

## Devil Lucifer 81

### [Chapter 81 Invisible Barrier](#)

Meanwhile, Tyler arrives at his apartment to find the door unlocked. With a heavy sigh, he opens the door and enters, walking into the living room. He spots Austin watching football while eating straight from the pan he'd heated the beans stew in earlier.

"You're back," He spares Tyler a glance, chewing on a piece of gizzard.

"And you're back. You disappeared earlier,"

"Yeah. I had to leave unannounced because it was nauseating listening to you two flirting with each other,"

Tyler frowns, "What do you mean?"

"Don't feign innocence, bruh. I was here when Lucinda woke up. Let's just say I couldn't stand listening to you both. The sexual tension was too suffocating,"

Tyler doesn't say anything. He walks to the fridge, retrieves a can of beer and joins his friend on the sofa.

"By the way. When I returned, you both were nowhere to be found. I thought you'd take longer returning home. How are things between you two?" Austin probes further, glancing at his friend eagerly for answers.

"What kind of question is that? What do you think is between us?" Tyler opens the can and gulps down the beer.

"Come on, Tyler. Quit pretending. How long will this go on? Anyone with eyes can see you both are attracted to each other,"

Tyler snorts, "Your sense of judgement is poor,"

"Fine. You can deny all you want, but I'd like to see for how long you can hold up before you break,"

He ignores Austin, focusing on gulping down the beer until the can is empty.

Austin says nothing else as they watch the football match in utter silence.

When the match is over, Tyler asks his friend to get in touch with the nurse from St Martins Hospital.

Austin casts a curious glance at him.

"By this time? It's late,"

Tyler glances at the wall clock, "It's only a quarter past ten. It's not that late,"

"Fine," Austin fishes out his phone from his pocket and scrolls through his contact, stopping at the nurse's contact and dialling it.

He answers on the fifth ring.

"Don't tell me you need my help again? Come on. I need a break. At this rate, I'll get caught," he complains immediately he answers the call.

"Oh, my God, Relax, Jake. I only called because I need information on Doctor Grey,"

There's a brief pause, "Doctor Grey? Why?"

"You see, doctor Grey ran some tests on my friend some time ago, and before he could give us the results, he went AWOL. We haven't heard from the doctor in more than a week. All efforts to try calling him have proven futile. Since you work in the hospital, we thought it'd be best to ask you,"

Austin explains.

The nurse, whose name is Jake, sighs. "I haven't seen him either. It's been almost two weeks since he showed up to work. So far as I'm concerned, he hasn't turned in his resignation or transferred to a different hospital. Though there are rumours circulating that he sent a letter to the hospital's board asking for an indefinite leave. The directors were confused due to his sudden request, so they demanded his presence in the hospital for a meeting, but he never showed up. I've also heard that there were records of him booking a flight to Australia, but since they're rumours, I can't assure the information I'm giving is valid,"

Austin sighs.

Why would he request an indefinite leave and fly out of the country so suddenly?

Didn't he have appointments lined up?

Did he just up and leave, neglecting his patients?

"So, how do we find him? Could you perhaps give us his address?"

Jake hesitates, "Uh, I'm not sure how I can find that out,"

Tyler waves at Austin to let it go.

"Okay, Jake. Thank you," he hangs up, dropping the phone.

He faces Tyler.

"Don't you want to know his whereabouts?"

"I do. We hacked into the hospital's database, right? I'm certain we can have access to every employee's information. All we need is to ask Ron for help,"

"Right. Let's do that tomorrow, yeah?" Austin yawns, getting on his feet.

He enters the kitchen and drops the utensils in the sink.

"I'm off to bed," he waves, heading for Tyler's room.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"To sleep. What kind of silly question is that?"

"Why do you always have to sleep in my room and on my bed? There's a guestroom, for Christ's sake, man!" Tyler yells after him.

"Where's the fun in that? I prefer sleeping in your bed. You can take the guestroom," Austin chuckles, disappearing into the room.

Tyler sighs, kicking off his shoes and lying on the sofa.

Now that the house is quiet, his mind wanders to the day's earlier events.

"I think I'm developing feelings for you, and I don't know how to stop it,"

Lucinda's confession seeps into his mind.

He gazes at the fan churning above him.

Why did she have to like someone like him?

She will end up getting hurt in the long run.

There's a reason he hasn't been in any relationship for as long as he can recall.

It's not as if he's scared of commitment.

Well, maybe he is a little bit sceptical when it comes to commitment.

But besides that, there seems to be an invisible barrier preventing him from wanting to commit.

He's been with girls and even had sex a few times with them, but never anything serious.

It's as if something is stopping him from developing feelings for the opposite sex. Or maybe, he just hasn't met the right person.

Or his heart probably belongs to someone from the past.

Someone locked away in his memories.

Tyler recalls Austin's speculations which he found to be ridiculous.

Are they really speculations?

Or could Austin be right this time around?

What if there really is someone whom he used to love?

What if he can't bring himself to commit because his heart belongs elsewhere?

If that is the case, then what about Lucinda?

What are these feelings?

Why can't he stop thinking about her?

Why does she affect him so?

Why can't he resist kissing her?

And talking about kisses..

Tyler's mind wanders to the kiss they shared earlier.

It was the most passionate kiss he'd ever had.

Her lips, milky-smooth skin, slender legs, beautiful eyes, smile and everything about her enchants him.

She captivates him in unfathomable ways.

Lucinda's a fucking enigma and a force to be reckoned with.

It's unfathomable how he's suddenly become like an unstable teenager with his first love.

When she confessed her feelings for him, he felt stupified.

It was so unexpected it rendered him momentarily speechless.

If it were a different woman who confessed her feelings for him, he would not have given a fuck.

But with Lucinda, it was different.

A sudden mix of emotions ran up his spine.

But then there was the barrier.

The fucking barrier rose again the moment she confessed her feelings.

Fuck!

Tyler gets on his feet, rubbing his face in frustration.

If only he could remember his past.

If only there's a way to know whether Austin's speculations are true.

He begins to pace to and fro, willing himself to recall something.

Anything, Godammit!

He stops in front of a wall, leaning his back against it.

He shuts his eyes and begins to search his mind's eye, hoping and praying he can recall something.

Anything.

## [Chapter 82 Leave The Past Behind](#)

Tyler decides to focus on his dreams, hoping they will help trigger something.

His head begins to throb, and the familiar pain threatens to resurface and split his head into two.

Still, Tyler ignores the headache and concentrates on his dream, trying to get past the sound of his horrified scream.

He tries to manoeuvre his way through the living room in his dreams.

But no matter how hard he tries, he can't seem to get past the spot he stood in the dream.

His actions only worsen his migraine.

Tyler slides down the wall, clutching his head and groaning in pain.

More than the pain, he feels frustrated and enraged.

He punches the wall behind him, letting out a frustrated cry.

Austin is getting ready for bed after getting out of the shower when he hears the commotion.

Worried, he exits the bedroom to find Tyler seated on the floor while cradling his head between his hands.

"Tyler? Man, are you okay?"

"Why can't I fucking remember anything, Austin? Why?!" Tyler yells, punching the wall again as Austin rushes to stop him.

"What are you doing? Are you out of your mind?!"

"I'm sick and tired of living in the dark. What a miserable life I have, huh? Do I even have a family? Are they searching for me?"

Austin sighs, at a loss for words.

Tyler continues, "It's like there's this fucking barrier behind me that forces me to move forward without being able to look back. I constantly have to keep moving forward because, if I try looking back, the barrier is always there to block me,"

"Maybe that's what you should be doing, Ty. You need to move forward and leave the past behind,"

"I can't," Tyler shakes his head.

"How can I leave the past behind when I don't even know what it is? How can I move on when there's an unexplainable void in my chest? The fucking void needs to be filled, and I'm fucking tired of pretending as if it's all okay because it's fucking not! It's not! This fucking migraine needs to go as well!"

Austin is quiet for a moment.

"We'll do everything to regain your memories, Ty. We'll get doctor Grey's address and go in search of him. If we don't find him, then we will go to a different doctor. If that doctor also goes AWOL, we will find another fucking doctor. We will go to every damn doctor available if that's what it takes to regain your memories. I promise you that, Ty."

Tyler remains quiet, massaging his throbbing scalp.

Austin leaves his side for a moment and returns with a tablet and cup of water, which he hands to his friend.

"Take this before your migraine gets worse,"

Tyler accepts the tablet, swallowing it and following up with some water.

He drops the glass on the floor next to him, sighing.

After his headache subsides, he retires to bed, falling asleep immediately after his body hits the soft mattress.

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The next day, Tyler places a call to Ron.

Ron's irritated voice blares through the phone.

"Why are you calling me so early in the morning? I have yet to take a piss or brush my teeth,"

"Well, good morning to you," Tyler ignores his complaints.

"What do you want?"

"It's very early, so I'll go straight to the point. I need info on one staff at the hospital. You still have access to the database, don't you?"

Ron sighs, stripping his robe, leaving him stark naked.

With his shoulder supporting the phone against his ear, he pushes the door to the bathroom open and steps inside.

"I thought our deal was done, so why are you calling me for more info?"

"Come on, Mr Hacker, it's just one staff's information. Nothing extraordinary,"

Ron checks the water's temperature inside the bathtub with his fingers before getting in.

"You really are a piece of work. I thought we'll never cross paths again, but here you are calling me at such an ungodly hour,"

Tyler scoffs, "Technically, we still haven't crossed paths. We're only talking on the phone. And did you say an ungodly hour? It's past eight o'clock,"

"It makes no difference," Ron replies, basking in the water's warmth.

"Well, should I expect the information then?"

"Not now. I will send it once I'm less busy,"

"Less busy? Weren't you complaining about how early it was a few minutes ago? Since when did you get busy?" Tyler doesn't believe him.

"I'm taking a bath, so yes, it counts as being busy. And stop nagging like you're my parent,"

"Why are you on a call with me while in the shower?" Tyler scrunches his nose.

Ron smirks, "Why? Are you thinking of my nakedness?"

"Fuck, no! Jesus! God forbid. I would never think of something like that. Fuck, goodbye! Call me when you're fully clothed!" Tyler hangs up, resisting the urge to gag.

Ron throws his head back, laughing as he drops his phone on a dry surface and continues with his bath.

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After ending the call with Ron, Tyler gets ready for lectures.

He almost groans.

Another Monday morning.

He can hear the water running in the next room, an indication that Austin is still here.

He will have to start sharing the rent with him because this is ridiculous.

He basically shares his apartment with Austin now.

Tyler shakes his head, getting inside his bathroom for his morning routine, after which he gets dressed.

After getting dressed, both men have breakfast and leave for campus.

When they arrive, they part ways and head for their respective classes.

After an excruciating two-hour-long lecture, Tyler exits the lecture hall and heads home, having nothing



else to do on campus.

On his way out, he doesn't bump into Lucinda, and it is impossible to tell if that made him relieved or not.

Tyler halts by the roadside, fishing out his phone to check for messages or missed calls from Ron, but there's none.

He purses his lips.

Will it take another week for Ron to contact him again?

Or perhaps two weeks this time?

Tyler clicks his tongue.

If Ron doesn't contact him by nightfall, he will.

He will pester him till he caves.

Tyler's phone suddenly vibrates in his hand with a message.

He swipes the screen and taps on the message notification to open it.

His eyes scan over the text.

It's a message from Dean requesting his presence at the mansion by nightfall.

Without replying to the text, Ty shoves the phone into his pocket before hailing a cab. When he arrives at his apartment, he takes a nap for a while and wakes up hours later when it's almost nightfall.

He stretches his hand, feeling around for his phone and finds it at the edge of the bed.

His phone is flooded with numerous messages from Dean asking about his whereabouts, but none from Ron.

Rubbing his eyes, Ty gets out of bed to take a quick bath, change into fresh clothes and leave for the mansion.

On his way, he dials Ron's number.

That Hacker really is a piece of work.

Ron answers after a couple of rings, "Hello there,"

"You said you'd call me after bathing. I've been waiting the entire day,"

"Point of correction, I did not say that. I said I'll send it once I'm less busy,"

Tyler rubs his forehead, halting to lean against a tree. He stares at the mansion a few metres ahead and says, "Fine. Are you less busy now? Can you send it?"

"Well, unfortunately, I'm still busy. But maybe I'll send it tonight. It depends on how hard you pray,"

Tyler sighs.

He can't decide if he should be irritated by him or not.

He shakes his head, sarcastically telling Ron he'll pray hard.

After Tyler hangs up, he continues his journey to the mansion.

### [Chapter 83 Party At The Mansion](#)

The mansion is unusually lively when Tyler arrives. The guards at the entrance greet him as they allow him entry. He runs into Dean the second he steps foot inside the mansion.

"Where have you been? I've been calling and messaging you,"

Tyler shrugs nonchalantly, "I was asleep,"

Dean sighs, following him inside.

Tyler glances around. Half-naked girls parade around, serving drinks to everyone present.

"Is this supposed to be a party?"

"Yes,"

"Your boss' idea of a party is pretty fucked up," Tyler muses, his eyes scanning over the scantily dressed ladies giving lapdances to some of the men while the others danced on a pole with sex-starved men cheering them on.

He scrunches his nose.

This is not a place he would like to be.

"My boss? Did you forget he's your boss too?" Dean reminds him, which he deliberately ignores.

Tyler decides to continue standing when he realises all the seats are occupied with people doing nasty things.

Judging by how some of them are devouring each other's lips and moaning, it won't be surprising if they've already burst a nut.

He frowns, hating his train of thought.

"Why did you ask me to come?" Tyler asks.

"Isn't it obvious? I was inviting you to the party,"

"Well, such parties aren't my thing. I should get going,"

"The boss asked me to invite you so you can't just up and leave. At least not without meeting him,"

Tyler looks around, "I don't see him anywhere,"

"He must be in his chambers," Dean replies.

"I'll go see him and leave soon after,"

Dean stops him, "You can't. Until he comes down, no one is permitted to disturb him,"

"And why can't I?" Tyler faces him.

Dean casts him an incredulous look, "Do you need me to spell out in plain words what he might be doing right now?"

Right on cue, a lady climbs up the stairs and enters Alex's chambers.

The thought of what Alex might be doing behind those closed doors causes Tyler to scrunch his nose in disgust.

He retracts his steps, "I'll wait,"

"Good choice. In the meantime," Dean trails off, waving a waitress over.

He picks up a glass of champagne from the tray and asks Tyler to do the same, but he declines.

Dean casts a puzzled glance at him.

"You're refusing a drink? If you want to wait for the boss to finish whatever he's doing, then you need

alcohol in your system. Or you might as well get busy with any of the ladies available,"

After contemplating for a moment, Tyler picks up a glass of champagne and downs it at a go.

He drops the empty glass to pick another before gesturing to the waitress to leave.

With a glass in hand, he takes a sip, leaning against the wall.

"So, do you suggest I keep drinking till Alex comes down?" Tyler questions.

"Yes," answers Dean.

"Then I'll need something stronger than champagne," he grunts, and Dean nods in approval.

"I think I do too. Wait here," Dean leaves Tyler's side, manoeuvring his way through the crowded hall into the kitchen.

He asks one of the maids to get him a Hennessy from Alex's minibar. While the maid is away, Dean opens the cabinet and brings out a tiny bottle, which he shakes to make sure it isn't empty.

Satisfied, he finds two tulip-shaped glasses, rinses both and pours the content of the tiny bottle into one.

He shakes the drug-laced glass to coat the entire glass with it.

He tips the tiny bottle, wondering if he should add more.

A hand suddenly reaches out to tickle him.

Startled, Dean turns sharply with the glasses in hand, almost dropping them to the floor.

Mariam stares at him with a mischievous smirk. Closing the distance between them, she wraps her arms around his neck.

"Hello there, handsome. It's been a while,"

Dean swiftly pushes the tiny bottle into his back pocket, his startled expression morphing into a grin.

"It has. How have you been?"

"Good, I guess. Could have been better,"

"Yeah? Why so?" he cocks his head to the side.

"I missed you," Mariam moves to kiss him, but he backs away.

"Mariam. We can't. If anyone chances upon us, be rest assured we won't make it alive tomorrow,"

"Is that so? Well, that's bad because I want you so bad, Dean. No one has been able to satisfy me the way you did," Mariam's hand travels down his chest, stopping at the flap. She palms him through his jeans, feeling his member twitch slightly.

She smiles victoriously.

"We might get caught, Mariam. This place is packed with people," Dean steps away for fear that he will be spotting a hard-on quicker than ever.

"Well, how about your room?" She asks, refusing to give up.

"My room?"

"Yes, your room. We won't get caught there, right?"

Dean sighs, "Mariam, come on,"

She steps away from him. "I'll be waiting in your room, Dean. If you don't show up in the next thirty minutes, I will understand you don't want me, and I'll leave and never bother you again," She turns and sashays away after that.

Immediately after Mariam leaves, the maid returns and hands over the bottle of Hennessey to Dean. He accepts it and studies it. Satisfied, he returns the bottle to her.

"Follow me," he instructs and walks out of the kitchen with the two glasses in hand.

He finds Tyler standing in the same spot, looking as bored as ever.

"Here," Dean offers him the drug-laced glass and instructs the maid to fill their glasses to the brim.

After filling their glasses, Dean asks the maid to drop the bottle of Hennessey and leave.

She bows slightly and walks away.

Dean faces Tyler, watching him drink from the glass. Guilt prickles him at the thought of drugging Tyler, but he pushes the feeling down and focuses on drinking his alcohol.

Feeling guilty will do him no good. It's not as if he can do something about it unless he wants to go against Alex, which will no doubt warrant his untimely death.

It's such a wonder how Tyler is still walking around hale and hearty after being drugged for close to two years.

Either he's fucking lucky, or he's blessed with a strong immune system.

Either way, he hopes Tyler is strong enough to withstand the drugging, lest he dies.

While drinking, Tyler holds his glass in front of him, swirling it between his fingers. He studies the glass as if suddenly finding it fascinating.

Noticing his strange stare, Dean questions.

"What's wrong? Do you not like it? Does it taste bad?"

He shakes his head, taking a sip and letting it sit on his tongue for a second longer. He swallows soon after.

"No. It doesn't taste bad, but it kinda feels funky,"

Dean blinks, "Funky?"

"Yes. Anyway nevermind," Tyler drops the glass on a tray and crosses his arms over his chest.

"I thought you said you wanted something strong. Do you no longer want it?"

"No. I don't want to get wasted yet. Maybe later," Tyler wipes the corners of his lips.

Dean purses his lips.

Did he add too much of the drug?

Is that why Tyler could taste it despite being mixed in the alcohol?

Fuck.

Out of curiosity, he researched the drug online and found out about its side effects, including how it tastes.

Propranolol usually has a bitter-salty taste.

He must have slipped and poured more than needed when Mariam sneaked up on him earlier.

Shit.

"I could get you another drink if you don't like the taste of this," Dean offers but Tyler declines.

"No, thanks," he licks his lips, frowning slightly.

That Hennessey tastes weird.

#### [Chapter 84 Could It Be Just A Coincidence](#)

Meanwhile, on a deserted piece of land stood an erected wooden structure surrounded by tall grasses and overgrown weeds.

The cries of a child cut through the deafening silence in and around the wooden structure.

Inside is a middle-aged woman wiping the sweat off her forehead as she tries to calm the crying child. The child backs away from the woman, crying even louder as she flails her arms in the air.

Sweat covers the child's forehead, and snot travels down her nose.

She hiccups in between cries.

"That's enough, Aliana. Please. You will get sick," Sopha pulls Aliana closer, wrapping her arms around her.

"No!" Aliana yells in a frail voice.

"I want mummy! Where's daddy?!"

Sophia sighs, Your mummy and daddy will be here soon, my love,"

"Liar!"

At this juncture, Sophia is aware the three-year-old no longer believes her when she tells her her parents will be with them soon.

It's the same thing she's been telling Aliana for the past two weeks, yet there have been no signs of her parents showing up or calling her.

God knows how frequently Sophia checks her phone all day just in case they call, but like every other day, she gets nothing.

Countless times has she thought of returning to doctor Grey's home to inquire about his whereabouts, but then the scene from that fateful day makes her rethink her decision.

It has been an excruciating two weeks for Sophia.

After her employer, Sienna, had entrusted Aliana to her, she returned to her house in hopes that Sienna would come for her daughter.

But, alas, hours turned into days with no sign of Sienna.

After staying at her house without any call from Sienna or Doctor Grey, she decided to move into the wooden structure in which her grandmother used to live.

The wooden house had been abandoned for a while after Sophia's grandmother passed, and she didn't think twice about moving there instead.

It served as a good hiding spot, away from curious eyes.

Everyone in her vicinity knew she was childless, and seeing her with a three-year-old who looked nothing like Sophia would have definitely raised questioning eyebrows and whispers.

Sophia didn't want that.

How would she explain to people that her employer entrusted her daughter to her while being chased by an unknown armed man?

That is beyond ridiculous.

So to save herself from the questioning glances and prying eyes, Sophia had moved into her grandmother's home.

After moving in, everything was peaceful, and it was easy to calm Aliana down whenever she asked of her parents but not anymore.

Aliana seemed to have stopped believing her lies. Sophia's words of assurance about her parents are no longer enough for little Aliana.

She wants her parents.

She needs them.

Her little self can't comprehend why her parents aren't around.

Sophia sighs, gazing up at the ceiling and wiping her forehead.

The house in which they live, is poorly ventilated, thus, making it difficult for air to seep in.

It usually is cold during the night, making it bearable to sleep.



But it becomes unbearable to stay indoors when the sun comes up during the day.

Sophia gets up and opens the door a few inches, leaving enough space for air to seep in.

She returns to her seat, pulling Aliana in for a hug, but she resists.

"Aliana, come on, my love. You will get sick if you keep crying,"

"I want mummy!" She sobs, hiccuping.

"I know, my love. I know," Sophia mumbles, at a loss for words to comfort Aliana.

Despite the little girl's protests, Sophia carries her, rocking with her as she paces the room.

"Mummy and daddy will be you soon, Ana. I promise," she rubs Aliana's back soothingly.

After a while, Aliana stops crying and relaxes in Sophia's arms, placing her head on her shoulders.

Silence envelopes the room as she quietens. Sophia paces the room with her until Aliana's eyes begin to droop. She falls asleep soon after from exhaustion, and Sophia drops her gently on the bed.

She glances at the wall clock and realises it's getting dark. She exits the house, shutting the door behind her to prevent mosquitoes from entering.

Sophia approaches the tall tree in front of the house and leans against it, retrieving her phone.

She turns it on and searches through her contacts, stopping at Sienna's number. Her thumb hovers over the dial icon, hesitating.

She's tried to reach both Sienna and doctor Grey so many times that she lost count, yet her calls always went unanswered.

She lets out a sigh, dialling the number. But just like always, it goes straight to voicemail.

She tries doctor Grey's number next, and it still isn't reachable.

Sophia stuffs her phone into her pocket, pursing her lips.

If only she knew any of her employers' relatives, she would have reached out to them. But she was only a house help.

Several times, she thought of going to the police, but Sienna's bloody arm from that day always deters her.

What is she to say when she goes to the police?

She has no evidence to back her words.

She isn't Aliana's parent or legal guardian.

If found out, Aliana will get taken away from her, and she might end up availing herself as the prime suspect.

Prime suspect?

Sophia can't help but scoff.

There has been no news of Doctor Grey or Sienna's disappearance on the television.

She may be just a house help, but she knows how to manoeuvre around these modern gadgets.

With the help of her phone, Sophia has constantly been checking various blogs and television channels for any news pertaining to her employers, but there's always been nothing.

It's as if nothing has happened to them, and they're living life like every other person.

But she knows better.

Sophia knows better than to believe her employers are hale and hearty, enjoying life because no way in hell will they abandon their daughter with a house help for two weeks.

No calls or texts, either.

She had witnessed firsthand how much Sienna and doctor Grey loved their daughter.

They couldn't possibly live a day without her, talk less for two weeks.

Sophia glances down at her feet, wondering whom next to contact.

She needs to gather any information she can about her employers.

It's only a matter of time before Aliana falls sick from all the crying.

If that ever happens, she would have to take her to the hospital, and the hospital would demand the presence of the child's parents or relatives.

This is a mess.

Sophia kicks a stone away.

Speaking of hospitals..

She pauses.

Hospitals.

Her employer is a doctor. Right?

She retrieves her phone and googles St Martin's Hospital.

Once the search result pops up, she clicks on their website and scrolls down to their contact information.

Sophia copies the number and dials it, pressing the phone to her ear.

Her heartbeat accelerates as she waits for an answer.

"Hello? You have reached St Martin's Hospital. How can we help you?"

"Oh, thank God!" She sighs in relief.

"Hello. Good evening. Can I please speak to doctor Grey? I have an important message for him,"

"Doctor Grey?"

"Yes. Is he around?"

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but doctor Grey no longer works here. He turned in his resignation two weeks ago and hasn't stepped foot here since then,"

Sophia's heart plummets to the ground.

"What? He resigned?"

"Yes, ma'am,"

"Could you be referring to a different Grey? I'm asking about doctor Grey Adams,"

"We have only one doctor Grey here, ma'am, and I assure you he no longer works here,"

The phone wavers in Sophia's hand as her grip on it loosens.

"D..do you know where he works now?" She stutters.

"As I said, he turned in his resignation and hasn't stepped foot here. No one has been able to reach him since then,"

"Can I please know when he last showed up at work?"

"Ma'am..."

"Please. I won't ask any more questions after this. I promise," Sophia pleads.

The receptionist sighs at the other end of the line.

"Hang on. Give me a minute,"

She speaks up after a while, looking up from the computer in front of her.

"I think that was on Tuesday."

"Two weeks back?"

"Yes, ma'am. Two weeks ago. He left the premises in the middle of the day and never returned,"

"O..okay. Thank you,"

"You're welcome," the line goes dead as Sophia remains frozen to the spot, staring into space.

Tuesday.

Two weeks ago.

He was last seen at the hospital on Tuesday.

The same day, she ran into Sienna while she was running along the pavement with a bloodied arm while carrying Aliana.

The same day, Sienna gave Aliana to her and run the opposite direction.

Could this be just a coincidence?

Or is there something she's failing to realise?

[Chapter 85 Her Lips Don't Taste Like Citrus](#)

Loud music blares accross the mansion.

The aroma of delicious meals wafts through the air.

Alcohol served in glasses is passed around on trays.

Scantly dressed women dance on poles while sex-starved men cheer them on.

The mansion is lively.

Everyone is either drunk, stuffing their faces with food or humping the opposite sex.

But amidst the liveliness, Tyler stands in a corner, watching on disinterestedly.

A lady approaches him, acting seductively.

He ignores her, glancing up the stairs, hoping Alex comes out any minute, but he doesn't.

It's been almost thirty minutes since Tyler arrived, and Alex still hasn't come out, doing God knows what.

He purses his lips, retrieving his phone and lazily swiping through the apps.

How he wishes he could get the fuck out of here.

Sleeping at home, in the comfort of his bed, is a much better option than sitting here painstakingly watching people get wasted and fuck each other in plain sight.

He scoffs at all the grown men acting like sex-starved teenagers.

With a heavy sigh, Tyler pockets his phone and looks up, only to realise the lady is still standing in front of him.

A smirk graces his lips as he cocks his head to the side, eyeing her.

"Well, aren't you persistent?"

The lady smiles, "What can I say? When I see something I like, I never stop till I have it,"

Tyler crosses his arms over his chest, "I didn't realise there's something here you've taken a liking to."

"There is. I'm looking at it right now,"

"Oh yeah? Show me what it is you like, and who knows? I might be your Santa Claus," Tyler replies, indulging her.

Happy, the lady closes the distance between them.

"I want this," she pauses, resting her hand on Tyler's flap and palming him through his jeans.

He doesn't react.

He stares at her, his smirk morphing into a mischievous grin.

"Can you be my Santa Claus and let me have it?" the lady bats her eyelashes.

Tyler chuckles, "Santa Claus only visits good children. Have you been a good girl?" He lifts his hand to flick her nose out of instinct but stops midway, dropping his hand.

"Yes. Yes, I have," The lady answers eagerly, standing on tiptoes.

Tyler watches as she brushes her lips against his, softly at first.

When he makes no effort to push her away, she deepens the kiss, pressing her bosom to his chest.

For a couple of seconds, he doesn't return the kiss.

He remains still, letting her do her thing.

The lady refuses to let go as she kisses him harder. Only then does Tyler return the kiss.

Elated, she moans into his mouth, reaching toward his flap again and finding his member.

While all that was going on, Dean stood beside them, witnessing their shameless display.

He had stayed back in hopes of convincing Tyler to have another drink.

He had barely drank the first one laced with propanol.

But before he could accomplish his task, this lady witch appeared from nowhere to seduce him.

And as stupid he was, he decided to watch them like a creep.

Now here he is, slightly drunk with heat coursing through his veins.

All that heat travels downtown, and he instinctively glances down at himself, noticing the hard-on.

Fuck.

Dean had no idea watching people get naughty could turn him on.

He suddenly recalls Mariam telling him she would wait for him for thirty minutes.

Damn it.

With the glass in hand, he dashes up the stairs towards his room.

When he nears his room, he spots her leaving.

Damn it.

Dean glances around, making sure there is no one in the corridor.

Satisfied, he runs towards Mariam and grabs her by the elbow, swiftly pulling her back.

She yelps in fright, struggling to free her hand.

Dean presses her against the door to his room and clamps a hand over her mouth.

"Quiet," he whispers, and without another word, kicks his door open and drags her inside, along with him.

He shuts the door behind him, securing the lock before turning to face her.

Dean gulps the last of his drink and discards his glass.

"The thirty-minute grace period is over, Dean. I need to get going," Mariam remarks and tries walking past him, but he blocks her path.

She glares at him.

"What are you doing? I've waited long enough, Dean. Get out of my way,"

Dean ignores her, watching her like a hawk.

Without a word, he grabs her hand and places it on his hard-on, squeezing it with her hand.

He groans, pleasure coursing through him.

"Do you really want to go without taking care of this?" he asks in a hoarse voice.

Mariam purses her lips, remaining mute. She glances down at their intertwined hand resting on his hard-on.

Dean closes the distance between them and ferociously attacks her neck with kisses. She sighs.

"Dean,"

"Do you want to go?" he questions, deliberately running his free hand up her thighs, sliding between them.

He smirks.

"You aren't wearing any underwear, Mariam. Aren't you naughty, hmm? Look at you, all wet when I haven't touched you yet,"

Mariam shivers.

"If you want to leave so badly, I won't stop you," Dean adds, stepping away from her.

"No!" Alarmed, she grabs his hand to keep it in place between her thighs.

She gazes at him, fire brimming in her orbs.

"It's unfair to arouse me only to ask me to leave. I'm not leaving till you fuck me to oblivion, Dean,"

"You really are a vixen, aren't you?" he smirks, squeezing the insides of her thigh.

"Yes. I'm a vixen. Now that we've established that fact, can you please just shut up and kiss me?" Mariam demands seriously, causing him to let out a hearty laugh.

"As you wish, my little vixen," Dean seals her lips with hers.

And for the next couple of minutes, their hands and lips did all the talking instead.

Their moans fill the room as they ravage each other.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, Tyler and his lady friend had found a secluded spot inside the mansion to continue their adventure. Things got heated between them pretty quickly.

Tyler lifts the lady and presses her against the wall.

He supports her weight with his as her legs dangle in the air on either side of him.

They continue kissing like a crazed couple, running their hands all over each other.



Tyler lowers his head to plant featherlight kisses on her jaw, travelling down to her collarbone.

When he suckles on the flesh around her collarbone, he suddenly stiffens, halting his actions.

She tastes different. Not bad, but just different.

It's so vague he can't fathom it, yet he knows this lady tastes different.

She smells different too.

Her lips don't taste like citrus, and she doesn't smell like flowers and sandalwood.

Fuck, Tyler.

Even during such a heated session, you still can't stop thinking about her, can you? His subconsciousness chides.

Tyler instinctively glances at her neck once again.

He spots a small beauty mark on her neck, but it looks nothing like the crescent-shaped birthmark on Lucinda's collarbone.

He lowers the lady onto the floor, stepping away from her. She casts a puzzled glance at him.

"What's wrong? Do you want to go elsewhere?" she moves to touch him, but he backs away.

Tyler looks down at his flap and realises he no longer has an erection.

Damn it.

Even his manhood betrayed him.

He runs a hand through his hair, sighing.

"I've got to go," he mumbles.

"What?" the lady chuckles, slightly taken aback.

"You can't be serious, right? How can you arouse me and suddenly try to leave?"

"I did not arouse you, lady,"

"Really? Then what were you doing a few minutes back?"

"I do not have time for argument," Tyler turns away, but the lady grabs him.

"You aren't leaving until you finish what you started,"

He faces her, gazing at her incredulously.

"What is this? Harassment? I was on my own when you approached and made advances toward me. I started nothing. Instead, you started everything yourself by coming on to me. Now, how about you end it by finding a room to fuck yourself, huh?"

The lady's face flushes.

"You're fucking rude,"

Tyler chuckles, "It's good that you know. Now, let go of me this instant!"

Shaken, she lets go of him, watching him storm away.

She curses herself.

#### [Chapter 86 Sixth Sense](#)

After having sex, Dean and Mariam part ways, with the latter leaving first.

Ten minutes after Mariam's departure, Dean gets dressed and exits, going the opposite way.

The party is still in full swing when he arrives downstairs.

He glances around in search of Tyler. After a while of searching, he finally spots him hiding away in a corner, smoking.

Dean approaches him, pocketing his hands.

"Smoking and drinking in one night. You must be bored," Dean comments, watching Tyler let out a puff of smoke.

He scoffs, "Out of my fucking mind,"

"Well, you could get yourself busy. There are several ladies here. Who knows, you might get lucky,"

Tyler casts a sideways glance at him, eyeing him, "Judging by how flushed your face is, you must have burst a nut or two,"

Dean chuckles wryly, shrugging. "That's what we do best at parties such as this. Right?"

"Speaking of parties. What's the purpose of this party? Did Alex win a jackpot?"

Dean shrugs again, "I have no idea, man. All I know is that the boss arrived from a coded location looking elated."

Tyler nods, sticking the cigarette between his lips. "I see,"

Both men remain silent, saying nothing else as they spend the next few minutes watching people get drunk.

"Would you like a drink?" Dean questions after a while.

Tyler glances at him, contemplating.

"Sure. And some food will do. I'm famished,"

"Of course. I could use some nourishment myself," Dean nods.

"I'll be back,"

"Why do you need to go get it yourself? Get a maid to bring it,"

Dean grins, "I'd be at ease if I have everything prepared in my presence. I wouldn't want anyone poisoning me. Haven't you ever been told not to leave your drink unattended at a party?"

Tyler grins in return. "You don't trust your boss' maids? Now, that's new,"

"Whether they're the boss' maids or not. At the end of the day, they're still humans, and the goal is to trust no one,"

"Including you?" Tyler smirks, puffing out smoke.

Dean remains silent for a while before answering. "Yes. Including me. I'm human after all,"

"Then I would be a fool to entrust my drinks and food in your hands, right? You could equally poison me,"

Dean tries to maintain a passive face. He shrugs, "Maybe. Maybe not."

"Alright. It doesn't matter, anyway, because I will kill you before the poison takes effect," All traces of playfulness disappears as Tyler eyes him with all seriousness.

For a split second, Dean is frozen on the spot, wondering if Tyler is starting to suspect something.

Suddenly, Tyler chuckles, acting as though he didn't just threaten to kill someone.

"I'm famished. Do you want me to go and get the food instead? Seeing as you're making no effort to move,"

Dean blinks as if suddenly returning to his senses. He shakes his head.

"I'll go get them," he turns away and heads for the kitchen.

Once inside the kitchen, Dean repeats the same process with the wine glasses, except this time, he pours a small amount of the drug inside.

He then sniffs the glass to make sure the drug's smell isn't overwhelming.

Satisfied, he orders the chef to serve two plates of jollof rice.

"What the hell is that? Add another chicken!" Dean glowers at the chef, scrunching his nose at the single chicken leg on each rice.

The chef places another chicken leg on each plate.

"And the sausages. Be generous with it, will you?"

The chef does as ordered, adding a few more spoonfuls of fried sausages to the rice.

Dean nods, satisfied. He turns to the maid washing utensils.

"You. Put the food on a tray and follow me,"

Nodding, the maid drops the sponge, rinses her hands and carries the tray, following Dean out.

"Food is here!" Dean happily announces when he nears Tyler.

Tyler turns, snuffing out his cigarette.

A smile graces his lips.

"Smells delicious," he mutters as Dean hands him a glass and pours him some wine.

"Drink that and see if it tastes funky," he urges Tyler, who does as told, sipping the wine.

He clicks his tongue.

"Tastes good to me,"

Dean fills his glass and takes a sip, nodding appreciatively. He picks up a plate of food while Tyler takes the other.

"Where do we sit?" Dean asks, glancing around the hall.

Tyler shrugs, approaching the staircase and making himself comfortable.

Dean glances at him quizzically as he takes a sip of his wine and scoops a spoonful of rice.

"What are you doing?"

Tyler pauses amid chewing, "What does it look like I'm doing? If you want to wait till there's an empty spot before you eat, then be my guest. I'm too hungry to think about finding a suitable sitting area to have my meal,"

"We can equally have our meal in my room. It's a much better option than sitting at the foot of the stairs,"

"As I said, be my guest. I haven't tied you to a tree, so you can have your meal in your room if you wish. I'm not stopping you,"

Dean watches on incredulously as Tyler begins to eat without a care in the world. After a while, he sighs and sits on the steps below Tyler.

He hates having to sit on the steps like a homeless man.

He would rather have his meal inside his room, but he can't leave.

He needs to make sure Tyler drinks everything from that glass.

He failed the first time and can't afford to do so the second time in one night.

Begrudgingly, he positions the plate on his lap and begins to eat, occasionally shifting to allow people to climb the stairs as he's blocking the path.

After eating, Dean calls a maid to take the plates away.

He gets up soon after, refilling his glass with more wine.

Tyler eyes him.

"How much more will you drink tonight? An immense hangover awaits you tomorrow,"

He shrugs, chugging down his wine.

"I hold my alcohol pretty well,"

"Alright, if you say so," Ty replies, checking his wristwatch.

He grumbles.

It's half past ten.

"How long is Alex going to take? Is he fucking the entire community?"

Right on cue, Alex descends the stairs grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Is everyone enjoying the party?!" Alex bellows when he reaches the foot of the stairs.

"Yes!!" Everyone cheers save for the already passed out ones.

Tyler wastes no time approaching him.

He can't wait to get the hell out of here.

"Now that I've seen you, I think you can permit me to leave. Right?"

"Oh, Tyler!" Alex turns to him, slapping his shoulders.

"Why leave so soon? Aren't you enjoying the party?"

"Such parties aren't really my thing," Tyler shakes his head.

"Hmm, I see. Alright, you may leave if you wish," Alex shrugs.

With a nod, Tyler turns away.

"Aren't you interested in knowing my reason for throwing this party?"

Alex's question stops him, and he turns, halting his steps.

"I figured you'll let me know when the time is right,"

Alex's lips curl into a smirk, "I always knew you were smart,"

Smiling in return, Tyler turns and heads for the door.

Alex watches him walk away until he nears the door. He turns to Dean, cocking his head to the side.

Dean nods, understanding what his boss wants to say without words.

Alex smiles satisfactorily and gestures to Dean's empty wine bottle.

"Give that to me,"

Perplexed, he hands his boss the bottle without a word.

He watches in horror as Alex lifts his arm, aims the bottle at Tyler's head and throws it.

"Boss!" he yells.

At the door, a sixth sense prickles Tyler when he suddenly feels the urge to turn around.

He turns just in time to see the bottle flying towards his face at full speed. His eyes widen.

Tyler has no time to react.

His instinct takes over, and in the blink of an eye, he bends backwards in half just as the bottle flies over his head.

While bending backwards, he lifts both feet off the floor and flips sideways, kicking the bottle out of harm's reach.

Tyler lands on his feet, watching the bottle fly out through the open door and smash against the ground, shattering into pieces.

## [Chapter 87 Jealousy](#)

Dean's mouth hangs open at the display.

The party seem to have come to a halt as everyone watches Tyler in fascination.

Meanwhile, Alex smirks triumphantly.

"Now, that is what I wanted to see,"

He'd always known Tyler had skills. He was swift and agile in his moves, but he hadn't seen him applying those skills in such a long time, so he decided to test him.

And, boy, he still got the skills.

He smirks.

Tyler may have lost his memory, but his skills and agility remain engraved in the back of his head like a second skin.

And those skills, he would put to use soon.

Time seems to be at a standstill as an eerie silence fills the once lively room.

Breathing heavily, Tyler glances at the shards of broken glass, in awe at himself.

He glances down at himself, wondering if he really did pull that stunt or if he is hallucinating.

Is this real?

Or is he having an out-of-body experience?

Tyler lifts his head, his eyes meeting with dozen curious ones.

He looks away as Alex approaches him with Dean in tow, grinning widely.

Alex claps loudly, "Show is over, everyone! Back to partying!"

The music resumes, and everyone returns to partying, forgetting about the spectacle they'd just witnessed.

When Alex nears Tyler, he halts, putting both hands inside his robe.

"Now, wasn't that such a beautiful sight?"

Tyler says nothing as he's still trying to gather his thoughts.

"Why didn't you just let the bottle fly past your head?" Dean can't help but question.

Tylee looks behind him for a split second and faces him again.

"People were behind me. If I only dodged, the bottle would have hit someone else and injured or, worst case, killed them."

Dean nods, his explanation suddenly making sense.

"How thoughtful of you. Who would have thought you were so agile and flexible that you could bend your body in half?"



"Where did you learn that?" Ryan, who had descended the stairs with Alex and witnessed everything, questions.

"I don't know. I guess it's a hidden talent I'm just discovering. Who knows? I might throw a fireball next," Tyler replies in a bid to throw them off from asking him so many questions.

"It sure is a hidden talent," Alex can't stop grinning as though he's won the lottery.

"Forgive me, but you sound too excited," Tyler comments, squinting his eyes.

Alex laughs heartily, "Of course, I'm happy. Anyone in my shoes will be elated to witness such a spectacle,"

He purses his lips, looking around.

"By the way, who the fuck threw that bottle?"

"It must have been a drunk retard," Alex replies, hiding a smirk.

"I guess so. Well, I should go now. It's getting late," Ty turns away.

"You should consider moving into the mansion. There are lots of vacant rooms here," Alex suggests.

"I'll think about it," Tyler lies.

There's no way he's planning to move here.

"Sure, give it a good thought. Dean will be contacting you soon, but until then, have a good night's rest,"

"Sure," Tyler walks away after that, exiting the mansion and hailing a cab by the roadside.

After Tyler has left, Alex orders a maid to bring his most expensive wine. After the maid pours Alex a glass, he dismisses her and faces Dean.

"You look elated," Dean comments, to which Alex chuckles.

"Of course. Who wouldn't?"

"Did you know what to expect when you threw that bottle?"

Alex shrugs, "Not really. I wanted to make sure he still had the skills,"

"But what if Tyler failed to dodge? He would have died,"

"No, he wouldn't. The bottle would have only caused him to bleed out and maybe, pass out, but to die? Certainly not,"

Dean purses his lips and says nothing in return.

How easily his boss plays with people's lives just to prove a point is mind-boggling.

He aimed that bottle at Tyler's head and threw it with precision and strength enough to kill a person.

Dean glances at the broken shards of glass.

He better start gathering more funds so that he can quit before he becomes the next scapegoat for Alex.

\*\*\*

Tyler collapses on his bed immediately after he arrives home.

He wastes no time fishing for his phone and checking for missed calls or messages.

He almost groans when he realises Ron still hasn't contacted him, and the day has already ended.

That rude hacker could be sleeping right now and snoring his life away.

Without much thought, Tyler dials his number and presses the phone to his ear.

It rings until the call drops after going unanswered.

Tyler tries calling again. It still goes unanswered.

He lets out a sigh, dropping his phone beside him.

As he lays in bed, he reminisces the night's earlier events.

The bottle flying toward him at full speed.

The way he sensed the danger and swiftly dodged it just in time.

And the way he moved with such agility and skill still baffles him.

It was as if he had received special training somewhere.

Special training?

Tyler can't help but scoff at his ideas.

Where could he possibly receive such training?

The military?

Pfft!

Any serious-minded person can do what he did and flip the way he did.

It's nothing new.

But then again, how did he bend his body like that without his waist breaking?

Subconsciously, Tyler touches his waist, feeling around for any pain, but surprisingly there's none.

Hmm.

He really must be flexible.

Perhaps he should try more of those moves. Who knows, it could help him recall how and where he learned to do that.

If he can recall such details, it won't be long before he can regain his memories.

Nodding at his idea, Tyler turns on his side, closing his eyes as he falls into a deep slumber soon after.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, back at the mansion, the party is still in full swing and livelier than ever.

Everyone is having fun. Smiles grace everyone's faces as they let loose all their worries, drinking to their stupor and eating to their satisfaction.

Everyone else except Dean.

He stands in a corner, watching Alex fondle several ladies.

Ever since Tyler had pulled that stunt, Alex's joy seemed to have skyrocketed to an unexplainable level.

He had ordered more drinks, after which he had called a few of his girls to entertain him.

Among those ladies is Mariam.

It's no news that she is one of the numerous girls whose job is mainly to entertain Alex.

Everyone is aware of that fact, including Dean.

Once in a while, when Alex feels generous, he allows his girls to entertain all the men working under him.

Be it in the form of sex, lap dancing, pole dancing, strip dancing or whatever they termed as entertainment.

The men could have the girls for a period of time and do whatever they wanted with them.

That same rule applied to Dean. He had his chance to do whatever he wanted with Mariam, but unfortunately, Alex had sent him on an errand that day.

Having sex with Mariam after that day was never part of the rule, and neither was tonight.

If Alex ever finds out they had sex twice behind his back, he will have their heads.

But right now, none of that concerns Dean as he watches Mariam give Alex a lap dance while seductively touching herself, sending a wave of panic and distress through him.

An unfamiliar feeling settles in the pit of his stomach.

Dean rubs his face and looks away, unable to stomach the sight any longer.

He purses his lips as jealousy courses through him. Jealousy. Something he shouldn't allow himself to feel, especially towards his boss.

#### [Chapter 88 No Ideal Place For A Child](#)

Early the next day, Tyler places a call to Ron.

"Care to explain why you're calling me at the break of dawn?" Ron complains bitterly, rubbing his eyes.

Tyler lies in bed, watching the fan churn above him with a smirk on his face.

"Since you've decided to ignore me, I've taken it upon myself to call you till you give me what I want."

"What is it that you want? Can't it wait?"

"No, I've waited long enough. And really? Do you want me to spell out what I want in plain words?"

"Don't be cocky,"

"I'm not being cocky. It so happens I have a hacker friend who never keeps to his word. He says one thing and does the opposite,"

"I'm not your friend," Ron snaps.

Tyler smirks, "Well, at least you aren't denying the fact that you don't keep to your words,"

"When did I not keep to my words?"

"Do you need me to remind you? Well, yesterday, for example, you.."

"Okay, shut up. I get it," Ron cuts him off, rubbing his temples.

He isn't about to experience a headache so early.

"What do you need?" he questions.

"My, my. For a hacker, you really are forgetful, huh?" Tyler taunts.

"Cut the crap. I'm not forgetful. If you don't answer, I won't hesitate to hang up. I'm not the one in need of information, after all, so I've got nothing to lose," Ron threatens, grumpily getting out of bed to fetch his laptop.

"Alright, geez. You really are grumpy this morning,"

"What did you expect when you woke me up from such a deep slumber? You disturbed my sleep!" Ron snarls, switching on the laptop.

"This could have been avoided if you gave me the information yesterday instead of making me wait the entire day,"

Ron rubs his forehead in annoyance, logging into St Martins Hospital's database.

"For the last time, tell me what you need. I won't repeat myself,"

Tyler grins, sitting in bed, "I only need the bio of a doctor who works at the hospital. The name is Grey Adams. "

"Give me a minute,"

Silence ensues as Ron gets to work, searching through the list of hospital staff.

In less than a minute, all information on doctor Grey pops up on his screen, and he doesn't hesitate to

send a copy to Tyler via email.

After, he shuts his laptop and returns to bed.

"I have sent it to you via email. Now, do not disturb me any longer,"

"Hmm, email? Old fashioned much?"

"Don't call me again," Ron hangs up abruptly, discards his phone and closes his eyes to sleep.

At the other end, Tyler drops his phone, retrieving his laptop.

After logging in, he opens his Gmail and clicks on the most recent message.

Once the message opens, he reads through carefully, halting at the address.

Tyler copies the address, discarding the laptop immediately after.

He then enters the bathroom for a bath.

After his morning routine, Tyler quickly gets dressed and leaves for Grey's address.

He arrives at the location in almost forty-five minutes. After paying the fare, Tyler alights and approaches doctor Grey's home, halting in front of the main gate.

He remains standing for a while, unmoving, before ringing the doorbell.

No answer.

He rings the doorbell the second time and gets no response.

Tyler waits for a few seconds before ringing the bell again and again until he concludes that the house is vacant.

He turns away, heading towards the roadside to pick a cab home.

Immediately he turns away, a cab pulls up a few metres away from him, and a middle-aged woman alights while covering half of her face with a cloth.

Tyler retracts his steps when he notices the woman approaching Grey's house. He maintains a safe distance between them as he waits for the woman's next move.

She halts in front of the house and rings the doorbell.

After a while, when there's no answer, she attempts to push the gate open, only to realise it's locked.

Tyler watches her lean against the gate for some time, looking dejected.

After a while, the woman steps away from the gate, casting one last glance at the house before walking back towards the parked cab.

"Excuse me," Tyler approaches her.

The woman pauses.

"Do you know the occupants of this house?" he questions.

"Why?"

"Because I saw you knocking on the gate, so obviously you came in search of someone, did you not?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I'm searching for the occupants of this house. Since you're here, I figured you might know them?"

The woman shakes her head.

"I do not know them. Sorry,"

Tyler frowns, "Okay, but.."

"Sorry, but I'm in a hurry," the woman cuts him off, hurrying toward the cab.

Sophia shuts the door immediately after settling in.





"Drive," she instructs the dozing cab driver, who jolts awake. He rubs his eyes and sparks the engine to life, driving off.

Sophia unravels the cloth covering her face and discards it.

She watches Tyler through the rearview mirror as he appears smaller and smaller with each distance the car covers until he's out of sight.

Once he's out of sight, Sophia rests her head against the headrest and sighs.

She cocks her head to the side, watching Aliana curled up in a ball, sleeping on the seat next to her. She brushes a stray hair away from the little girl's face.

She had come here searching for her employers though she'd kept her hopes low.

If her employers were really home, they would have come for their daughter long ago, but they hadn't.

Sophia looks back at the house that's far from view now.

The house was empty, Grey had quit his job impromptu, and there was no news of their disappearance, so where could they be?

The fact that she knows none of her employers' relatives makes the matter worse.

"Are we going back, ma'am?" The cab driver interrupts Sophia's thoughts.

She purses her lips.

Is she really returning to that wooden structure on the deserted land?

For how long will she stay there?

That was no ideal place for a child to grow.

Aliana needs a friendly environment.

She needs friends. And most of all, she needs to return to school.

But the question is how?

She can neither send the child back to school without knowing who's after her employers nor keep Aliana by her side without being a legal guardian or parent.

Unless she legally adopts her or creates fake documents to prove Aliana is either a daughter or relative.

Only then will they be able to move around freely without questioning.

How will all this be possible?

She's only a frail middle-aged woman who's done nothing but work as a house help for over a decade.

Sophia suddenly recalls Sienna giving her access to her credit cards and passwords.

Is this the right time to put it to use?

She makes eye contact with the cab driver.

"Can you please make a U-turn?" she asks him.

"Sure, ma'am,"

She relaxes in her seat.

There's someone she needs to go to for help.

#### [Chapter 89 Intruder](#)

Tyler arrives home feeling exhausted.

The day has just begun, but he already feels drained of all his energy.

He kicks off his shoes and strolls into the kitchen.

He takes a quick look around at the empty kitchen and lets out a groan.

Tyler opens the fridge, hoping to at least find some leftover food, when he suddenly recalls Austin had eaten the rest of his beans stew the other day.

That idiot.

Resigning to his fate, he decides to settle for some orange juice and crackers.

Tyler takes out the juice, pausing amid pouring when a sudden realisation strikes.

He stares oddly at the juice.

Tyler couldn't recall when he started to like orange juice.

Honestly, he's always hated orange juice, so he never bothered to stock his fridge with it.

He doesn't remember being a juice type of guy.

He usually stocked his fridge with wine.

But to drink orange juice?

It was something Tyler never thought of until he kissed Lucinda and realised he loved the taste of citrus on her lips.

She loved drinking orange juice.

That much he gathered real quick.

Tyler puts the juice back in the fridge, deciding against drinking it.

Fuck.

He can no longer eat in peace without thoughts of her crossing his mind.

He closes the fridge and retrieves his phone, deciding to order some food instead.

After placing the order, he occupies himself with some learning.

He almost forgot that mid-semester exams is approaching. He better not slack. After all, he's paying the fees with his hard-earned money.

After learning for a while, his order arrives.

While eating, a sudden thought occurs to Tyler as he glances around the empty apartment.

He's always enjoyed the peace and quiet. Never for once did it occur to him that it was lonely.

But somehow, why does he feel a sudden longing for something? Better put, someone. This past week without Lucinda invading his privacy and apartment under the disguise of project work, feels too quiet, much to Tyler's dismay.

Annoyed, he bites into the chicken loudly, hoping the crunchy noise will drown his fucking thoughts.

After eating, he discards the empty food containers and gets ready for class.

Immediately Tyler steps out of his apartment he spots Austin approaching him.

His lips curl into a smirk.

"Well, look who finally decided to show up," he taunts.

Austin adjusts his bag on his shoulder, rolling his eyes.

He halts a few metres away from Tyler.

"Did you miss me?"

Tyler snorts, "Don't be ridiculous. I only wonder where you disappear to sometimes. You don't even contact me while you're gone,"

"So you did miss me, huh?"

"Forget it. You're out of your damn senses," Tyler walks past him.

Chuckling, Austin follows him to the roadside, where they hail a cab to the school premises.

Upon arrival, both friends part ways to their various classes.

After lectures are over, Tyler gets a call from Dean, asking to meet up at the school's entrance.

Confused, Tyler hangs up and heads towards the entrance, where he spots Dean leaning against the gate with both hands in his pocket.

"What are you doing here?" Tyler questions with a raised eyebrow.

Dean turns to face him, pointing at a Range rover parked nearby.

Tyler's eyebrows raise an octave higher.

"Why do you have Alex's Range rover? Don't tell me he let you drive it,"

Dean's lips curl into a smirk, "You bet he did,"

Ty nods appreciatively.

"Do you want to drive it?" Dean questions, wiggling the car keys in the air.

"You want me to drive it?"

"Of course, unless you don't know how to drive. Do you?"

"Uh, I'm not sure, but I'd like to think I can," he answers vaguely.

He can't remember ever driving.

"Well, what are you waiting for then? We've got a long journey ahead of us," Dean throws the keys in Tyler's direction.

He catches them with ease. Opening the door to the driver's side, he climbs inside.

As he inserts the key into the ignition, Dean joins him inside the car, shutting the door.

Tyler sparks the car to life and drives off.

"So you do know how to drive after all," Dean comments after they've been on the road for nearly twenty minutes.

"I guess so," he replies.

"By the way, when will you tell me where we are heading? Or do you want me to drive around aimlessly?"

"I thought that was clear as day," Dean replies, gesturing to the google map displayed on the inbuilt screen on the dashboard.

Tyler rolls his eyes, "You should have said so earlier,"

Following the navigation, Tyler takes a sharp bend to the right, and soon, they find themselves driving on an empty road with tall trees on either side.

"Are we heading out of town?" Tyler asks, puzzled.

"From the look of it, I think so," Dean replies.

"Where are we going? For what?"

"God, since when did you start asking so many questions?" Dean rolls his eyes, fishing out for his phone.

"Why? You don't expect me to walk blindly into a burning fire. Right? I should at least know the purpose of this impromptu journey."

"Well, I have no idea either. The boss wants you to take care of someone,"

"Me? If so, why are you tagging along then?"

"He asked me to keep an eye on you,"

Tyler chuckles, resting a hand on the dashboard as he drives with one hand.

"Why will he ask that of you? I'm not a fucking child, Dean."

Dean shrugs.

"It is what it is, Ty. If you've got a problem, take it up with the boss,"

Tyler snorts, concentrating on the road ahead.



After driving for more than an hour, both men finally arrive at their destination, according to Google Maps. After finding a suitable place to park, Tyler alights with Dean in tow.

He glances around, taking in the surroundings. The place is desolate, save for a few buildings scattered around.

Tyler purses his lips.

"Where to?"

"Follow me," Dean instructs, taking the lead.

He walks ahead of Tyler, heading toward the building a few metres to the right.

When they near the building, Tyler reads the inscription at the top.

"RICK'S MOTEL," It read.

A motel?

What are they doing at a motel?

What job could Alex have sent them to do in such a place?

Keeping his thoughts to himself, he follows Dean inside.

Inside the motel is nothing Tyler imagined it to be.

Instead of a quiet place, the motel is relatively noisy.

A couple of drunk men bypass them as they walk farther down the halls.

"Is this a pub in disguise as a motel?" Tyler questions, scrunching his nose as the revolting smell of strong tobacco and alcohol waft through his nostrils.

Dean shrugs.

"You could say that. People come here to do all sorts of things, so it's not necessarily a pub,"

"Why are we here then?"

"To retrieve someone,"

"Someone?" Tyler chuckles. "Are we retrieving people like they're goods now?"



"Are you complaining, Brown?" Dean halts, turning to face him.

Tyler shakes his head. "Why would I? It's just that I do not recall this being my job,"

"Well, it is now,"

Dean turns away, resuming his walk.

He opens the doors to one of the numerous rooms to reveal a man about the same age as him, seated behind a table with four other men, playing chess.

Beside the man is a young lady. She is kneeling with both hands tied behind her.

Tyler steps inside the room just as the young man takes a sip of his drink and places the glass on the girl's head.

"If that glass falls and shatters, I will make you lick every drop of the wine off the floor, including the shards of glass," he warns as the girl shivers in fright.

"That's enough now," Dean commands, interrupting their game.

All four men lift their heads to glare at the intruder, but Dean doesn't budge.

"We're here for the girl, Banks. Alex told you we'd be coming. Right?" He says, making eye contact with the man known as Banks.

Banks chuckles. "Aye. I had no idea Alex would send such weaklings. You know I don't go down without a fight. Right?"

Tyler, whose been quiet, cocks his head to the side, staring at the supposed girl they are here for.

Right on cue, the young girl lifts her eyes, meeting with his.

Her eyes widen as recognition sets in them.

#### [Chapter 90 He's More Than A Piece Of Evidence](#)

Meanwhile, back at Radford University, Austin's class had just ended. He exits the school while retrieving his phone from his backpack.

He doesn't bother searching for Tyler on the school's premises because he's aware his friend's class ended more than an hour ago.

After dialling Tyler's number, he presses the phone to his ear as he approaches the roadside to wait for a

cab.

Austin hangs up when Tyler's number is unreachable and pockets his phone.

He then hails a cab.

While inside the cab, Austin tries Tyler's number few more times before giving up.

He snorts.

Wasn't Tyler complaining a few hours ago that he doesn't bother contacting him when he's away?

Yet whose phone is not reachable now?

He pockets his phone and relaxes in his seat.

After a while, the cab driver stops the car, jolting Austin awake.

"We've arrived, mister,"

"Oh, right," Austin reaches into his pocket and hands the driver money.

"Keep the change," he tells the driver as he alights from the car.

Happy at the generous tip, the driver thanks him profusely before zooming off.

After the driver zooms off, Austin turns right, walking into the estate.

While walking along the lonely estate road, Austin purses his lips.

He hates coming here.

It's so quiet that the sound of a pin drop can be heard from miles away.

He glances around the several magnificent buildings, passing them by as he nears his house.

Perhaps, this is how rich people like to live. In peaceful environments.

If only he had his way, he would leave and never come back. Maybe that is why he prefers spending most of his time at Tyler's apartment.

Though it is relatively small compared to the mansion he'd grown up in, it is livelier than what he is used to.

Soon, Austin arrives at his destination and glances up at the gigantic gate separating him and the mansion.

Lazily, he rings the doorbell.

"Look into the camera, please," a voice says through the intercom attached to the gate.

Sighing, Austin presses his face into the camera's view above the intercom.

"Do you need my ID too?" he questions sarcastically.

Not a minute later, the remote-controlled gate opens, giving way for him.

Just as Austin enters, a man in uniform rushes to him.

"I'm sorry, Mr Miles. I didn't realise it was you," he apologises.

Austin waves him off, entering the house where a maid comes to him.

"Good day, Mr Miles. Please allow me to take your bag upstairs,"

"Thank you, but it's fine," he declines.

"Alright. Shall I prepare a bath for you then? You must be exhausted,"

Austin chuckles, patting the elderly maid on her shoulders.

"You take very good care of me, nanny. I had just one class today, so I'm not tired,"

"Alright. Shall I set the table for you then?"

"You wouldn't let me off the hook that easily, huh?"

"I'm sorry if I seem persistent or unbearable, but it's my job to make sure you're well taken care of, else the master will have my head,"

Austin sighs, "Alright. That's fine. You can set the table. I will go upstairs to meet my father and have the meal after,"

"Okay, Mr Miles," the elderly maid bows slightly, returning to the kitchen.

Austin ascends the stairs and heads for the study, where his father spends most of his hours whenever he is home.

Without knocking, he pushes the door open, revealing a sturdy, well-built man seated behind an exquisite vintage study desk.

"Yes, I will see to it that it's completed," his father replies while nodding at his computer screen.

He must be on call again.

Quietly, Austin makes himself comfortable on the couch inside the study while waiting for his father to round up his business call.

A few minutes later, he ends the call and shuts down the computer, turning his attention to his son.

"Why are you home earlier than discussed?" Mr Miles questions sternly.

"Dad, come on. Don't you at least miss having me around?" Austin whines, throwing his arms in the air in exasperation.

"Austin Miles, be serious, will you?"

"Fine, dad. I'll leave," he gets up begrudgingly.

"Wait,"

Austin halts, turning.

"Any progress with Tyler?"

"No. Same old,"

"How about his memories? Is there any progress?"

Austin shakes his head, sitting down.

"No. The doctor who held the answers to unlocking his memories has suddenly gone AWOL,"

Austin's dad, Mr Miles, smiles knowingly.

"And you think his sudden disappearance is a mere coincidence? In our line of duty, coincidences rarely occur,"

Austin purses his lips. "Dad, do you mean to say someone silenced doctor Grey?"

Mr Miles leans back in his seat while crossing his arms over his chest, "Do the calculations yourself, Austin."



"If that is the case, then whoever is behind this is extremely dangerous, dad. We need protection for Tyler,"

"Why do you think I planted you by his side? You're the best candidate. You're his friend. So no one would suspect you,"

"Do you think I can protect him? I'm still in training, dad."

"To be honest, I don't think Tyler needs protection. He can handle himself, but just in case, you need to be by his side at all times. He can be hotheaded at times and irrational but bear with him. Just don't let the wicked ones get to him first,"

Austin nods, "Is he really that a crucial part of this investigation?"

Mr Miles nods, "He is. Everyone may have given up on that case because there was no evidence. But Tyler holds that evidence. He is more than a piece of evidence. And immediately after he regains his memory, I will reopen that case and finally bring the perpetrators to justice. They have been walking around freely far too long." Mr Miles says determinedly, a dark glint in his eyes.

After a while, Austin sighs.

He will never know what really happened years ago unless his father decides to tell him about it.

Until then, he will continue doing his job as Tyler's shadow.

"Okay, dad. I will do my best,"

His father smiles warmly, "I know you will, Austin. That is why I bestowed this challenge upon you. I have faith in you,"

Touched by the unusual words coming from his father, Austin smiles in return, "Thank you, dad. I won't let you down."

"I know,"

"Nanny has set the table. Would you like to come downstairs and have lunch with me?" Austin asks.

"Sure. Give me a minute,"

Nodding, Austin exits the study and descends the stairs, heading toward the dining table.

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Back at the motel, the young lady and Tyler's eyes meet.

Her eyes widen momentarily, as if she's seen her saviour.

She whimpers, unable to speak as a cloth around her mouth restricts her from speaking.

Noticing her movements, Banks tears his gaze off Dean for a split second to scold her.

"If the glass falls and shatters, I will make you lick the floor clean,"

"Enough, Banks. The girl is ours, so we'll be taking her with us," Dean approaches the man and attempts to pull the young girl off the floor when Banks reaches out to grab his elbow harshly.