful, Tyler. You're not as dumb as I thought. Kudos," she grins, watching him roll his eyes.

"Well, shall we begin?"

Before Lucinda can reply to him, the doorbell rings.

"That must be the delivery guy," Tyler walks out of the room and heads for the door.

Opening the door, he accepts the meal and pays the delivery guy.

He occupies a seat at the dining table and unboxes the meal.

Lucinda watches as he digs into his food as though he's starved for weeks.

"You're so mannerless that you can't even invite me," she snorts.

"Well, would you have joined me if I had invited you?" he stops amidst chewing to ask.

"No way,"

"Then why did you bring that up in the first place?"

"It's considered manners,"

"Well, sorry to disappoint, but I don't have such manners,"

"Clearly," Lucinda retorts and turns to leave, but not before telling him to hurry up so they can commence their project.

After eating, Tyler clears the dining table and throws the food packaging into the trash. As he turns to join Lucinda in his room of art, the doorbell rings again. He retraces his steps to answer the door.

"Tyler Brown?" the man behind the door asks.

"Yes, can I help you?" Tyler replies as the man stretches forth his hand, revealing a box.

"This is yours, sir,"

Curiously, Tyler accepts the box before signing.

"Thank you," the delivery guy turns away, disappearing from his line of sight.

Shutting the door behind him, Tyler proceeds to unwrap the box.

Inside the box are the clothes he and Austin left at the hospital after changing into shrubs.

Sighing in relief, he puts the box away and sends a quick message to the nurse he had bribed, informing him the clothes have arrived.

After that, he joins Lucinda in the room of art.

She is staring at his sketch intently.

She looks up when he enters.

"What are you doing?" he questions, nearing her.

"I was just studying the sketch," she replies

"Can't get over how smart I am, can you," he smirks, to which she rolls her eyes.

Why can't a minute go by without that stupid smirk of his making appearance?

She rolls her eyes in annoyance, getting down from the stool.

"You make me roll my eyes so much that sometimes I fear I'll go blind," she mutters sarcastically, nearing the marble slab working surface mounted in the centre of the room.

Tyler chuckles, pocketing his hands.

"Don't go blind yet, baby doll. You still have a lot to see on this magnificent body of mine,"

Lucinda snorts, bending over to grab a handful of polymer clay.

"Oh my God, get out. You're so full of yourself. No one wants to see that body. It's not in the least bit attractive,"

"Would you like to test that theory?"

With the clay in hand, Lucinda snorts again, shaking her head.

He is so cocky it's unbearable.

Rolling the clay into a ball, she places it on the marble slab and begins to knead it.

Tyler nears her, crouching lower so that he is at the same height as her.

"I could strip for you. It'll be easier to test that theory, don't you agree?" Tyler's warm breath fans against her ear, causing her to shudder.

She hadn't realised he was behind her.

Lucinda gulps, a strange feeling climbing up her toes and settling at her chest area.

She flinches slightly when Tyler's arms suddenly encircle her, trapping her between his body and the marble slab.

"What are you doing?" her voice comes out breathy.

"Helping you," he whispers in her ears, encircling his hands around her small ones.

Clasping his hands around hers, he guides her to knead the polymer clay.

"If you want the clay to become soft faster, you have to knead it like dough,"

Lucinda doesn't reply.

She seems to have suddenly lost her voice.

The room is filled with utter silence as they knead the clay until it's at the desired softness.

"There. Now it's ready to be used," Tyler tells her, his breath fanning against her ears.

Still trapped between his body and the marble slab, Lucinda turns her head to thank him when her forehead bumps against his chin.

Startled, she lifts her head to stare at him, suddenly dumbstruck.

He is staring down at her, an unreadable expression on his face.

This is the second time he's rendered her speechless in less than thirty minutes.

Involuntarily, Lucinda's eyes travel to his lips.

They look moist, she observes.

It isn't her fault.

With their awkward position, her eyes can only stare at his lips without her having to strain them.

It's not like she wants to kiss him or anything like that.

"Do you want me to kiss you?" Tyler asks suddenly, snapping her out of her thoughts.

She blinks, realising she has been staring at his lips far too long.

"W...what?"

With a triumphant smirk, Tyler lets go of her hands that were still holding the clay and flicks her nose, an action that is becoming frequent, she realises.

"I asked if you'd like me to kiss you," his voice is merely above a whisper.

They stare at each other.

[Chapter 43 Aftermath Of Sex](#)

Lucinda stares at him in a daze, unable to voice an answer.

It seemed like Tyler had frozen her in time or bewitched her.

When he gets no response from her, Tyler smirks, letting his fingers travel up her arm so lightly it gives her goosebumps.

She shudders, feeling powerless under his scrutinizing gaze.

She watches him like a hawk as he nears her, closing the little distance between them.

He lowers his head as if to kiss her, but surprisingly, Tyler moves to her neck instead.

His lips brush over her collarbone.

A moan lodges in her throat, threatening to come out.

That is a sensitive spot.

She has to stop this.

She hates Tyler

So why the f*ck isn't she stopping him?

Is it because a part of her wants him?

No.

No, Lucinda.

You can't like him.

You can't want him, she screams mentally.

"You smell so good," Tyler whispers suddenly, lifting his head.

He rubs his nose against hers.

What is his obsession with her nose?

Lucinda gasps when Tyler suddenly grabs her slender waist.

Before she can react, he seals his lips with hers, swallowing her words.

The moment their lips connect, Lucinda loses her sense of reasoning.

She forgets about the internal battle she was fighting a second earlier.

Tyler kisses her fervently and hungrily, gripping her waist tighter.

Overwhelmed, Lucinda wraps her arms around his neck, kissing him back with as much passion.

Neither knew how long they kissed, but soon, Tyler wanted more.

He lifts Lucinda off the floor and places her on the marble slab, pushing the kneaded clay onto the floor.

Their heavy breathing fills the room as they continue to kiss hungrily.

Tyler's hands leave her waist, travelling up her arms.

He unzips her dress from behind, letting it pool around her waist.

Lucinda doesn't stop him.

Neither does she stop him when he unhooks her bra and throws it away.

Her sense of reasoning seems to have disappeared into thin air.

She moans into his mouth when he cups her right breast, kneading it expertly, tweaking her nipple between his fingers.

She wiggles uncomfortably, feeling wetness pool between her legs.

She needs him.

She wants him.

Why?

Her brain couldn't come up with an answer.

Perhaps it is because it's been a while since she's been with a man.

Maybe she is sex-starved.

Or it is a magnetic force pulling her to him.

A part of her knows regret would set in later, but as stated earlier, her brain has stopped functioning.

Tyler tweaks her nipple while nibbling on her collarbone with such expertise that it drives her to the brink of insanity.

Lucinda's hands aren't idle either for long.

Noticing that he is still fully clothed, she tugs at his shirt and rips it open, sending buttons flying everywhere.

Tyler freezes suddenly, realising that his condoms are in his bedroom.

He shakes his head, pulls away from Lucinda and carries her.

He resumes kissing her, not stopping even when he begins to walk with her toward his bedroom.

He knows his way around his apartment like the back of his hand.

And he could easily walk around with the lights out.

Reaching his bedroom door, Tyler kicks the door open and walks inside, dropping Lucinda on the bed.

He joins her a millisecond later, discarding the rest of her clothing, leaving her stark naked beneath him.

Tyler's hand travels between her thighs, finding her sensitive bud immediately, while his other hand massages her breasts.

Lucinda moans at the feeling of his fingers in her most sensitive area.

Expertly, Tyler's fingers part her flesh, revealing her bud.

He begins to stroke her bud so slowly that it drives her insane.

She wants more.

"Ty..."

Tyler cuts Lucinda off, covering her mouth with his.

He kisses her harshly.

He doesn't want her moaning his name.

Words aren't needed at this point.

Because when reality comes crashing down like a bucket of cold water, there would be no turning back.

This was just sex and nothing else.

They are two h*rny adults having mutual sex.

That's all there is to it; Nothing more, nothing less.

No strings attached.

Suddenly, Tyler stops the movement between her thighs and stretches his hand, grabbing a condom from the bedside table.

Still kissing her, he rips the condom open and sheaths himself, positioning himself above her.

Lucinda wraps her legs around his waist, silently giving him the go-ahead.

He enters her suddenly in one swift thrust.

Lucinda's back arches off the bed, letting out a moan, gripping onto his shoulders for support.

Tyler pulls out, only to slam back in, but this time with force.

Lucinda's leg quivers from pleasure.

Another moan escapes her.

Tyler kisses her, drinking her moans.

For some reason, her moans sound like music to his ears.

Her moans seem to ignite something in him, and he hates it.

He hated that he wanted to hear her moan and call out his name.

And so he kisses her fervently, biting on her lower lip.

He sends in his tongue, invading her mouth, tasting her, drinking from her.

She tastes like citrus, probably because she loves drinking orange juice.

She must have drank some before coming to meet him.

Tyler pulls out, slamming back in, again and again, until his thighs begin to slap against hers, creating a rhythmic sound.

Their silent moans fill the room. There is nothing but erotic sounds invading the atmosphere.

Lucinda's legs begin to quiver.

Tyler wouldn't stop kissing her.

One of his hands kneads her breasts while he slams into her mercilessly.

Her senses are in overdrive.

Pressure begins to build from the tip of her toes.

It travels up her legs and settles in the pit of her stomach.

Tyler's breathing soon increases along with his thrusts.

Lucinda moans into his mouth, scratching his back with her nails.

More, she thinks.

She wants more.

She needs more.

Instinctively, her hips lift on their own accord, meeting Tyler's thrusts halfway.

"F*ck!" Her actions catch Tyler off-guard.

He grabs Lucinda's thighs and pins them down, slamming into her harshly, without mercy.

Lucinda suddenly freezes, pleasure overtaking her body.

Her legs quiver as she lets go, clinging onto him for dear life.

Stars blind her vision as she comes down from her high, breathing heavily.

Tyler collapses beside her a moment later.

They lay side by side in silence, the aftermath of sex washing over them like a bucket of cold water, plunging them back to reality.

After catching his breath, Tyler gets out of bed naked. He grabs his briefs and wears them.

Startled, Lucinda sits up.

"Where are you going?" she questions, dreading the answer.

Tyler glances at her, his eyes travelling down her stomach.

A twelve-inch scar runs along the side of her stomach, just above her ribs.

Is that a surgery scar?

Why didn't he notice it before? Probably, because he was occupied with other things.

"We still haven't started the project work, remember?" he replies, looking away from the scar.

Stunned, Lucinda stares at him, utterly dumbfounded.

"I.. thought.." she trails off.

"You thought what?" Tyler puts on his jeans, zipping them.

Lucinda had no idea what she was about to say either.

Of all things, she didn't expect him to get up and get dressed casually after having sex as though this was some hookup.

"You thought I'd lie beside you and cuddle or some shit? I'm sorry, but I don't cuddle. Please get dressed. It's getting late," he tells her, discarding the used condom.

"Are you throwing me out?"

Is he throwing her out after sleeping with her barely two minutes ago?

She knows this was just sex with no strings attached, but why does his indifference still not hurt any less?

[Chapter 44 Tony's Anniversary](#)

Lucinda tosses on the bed.

She barely slept a wink the entire night.

As to why she couldn't sleep, that much is obvious.

At five am, she gets out of bed to make herself a cup of coffee, deciding that trying to sleep at this point is futile.

Rubbing her eyes, she walks into the kitchen and grabs a can of ground coffee.

She pours water into the coffee maker's reservoir and some ground coffee into the filter.

While waiting for her coffee to brew, she takes a box of sugar cubes and milk from the fridge.

When her coffee is ready, she pours herself a cup, deciding last minute to make a second cup.

The sound of running water in the bathroom proves that Mandy's also awake.

After adding a couple of sugar cubes, she pours in some milk and stirs each cup of coffee.

With each cup in hand, she enters the bedroom to find Mandy seated behind the dressing table, looking miserable.

Sighing, Lucinda hands her a cup.

"Here, I made you coffee,"

"Thank you," Mandy mumbles, accepting the cup.

Silence envelops the room like a dark cloud as both friends sit, sipping their coffees without utterance.

"Today is Tony's anniversary," Mandy announces after a while, glancing down at her fingers.

Lucinda lets out a sigh.

She knows.

"I know," she replies softly.

They fall into silence again.

"How are you coping, Mandy?" Lucinda questions after a while.

Mandy shrugs, chuckling humorlessly.

"What do you think?"

"It doesn't get any better, Mandy, but I can tell you that it gets easier," Lucinda tells her.

Mandy doesn't reply.

Instead, she sips the last bit of her coffee and gets up, heading toward the wardrobe.

She searches through her clothes, finding a knee-length black long-sleeved dress.

Removing the hanger holding the dress in place, she lays the dress on the bed and turns to stare at Lucinda.

"Will you accompany me to buy some wreaths for Tony's grave?" she asks.

Lucinda doesn't hesitate to reply,

"Sure. I'll go and get ready,"

She picks up the empty cups and drops them in the kitchen sink.

She returns to the bedroom to grab a towel.

Not minding Mandy's presence in the room, she strips naked and wraps the towel around her body.

"What's that on your neck?" Mandy suddenly questions, startling Lucinda.

Confused, Lucinda approaches the mirror and gazes at her neck, her eyes widening.

There are red marks on her neck.

Hickeys.

Tyler gave her hickeys last night.

She is so sure there are more on her chest area.

She blinks, turning away.

"Uh, just a mosquito bite. I couldn't resist scratching it," She lies.

Mandy nods absentmindedly, buying her lies.

Lucinda rushes into the bathroom to take her bath.

At six-thirty, both friends leave their apartment for the flower shop.

Upon arrival, they spend nearly thirty minutes finding the wreath they desire because Mandy is picky about the colours.

After an endless back and forth, Mandy buys two wreaths after her inability to decide between both.

After purchasing the wreaths, they hail a taxi to the cemetery.

Once they arrive, Lucinda follows Mandy silently, walking past the graves until they arrive at Tony's.

TONY ANDERSON.

10th October 1993 to 14th February 2018.

The headstone reads.

Lucinda stands a few feet from Mandy, giving her space to mourn.

A fresh orchid flower lies on the tombstone, she notices.

Someone must have been here before their arrival.

She watches Mandy brush away dead leaves off the concrete tombstone with her hands before placing both wreaths on them.

Mandy sinks to the ground, sitting on the concrete, staring into space.

Lucinda can't hear her crying, but her heaving shoulders are more than enough proof that she is.

It was awkward for Lucinda since she didn't know him, nor did she know what Tony looked like.

After standing for a while, Lucinda's phone suddenly rings. Glancing at the phone's screen, she frowns at the caller ID.

With her back to Mandy, she walks a few feet further to answer the call.

After her call, she returns to find Mandy glancing around her nervously.

Lucinda pockets her phone, approaching her friend.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah," Mandy sniffs, rubbing her eyes which were now puffy and red from excessive crying.

"I had a feeling someone was watching me. It must be my imagination, don't mind me, Luci," Mandy brushes it off.

"Are you sure?" Lucinda isn't convinced.

"Yes. Listen, I don't want to keep you here. You can leave. I want to stay for a while," Mandy tells her.

"Will you be alright?"

"Yes. Go on. I'll see you soon, okay?"

"Okay, take care," Lucinda pulls Mandy in for a brief hug and then turns to leave the cemetery.

Sighing, Mandy settles back on the tombstone, pulling out an album full of pictures she took with Tony during their fleeting time together.

Upon reaching the roadside, Lucinda hails a cab and directs the driver towards Tyler's apartment.

She bites her lips, dreading meeting him again after last night's encounter.

Suddenly, she begins to reminisce about what transpired after their unplanned sexual encounter.

FLASHBACK

"Are you throwing me out?" Lucinda gapes at Tyler.

"No. I'm reminding you that it's getting late. So, quickly dressed so that we can start something on the project,"

Lucinda sat on the bed, spiting herself for not stopping Tyler before they took it too far.

But now, it's too late for regrets.

Tyler exits the bedroom and returns with her clothes in hand.

He drops them on the bed and exits again, giving her privacy.

Privacy.

Lucinda chuckles darkly.

What good would privacy do when he had already seen her nakedness?

Sighing, she gets dressed and exits the bedroom to find Tyler leaning against the wall, smoking casually.

Lucinda scrunches her nose and walks into the room of art.

Looking around briefly, she finds the piece of kneaded clay, picks it up and drops it on top of the rest of the polymer clay kept inside a basin.

She walks to the shelves and picks up a roll of 12 gauge aluminium ground wire and a packet of tin foil.

Walking back to the marble slab surface, she drops her items and begins to unroll the amount she needs.

She cuts off the wire with pliers and puts the rest of the wire on the shelf.

She commences work on the wire, twisting and bending to create her desired shape.

She forces herself not to think about what she and Tyler had been doing on this very marble slab barely an hour ago.

Tyler walks in after snuffing out his cigarette.

"What are you doing?"

"Making an armature," she replies monotonously.

The armature is important as that will help them build their sculpture around it.

Tyler watches in silence as Lucinda makes the armature.

Once she finishes making it, she grabs the tin foil and wraps it around the armature.

"The armature is completed. I'll come by tomorrow to start building the sculpture," Lucinda turns away, grabbing her bag from the floor.

"I'll escort you," Tyler offers.

"No, thanks," she refuses, walking out before he can say another word.

END OF FLASHBACK.

"Ma'am, we're here," The driver's voice snaps Lucinda out of her reverie.

She blinks rapidly, nodding at the driver.

She quickly pays him and alights.

And yet, another day of working with Tyler Brown.

She sighs, walking towards his apartment.

She better keeps her emotions in check this time around.

[Chapter 45 Disappointed](#)

Upon arrival at Tyler's front door, Lucinda rings the doorbell. While waiting for the door to be answered, she grips her bag tightly, willing her beating heart to be calm.

Why is she feeling this way all of a sudden?

Was the sex so good that it's messing up with her brains?

No, Lucinda.

Forget that you two were ever intimate, she scolds herself.

This would go nowhere.

Whatever she thinks she feels right now would go nowhere.

It will amount to nothing.

Tyler isn't that kind of guy.

He isn't capable of giving her love if she ever wanted it someday.

He isn't capable of loving, and neither is she.

She better stop letting the sex get to her head.

Interact with him and pretend you never had sex, she tries to convince herself.

It was just sex, nothing else.

Nothing else.

The door opens to reveal a shirtless Tyler.

He smirks at her, allowing her entry.

"Hello there, baby doll,"

Lucinda walks in, ignoring his commentary.

Tyler closes the door behind him.

"Can we begin?" she questions.

"Why the rush? The project isn't going anywhere if we stall for a bit,"

Lucinda faces him.

"Today is Friday, Tyler. We have two more weeks to complete the project. So I'd rather go and start working while you keep stalling here,"

She turns, heading toward the room of art.

Everything is still the same, except she realises there's an additional armature next to the one she built yesterday.

And both armatures are mounted on a round wooden base.

She also realises the armature she built yesterday has been polished.

They look better and more refined than the ones she made yesterday.

Dropping her bag, Lucinda grabs a handful of polymer clay and begins to knead it till it becomes soft.

She begins to roll the clay into a ball.

She then fixes the rolled clay on the armature.

Tyler joins her soon after.

Without a word, he also takes a handful of clay and begins to knead, adding more clay little by little until it's at his desired weight.

For more than two hours, they work in silence.

After three hours, Lucinda drops the clay she was kneading with a tired sigh.

Rubbing the back of her stiff neck, she picks up her bag from the floor, flinging it over her shoulder.

"I have to get ready for class tonight. We'll continue tomorrow," Lucinda tells Tyler.

"See you in class, baby doll,"

Lucinda ignores him, exiting.

Lucinda arrives at her apartment and realises Mandy is still not back yet. Worried, she sends her a message, asking about her whereabouts.

She changes into black leggings and a yellow crop-top, discarding her bra, and heads into the kitchen.

While prepping ingredients in the kitchen, her phone chimes. Dropping the knife she is holding, Lucinda checks her phone.

It's a message from Mandy, telling her not to worry and that she is visiting some of her and Tony's favourite places.

She replies to Mandy before tucking her phone away, resuming her prepping.

After prepping her ingredients, she places a utensil on fire, adds some oil and waits for it to heat up.

When the oil heats up, she adds her sliced onions, ginger and garlic paste. While frying, Lucinda's mind travels back to the previous day.

"You smell so good," she can hear Tyler's voice as clear as day inside her head.

She can still feel his lips on her collarbone, his hands sliding over her chest, grabbing her breast and tweaking her n*pple.

"F*ck, Lucinda! Concentrate!" she groans, adding in her chopped tomatoes quickly.

Her onions were almost burning.

"Dammit," she mutters, rubbing her forehead.

Why can't she suddenly think straight?

Tyler isn't the first man she's been with, so what's different now?

Shaking her head vigorously in a desperate attempt to rid herself of the images, she stirs her pot of stew harshly.

Forty minutes later, Lucinda turns off the stove, stirring her pot of jollof rice.

She grabs a plate to dish some food when the doorbell suddenly rings.

Groaning in frustration, she drops her plate.

Who the hell can it be?

Grumbling profanities, she exits the kitchen and answers the door.

Surprise courses through her when she opens the door.

Tyler stood in front of her, smirking.

"You?"

"The one and only," he remarks, sidestepping her into the apartment.

Lucinda closes the door.

"What are you doing here?" she crosses her arms over her chest, pushing her breasts up in the process.

Tyler notices it.

Her pert n*pples are visible through her see-through shirt.

"Am I not allowed to come here?" he asks, nearing her.

"Not without permission," she tells him.

"Hmm, I had no idea. I'll consider asking for your permission next time," Tyler purses his lips, stopping in front of her.

He gazes down at her.

"What are you doing here?" Lucinda repeats her question, appearing unfazed by his close proximity.

"You dropped this while leaving my apartment. You were in such a hurry you didn't hear me calling after you," Tyler holds up a Nokia 3310 phone, dangling it.

Lucinda's eyes widen.

"Who would have thought that the little prim and proper Lucinda has a second phone, which, may I add, is outdated," he grins.

"Give me that,"

"Lucinda..." he trails off.

"What's your last name?" he asks suddenly.

"Why do you care?" she retorts, and he shrugs.

"If you don't tell me, I'm not giving you back your phone,"

"Quit playing around and give me back my phone!"

"Tell me," he insists.

"Why do you care?" she narrows her eyes at him.

"Fine. I guess I'll be keeping this phone then,"

"Reynolds. It's Lucinda Reynolds,"

"See? It wasn't that difficult, was it?"

"The phone," she glares at him.

"Take it," Tyler grins, raising the phone above his head.

Lucinda stands on her tiptoe, struggling to snatch the phone.

"I didn't realise you're so short," he teases.

"I'm five foot three!" she stomps her foot, causing Tyler to chuckle.

"Still short, like a dwarf,"

Irritated, Lucinda jumps, attempting to snatch the phone, causing her lips to brush over his.

She freezes momentarily, the taste of his lips from yesterday flooding back.

They stare at each other, frozen.

Suddenly, Tyler grips her waist, pulling her closer.

The sexual tension between them is palpable, cutting through the air like a knife.

He kisses her.

Lucinda doesn't stop him.

She kisses him back, tasting his lips.

Tyler lifts Lucinda off the floor, carrying her to the couch in the living room. He wastes no time pulling off her top and sliding her leggings down.

He hovers over her, latching on her right n*pple, swirling his tongue over it.

Lucinda moans.

Tyler doesn't spend time on foreplay like yesterday. Foreplay was never his thing. But with Lucinda, it seems to come naturally.

He doesn't like it, so he leaves her nipples and captures her lips, kissing her.

All the while, he had pulled his pants down and sheathed himself with a c*ndom from his pocket.

He enters her swiftly.

Lucinda moans into his mouth, wrapping her legs around his waist.

Tyler increases his pace, slamming into her steadily.

Before long, they both reach their climax. Tyler collapses on top of Lucinda, breathing heavily.

He rolls off her a while later and gets up.

He heads into her bathroom to clean himself up and returns later, zipping his pants.

Lucinda still lay on the couch, dazed.

Did she just have sex with him?

Again?

What the f*ck are you doing, Lucinda?

She lowers her head, disappointed in herself.

[Chapter 46 Godforsaken Family](#)

Tyler left Lucinda's apartment shortly after they slept together.

Begrudgingly, Lucinda forces herself out of the couch to take a shower and eat some dinner before leaving for her art class that evening.

By then, Mandy still hasn't returned, so she locks the apartment on her way out.

Now here she is, seated in the lecture hall and unable to pay attention to the lecturer.

To make matters worse, Tyler is seated beside her, paying rapt attention and even jotting down notes.

Two times after having sex and Tyler hasn't mentioned anything about it.

It's like it never happened.

Lucinda looks down at her blank jotter, pitying herself.

She has no one to blame but herself.

She knew what she was getting into when she slept with him the second time.

Come to think of it, why is she troubled?

Just like Tyler, she doesn't want a relationship, so what is the problem here.

It is just sex, nothing else.

Yes, she concludes.

She can have sex as many times as she wants with no strings attached.

She and Tyler are worlds apart.

There is no way a relationship between them would work.

Besides, Tyler is too much of an arrogant pr*ck to be a suitable boyfriend.

He probably sucks at being a boyfriend.

Ha!

After a flimsy job of convincing herself, Lucinda picks up her pen and begins to pay attention.

After lectures, Tyler is the first to leave.

He seemed to be in a hurry.

Lucinda also gathers her books, stuffing them into her bag.

On her way out of campus, she spots Caleb a few feet away.

His back is facing her as he's engrossed in a conversation with someone.

Lucinda doesn't bother to get his attention. Instead, she walks past him without him seeing her.

If on their first date, he was able to ditch and ghost her just because of frivolous accusations Tyler levelled against her, then he doesn't deserve her.

And to think he still ignored her after she sent him numerous messages explaining that it was just a revenge prank from Tyler.

She had given him too much time of the day.

Shaking her head, she exits the campus grounds.

Lucinda arrives at the apartment and realises the door is unlocked.

Entering, she finds Mandy curled up into a ball on the bed, her eyes looking worse than they did in the morning.

Dropping her bag and kicking off her shoes, she joins her friend on the bed, wrapping a comforting arm around her.

Lucinda's actions seem to have broken a dam inside her as Mandy bursts out crying, burying her face in Lucinda's chest.

Lucinda lets her cry on her chest to her heart's content.

After a while, Mandy pulls away, sniffing. She sits up, propping herself against the headboard. Lucinda mirrors her actions.

"I'm sorry. I ruined your dress,"

"It's okay. It doesn't stain," Lucinda brushes it off.

"I miss him," she mumbles, blowing her nose with a handkerchief.

"That's perfectly understandable, Mandy. It's okay to miss him as much as you want,"

They fall into silence after that, neither saying a word for minutes.

"Would you like to talk about him?" Lucinda asks, breaking the silence.

Mandy shrugs.

"All I can say is, he was very rebellious. He never obeyed rules. It's like he always got a kick from doing things contrary to the rules,"

Mandy pauses, continuing a breath after.

"He had a brother who was just as rebellious as him. I haven't seen him for almost a year. He probably hates me. I mean, I would hate myself too. I had Tony, who loved me unconditionally, yet I cheated on him with his friend. I was obsessed with his friend. How f*cked up is that? If I hadn't cheated, then maybe Tony wouldn't have confronted Tyler, and they wouldn't have fought, resulting in his death,"

"Why are you so sure that Tony fought with Tyler because of you?" Lucinda questions.

"Why else would they fight? They were the closest of friends,"

Even the closest of friends fight all the time.

Lucinda wants to say but keeps her mouth shut.

It's clear that Mandy has formed this perfect image of Tony in her head and is unwilling to accept otherwise.

She is very convinced that Tyler killed Tony.

Yet, Tyler is still walking around scot-free.

Why did she never arrest him

if he's indeed a murderer?

Does she perhaps doubt that Tyler killed him?

Is her accusation purely based on Tony's words?

Or Is it her guilty conscience causing all this?

Well.

What else is she supposed to believe apart from what her dying boyfriend confessed?

Can a dying man still lie?

Lucinda sighs.

She's never met Tony, so she has no right to judge him.

She decides not to dwell on it.

"You look exhausted. Why don't you go to bed early?" Lucinda suggests.

"Hmm," Mandy mumbles, settling back into bed, curling herself into a ball.

Lucinda drapes a duvet over Mandy as she sleeps.

She then heads to the front door to lock it.

After, she walks into the kitchen and refrigerates the leftover jollof rice. Lucinda then washes the used utensils, after which she makes sure the kitchen is sparkling clean before retiring to bed.

After cleaning the kitchen, she receives a call on her second phone.

She glances at the caller ID, annoyed.

"You should stop calling me so much," she says as soon as she answers the call.

"That's no way to talk to your mother," the female voice replies.

Lucinda snorts.

"Why did you call?"

"To check up on you? Is it a crime to care about my daughter?" her mother questions her.

"You never cared before," Lucinda retorts, ignoring her mother's sharp breath intake.

"For how long are you going to hold that against me?"

"For the rest of my f*cking life, mom. If you think that saying sorry and acting all motherly is going to change the past, you're dead wrong. Sorry just doesn't cut it. Unless, of course, you have a time machine to correct your mistakes from the past. But I reckon you don't have one. Do you?" she snaps.

"Ma..."

"Don't call me that, mom!" Lucinda cuts her mother off sharply.

"Look, Lucinda, I know I'm not a saint, and I'm trying my best to make it up to you. I know it's not my place to say this, but don't you think you're taking this too far? If the school finds out you're using a fake identity, you will get expelled, and you wouldn't be able to complete your studies,"

"Let me worry about that, mom. It's my damn life,"

"Can't you forgive me, my love?" her mother pleads, choking on tears.

"I'll never forgive you, dad and the entire godforsaken family I was so unfortunate to be born into!"

"Luci..."

"It's late, mom. I need to sleep. Bye," Lucinda cuts her mother off, hanging up abruptly.

She tosses the phone aside, her chest heaving with pent-up frustration and anger.

She grips the edge of the marble counter hard, biting her lips to stop herself from screaming.

She has no family.

They are all dead to her.

All of them.

[Chapter 47 In The Wrong Place At The Right Time](#)

Ron pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

He takes two drags and exhales, watching the smoke form into ringlets in the air before disappearing.

He leans back in the chair, rolling the cigarette between his fingers.

He watches the helpless figure on the floor pleading for mercy. He continues to smoke, unperturbed.

"You wronged me a great deal," he tells the man.

Totally bloodied on the floor, the man replies.

"Haven't I paid you back? You took away my mansion, sold it and kept the proceeds. You took my cars and everything else I own. What else is there?"

With a frown, Ron burns out his cigarette with the pad of his thumb and index finger. Discarding it, he gets up, kicking the chair away and approaching the man.

Ron bends to his height and grips him by the jaw, forcing him to look up at him. He digs his nails into the man's jaw, causing him to wince in agony.

"Repeat what you said," he growls.

The man remains mute.

"I said, repeat what you f*cking just said, Johnson!"

"Haven't you realised this isn't just about the money you owe me? You betrayed me. You f*cking betrayed me,"

Surprise flashes in Chris' eyes as he blinks.

"How did... What are you talking about?"

Ron's lips twitch into a nasty grin, an evil glint shining in his eyes.

"You thought I'd never find out, did you? It doesn't matter how many years it takes to hide the truth because I'll still uncover it. Nothing stays hidden forever,"

Chris whimpers.

That incident occurred almost three years ago.

"I didn't mean to betray you. I was only trying to help her escape the hell hole you put her in,"

Ron cocks his head to the side.

"Hell hole, you say? Do you think we put her in a hell hole? That was none of your f*cking business!"

"It was my business, Ron. Because we were friends. You and I were friends,"

"But you loved her, did you not?"

Chris sucks in a breath at that.

He remains mute.

"Did you think I was blind not to notice that you were madly in love with her? Isn't that why you helped her escape? So that she'd be indebted to you and maybe, return your feelings one day?" Ron sneers.

Chris shakes his head vigorously.

"No! That was not my intention, I swear. I did what I did with a clean heart, without expecting anything in return. I was trying to help her before you killed her,"

Ron squeezes Chris's jaw harder.

"Kill her? We were trying to protect her, for f*cks sake! You made her accessible to our enemies by letting her go, dammit!" He shouts.

"You were protecting her from the same enemies you created, isn't that right?"

Ron grits his teeth in anger, his lips twitching.

"You know nothing, Chris. Nothing,"

Chris sighs.

"I may know nothing, but I know this much. Your way of protecting her was wrong. You only made her hate you the more,"

Angry, Ron releases him, pushing him to the ground.

He kicks him in the abdomen several times, not stopping until a man walks into the basement.

"There's a woman here looking for you, Mr Thurman," the man informs.

Panting, Ron steps away from the writhing Chris.

"You know nothing. F*cking nothing," He growls, pointing his finger at Chris and then walks out of the

basement.

"Where's she?" Ron questions the man as they return to the main house.

"She's in the visitor's lounge,"

"Take her to my study. I'll be there shortly," Ron informs the man, heading towards his room.

Inside his room, he changes his shirt and washes his bloodied knuckles before exiting, making his way into the study.

A middle-aged woman is already waiting for him inside his study. Closing the door behind him, he takes a seat, leaning forward.

He stares at the woman.

"Why are you here?"

"I've been calling you since Friday. I decided to come here since you've made it a point to ignore my calls," the woman replies, dropping her bag on the desk.

"What do you want?"

"I spoke to Lucinda on Friday,"

"And?" Ron opens his laptop.

"She wants nothing to do with me,"

Ron looks up from his laptop.

"So? Why are you telling me?"

"Don't you care? Ron, she's your..."

"You knew that before you and your husband decided to pull that stupid move which affected Lucinda. It'll affect her for as long as she lives. If I were in her shoes, I'll f*cking hate you too,"

"It was a mistake, Ron, and you better than anyone knows this. Whatever happened back then was unprecedented. She was in the wrong place at the right time," the woman tries to defend herself.

Ron chuckles, gritting his teeth.

"But someone else's child was supposed to be at that place that day, am I right? Never in a million years

did you think it'd be your own daughter at the receiving end instead of someone else's child, did you? As the saying goes, when you live in a glass house, do not throw f*cking stones," he seers.

The woman sighs, glancing at her slender fingers that looked like they'd never taken part in doing household chores before.

It was all a mistake.

Whatever happened two and a half years ago was nothing but a mistake.

Lucinda was in the wrong place at the right time.

She wasn't supposed to be out that day.

She was supposed to be locked up in her room that night, so how did she get out?

The woman looks at Ron.

"I locked Lucinda inside her room that night, so how did she get out?"

Ron raises an eyebrow.

"How in the world am I supposed to know that? In case you've forgotten, almost all your servants had a soft spot for Lucinda, so it would not be unheard of that one of them helped her get out that night,"

The woman's expression darkens.

"If I find out who helped her, I will make sure they never see the light of day again," she threatens.

"And what good would that do? It won't change the past. You should focus on righting your wrongs just like I am,"

"You know where she's schooling, am I right? Why haven't you brought her back yet?" the woman asks, agitated.

"You think it's easy? I can always walk into that school and take her away. But like before, she'll hate me the more. I found her once after she left home, and she escaped again and changed her identity. She'll do the same again when I forcefully bring her home,"

The woman gets up suddenly, pushing her chair away.

She glares at Ron.

"If you love her as much as you say, you'll bring her back,"

Ron also glares at her.

"You have no right to question my love for her. I'm trying to do right by her this time, but you? You're still just a fucked-up mother who never owns up to her mistakes and goes about blaming people. Please leave my house. I've got things to do." Ron looks back at his laptop, ignoring her.

Annoyed, the woman storms out, banging the door behind her.

[Chapter 48 She Goes By A Different Name](#)

Chrissy opens the door to the ward halfway, poking her head inside. Noticing that her mother is fast asleep, she steps inside, shutting the door softly behind her.

She pulls out a chair and takes a seat near the bed.

Chrissy stares at her mother's sleeping form for a while and then takes her fragile hand in hers, rubbing small invisible circles at the back of her hand.

"I'm going back to school, mom," she pauses, watching her for any reaction.

When her mother doesn't stir, she continues.

"I found a good samaritan who sorted out my fees. I'll pay him once I'm financially stable, though. Today's Monday, and I'm starting classes. I would have to study extra hours to make up for the classes I skipped, or else I wouldn't be allowed to write the mid-semester exams. That means I would also need to study for the upcoming exams," she sighs, pausing.

"But that's not a problem. I'll make you proud, mom, I promise. And soon, I'll get you out of here. But in the meantime, you have to hang in there for my sake. I'll be gone for a while, but I promise to visit you often," Chrissy squeezes her mother's hand, bending to kiss the back of her hand softly.

She stares at her mother for a while before pushing her chair back and getting up. She turns, heading toward the door.

"Where are you going?" a frail voice asks suddenly, startling Chrissy.

She turns abruptly, rushing back to her mother's side.

"You're awake? Shall I call the nurse?" Chrissy asks her mother worriedly.

The woman smiles, lifting a hand to caress her daughter's face.

"Where are you going?" she repeats.

"To school, mom. I'll be gone for a while," she answers.

"School? I thought you dropped out,"

"Yes, but a good samaritan settled my fees. And the school administration contacted me to let me know I could return,"

"A good Samaritan? Who's this samaritan?" her mother questions.

"You don't know him, mom,"

"And what is he asking for in return?"

"What?" Chrissy's eyes widen in surprise.

"Only a handful of people help others without wanting anything in return. So tell me, what's he asking for in return for his generosity?"

"Nothing, mom. He says I can pay him back once I've secured a good job," she lies.

Her mother stares at her for a while, not believing her but decides to let it go.

Instead, she sighs.

"Be careful, Chrissy. The world can be cruel," she advises.

Chrissy laughs humorlessly.

"I've seen how cruel the world can be firsthand, mother. Don't worry. I'll make sure not to get myself in jail or knocked up,"

"That's not funny, Chrissy," her mother chastises.

"I know. Just take care, mother. I'll visit you once I have settled in school. For now, I need to leave,"

"Alright. I can't hold you back. Be good, okay?"

"I will, mom. I love you,"

"I love you more, honey. Study hard," her hand drops from Chrissy's face.

Nodding tearfully, Chrissy reluctantly lets go of her mother's hand and exits the ward.

She rushes out of the ward, checking her wristwatch.

She's getting late.

It is another Monday morning, and Lucinda can't help but be excited.

She doesn't have classes till evening, so she decides to stay in bed longer.

She wakes up a while later to find Mandy gone.

Grunting, she gets out of bed and heads toward the kitchen for coffee.

While brewing her coffee, she hears grunts outside. Curious, Lucinda decides to check.

Opening the door to her apartment, she sees a girl of her age, grunting while dragging suitcases behind her.

Lucinda approaches her.

"Do you need help?"

The lady looks up at Lucinda, startled.

She stares at her for a while, unblinking.

As if in a daze.

"Are you okay?" Lucinda questions, waving a hand in front of her.

The lady blinks.

"Yes, sorry. I tend to space out a lot. Uh, yes. I'm new here and can't seem to find apartment 8B," She says.

"Oh, that's 8B," Lucinda points at the end of the hallway.

"Thank you," The lady nods gratefully and begins to drag her luggage.

"Let me help," Lucinda offers.

"I wouldn't want to bother you,"

"Nonsense. Here, give me that," Lucinda collects two bags from the lady and walks with her till they arrive at the front door of apartment 8B.

The lady stares at the unlocked door, confused.

She drops the bags, straightening her posture.

"It's unlocked because someone already occupies it. You'll be sharing the apartment with that person," Lucinda informs, noticing the confusion on her face.

She laughs nervously.

"Right, sorry. That makes a lot of sense. Thank you..." She trails off.

"Lucinda. Lucinda Reynolds," Lucinda fills in.

The lady nods, frowning slightly.

"Thank you so much, Lucinda. I'm Chrissy McAdams,"

"You're welcome. And nice meeting you, Chrissy,"

"I'll see you around," Chrissy smiles.

Lucinda helps her carry her luggage inside the apartment before leaving for hers.

Once inside, Chrissy greets her roommate, who merely smiles at her.

After, she finds her way into her room and unpacks her belongings. She does not have many clothes, so the wardrobe provided is just perfect.

After putting her clothes in order, she unpacks her books and arranges them neatly on a bookshelf beside the wardrobe.

She then cleans up the room until she is satisfied.

Tired, Chrissy decides to take a short nap before going to campus.

She has to catch up on her studies, and she will begin by seeking out her classmates and requesting their handouts, notes and anything useful that could help her cover what she'd lost these past few weeks while away from school.

Before her nap, she fishes out for her phone, deciding to place a call to Ron.

Dialling his number, she waits for him to answer.

Her call goes unanswered, and she tries again.

Ron finally answers her call on the third try.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Mr Thurman. I wanted to inform you that I've settled in,"

"That's good," he replies.

"And... uh," she hesitates.

"Spit it out, Chrissy," he mutters impatiently.

"I think I saw the one you're looking for,"

"So soon?" Ron asks, surprised.

"Coincidentally, she lives in the apartment on the same floor as me. She helped me carry my luggage,"

"That's perfect,"

"But..."

"But what, Chrissy?"

"She goes by a different name. So maybe she's not the one," Chrissy bites her lips.

"I'm aware of that, Chrissy."

"You know she goes by Lucinda Reynolds?"

Ron chuckles humorlessly.

"So she changed her surname too, huh?"

Chrissy remains mute, at a loss for words.

Ron speaks up.

"Listen up, Chrissy. Here's what I want you to do..."

[Chapter 49 Before She Causes Trouble](#)

Inside the room, Dean relaxes back in bed, watching the lady before him with interest.

He smirks, pointing at the bedside table.

"Pour me some wine," he orders.

The lady obeys, approaching him with seductive steps. She pours him a glass, bending while offering it to him.

Dean accepts it, taking a sip.

He licks his lips.

"How does it taste?" she questions.

"Exquisite," Dean replies, eyeing her breasts threatening to spill out of her tight dress.

Once in a while, Alex allows his men to have any lady of their choice from his casino.

Safe to say, he'd been eyeing this damsel for a while now.

"Shall I have a taste?" She nears him, joining him on the bed.

She hovers over him.

Hmm, Dean thinks, such a bold, pretty little thing.

"Suit yourself, love," he leans back against the headboard, watching her lower her head towards him.

He lifts the glass of wine so she can take a sip, but to his surprise, she ignores the wine and kisses him, licking his lips as though she were licking the palm of her hand.

Then she pulls away, smiling.

"So, how does it taste?"

"Mmm," she cocks her head to the side, pretending to think.

"I didn't quite catch the taste. Maybe I should try again,"

Dean chuckles, lifting a free hand to caress her face.

He runs his index finger over her eyes and nose, and when he reaches her lips, she parts her lips, sucking his finger.

"You're so dirty, Mariam," he whispers, getting turned on just by watching her suck on his finger.

"How dirty?" she whispers in return.

"Very dirty," Dean chuckles.

"Why don't you have another taste, hmm? This time directly from the source. Maybe you'll have a better sense of judgement then," He says, after which he takes another sip before placing the glass on the bedside table.

Mariam smirks, leaning in to kiss Dean.

When she kisses him, Dean suddenly opens his mouth, letting her taste the wine.

It turns out he didn't swallow the wine.

They kiss hungrily for a while before pulling away.

"So? How did it taste?" Dean asks.

"Exquisite," she replies, causing him to laugh.

"I think there are too many clothes between us, don't you think?" He stares at her with a lopsided grin.

"Then maybe you should do something about it, don't you think?" she counters.

Before Dean can reply, his phone vibrates with a message.

Stretching his hand, he grabs his phone from the bedside table and unlocks it, letting his eyes scan over the message.

Putting his phone away, he glances at Mariam apologetically.

"I'm sorry, but Alex needs me,"

Nodding in understanding, she rolls off him as he climbs down from the bed, adjusting his shirt.

She doesn't complain.

"Just promise, we'll continue from where we started when you return,"

Dean smiles, pocketing his phone.

"Of course. See you soon,"

Alex is already waiting at the foot of the stairs when Dean descends

"You called for me, boss,"

"Yes, Dean. Have a seat," Alex gestures to the sofa.

He takes a seat, and Dean follows suit.

Once seated, he hands Dean a piece of paper with a location.

"I want you to go to this location with some of my boys and get merchandise that will be arriving soon,"

"Sure," He nods.

"After securing the merchandise, do not return immediately. You and the boys will stay at the location I've given you until night falls. Only after nightfall will you transport the merchandise, do you understand?"

"Yes, boss,"

"Here is a map. Do not return through the main road. Use this map and follow the route to the casino where you will drop the merchandise," Alex hands him a map.

"Noted, boss," Dean gets up.

He doesn't ask any questions.

His job is to do what is expected of him and keep mute about the rest.

Dean ascends the stairs and selects the men he will be leaving with.

Satisfied with his selection, they leave the mansion for the location.

After lectures, Tyler exits campus and heads toward Alex's mansion.

He arrives almost thirty minutes later and heads upstairs toward Dean's room.

But he finds the room empty.

Deciding to ask Alex about Dean's whereabouts, he heads towards Alex's inner chambers.

Without knocking, Tyler pushes the door open, stepping inside.

Alex is seated behind his desk and counting money when Tyler barges in.

Sighing, he raises his head.

"You should learn how to knock. Or perhaps you want me to enrol you into a courtesy school?" Alex says sarcastically.

"Sorry. I'm looking for Dean, but he's not here," Tyler says, approaching him.

Dropping the money, Alex leans back in his seat, interlocking both hands behind his head.

"I sent him on an errand. Anything the matter?"

Tyler shakes his head.

"No. I just needed his help with something,"

He turns to leave when Alex's voice stops him.

"Is it something I can help with?"

Tyler doesn't move, contemplating.

After a while, he turns to face Alex after deciding.

"Actually, yes,"

"Hmmm," Alex smiles lazily.

"And what might that be?"

"Can you help me get a hacker who's f*cking good at his job?"

Tyler's request catches him off guard for a second.

"And what information are you trying to uncover?"

"Records from a hospital," Tyler replies.

The smile on Alex's face dissipates.

"Which hospital?"

"St. Martins Hospital,"

"I see," Alex mumbles, relaxing his tense expression.

It would have been such a shame if Tyler started digging into the past now because he would have no choice but to kill him.

"Alright, I'll get you a hacker,"

Tyler doesn't hide his imminent surprise when Alex agrees. That was too easy.

Thanking him, Tyler turns to leave when Alex's voice stops him again.

"Why the rush? Have a seat and drink with me,"

Hesitating for a while, Tyler takes a seat opposite him.

Alex grabs his phone and places a call to the kitchen.

A maid answers.

"Bring an extra glass for Tyler," he orders.

Understanding what he meant without many words, the maid grabs a glass from the cabinet, including a bottle containing memory suppression drugs which she usually used to spike Tyler's tea.

Uncorking the bottle, she carefully pours a little bit of the transparent liquid into the empty glass.

She shakes it vigorously until the insides of the glass are coated in the liquid, making it look as if she just rinsed it.

The maid ascends the stairs and heads toward Alex's inner chambers. She stops in front of his door and knocks.

"Come in,"

The maid enters, bowing as she places the glass in front of Tyler.

"Be kind to serve him, will you?" Alex tells the maid, who quickly pours Tyler a glass.

After serving him, she leaves.

Alex lifts his glass and takes a sip, watching Tyler.

"Drink up," he urges.

Reluctantly, Tyler picks up the glass of wine and drinks it all at a go.

Alex hides a smile.

"Do you want more wine?"

"No, I've got to get going now. Thank you," Tyler gets up, dropping the empty glass.

"Alright then. I'll let you know as soon as I get in touch with the hacker,"

Nodding, Tyler exits.

Outside, he meets the maid who had served him the wine earlier.

The second their eyes meet, she jumps as if she's been caught committing a crime.

Frowning, Tyler ignores her.

Walking past her, he realises her hands are shaking.

Attempting to hide her shaking hands, she pockets her hands.

Tyler stops in his tracks and retracts his steps, tapping her shoulder.

Startled, she jumps, shrieking.

"What the f*ck is wrong with you? Why are you acting as if you've seen a ghost?"

"I'm sorry! I'm just a little bit jumpy today,"

Staring at her for a while, Tyler exits the mansion, deciding not to worry about her.

On the balcony of his inner chambers, Alex watches the interaction between the maid and Tyler.

He frowns.

That maid is going to spell trouble for him one day,

Walking back to his desk, he makes a call immediately.

"Get rid of Sandra before she causes trouble for me," he hangs up.

The person Alex just called watches the maid on the compound from the window of his room.

He sighs.

Guess it's her time to go, like the others.

[Chapter 50 Overdose Effects](#)

Lucinda checks her wallclock, deducing that she has a few more hours until evening.

To pass away time, she decides to go to Tyler's apartment and continue from where they stopped last time.

Not what you're thinking, by the way.

It is project-related and nothing else.

"Keep lying to yourself," Lucinda's subconscious chides, causing her to let out a frustrated groan.

She shakes her head, willing those stupid thoughts away.

She sends a text message to Tyler, asking if it's okay to come over.

He replies with an okay.

Grabbing her bag and slinging it over her shoulder, she steps out of the apartment, locking it behind her.

On her way out, she bumps into Chrissy, who was also leaving her apartment.

"I'm sorry, I wasn't looking," she mumbles an apology.

"It's fine," Chrissy replies, moving a little farther to the right, allowing Lucinda to pass by.

Chrissy watches Lucinda retreating as she descends the stairs until she is no longer in sight.

She then descends the stairs, going the opposite way.

Half an hour later, Lucinda arrives at Tyler's doorstep. She rings the doorbell but gets no response.

Just as she's about to ring the bell again, her phone vibrates with a message.

Pulling out her phone, she swipes on the screen, realising it's a message from Tyler.

Why did he text her? She wonders as she opens the message.

"Door is open. Come in,"

Rolling her eyes, she opens the door and steps inside.

Shutting the door behind her, she heads towards his Art room in search of Tyler but meets his absence.

She does not find him in the kitchen either.

Maybe he's in his bedroom.

She approaches his bedroom door and knocks,

"Tyler? Can I come in?"

No response.

"Tyler? I'm coming in now," she announces, hearing nothing but a muffled response.

Worried, she pushes the door slightly open and pokes her head through.

Tyler is lying in bed.

Is he asleep?

No, that's impossible.

He texted her barely two minutes ago.

Pushing the door open wider, she steps inside, approaching him.

"Tyler?"

He doesn't respond.

She stops near the bed and sits down.

"Hey, Tyler, wake up. You just texted me, so I know you're just pretending. Hey!" she taps him.

Groaning, Tyler suddenly rolls over on his back.

"You're here," he mumbles.

"Of course. How could you fall asleep barely three minutes after sending me a text?"

Tyler doesn't reply. Instead, he rolls on his side.

Lucinda takes a good look at him, realising how pale he is.

She suddenly has a sinking feeling.

"Are you okay?" she asks.

"Mmmm, just f*cking dizzy. Give me a minute, will you?"

"You're not pregnant, are you?" Lucinda questions, causing Tyler to chuckle.

He opens his eyes briefly.

"Hmm, you may be right. Perhaps, I was born a hermaphrodite,"

"Stupid,"

She cracks a smile, watching him.

"You know, you should get sick more often. You're likeable when you're sick," Lucinda adds.

He laughs.

"And you're likeable with your mouth shut," he counters.

Lucinda gasps dramatically.

"Even on your death bed, you're still so irritating,"

"I'm not dying, you witch,"

"And when did you upgrade my name from baby doll to witch? Thank you for the naming ceremony. I might as well get an affidavit," she rolls her eyes.

"You shouldn't talk to a sick person like that, Lucinda,"

"You're just dizzy, not dying," she retorts.

Shaking his head, Tyler climbs down the bed, losing his footing immediately.

Lucinda quickly catches him, helping him to the bed.

"What the hell is wrong with you? Where did you think you were going? You might as well lose your footing and smash your head against the wall while at it!"

"I thought you wanted to get started on the project," he blinks, looking like a lost puppy.

"The project can wait. I can do it alone if you aren't feeling well,"

"Hmmm," Tyler hums, a lazy smirk playing along the corners of his lips.

Lucinda frowns.

"Why are you smirking?"

Tyler flicks her nose.

"Are you worried about me, baby doll?"

Lucinda snorts.

"Worried about you? Never in a million years,"

Tyler wraps his arm around her waist suddenly, catching her off guard.

He pulls her closer.

"I thought you were sick," she mutters.

"Doesn't mean I can't do other things," he whispers in her ears seductively.

A shiver runs down Lucinda's spine when his hot breath fans against her neck.

Why does he have so much effect on her?

Why?

Just why?

Like a moth to a flame, she's drawn to Tyler.

He is the opposite of everything she's been taught to look out for in a man since childhood.

She was groomed to go out with the quiet nerds from well-to-do families.

Ever since encountering Tyler, he constantly reminds her of the things she was groomed not to like.

Maybe, she is being rebellious.

Sighing, Lucinda shuts her eyes as Tyler kisses the spot below her ear.

She tilts her neck, allowing him access.

Tyler's tongue expertly trails over her ear, travelling down and stopping at her collarbone, where he bites the skin before sucking.

Lucinda moans.

"Do you like that?" Tyler asks seductively.

"Yes," she answers breathily, surprised that he is talking to her during an intimate moment.

They had had sex twice, and Tyler never said a word until after the deed.

Tyler pulls away, watching her through hooded eyes.

This woman.

Why is it so difficult to control himself whenever she's near?

It's like an invisible force pulling him to her.

Tyler caresses her face, wondering what makes her so unique.

What is so unique about her?

How come he hated her to the extent of wanting to make her fall for him, and then suddenly, he was sleeping with her?

He does not love her.

Certainly not.

So what is this?

Lust?

It certainly is lust.

Tyler snaps back to reality when a warm hand covers his.

He blinks, realising Lucinda's hand is covering his that was still resting on her face.

She is staring at him.

Weirdly.

F*ck!

He looks away, avoiding eye contact.

A warm feeling settles in the pit of his chest.

Frowning, he rubs his chest.

"Are you okay? Does your chest hurt?" Lucinda asks.

"No," he pulls away, climbing down from the bed.

"We should probably get to work," he informs her, exiting the bedroom.

Tyler suddenly halts in his steps as the dizziness returns with full force.

He stumbles slightly.

Realising his discomfort, she approaches him.

"I don't think we should work today. You don't look good," Lucinda tells him.

"I'm fine. I just..." Tyler trails off, falling forward.

Lucinda quickly catches him, but she also loses her footing, and they both fall.

With great difficulty, Lucinda pushes Tyler off her as gently as possible.

"Tyler! Hey, wake up!" panicking, she slaps his cheeks softly, but he doesn't stir.

"Quit playing around, Tyler. Wake up!" she unsuccessfully tries to wake him up.

Quickly, Lucinda dashes into the bedroom, grabbing his cell phone from the bedside table.

"F*ck! It's locked!" she yells in frustration.

Who is she supposed to contact now?

An idea strikes her suddenly, and she pulls out her phone, dialling 193.

Back at Alex's mansion, he orders one of his men, Ryan, to place a call to Tyler.

It takes a while before the call gets connected.

"Hello?" a lady's shaky voice answers.

Frowning, Ryan pulls the phone away from his ear to check the caller ID.

This is Tyler's number.

He places the phone to his ear again.

"Where's Tyler?" He questions.

"He... Tyler's fainted. We are on our way to the hospital," the shrill voice replies.

With widened eyes, Ryan turns to stare at Alex.

"Which hospital?"

"St. Martins Hospital,"

Ryan hung up after that.

"Boss, Tyler passed out. They're on the way to the hospital,"

Alex drops his cigarette upon hearing that.

He burns it out on the ashtray, glaring into space.

"He what?"

"He passed out,"

"I f*cking heard you the first time!" he growls, pushing his chair back.

"How the f*ck can he be so weak to let a drug cause him to pass out?"

Ryan's brows crease at his boss's comment.

"Uh, boss, maybe because you've been giving him an overdose of the drugs. He might even die from heart failure if this continues,"

"Bullshit! Which hospital, Ryan?!" he bellows angrily.

"St. Martins Hospital,"

"Get the car ready. We're leaving for that hospital," he orders, grabbing his phone.

Ryan nods, carrying out the orders.

He knows what this means.

It's highly possible the hospital may perform tests on Tyler to find out why he passed out.

They will find out he's being drugged with unprescribed medication. Thus, it wouldn't be too hard for Tyler to piece things together after that.

If Tyler ever finds out they've been drugging him for two years?

Ryan shakes his head, not wanting to think about it.

"Hurry the f*ck up!" Alex growls at Ryan.

Tyler is too valuable to kill him off now.

If not, he wouldn't bother trying so hard to suppress his memories these past years.

Alex hasn't gotten what he wants from Tyler yet, so he will do everything to stop him from remembering what he did, which caused his amnesia in the first place.

Until then, he will keep suppressing his memories even if it kills him during the process.