

Devil Lucifer 51

[Chapter 51 Blackmail](#)

Once the ambulance arrives in front of St Martins Hospital, Lucinda rushes out of the ambulance, following the paramedics conveying Tyler on a stretcher.

A nurse approaches Lucinda, stopping her when she tries to follow them inside the ward.

"Please stay here and wait,"

Sighing, Lucinda watches the nurse shut the door to the ward.

Finding a seat, she fishes out her phone and dials Mandy's number.

She picks up after the second ring.

"Hello, Mandy?"

"Luci? Why do you sound anxious?"

"It's Tyler. He passed out. I'm at the hospital right now,"

Mandy sighs.

"Do you need me to keep you company?"

"No, I just wanted to let you know my whereabouts. Um, do you know how I can get in touch with Tyler's friend?"

"Austin?"

Lucinda nods, "I believe that's his name, yes,"

"I know where to find him. Which hospital is that?"

"St Martins Hospital,"

"Alright, I'll go find him. Take care of yourself,"

"I will," Lucinda replies and hangs up.

Almost forty-five minutes later, a nurse approaches Lucinda, informing her Tyler has regained

consciousness.

Nodding, she follows the nurse into one of the wards.

"It's almost nighttime, so you have an hour," the nurse informs Lucinda before shutting the door on her way out.

Lucinda approaches Tyler's bed, realising his eyes are closed.

She takes a seat on the chair made available.

"Tyler?" she calls softly.

Silence envelopes the room for more than a minute until Tyler decides to put Lucinda out of her misery by opening his eyes.

"So you do care about me after all," he smirks.

Realising that he was playing tricks on her, she scowls.

"That wasn't funny. Why must you be so childish?"

Tyler's smirk widens into a grin.

Lucinda rolls her eyes, deciding to ignore his stupid ass.

"Did you bring me anything?" he inquires out of the blue.

"What?"

"Did you bring me anything? Don't tell me you came to visit a sick person without carrying fruits, food or flowers. Are you that heartless?"

"Oh my God, get over yourself! You aren't sick. You only passed out,"

Lucinda snorts at his ridiculousness.

"It could have turned out worse. I may have never woken up again," Tyler jokes.

Lucinda glares at him. That was not funny.

"Why would you say something so horrendous? Are you out of your mind?"

"What? Did I say something bad? Death is inevitable. I might go to sleep right now and nev..."

The rest of Tyler's words comes out muffled as Lucinda suddenly covers his mouth with her hand.

"Shut up already, you Buffon. Don't say things like that,"

Tyler's eyes crinkle with mischief as he stares at her, waiting for her to take her hands off his mouth. When she does, he grins.

"You care about me, witch. Admit it,"

Lucinda sighs.

"You're hopeless. At this point, I'm convinced that the sole purpose of your life is to annoy and rile me up. Because apparently, irritating me brings you immense joy,"

Tyler laughs louder than he expected to.

Lucinda's lips curl into an involuntary smile as she watches him laugh.

When Tyler finally stops laughing, he turns on his side, pulling out the IV from his hand.

"What are you doing?!" Lucinda glares at him, alarmed, watching the blood ooze out from the vein.

Tyler applies pressure on the affected area.

"Relax, I'm fine,"

"Of course you are," she mumbles sarcastically.

"Don't you have classes?" Tyler questions her, sitting up in bed.

"I do. In an hour," Lucinda checks her time.

It's five-thirty pm.

"Then shouldn't you get going?"

"I'm waiting for your friend to arrive first," She tells him.

Tyler furrows his eyebrows in confusion.

"Why? Austin can do nothing to help me if he's here. I'd rather you stay and take care of my needs,"

Lucinda snorts.

"Your needs? Which needs?"

"Oh, you know? My needs," he gestures to his body.

"Oh my God, you're so filthy," she looks away, hiding a blush rising on her cheeks.

Chuckling, Tyler stretches out his hand, reaching for the bottled water near the bed.

He shoots Lucinda a puppy-eyed look.

Lucinda's eyes follow his hand, rolling her eyes when she realises his intentions.

"I'm not getting that water for you. You might as well die,"

"So heartless," Tyler mumbles.

The door opens just then, and Austin strolls in, glancing around till his eyes settle on Tyler.

"Tyler, you stupid fool, why are you here?"

Tyler rubs his forehead.

"I tried to commit suicide,"

"Idiot," Austin replies and then turns, acknowledging Lucinda.

"Thank you for bringing him here,"

Nodding, Lucinda gets up, turning to leave when a doctor strolls in.

"It's good you're here, doctor. May I leave now?" Tyler quickly asks.

The doctor shakes his head.

"You'll be discharged tomorrow morning. Your tests results will be out by then,"

"Test results? I thought he only fainted," Austin speaks up.

"Several factors can contribute to fainting. It's safe to rule out all the possibilities. And make sure there isn't any underlying sickness. We took some blood samples, and the results will be out by tomorrow. Once we rule out all the possibilities, then you can leave,"

Tyler groans.

Now he has to spend the night here.

Damn it.

He watches the doctor leave, cursing profanities under his breath.

On her way out, Lucinda notices a man walking up to the doctor who had just left Tyler's ward.

They exchange a few words before leaving together.

Lucinda turns away, exiting the hospital.

Inside the doctor's office, Alex takes a seat, crossing his legs. The doctor purses his lips but says nothing.

"How may I help you?" he asks, sitting down.

"There's a patient here. Tyler Brown? You're the doctor in charge of him, correct?"

The doctor nods.

"Have you conducted any tests on him yet?"

"And why do you want to know? Are you related to him?"

"No, but I'm the closest thing to a family. He has no family,"

"Yes, we have conducted a few tests on him," the doctor replies.

"Can I have it?" Alex asks eagerly.

The doctor raises an eyebrow.

"The results won't be in until after a couple of hours,"

"Alright," Alex reaches into his pocket, pulls out a business card and places it on the desk, pushing it towards the doctor.

"Please give me a call as soon as it is in,"

The doctor leans back.

"I'm sorry, but unless you're a family member, I can't give you access to the patient's records. If you insist on having it, then the patient has to permit us to share their results with a non-family member,"

Alex smiles tightly.

"Are you joking right now?"

"This is a common work ethic. I don't see why I should joke with it,"

"So you are serious then?"

"If that is all, then I'd have to ask you to leave my office, please," the doctor dismisses, diverting his attention to his laptop.

Pissed, Alex gets up, rounding the table and stopping beside the doctor.

Feeling a shadow hovering over him, the doctor lifts his head, jumping slightly at Alex's face near his.

"What's wrong with you, mister? If you don't leave now, I'll call security," he threatens.

Alex laughs maniacally.

"I'd like to see you try,"

The doctor attempts to pick up the telephone when Alex grabs his arm, squeezing it. Fear fills the doctor's eyes.

"What do you want? Why are you doing this?"

Ignoring him, Alex fishes out for his phone.

It vibrates with a message, and he swipes on the screen, smirking.

Gingerly, Alex turns the screen to face the doctor.

"I must admit, you've got a beautiful wife, and oh, is that your daughter? She's f*cking pretty,"

The doctor's heartbeat quickens as he stares at the picture of his wife and daughter at the playground.

"H..how?"

Alex laughs.

"It's not that hard to find where you live when your entire biography is on the internet, huh? And don't ask me how I knew you'd be working your shift today. Let's just say I've got eyes everywhere. Be careful not to defy me, doctor Grey, because I can be your worst f*cking nightmare."

Alex sighs dramatically, putting his phone away and patting doctor Grey's shoulder playfully.

"With that being said, should I expect the results first thing tomorrow?"

Doctor Grey doesn't reply.

He stares blankly into space.

"Well, I'll take that as a yes. Keep my card somewhere safe, and don't misplace it, yeah? Have a goodnight,"

Alex exits his office.

[Chapter 52 Suspicions](#)

Meanwhile, inside doctor Grey's office, a nurse exits after handing over an enclosed envelope to him.

Gingerly, he opens the envelope, takes out the paper, and unfolds it.

He frowns as his eyes scan the contents of the paper.

There was an abnormally high percentage of drugs in Tyler's blood.

Reading further, he realises the drug class is a beta-blocker, specifically propranolol.

Grey's frown deepens as he sinks into his chair, thinking.

He grabs the telephone on his desk and places a call.

A nurse enters shortly after.

"You called for me, doctor Grey?"

"Yes," he sits up.

"Remind me if I'm wrong, but none of Tyler Brown's results showed signs of him having a heart disease, stroke, high blood pressure, chest pain, or irregular heartbeat?" Grey questions.

Biting her lips, the nurse shakes her head slowly.

"No, doctor. He's perfectly healthy with no underlying illness,"

"Huh. Is that so?"

If Tyler has none of these problems, why does he have an overdose of a beta-blocker present in his blood?

Beta-blockers.

For specific cases, beta-blockers like propranolol serve as memory suppressants for patients who want to forget traumatic pasts.

The drug helps block painful memories.

No.

Grey shakes his head.

It would be unprofessional if he concludes.

He is a doctor. He works with evidence and facts, not assumptions.

He has to be sure before concluding.

Quickly, he glances at his wristwatch.

He has three more hours until Tyler's discharge.

He glances at the nurse.

"I need you to return to the lab technician and get me the full results of Tyler's blood test. I mean everything. Not just what I asked. I need every result from his blood, including his vitamin levels. Ask the lab technician to get me that result in the next thirty minutes. Be quick,"

Nodding, the nurse rushes out.

The nurse returns thirty-five minutes later with what Grey asked.

She hands it to him.

Thanking her, he opens the envelope.

Pulling out the paper, he unfolds it and goes through it carefully this time.

A frown etches his features.

The patient's blood is low in Vitamin B12 and Vitamin D.

Grabbing both results and locking them inside his automated drawer, he exits his office, heading towards Tyler's ward.

Tyler sits up immediately after doctor Grey enters.

"Are you here to discharge me, doctor? I can't stand another minute in this place,"

"I want to ask you a few questions, Tyler. It won't take long,"

Groaning, Tyler reluctantly agrees.

"Ask away,"

"Are you eating healthy? Do you eat a balanced diet regularly?"

Tyler chuckles.

"What sort of question is this?"

"Please answer me," Grey replies.

"Yes,"

"Alright, this may sound weird, but are you on any medication?"

"Medication? Why would I?"

Nodding, Grey begins to take notes.

Tyler watches him as he writes.

"Alright, Tyler, can you tell me a little about yourself?" Grey questions, lifting his head from his note.

"Are you kidding? Are you one of my estranged family members? Is this a family reunion?"

Grey raises an eyebrow.

"And why would you think I'm one of your estranged family members? I thought you had no family?"

"And how the f*ck do you know that?!" Tyler bellows.

Grey occupies the seat near the bed, raising his hand in surrender.

"Relax. Someone came by yesterday looking for you. Alex is his name, I believe. He said he's the closest thing to a family to you. He made me understand you have no family."

"Alex? That's f*cking weird," Tyler frowns.

Why would Alex say such a thing? He wonders.

He glances at the doctor.

"Not that it's any of your business, but I don't know if I have a family out there or not,"

"You can't remember, can you?"

The shock on Tyler's face doesn't go unnoticed.

"How do you know?"

Grey shrugs with a smile.

"It was a wild guess. You just confirmed it,"

Tyler glares at him suspiciously.

"Who are you?"

"I'm just a doctor, trying to find out what's wrong with my patient. Give me a second,"

Grey gets up and leaves the room. He returns barely a minute later with an assistant nurse wheeling a wheelchair inside.

"I need you to come with me, Mr Brown,"

"What the f*ck for?"

"I'm taking you for an MRI scan," Grey replies, gesturing to the nurse.

"An MRI scan? You want to look into my brain?!"

Grey sighs.

He wants to be sure his suspicions are not based merely on assumptions.

If his suspicions are true, then it'll mean someone is trying to suppress Tyler's memory without his knowledge.

As a doctor, that is unethical and illegal.

"I'm not forcing you, Mr Brown. You can choose to come with me or go home right now. I just thought you might want to know what's actually wrong with your brain to result in your amnesia. We can only help if we know the root cause. It could be TBI which is Traumatic Brain Injury, or Dissociative Amnesia,"

"Dissociative amnesia?" Tyler frowns.

"Yes," Grey nods.

"It's a case where a person suffers traumatic events like accidents, abuse, war, murder etc. The person may have either suffered the trauma or witnessed it from afar. During such cases, when the events are too traumatic and painful, the brain blocks those painful memories. Before I can help you, I need to know if you had a brain injury which affected your ability to recall certain memories or if you suffered a traumatic event that led to your brain blocking out these memories,"

Grey sighs before continuing.

"Though I'm sure what you're suffering is not TBI, I still have to be sure. I need to make sure there are no blood clots forming in your brain else, I'm sorry to say, but you're likely to die in less than five years if that's the case. But if you're suffering from Dissociative amnesia, then we can help you try out methods to improve your memory,"

Tyler's heart skips a beat.

Why didn't doctor Elias tell him any of this?

Did he lie?

With a complicated expression, Tyler nods.

"Fine, let's do this,"

He hopes he can recall his past life.

It's depressing to go through life without knowing what your past is like

He constantly feels like he has to live every day creating new memories.

Besides, he is f*cking done with the damn migraines and insomnia.

Soon, Tyler finds himself inside another room.

He is made to lie on a bed attached to the machine.

Before long, he finds himself inside the machine.

Twenty minutes later, the MRI was over.

"Thank you, Tyler. The results will be out tomorrow. You can come for it," Grey tells Tyler after he changes out of the hospital gown into his clothes.

Tyler nods, turning.

On second thought, Grey stops him.

"Are you sure you're not taking any medications?"

"I already told you. No," Tyler replies.

"Alright, but before you leave, I need to give you an injection,"

Noticing the suspicious look on Tyler's face, he decides to tell him the truth.

"It's just something to flush your body. It's called glucagon. You can look it up so that you don't think I'm poisoning you,"

"Why, though? Is my blood dirty or something?" Tyler questions, following him back inside the ward.

Grey laughs.

"You could say that. I'm flushing out toxins from your body. And it'll help you sleep better,"

Somehow, Grey feels Alex has eyes watching him, so he is careful not to reveal too much.

Toxins are a better way to put it than telling him he was drugged.

After all, his family's life is on the line.

Inside the ward, doctor Grey decides to administer the medicine himself. There is no telling that Alex has bribed one of the nurses here.

Bringing out the glucagon vial, he flips the orange cap off and inserts the needle of the prefilled syringe with sterile water through the cover of the vial.

He pushes down the plunger until the sterile water transfers into the glucagon vial.

Grey then shakes the tiny bottle (vial) vigorously until the glucagon powder is completely dissolved.

Tyler watches as he turns the vial and syringe upside down and withdraws the dissolved solution into the syringe.

He turns to Tyler.

"Your upper arm will be much easier,"

Nodding, Tyler rolls up his sleeve and doesn't flinch when the doctor injects the liquid into his system.

After the injection, doctor Grey discards both the syringe and vial.

He then takes off his gloves and discards them.

"Alright, you can leave now,"

"Thank you, doctor..."

"Grey," the doctor completes.

Tyler nods gratefully.

"Thank you, doctor Grey,"

He pulls down his sleeve and exits, meeting Austin halfway, who was paying the bills at the cashier.

"You paid my bills?" Tyler questions, surprised.

Austin turns.

"Don't be an idiot. I paid with your credit card,"

Tyler rolls his eyes, exiting with Austin beside him.

[Chapter 53 The Dream](#)

It is already daybreak, yet Alex has heard nothing from the doctor

He leans back in his lazy chair, taking a long drag of his tobacco and exhales, watching the smoke dance in the air.

Could it be that his threats didn't work?

If that's the case, he would have no choice but to take drastic measures.

He never gives empty threats.

Never.

If that doctor, Grey thinks he's bluffing, then he's got another thing coming.

His thoughts are interrupted when his phone rings.

Begrudgingly, he answers the call.

"Hello?"

"This is doctor Grey," the voice replies.

Alex's face breaks into a smile,

"And here I was, thinking you would never call, huh? So, have you got the results?"

"Yes,"

"Alright, good. I'll send someone over," Alex hangs up after that.

Not a minute later, he hears a knock.

"Come in,"

Dean enters, shutting the door behind him.

"Ah, Dean. I see you've returned. I didn't expect you to stay the night out," Alex grins.

"I had to stay to ensure that the merchandise is offloaded properly before leaving," he replies.

"Hmm. That's good. Anyway, I need you to go to St Martin's Hospital and get me some results," he instructs.

Dean nods, not asking further questions because he is already aware of the current situation.

He arrived at the mansion less than an hour ago, and Ryan had filled him in on what happened while he was away.

He shakes his head.

Alex notices Dean's head shake and queries him.

"If you have something to say, spill it,"

Dean snaps out of his reverie, blinking.

"I have nothing to say,"

Alex glares at him pointedly.

He sighs.

"I just... I think this has gone too far. What if the medicine causes him to become mentally unstable? It's his brain we're messing with, boss,"

"Do you care about his wellbeing, Dean?"

"That's not what I'm trying to put across. Sometimes, when a person takes a particular medicine for too long without a prescription, it kills them. But if it doesn't kill them, their immune system becomes used to the medicine, and you'll realise it no longer affects the human body like it used to. That's because the immune system adapts to the medicine. It's because of this that sometimes doctors change prescriptions for patients after some time,"

Alex stares at Dean with a lopsided grin.

"So? If the drug stops working like before, we change it. As simple as that,"

Dean shakes his head.

"We can only suppress his memories for so long. We are giving him medications without a professional's advice. I fear that Tyler will become worse than who we already know him to be. You and I have seen what Tyler can do firsthand. We've seen him cause havoc. Even though he is unable to recall that part of his life, it still doesn't change the fact that it's still a part of him. One day, he might rediscover that dark side of him, and you and I will be on the receiving end,"

Alex stares at Dean for a while and then breaks into a grin, surprising him.

Guess his words has fallen on deaf ears.

"Exactly!" He exclaims, startling Dean for a split second.

"I'm sorry, what?"

Laughing, Alex gets up, approaching Dean. He taps his shoulder.

"I've always known you were smart! That is what I want!"

"What? You want Tyler's dark side to resurface without him recalling his memories?" Dean is taken aback.

Alex laughs heartily.

"You know, let me use a skill as an example. Does a painter forget how to paint after losing their memories? No. That's because it's a skill embedded into the very core of their being and soul, and they can harness it without memories."

He steps away, taking another drag of his tobacco.

"I'm going to use Tyler in ways you've never seen before. The name, Lucifer, wasn't given to him in vain. When the right time comes, you'll see,"

he returns to his seat, sighing.

"Alright! Enough of the chitchat. Go to the hospital now," Alex dismisses Dean.

In a daze, Dean exits.

Alex thinks he can control everything, including a human's brain.

If his plan ever backfires, either of them will end up dead.

He has to get out of this before it escalates.

Alex is nothing but a self-centred, ruthless man.

He is capable of using humans as sacrificial chickens to achieve his goal.

Today, it's Tyler.

It might be him tomorrow.

At the hospital, Dean asks around for Doctor Grey.

He is informed that the doctor is attending to another patient, so he waits at the visitor's lounge.

Twenty minutes later, doctor Grey exits one of the wards, giving instructions to a nurse.

Dean waits until the nurse leaves before he approaches the doctor.

With both hands in his pockets, he says.

"Alex sent me,"

Grey purses his lips, understanding immediately.

He gestures for Dean to follow him.

Once inside his office, Grey unlocks his drawer and hands one envelope to Dean.

Dean stares at the envelope.

"Are you sure there are no other copies of this lying around?"

"No. That's the only copy besides the electronic copy, of course,"

Dean pockets the envelope.

"Delete that too," he orders.

"What?"

"You heard me, Grey. Delete the soft copy from the hospital's database. If someone decides to access Tyler's hard or soft copy records, I want them to find nothing regarding this, understand?"

"I..."

"Got it?" Dean cuts him off.

"Yes," Grey replies dejectedly.

Nodding, Dean gets up to leave.

He stops at the door and turns.

"It would be in your best interest to do as I've said. You don't want to mess with Alex. Don't bother calling the police either. Alex wouldn't be so confident if he didn't have eyes everywhere,"

Dean leaves after that.

At Tyler's apartment, he collapses on the bed as soon as they arrive home.

Austin stares at his friend, who looked tired than usual.

"Do you want to order something?" he asks.

Tyler shakes his head, burying his face inside the pillow.

He feels f*cking sleepy.

His chest hurt as well.

He can't recall the last time he's had a good night's sleep.

He blinks slowly, wanting sleep to take over.

"I'm f*cking tired," he mumbles.

"Alright then. Go to sleep,"

Sighing, Tyler closes his eyes, falling asleep in less than a minute.

It was the fastest he'd ever fallen asleep.

When Tyler fell asleep, he did not wake up until several hours later when it was already nighttime.

And for the first time in almost two years, he had a dream.

Inside the dream, Tyler stood in the middle of a vast, plush living room. His face was motionless, and surrounding him was nothing but a pool of blood.

All Tyler could see was blood and nothing else.

Everything else around him was a blur.

No one else was in the room except for Tyler.

His eyes stared ahead into nothingness.

His eyes were hollow and void of emotions.

At first glance, it looked like he was staring into nothingness.

But then he was looking at something ahead.

Something horrifying.

Something so brutal, the hollowness in Tyler's eyes turned into agony.

He suddenly let out an ear-piercing scream.

Tyler wakes up with a start, sweating and panting heavily.

What kind of a dream was that?

And why does it feel so real?

[Chapter 54 The Wicked Things I Could](#)

Mandy watches Lucinda struggle to wear her jeans as she shoves a handful of popcorn into her mouth.

"Are you going somewhere?" she queries.

Lucinda nods, sparing her a glance through the vanity mirror as she zips up her jeans. She then secures a belt through the jean holes.

"On a date, I presume?" she wiggles her eyebrows, to which Lucinda chuckles, taking a seat at the dresser.

"I wish. I'm heading over to Tyler's. Sick or not, we have to complete the project. We have just a week and a few days more,"

"Speaking of the devil. How's he?" Mandy asks.

"Fine, I guess. Tyler's not dying anytime soon," Luci replies, gathering her braids into a high ponytail.

"Hmm, I bet. The two of you..." Mandy trails off, chewing slowly with squinted eyes.

Lucinda lets go of her braids, letting them fall over her shoulders as she turns sharply.

"What about us?"

"I was just wondering. Is there something going on between you two?"

"What? No! That's outrageous!"

"Are you two sleeping together then?" Mandy probes further, causing Lucinda to flush.

"Whatever gave you that idea?"

Mandy shrugs.

"I noticed the marks on your neck again on Friday. It's still visible though not so much. Don't tell me mosquitoes bit you in the same spot twice. Those are hickeys, aren't they? Who gave them to you, Luci?"

Lucinda immediately turns away, pretending to fix her hair.

She nervously bites her lips, thinking of an answer.

"I don't mind if that's the case. Tyler and I never had anything real between us," Mandy says when Lucinda remains mute.

"You're misunderstanding me, Mandy,"

Mandy shakes her head with a smile.

"As I said, I don't mind. Just be careful and don't get your heart trampled on,"

She climbs down from the bed and sets the bowl of popcorn down.

She pats Lucinda on the shoulder.

"I'm going to the washroom. Lock the door from outside when you leave, will you? I've got a spare key,"

She disappears into the washroom, leaving Lucinda in a daze.

Lucinda leaves shortly after, locking the door on her way out.

Lucinda arrives at Tyler's apartment barely thirty minutes later. She bumps into Austin.

"I'm sorry, I wasn't looking," she apologises, making way for him.

"I should be apologising instead. I was in a hurry," Austin says, balancing two bags in one hand as he

stretches out the other to open the door.

"You're here for Tyler, yes?"

Lucinda nods.

"Come in," he ushers her inside, shutting the door behind him before dropping the bags on the dining table.

"I'll check if he's awake,"

Lucinda glances at the wall clock.

It's half-past nine.

"He's still sleeping?"

Austin nods.

"He fell asleep immediately after we returned from the hospital yesterday. He slept from morning through to the evening, woke up and went to bed again a few hours later,"

"Damn, that's a lot of sleep for one person," Lucinda mumbles, to which Austin chuckles.

"Tyler has never really had a good night's sleep. You could call it insomnia. I think it's better this way," with that, Austin disappears into the bedroom.

He returns later with Tyler in tow, yawning and rubbing his eyes as he drags his feet.

Lucinda scrunches her nose, watching him.

Tyler's face breaks into a grin when he sets his eyes on her.

"Are you here to see how I'm faring, baby doll?"

She rolls her eyes.

"You wish,"

Tyler occupies the space beside her, sighing heavily.

"What's with that look on your face? Did I shit my pants?"

"I hate how you drag your feet," she replies.

Tyler chuckles, flicking her nose.

"Keep your hands to yourself!"

"Or they could be elsewhere," he whispers into her ears, enjoying her sudden discomfort.

"I prefer you in a coma. You're less irritable that way,"

Tyler places his hands on his chest, gasping in mock hurt.

"So heartless,"

Watching their banter, Austin shakes his head.

"I'm leaving now, Ty. I bought you some groceries. You can whip up something for yourself later,"

Tyler turns to face his friend.

"You bought me groceries?"

"Yeah, with your credit card,"

"You can never do something out of the goodness of your rotten heart. Can you?" Tyler grumbles.

Flipping him the bird, Austin excuses himself, leaving them alone.

After Austin leaves, Tyler turns to Lucinda.

"Do you mind if I take a shower before we start?"

Lucinda shakes her head, telling him she doesn't mind.

Nodding, Tyler gets up and heads into the bedroom.

Not long after, she hears the sound of running water.

Sighing, Lucinda pulls out a textbook from her bag, deciding to study to while away time until Tyler returns.

A while later, Lucinda feels a shadow looming over her.

She instinctively lifts her head, causing her to almost bump foreheads with Tyler.

"Interesting. Do you read mathematics? Aren't you a sharp brain?" Tyler comments.

Lucinda shuts her textbook.

"I wasn't reading. I was only going through a few topics,"

"Same difference," he counters, straightening up.

Lucinda suddenly realises he is shirtless.

He wore sweatpants, and water dripped from his hair unto his chest.

Lucinda's eyes follow a droplet of water travelling down his chest and disappearing into his sweatpants.

"My eyes are up here, baby doll," Tyler snaps his fingers in front of her.

Lucinda jumps slightly, realising he'd caught her shamelessly peeping.

She blushes profusely.

What the f*ck, Luci.

Don't be such a pervert. Her subconscious scolds.

"What's so interesting down there that you can't seem to take your eyes off it, hmm?" Tyler smirks.

Lucinda clears her throat, looking away.

"Don't get cocky now, Tyler. There's nothing much to see there anyway,"

Tyler suddenly hovers over her. Planting both arms on either side of her, he traps her between his body and the sofa.

"Oh yeah? You should mind your words, Miss Reynolds, before I make you eat them,"

"I'm not scared of you, Tyler," she glances at him, her eyes flickering to his lips for a nanosecond before looking away.

"You should be Miss Reynolds. You should be scared of all the wicked things I could do to you," Tyler's voice is unbelievably low as he whispers into her ears.

Lucinda's breath hitches when he bites the tip of her ears so softly that it feels like a featherlight brush.

Tyler drops soft kisses below her ear, moving further down, leaving drops of kisses in his wake.

When Tyler reaches her jaw, he travels down, planting kisses and stopping at her collarbone.

Tyler licks the dip in her collarbone, biting the flesh softly.

Lucinda is breathing heavily now.

An unexplainable desire rises from the tip of her toes and settles in the pit of her stomach.

Her neck is tilted to the side, giving Tyler access to her neck.

Her lips are parted, and her eyes are closed.

Her chest rises and falls with each breath that she takes.

Dare he say, Lucinda looks f*cking sexy spread out under him like that.

Tyler grips her thighs and spreads them as he settles between her legs.

Thank f*ck she wore a dress today.

Hovering over her, Tyler's hand travels between her thighs and stops at her centre.

Not minding the barrier of clothes between them, Tyler touches her right at her centre, sending a wave of pleasure coursing through Lucinda.

Though she wore underwear, it didn't stop the pleasure.

Perhaps, the underwear served as a barrier to more friction.

And as embarrassing as it is to admit, she is f*cking wet.

Tyler notices the wet patch in the centre of her underwear.

Smirking, he rubs her core harder, intensifying the friction.

Lucinda lets out a moan, rolling her hips with his movements.

For as long as Tyler can remember, all his sexual escapades have always been to f*ck, release and get dressed.

He barely kissed any of the women he'd been with.

Not that he is a f*ckboy.

No.

He may look like one, but he is selective about the women he sleeps with.

The number of women he remembers being intimate with is only two: Mandy and Bella.

Okay, maybe they are three, not two.

Maybe four, but fuck, that doesn't matter.

But with Lucinda, kissing her always comes effortlessly.

And right now, watching her moan and writhe with pleasure under him made him want to do more.

It made him want to kiss every inch of her skin and hear her moan his name.

It is all so scary he refuses to think about it.

It's just sex with no strings attached.

And it's nothing but consensual sex between two adults.

Their relationship doesn't have to be labelled.

Tyler bends to kiss Lucinda, swallowing her moans.

He blocks out every other thought from his mind.

Inside doctor Grey's office, a radiologist hands over a report he made from reading the MRI scan.

[Chapter 55 Do Not Complicate Things](#)

"This is the result of the scan," the radiologist says, handing the results to Grey, who accepts them gingerly.

Quickly, he opens the envelope, unfolds the paper and scans through the words.

"Is this..." Grey trails off, looking up at the radiologist for confirmation.

He, in turn, nods affirmatively.

"It's as exactly as you see it. Fortunately, the patient did not suffer a major or severe brain injury, which

explains why he's still going about his life normally. Probably, he hit his head on something which might have caused the injury. That's why there is no little to no scarring on his brain tissue,"

He pauses before continuing.

"So, that brings us to the conclusion that the problem with your patient is the limbic system in his brain, which plays the most role in storing and retrieving memories. Your patient is suffering from dissociative amnesia. It doesn't have a cure, but there are ways to trigger the memories,"

"Yes, I'm aware. My doubts are confirmed now. Thank you," Grey thanks the radiologist, watching him leave his office.

Immediately after having sex, Tyler rolls off Lucinda and grabs his sweatpants, putting them back on.

Lucinda watches him in silence, feeling conflicted.

He turns away.

"Where are you going?" Lucinda asks while sitting up, naked.

Tyler stops his movements, glancing at her briefly.

"To get a shirt," he answers, turning away again, but Lucinda reaches out and grabs his hand, stopping him.

"Wait for a second, please,"

Tyler halts in his tracks and turns, glancing down briefly at her hands holding his before looking back at her confusedly.

Lucinda's eyes follow his movement at their intertwined hands, suddenly realising that for over two months since they met, this is the first time she'd held his hand.

His hand feels warm.

His long and slender fingers are calloused.

Without thinking, Lucinda rubs her thumb over the back of his hand.

Tyler jerks at her actions and pulls his hand away from her grasp.

She flushes embarrassedly.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to..."

"It's fine. Why did you stop me?" Tyler asks, pocketing his hand.

"I wanted to ask you something," she replies, biting her lips.

"Ask away,"

"What are we doing?"

Tyler frowns, "What?"

Lucinda licks her lips nervously.

"What is this between us, Tyler?"

"What do you mean between us?"

"Is this how it's going to be? We have sex, then you get dressed and leave without even a glance?"

Lucinda knows she is treading on dangerous grounds.

But she needs to know her stand.

She thought she wouldn't have a problem because it was just sex.

But Tyler's indifference is suffocating.

It is hard to tell if they are even friends at all.

Tyler's forehead creases.

"I don't understand the point you're trying to make. What else do you expect? We aren't in a relationship, Lucinda. I thought this was mutual sex between two adults,"

"So, I reckon you don't have feelings for me?"

Tyler bites his lips, staring at her incredulously.

He looks away briefly, gulping and then faces her again.

"Feelings? What brought about this conversation, Lucinda?"

"So, this is just sex to you? You have me whenever you need to get off?"

Tyler removes his hands from his pocket.

"Of course, this is just sex. Aren't we helping each other? Don't we both get satisfied in the end? Please don't try to complicate things,"

"I'm not trying to complicate things. I only wanted to make sure of where I stand, to avoid miscommunications in the future," Lucinda replies quietly, turning around to search for her bra.

Tyler says nothing else as he watches her get dressed.

After getting dressed, Lucinda gets up, her loosened braids falling over her shoulder, thankfully hiding her hickeys.

"I don't understand you. Where from this conversation? Are you looking for a relationship? Because..."

Lucinda cuts him off with a laugh.

"Why would I want a relationship with you when you can't even look me in the eye after sex? It's like I repulse you,"

"So you want me to cuddle with you and say sweet nothings to you after sex, is that it?" Tyler smirks.

Lucinda sighs, shaking her head.

He is either clueless or is pretending not to know what she's trying to say.

"I don't cuddle, but I can try to say sweet-nothings next time, yeah?"

Lucinda bends to put on her shoes, refusing to answer him because there won't be 'a next time'.

She straightens up, slinging her bag over her shoulder when Tyler's phone rings.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Mr Brown. It's me, Grey," the voice answers.

"Oh, hi," Tyler replies, silently excusing himself into his bedroom.

"How are you this morning? How did you sleep?"

"Aren't you overly caring for a doctor?" Tyler comments, shutting the door to his bedroom.

Doctor Grey chuckles lightheartedly.

"What can I say? That's just how I am. Anyway, you haven't answered my question,"

"Well, if you care to know, I slept better than I have in a long time. And I dreamt for the first time in forever, can you believe that?"

Grey's eyebrows shoot up,

"You had a dream? Care to share?"

"No, not really," Tyler refuses.

"That's fine. Do you think the dream had something to do with your lost memories?"

Tyler purses his lips, trying to recollect as many details as he can from the dream.

"I'm not sure. It was a weird dream. But, the room where I was standing in the dream feels so familiar, it's uncanny,"

Grey smiles.

"Well, that's a good sign. The fact that the room feels familiar means you've been there before, or you used to live in that house,"

"Hmm," Tyler nods.

"Anyway, your results are ready. You can come for them whenever you're ready, though I'll suggest you come as soon as you can,"

"Really? Can't you tell me on the phone, though?"

"I can, but you still have to come for the results,"

"Alright, but what should I expect? Some bad news?" Tyler asks.

"Well, it depends on what you term as bad news. But, it will excite you to know you have no signs of traumatic brain injury, meaning the possibility of death is ruled out. But, you do have dissociative amnesia, and if you're willing, I can refer you to someone who can help trigger your memories,"

Tyler's joy knew no bounds at the mention of getting his back his memories.

"Really? I thought there is no cure?" he can't help but doubt.

"Yes, there is no medicinal cure for amnesia. But there are ways to help the brain heal faster and trigger the memories," Grey replies.

"Alright, I'm on my way,"

"Okay, and Mr Brown?"

"Yes?"

"Please, come alone. And don't tell anyone where you're heading,"

Tyler chuckles.

"Why? It's not like anyone will kill you for doing your job, right?"

Grey sighs.

"Just do as I've said, okay?"

"Alright, fine. I'll be there in a jiffy," after hanging up, Tyler grabs a shirt from his wardrobe and puts it on.

He returns to the living room, casting an apologetic look at Lucinda.

"I'm sorry, but I have to rush out.."

"It's fine," She cuts him off, slinging her bag over her shoulder.

"Bye," Tyler watches her leave.

Shrugging, he follows her out a minute later and locks the door.

He heads to the roadside and flags a taxi.

[Chapter 56 An Ingrate](#)

Inside the dark basement of Ron's mansion, Chris Johnson lay helplessly on the cold floor.

He was shivering so much that his teeth began to chatter.

His face was all bloodied.

And his left eye was swollen so much he feared he would go blind even after it healed.

The heavy metal door to the basement suddenly opens, allowing in a little ray of light inside.

Chris lifts his head off the floor, watching Ron approach him, smoking.

"How are you doing?" Ron asks, halting a few inches from Chris.

"How else do you expect me to be doing? Should I say I'm doing just fine?" Chris manages with a hoarse voice.

Ron removes the cigarette from his mouth and squats, blowing out the smoke.

Chris coughs when the smoke invades his nostrils.

"It's exhilarating to know you still have a sharp mouth," Ron comments.

"Haven't I paid you back in kind for everything? Why are you still keeping me here?" Chris questions miserably, lowering his head.

"You think you've finished paying me back? Well, think again, Johnson,"

Chris sighs.

"Is this still because of her? You're being petty, Ron. Why are you letting this ruin our friendship?"

"You singlehandedly ruined our friendship when you helped her escape! Don't you f*cking talk about relationships!" He sneers.

"What I did was the right thing. She wouldn't have been able to survive another day in that place you people locked her in. What I did should never have ruined our friendship. You were too egoistic. And your pride wouldn't let you see that you were in the wrong,"

"You still don't understand a f*cking thing, do you?!" Ron can't help but growl ferociously.

"I admit my approach was wrong, but I kept her f*cking alive, unlike you who helped her escape straight into the wolf's mouth! You signed her death warrant by helping her!"

"I don't understand why you keep insisting I did the wrong thing. I was helping her,"

Ron laughs humorlessly.

"Do you think you're the only one who cares about her? She is my f*cking..." Angry, Ron stands to his full height, snuffing out the cigarette butt between his fingers.

"...Stop thinking you're the only person who loved her enough to help her. I f*cking did too. So stop with your good samaritan bullshit. It's exhausting,"

He finishes, gesturing to a man guarding the basement.

"Release him,"

Ron leaves the basement immediately after giving the order.

Ron's cell phone rings the minute he arrives inside his bedroom. Sighing heavily, he sinks into bed and fishes out for his phone.

His demeanour changes when he glances at the caller ID

Annoyed, he swipes the green button and presses the phone to his ear.

"What?"

"That's no way to speak to an elder, Ronald," the voice reprimands, and he rubs his forehead.

"Speak, or I hung up," he says firmly.

"My, my, you keep going from bad to worse each week,"

"Dad,"

Ron grits his teeth, clenching the phone tightly.

"I'm serious. You either state why you called me, or I will hang up,"

His father sighs.

"I just wanted to know how you're doing. Since you decided to have nothing to do with the family's business, I want to know how you're doing surviving on your own so far,"

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm doing much better than I ever thought I will,"

"Well, alright. In case you need anything, you can..."

"I need nothing from you. Now, if that's all, I'm hanging up," Ron cuts him off harshly.

"You are such an ingrate. You still have the guts to speak to me in such a disrespectful manner after everything I've done for you? I regret having a f*cking ingrate like you as a son," his dad sneers, to which Ron laughs humorlessly, shaking his head.

"So, just because I refused to indulge in your nasty business, you're calling me an ingrate now? Well, forgive me, dearest father, but I'll never become like you, so save us both the time and quit trying to groom me into your sick, twisted definition of perfection,"

Ron hangs up after that, throwing the phone across the room, watching it hit the wall and shatter.

Fuck a lousy excuse of a father like him.

St Martins Hospital.

Tyler alights from the cab, pays the driver and heads inside.

After asking the receptionist about Doctor Grey's whereabouts, he heads in the direction she gave him.

After arriving at the emergency ward, he stops a nurse.

"Excuse me. I'm looking for doctor Grey. He's waiting for me,"

"Oh, he's with a patient at the moment. He'll be out soon. Please, have a seat," the nurse tells him.

Nodding, Tyler takes a seat and waits.

Doctor Grey exits one of the wards several minutes later.

Sighting him, Tyler gets up and approaches him.

Doctor Grey halts in his steps when he spots Tyler approaching him. he smiles, slinging his stethoscope around his neck.

"You're here. Please follow me," he says, ushering Tyler the opposite way.

Tyler follows.

When they arrive in front of his office, someone suddenly crosses paths with them, bumping into Grey.

Stacks of papers fall onto the floor as doctor Grey bends to help pick them up.

"I'm so sorry, doctor. I wasn't looking. I'm sorry," the person apologises.

Smiling, Grey hands over the papers to the woman he'd bumped into.

"It's fine. We both weren't looking,"

"I'm sorry," she apologises again before excusing herself.

Tyler stares at him.

"Are you always this nice to people? Must be tiresome,"

Grey chuckles.

"I'm a doctor. I'm supposed to be nice,"

"Mmmm," Tyler mumbles.

Doctor Grey's phone vibrates suddenly, causing him to stop amidst opening the door to his office.

He fishes out for his phone and swipes his thumb over his screen.

After a moment of silence, he pockets his phone, looking up at Tyler.

His face is paler than usual.

"Uh, I have to go. Something came up at my daughter's school. I'll be right back," he says hurriedly, locking his office.

"I can just leave and come back later," Tyler suggests.

"No, I'll return soon. I'm just picking her up from school. It's barely a five-minute drive from here. Please wait. I'll be back sooner than you think,"

He dashes out after that, leaving Tyler staring at his retreating back, confused.

That was weird, he mumbles to himself.

Tyler sighs.

Well, shit.

[Chapter 57 Too Late For Regrets](#)

Grey hurries inside the school premises as soon as he conveniently parks his car. He heads straight for his daughter's classroom and sighs in relief when he spots the class teacher immediately.

"Uh, hi. I'm so sorry I missed your calls. I received your message that my daughter is sick?"

"Hello, Mr Adams. Your wife came to pick her up a while ago," the teacher replies.

"Oh," his shoulders sag in relief.

"Thank you,"

He turns away and heads towards his car while fishing for his phone.

He dials his wife's number and presses the phone to his ear. It rings for a while until the call drops after going unanswered.

Sighing, he pockets his phone and unlocks his car, opening the door.

After climbing into his car, he rests his head against the headrest, letting out a long tired sigh.

Suddenly, the back door of his car opens and shuts.

He turns sharply, alarmed.

"Who the hell is it?"

Turning, he notices a young man in the backseat, looking relaxed.

"Hey, buddy! You've got the wrong car. Please, get out," he says as calmly as he can.

The young man doesn't reply.

Instead, he bows his head and starts to rummage through his coat.

"Hey, buddy!" Grey calls out again, impatient.

"Are you lost?!"

Silence.

"Alright, I'm calling the cops," Grey turns to bring out his phone when the cold metallic barrel of a gun touches the back of his head.

His heart skips a beat.

"Drive. If you move an inch or try to alert passersby, I will fucking blow your head off," the man's menacing voice resonates in the silent car.

"W...what do you want? Money? I'll give you any amount, but please let me go. I have a family, please!"

"I don't want your money. I said f*cking drive!" the young man bellows, pressing the gun harder to the back of his head.

Grey nods fearfully.

"Okay, okay!"

With shaky hands, he starts the car, veering onto the main road.

"Where am I driving to?" Grey questions.

"Your house,"

Confused, Grey turns his head only for a gun to get pointed at him. Gulping, he looks back at the road.

"M...my house? why?"

"Ask one more question, and I won't hold myself from blowing your head off!"

Grey shuts up immediately, remaining mute the entire drive to his house.

When they arrive at his house, the young man orders Grey to get down from the car.

Grey obeys and follows him inside.

The scene that meets Grey, the moment they enter the house, sends him reeling into a state of shock and panic.

His wife is seated on the floor, and her face is wet with tears. As if feeling his presence, she lifts her head and wails loudly upon seeing him.

"Grey!" she attempts to get up, but a hand reaches out and drags her down harshly.

It doesn't take long for Grey to realise that the hand belongs to none other than Alex.

Alex grins sardonically when their eyes meet.

"We've been waiting for you to grace us with your presence, doctor Grey Adams. Now that you're here, why don't we begin with the fun?"

Alex turns to the man who brought in Grey.

"Get us some wine, Ryan,"

He turns to Grey.

"You do have wine, don't you? I'm sure you do. Hurry up with the wine, Ryan! And bring glasses for everyone each!"

Ryan complies, grabbing an expensive red wine from doctor Grey's mini bar. He returns with the wine and glasses.

"Here, boss," he hands a glass to Alex and pours him some wine.

"Come for a glass, doctor. And get one for your wife while you're at it, yeah?" Alex takes a sip, basking in the wine's exquisite taste.

"This wine is so delicious. It tastes like heaven. Where did you get it?" he questions but gets no reply.

Unperturbed, he takes another sip, and another, until his glass is almost empty. He gestures to Ryan to pour him some more, to which he complies.

"My daughter, where is she?" Grey asks after finding his voice.

Alex spares him a glance, smiling.

"Oh, that beautiful flower? She's upstairs sleeping. Would you like to confirm?"

Without another word, Grey dashes toward the stairs to see his daughter but halts suddenly when a loud bang echoes across the room, followed by excruciating pain in his legs.

Frozen to the spot, Grey looks down and realises blood oozing from a gaping wound on his right leg.

Shaking, he turns to see Alex's hand stretched towards him, with smoke dancing in the air around the barrel of the gun he held.

Grey's wife lets out a horrified scream.

Once again, she attempts to get up in a bid to run to her husband, but Alex drags her down.

"Sit your fucking ass down, woman!" he growls, the initial smile on his face gone.

She shrinks away in fear, sobbing silently.

Grey sinks to his knees, groaning in pain.

With his shaky hands, he takes off his necktie and ties it around the wound.

"I forgot you're a doctor. Perhaps I should have shot a much more fatal body part. Maybe, your chest? Or neck?" Alex pretends to be in thought.

He grins suddenly, snapping his fingers.

"Oh, I get it! I should have shot you in the neck. I'd love to see how you will stop the bleeding,"

Grey whimpers.

"What do you want? Why are you doing this? I did what you asked of me. So why are you hurting us? Let my wife go, please!"

Alex lowers his now empty glass and glares at Grey.

"You dare to ask me that, don't you? After you went ahead to defy me, you still have the guts to look me in the eyes and lie?"

Fear creeps up Grey's spine as he gulps.

"I...I don't know what you're talking about,"

Alex chuckles.

"Do you want me to refresh your memory then?"

Before Grey can react, Alex stretches his hand, aims the gun and pulls the trigger. The bullet pierces his left leg.

A helpless cry of pain escapes Grey as he grabs both legs, shaking uncontrollably.

"Is that enough to refresh your memory? Or shall I refresh it some more?"

"No! Please, No! Please! No more! Please!" Grey begs, tears streaming down his face.

"I warned you not to mess with me, Grey. But as usual, you thought I was bluffing. You know. I hate people who can't keep their noses on their faces and go about poking them in people's businesses. You're too f*cking nosey for my liking, Grey. Too bad your wife and child are going to suffer the consequences,"

Grey's eyes widen at the mention of that. He shakes his head.

"No! Please! Leave them out of this, please! Take me, kill me, whatever! But leave them out of this, I'm

begging you!"

Alex clicks his tongue.

"Isn't it adorable how much you love your family?"

Grey cries.

"I didn't tell Tyler anything. I swear. I will never tell him anything. Please!"

"Well, it's too late for regrets now, Grey. You might keep quiet about this issue, but can I trust you in the near future? Tsk. You dug your own grave, and now you have to lie in it," Alex once again lifts his hand, pointing the gun at Grey.

Grey closes his eyes, too much of a coward to look his wife in the eye.

"I'm sorry, my love. I'm so sorry. Forgive me," he cries silently.

He waits for death, but it never comes. A second turns into a minute, and yet nothing.

Gingerly, he opens his eyes just in time to see Alex point the gun away from him and towards his wife instead.

Before he can make sense of the situation, Alex pulls the trigger and fires.

[Chapter 58 Get Aliana To Safety](#)

Grey feels his soul leave his body when the shot rings out.

For a split second, the world stands still as he lets out a horrified silent scream.

It was the kind of scream where you open your mouth, and nothing comes out.

He was screaming with his heart.

With both legs rendered immobile, he desperately attempts to crawl toward his wife, but Ryan holds him down, pulling his arms so far behind him that his bones almost got dislocated, but he couldn't care less. He struggles in Ryan's hold.

Alex spares him a glance and smirks.

"Relax, she's not dead yet,"

His words seem to have plunged Grey back to reality as he stops struggling, noticing his wife crouched in

the corner, shaking with indescribable fear and panic.

His soul returns to his body as he sighs in relief.

"Uh, uh. Don't be relieved just yet. The best is yet to come," Alex waves his gun in the air.

"Please! Let her go and take me instead. She's got nothing to do with this. Please, Alex. Have mercy!" Grey pleads.

"Mercy said no. I wonder where I heard that. Do you perhaps, know?" Alex squats, facing Grey's wife.

She shakes her head slightly.

He feigns surprise.

"You don't? But it's from a popular song. Do you want me to sing it for you?"

She ignores him, glancing down at her feet.

Alex frowns.

"I hate to be ignored, beautiful lady. Ask your husband,"

He trails her chest with his gun and slips it into her shirt.

He then forces her shirt apart with the gun, watching buttons fly out of her shirt.

"Get your f*cking hands off my wife!" Grey growls, struggling against Ryans's death grip.

"Let me go. Let me f*cking go!" Grey thrashes.

"Stay still!" Ryan yells, releasing his hold on Grey and punching him in the jaw.

Grey's head snaps to the side from the force of the punch.

He spits out blood and glares at Ryan.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Hitting a defenceless man?"

Alex straightens to his full height, stepping away from Grey's wife. He approaches Grey, smiling maniacally.

"My, my. Who would have thought that doctor Grey Adams has got the balls?"

Grey glares, refusing to back down.

His head is getting fuzzy from so much blood loss, but the adrenaline rush and the need to protect his family are more than enough to keep his eyes open.

"Men who scare others with guns are nothing but cowards. If your gun were to vanish right now, you'd look nothing short of a helpless chicken in the rain!" he spits.

He knows he's treading on dangerous grounds right now.

He knows he is availing himself as a meal on a platter to the hungry lion.

And he knows that with each word he utters, he's one step closer to his grave.

But it's all going to be worth it.

Now that he's taken Alex's attention away from his wife, he hopes to the heavens that she takes this opportunity to run.

If only.

If only he could give her a sign.

Alex squats in front of Grey and grips his jaw, digging his fingers into his skin. Grey doesn't flinch. Instead, he stares at him defiantly.

"I'd be a helpless chicken without a gun, huh?" Alex chuckles humorlessly, his eyes blazing with fury.

"I'm much more dangerous without my gun, Grey. If I decided to drop my gun right now, I'd expect you to say your last prayers because what I will give you will be worse than death,"

"Do your worst," Grey tries his level best not to let his trembling lips show.

He needs to put up a front.

Sienna sits on the floor, shaking.

Hurriedly, she hugs herself and shrinks away.

She stares at her husband, provoking Alex with his suggestive utterances.

She glances at the stairs.

Her daughter is still in her room.

She needs to get to her. But how?

She spares Alex and Ryan a glance, realising that their attention is solely on Grey now.

Her eyes snap back to the stairs, mentally calculating the distance between where she sat and the stairs.

If she decides to run, can she make it without getting caught?

She chews on her trembling lips, weighing her options.

She spares Alex another glance.

Grey's words must have infuriated him so much he is unable to see anything else.

Try, she tells herself.

She has to try and get her daughter to safety.

Whatever her husband had done to Alex, it is almost inevitable that he will let them go unscathed.

Aliana shouldn't be a part of this.

She doesn't have to see any of this.

With her mind finally made up, Sienna slowly lifts herself off the floor, and without looking back, she dashes toward the stairs on tiptoe.

She finds Aliana hiding inside the wardrobe in her room, shivering.

Sienna's heart lurches at the sight of her daughter.

Choking on a sob, she approaches the wardrobe and carefully pries the door open.

Aliana crawls further inside the wardrobe, fear filling her when the wardrobe door begins to open.

"Shhh, my love. It's me," Sienna says softly, kneeling on the tiled floor.

"It's me, love. Don't be scared," she tries to assure her daughter.

Aliana's shoulders droop with relief as she lifts her tearstained face

to peer at her mother from behind the several clothes.

"Mama?" she squeaks.

Sienna nods enthusiastically, smiling through her tears.

"Yes, honey. Come on now, love,"

Tearfully, Aliana climbs out from her hiding place and embraces her mother, sobbing.

"Shh, it's okay, my love. Mommy's here now. Don't cry," she runs a hand through her daughter's hair, coaxing her.

After a short while, she disengages from the hug and peers into her daughter's face.

They have to find a way to safety before Alex discovers them.

"Okay, baby, listen very carefully. I have to take you somewhere, okay?"

Aliana stares at her confusedly.

"What about daddy?"

Sienna tries her best not to break down.

"Daddy will follow us soon. Trust me, okay?"

Aliana nods, embracing her mother once more.

Hurriedly, Sienna carries her daughter and tiptoes out of the room.

She enters their master bedroom, picks up her purse containing her ATM cards, and heads toward the stairs.

Stopping at the edge of the stairs, she cranes her neck, looking out for Alex and his goon.

She notices her husband say something to Alex, which infuriates him, and he orders Ryan to beat up Grey.

She bites down on her lips to stop herself from crying out loud.

The scene is heart wrenching.

She wants to stop them, but her daughter is her priority now.

She knows Grey would do the same if he were in her shoes.

Determinedly, she tiptoes down the stairs and turns, heading towards the backdoor in the kitchen.

She twists the doorknob and pushes the door open. The door makes a loud noise, but that doesn't stop her.

Sienna rushes out the door, running onto the compound.

She passes the cars parked on the compound and curses inwardly.

She should have f*cking listened to her husband when he offered to teach her how to drive.

F*ck, f*ck, f*ck!

With no other option, she runs towards the main gate.

Alex rushes out of the door, screaming,

"You b*tch, stop right there!"

Sienna doesn't stop. Carrying her five-year-old daughter is slowing her down, but she doesn't stop.

She can't.

She has to get Aliana to safety.

"F*cking stop, else I'll blow your brains out!" Alex yells, running after her.

He curses when Sienna continues to run, nearing the main gate.

Alex quickens his pace, pulling out a silencer and attaching it to the barrel of his gun. He isn't going to risk drawing attention when he shoots her.

The f*cking b*tch.

She and Grey deserve each other, after all.

After attaching the silencer, he aims the gun and fires.

Sienna feels the bullet tear through her shoulder blades. Blood sputters out, but she continues running.

"Don't look, baby. Close your eyes," she hugs a whimpering Aliana tighter to her body and presses her face into her chest.

Noticing that she is still running, Alex runs after her, aiming his gun a second time.

He fires.

[Chapter 59 She Wants To Live](#)

Back at St Martin's Hospital, Tyler fishes out for his phone and checks his time. He groans in annoyance.

Doctor Grey said he would be back soon, yet he's been gone for an hour.

He can't believe he's been sitting here waiting for an hour.

Sighing, he gets up and heads toward the reception.

"Hi. Has doctor Grey returned?"

The receptionist shakes her head, telling him no.

Nodding, Tyler dials his number once more before deciding to leave.

The call goes unanswered.

He pockets his phone and exits the hospital.

Sienna continues to run, the pain in her shoulders gradually becoming numb from excessive blood loss.

Her right arm loosens its grip on Aliana.

Her breath becomes laboured as her body begs her to slow down and catch her breath, but she doesn't.

At this point, she's far too gone to give up now.

If Alex ever catches up with her, he will definitely make his promise come to pass and blow her brains out. Aliana wouldn't be spared from his wrath either.

She's angered him by trying to escape.

She might as well make it to the end or die trying.

Before leaving the house, Sienna had checked the wall clock. It was almost time for her housekeeper to show up.

She quickens her pace, despite the dizziness threatening to knock her down.

She casts her eyes around, praying and hoping to meet her housekeeper on the way.

She would give Aliana to her and then surrender, or maybe run in a different direction to throw Alex off her trail.

She continues to run, her last ray of hope of coming across her housekeeper dying out.

But when she's about to give up, her housekeeper suddenly appears on the main road from the narrow path down to her right.

They bump into each other, causing Sienna to lose her balance.

The housekeeper lifts her head, eyes widening when she notices her employer's appearance.

"Oh, my God, Mrs Adams! What happened?!"

Sienna shakes her head, forcing Aliana into the housekeeper's arms.

"Take Aliana with you. Go now!" she pushes her purse into the housekeeper's hand.

"My ATM cards are inside. Use that to take care of yourself and my daughter. Don't take her to your house. Take her far away instead. I will find you when the time is right. But if I don't, please treat her as your own," Sienna says in a distraught voice.

The housekeeper is alarmed.

"Mrs Adams, what do you mean? Where are you going?"

"I don't have time to explain. Some people are after us, and I can't let them hurt my daughter too. Please, just..." she pauses, pushing the housekeeper behind one of the trees on the roadside.

She spots a cab coming and waves.

The car stops in front of them.

Sienna quickly opens the passenger door and pushes the housekeeper inside the cab.

She's about to join them when another shot rings out.

It misses.

Panicking, Sienna shuts the door, shouting at the driver to drive.

Aliana begins to wail.

"I love you, Aliana. I'll always love you, honey. Always." She sobs, turning to the fear-stricken housekeeper who's still processing everything.

"Take care of my daughter, Sophia,"

The cab zooms off and Sienna dashes behind one of the estate houses, heading towards the rows of buildings still under construction.

Alex rounds the corner, following her.

He aims at her and fires the third time.

The bullet tears into Sienna's back, causing her to slouch.

She groans in pain.

She doesn't stop.

She continues to run, jumping over rocks.

But her strength soon begins to fail her as her dizziness returns, threatening to plunge her into darkness.

She fights to keep her eyes open, but in the end, she loses her footing and falls face first.

She rolls over, groaning.

Alex stops a few inches away from where she lay, breathing heavily.

"You really are such a piece of work, aren't you?" he shakes his head, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand.

"Please," Sienna pleads helplessly, crawling away from him, but she doesn't make it far before toppling over in pain.

Alex sighs, planting his hands on his waist, standing at akimbo.

"Maybe I would have considered your pleas if you hadn't run,"

"You still would have killed me," She replies, watching Alex grin sardonically.

"You're smart. I like that. But even then, I would have made your death quick, but now, look at how

you're suffering, bleeding to your death,"

"Please, don't do this. Please!" Sienna cries, looking at him dejectedly.

Her shoulders are covered in blood, and so is her shirt.

She doesn't want to die. Not yet.

Aliana needs her. Aliana needs Grey.

She's too young to be orphaned.

She has to live.

She needs to.

Alex squats beside her, tapping his chin with the base of his gun, pretending to be in deep thoughts.

He spares her a glance after a short while.

"Where's the little girl?"

Sienna purses her trembling lips, refusing to answer.

Alex lets out a sigh.

"Well, I guess you just used up your chances of surviving," he aims the gun at her chest.

Sienna's heart jumps out of her chest. Her heartbeat quickens.

Fear fills her as her eyes widen in horror.

She shakes her head vigorously, begging him not to shoot.

She's not ready to die.

She wants to live.

Despair gnaws at her heart, and fear of the unknown crawls up her spine.

"Please!" she wails, but Alex's eyes hold no sympathy as he stares down at her, aiming his gun at her chest.

"I'll ask you one last time. Where. Is. The Girl?" he sneers.

Sienna keeps mute, sobbing silently.

"You asked for it," Alex shrugs, and before Sienna can process his words, he fires his gun, watching her fall back with a thud as blood begins to spread on her chest.

Her shoulders droop, and her head turns to the side as her life slowly leaves her body, causing her face to turn as pale and white as a sheet.

Alex watches her limp form for a while and then places a call to Ryan.

"Come outside and walk towards the uncompleted buildings behind Grey's house," he hangs up after that and waits.

Ryan shows up shortly after, taking in the scene before him.

He sighs.

"Take care of this mess," Alex gestures to Sienna's body and the blood on the ground.

He walks away after, returning to doctor Grey's house.

Grey lay on the floor.

He's a bloodied mess when Alex returns after a while.

He painfully cranes his neck but doesn't catch sight of his wife or daughter.

A gnawing feels settles in the pit of his stomach.

"W...where are my wife and daughter?" he stutters.

Alex smirks.

"Well, wouldn't you like to know?"

"Where are they, Alex? I told you to take me and leave them out of this!" he yells.

"Stop yelling, will you? You might burst my eardrums. Besides, haven't you been told that curiosity kills the cat? Mmm?"

"Please, tell me where they are. Please, I'm begging you in the name of God!"

Alex chuckles.

"God? Don't make me laugh in parables, Grey Adams,"

Grey lets the tears flow.

"Please, don't hurt them. Please." He lowers his head, feeling tired and numb.

His legs have bled so much that it will take a miracle to save him.

He's accepted his fate.

At this juncture, death is inevitable, but his wife and child...

Sienna and Aliana.

They are the most precious women in his life.

He has to make sure they're alive and well, even though the chances are slim.

He lifts his head, about to say something, when the base of a gun connects with his jaw, hard.

He drops to the floor, unconscious.

Alex sighs.

He likes Grey better this way. Unconscious.

Forty-five minutes later, Ryan returns, sweating.

"All done, boss,"

Alex nods, getting up.

He rummages through Grey's pockets and pulls out his cell phone.

Next, he goes upstairs and picks up the two laptops he finds.

He returns downstairs.

"Get Grey into his car and get someone to clean this place. Make sure it's spotless. When you finish, lock the gates and come to the mansion in Grey's car," he instructs and leaves.

Ryan sighs miserably.

Why does he always have to do the dirty work?

Groaning, he gets to work.

[Chapter 60 Spyware](#)

Lucinda lets out a tired sigh, sinking into the couch.

"You're back earlier than I expected," Mandy comments, taking a seat beside her.

"Yeah," Lucinda mumbles.

She would have probably returned earlier if she hadn't decided to take a walk around first.

Her brain is a jumbled mess, and she can't explain why.

Her heart seems to know the answer, but her brain refuses to accept it.

Lucinda was aware from the get-go that whatever was between her and Tyler was nothing but sex with no strings attached.

She knew what was in store for her when she turned a deaf ear to her subconscious and slept with Tyler for the second and third time.

She was fucking aware.

Then why does it still not hurt any less, knowing Tyler only sees her as someone he can go to when he needs a release?

Why does it even hurt in the first place?

Does she like Tyler?

Is she developing feelings for him?

Dread fills Lucinda as she shakes her head at her ridiculous thoughts.

No.

There's no way in hell she's developing feelings for Tyler Brown.

He isn't good for her.

She's probably just emotional because it's nearing that time of the month.

Yes, that's why she's emotional.

There's no other explanation.

"Why do you look so pale?" Mandy's voice startles Lucinda out of her reverie.

She rubs her face.

"It's just stress," she mutters.

"Why wouldn't you be stressed when you chose to study Mathematics as your major, hmm?"

Lucinda rolls her eyes, getting up.

"That's such a far-fetched theory, Mandy,"

"No, it's not. And you know it," Mandy points to the ice cream spoon she held at her.

"Well, it's not my fault I happen to love Maths, yeah?"

"Perhaps," Mandy shrugs, settling back into the couch just as her phone rings.

Dropping her bowl of ice cream on the table, she fishes out for her phone and swipes on the screen.

"Hello?"

She remains silent for a moment, listening to the person at the other end of the line speaking.

She excuses herself to take the call.

Shrugging, Lucinda enters her bedroom, deciding to sleep here tonight.

She's shared Mandy's bed so much that she's forgotten it's a two-bedroom apartment and not one.

Stripping her clothes, she pads into the bathroom naked to take a shower.

After her shower, she exits the bathroom without a towel, leaving a trail of water droplets in her wake.

Standing in the middle of her room, she glances around for her towel.

Finding it, she picks it up and begins to dry herself.

While drying herself, she suddenly halts her movements, glancing at her body in the mirror.

Lucinda touches her neck, trailing the pad of her fingers over the hickeys.

She shuts her eyes as her mind drifts back to the day's earlier events.

She reminisces how Tyler expertly worked her to her climax with just his fingers. How his lips caressed every inch of her skin.

How he left her wanting more each time he plunged into her.

How...

The sudden knock on Lucinda's door startles her.

Fuck.

She curses, wrapping the towel around herself. With a flushed face, she answers the door.

Mandy stands behind the door.

"Uh, I've got to step out for a bit," she informs.

Lucinda nods, clearing her throat.

"I might return very late, so please lock the doors. I have my keys with me,"

"Okay, sure. Be safe," Lucinda tells her.

Flashing her a smile, Mandy turns away, heading towards the door. She grabs her phone from the couch on her way out.

After Mandy leaves, Lucinda shuts the door and leans against it.

She lets out a sigh.

Why are thoughts of Tyler invading her mind so much?

What's this?

Attraction?

Lucinda steps away from the door, shaking her head.

Attraction? Pfft!

Removing the towel, she lets it drop to the floor as she grabs a lotion and squirts a reasonable amount unto her palm.

Rubbing the lotion between both hands, she smears it on her legs, running up her thighs.

After applying the lotion to her body, she puts on a pair of shorts and a tank top, deciding to stay indoors for the rest of the day.

Lucinda spends the next couple of hours cleaning the apartment. After cleaning, she sits behind her study desk to do some studying.

Almost thirty minutes into studying, the doorbell rings. Lucinda sighs, shutting her textbook as she goes to answer the door.

It is the girl she helped a couple of days ago.

"Uh hi," Chrissy waves.

"Hi," Lucinda replies.

"I need a favour. Can you please help me out?"

"If I can, sure," Lucinda answers.

"I have a friend who skipped a few classes, and she's been searching for someone to help her out to make up for her class hours,"

Lucinda raises an eyebrow.

"Help? In what way?"

"Uh, your notes. Or your textbook. Whichever one you'd be comfortable giving out. For a few days, of course,"

Lucinda stares for a while.

"What subject?"

"Uh, algorithms," Chrissy replies.

"Okay. I think I have it somewhere. Would you like to come in and wait while I search for it?"

Chrissy nods enthusiastically.

"Sure, of course. Thank you!" Chrissy gingerly steps inside the apartment, shutting the door softly behind her.

"Have a seat. I'll be back,"

Chrissy takes a seat and watches Lucinda disappear into one of the rooms.

After making sure Lucinda is out of sight, she springs to her feet, fishing for her phone.

She sends a quick message to Ron, to which she gets a reply instantly.

Now, for the most difficult part, she tiptoes around the apartment, searching for Lucinda's phone.

After endless searching, she groans in disappointment, sitting back down.

As she sits down, something solid pricks at her thighs.

Chrissy lifts her thighs to check what's pricking her and realises it's a USB cord attached to a phone.

Carefully, Chrissy switches on the phone, sighing in relief when she realises it's Lucinda's phone.

Her picture as wallpaper is glaring proof.

And luckily, the phone isn't secured with a lock screen.

Swiping her finger over the screen, she taps the phone app to open it.

Chrissy hurriedly enters Ron's number and dials it.

She lets it ring for less than three seconds before hanging up.

Now, she needs to wait for Ron to do his part.

While waiting, Chrissy nervously glances at the bedroom door, hoping Lucinda takes longer to find the book.

Lucinda's phone suddenly vibrates, and she glances at the notification.

It's a message from an unknown number asking to click on a link. Chrissy clicks on the link and watches as a smiley emoji pops up on the screen.

The emoji rotates for barely five seconds before disappearing.

At the same time, Chrissy receives a message on her phone from Ron, informing her the spyware is installed successfully.

Breathing a sigh of relief, she deletes the message from Lucinda's phone and Ron's number from her call log.

Hurriedly, she places the phone back to where she saw it and returns to her initial sitting position.

A few seconds later, Lucinda returns, wiping her forehead.

"Here,"

Chrissy gets up, smiling.

"Thank you very much, Lucinda. I'll return it as early as I can. Thank You!"

Lucinda nods.

"Sure. It's not a problem,"

"Alright. I'll be on my way now,"

Lucinda accompanies Chrissy to the door.

She opens the door and watches Chrissy leave before shutting the door.

Lucinda frowns as if suddenly recalling something.

"Where's my phone?" she mutters.

She remembers needing to charge it.

Looking around briefly, she finds the phone lodged between the cushions on the sofa.

Picking it up, she attaches the USB to a charger head, connects it to a socket and leaves it to charge.

Turning away, Lucinda suddenly halts in her tracks, frowning again.

She stares at the door.

She just met Chrissy on Monday, right?

So how does Chrissy know she's studying Mathematics?

