

Devil Lucifer 91

[Chapter 91 Defence Skills](#)

"I don't remember permitting you to touch her. She is mine to keep, remember?"

"Not anymore," replies Dean.

"Says who?"

"Says Alex. You both had a deal, did you not? Do you want to get your ass kicked before you let her go?"

Banks laughs, lifting the glass off the girl's head and taking a sip before placing it back on her head.

Annoyed at his antics, Tyler nears them and kicks the glass off the girl's head. It flies to the corner of the room and hits the wall, shattering into pieces.

"That's enough. This girl is not a table. If you need a place to keep your stuff, there's an invention called a table. If you don't know what it is, come to me, and I'll tell you all about it,"

Tyler's actions and demeaning words enrage Banks, and he kicks his chair away, getting on his feet.

"Who the fuck are you?! Do you have a death wish?!"

Tyler shrugs nonchalantly.

"Sadly, I do not. We're just here to take the girl. Do not make this harder, yeah?"

"Who the fuck do you think you are speaking to me like that?! My God, such delinquents you are!"

Tyler feigns sleepiness, yawning loudly, "Stop yelling, will you? And stop talking as if you're superior to us. We're in the same age group, are we not?"

"Can we not waste each other's time and get this over and done with?"

Dean interrupts, stretching his hand towards the girl, but Banks slaps his hand away harshly.

Dean purses his lips, glaring daggers at him.

"We are not here to fight, Banks. Why are you refusing to honour your end of the deal? Are you such a sore loser?"

Banks chuckles sardonically, glaring at both men.

"You really have the effrontery to come to my territory and disrespect me like this?"

"Point of correction, this place is no man's land. It's a free zone. You can't claim it as your territory. Secondly, we aren't here to disrespect you. On the contrary, you're the one dragging things and making it a difficult situation. If you had handed over the girl, we would have been halfway home by now," Dean clicks his tongue.

"Can we just get the girl and leave? It's suffocating here," Tyler interrupts their bickering.

"I second that," says Dean.

"I'll get the girl while you cover for me,"

Tyler raises an eyebrow.

By covering for him, did he mean fighting anyone who tries to stop him?

Is this why Dean brought him here?

To stay and fight while he leaves with the girl?

Tyler snorts, rolling his sleeves. Classic.

Nearing the girl, Dean helps her off the floor.

He unties the rope binding her hands and loosens the cloth around her mouth.

"Come on," he takes her hands in his, nudging her forward.

Banks reaches out to stop them, but Tyler quickly blocks his path. Annoyed, he glares at Tyler.

"Out of my way,"

Tyler shakes his head, "Sorry, buddy, but I can't do that,"

"Are you picking a fight with me?"

"I'm not. I'm merely making sure that they get out of here unscathed. Then I can leave too,"

"And do you think I will let you leave here unscathed?" Banks threatens.

"What? Are you going to beat me up or something?"

Tyler's nonchalant behaviour fuels Banks' rage, and he lunges at him, throwing the first punch.

Expecting the attack, Tyler easily dodges, causing Banks to tumble forward slightly due to the force of his punch.

Angry with himself, Banks turns around and swiftly throws another punch. It misses Tyler's face by barely an inch.

"Are we really going to fight like kids? This is getting old," Tyler says, lazily studying his fingers.

Banks makes eye contact with the men he'd been playing chess, silently

asking for their help.

Instead of helping, the men quickly shake their heads, refusing his request without a second thought.

"Nah, man," One of the men says, "We don't meddle in issues that do not involve us, lest your enemies become ours. We don't want to inherit enemies now, do we?" He turns to his fellow men, who nod in affirmation.

"Good choice," Tyler grins wickedly.

"Now, if we're done dilly-dallying, I'll like to take my leave," He turns away from Banks, heading for the exit.

Refusing to accept defeat, he lunges for Tyler, attacking him from behind.

As if he'd known Banks would make such a cowardly move, Tyler jerks his head backwards with force, hitting him in the face.

Banks groans, loosening his grip around Tyler's neck for a split second, and Tyler uses it to his advantage, kicking away the pocket knife from his hand.

Without hesitating, he bends down and reaches between his legs to grab the back of Banks' calf and pulls it towards him with force, causing him to trip and fall with a loud thud.

He groans.

Tyler turns and towers over Banks lying on the floor. He clicks his tongue, staring down at him with a

mocking glint in his eyes.

"It's only a coward that attacks his opponent from behind. Let me give you some friendly advice. Learn how to fight like a real man before you start one, yeah?"

Tyler walks away only to find Dean standing by the door, watching them.

He raises a questionable eyebrow.

"And here I was, thinking you had made it to the car, not knowing you were still here,"

Dean shrugs, "I couldn't pass up on a good showdown. I wanted to see a real fight, but I had no idea Banks is such a p*ssy. All he does is run his mouth,"

"Yeah, well, too bad. I thought he would give me a real fight. Pfft! All I did was defend myself,"

Dean turns and exits the motel with Tyler in tow.

"Is this why you brought me here? To fight?" He asks Dean as they head towards the car.

Dean shrugs.

Well, partially.

Firstly, he thought Banks would have been a good opponent to fight, but it turns out he's a weakling.

He really wanted to see if Tyler could harness more of his skills.

Though that didn't happen, it's safe to say that he's got good defence skills and a sharp sixth sense.

It is a wonder how he sensed Banks attacking him from behind and defended himself just in time.

The scene reminded him of the previous night when he sensed the wine bottle thrown at him at the party.

Secondly, the boss had asked Dean to bring Tyler along because of the girl.

Alex wants to test how bad his memory is.

If he recognized the young girl, it would mean that Tyler could regain his memory any moment from now.

And that would spell doom either for Tyler or Alex because if he ever regains his memories, the earth wouldn't be able to contain them.

One of them would have to die or spend time behind bars.

And knowing Alex, he'd rather get rid of everyone than getting caught.

So far, Tyler seems not to recognize her, which is a good thing for both his and the girl's sake.

"You could say that," Dean finally answers Tyler's question, albeit vaguely.

[Chapter 92 LILY](#)

When they reach the car, Tyler gets in the driver's seat while Dean joins the young girl in the back seat in case she tries to escape. He rolls up the tinted glasses as Tyler drives off.

After driving for a while, Tyler veers off the road and parks the car.

Puzzled, Dean looks around.

"Why did you stop? Did we run out of gas?"

"Can we switch places?" Tyler asks instead, getting out of the car.

"Why?"

"Nothing. I'm just tired of driving,"

Dean contemplates for a while before alighting and occupying the driver's seat.

Tyler doesn't get into the car. Instead, he turns away, walking towards a convenience store a few kilometres away.

"Where are you off to, Brown?" Dean yells.

"I'll be right back!" Tyler yells over his shoulders, his voice distant.

With a groan, Dean rests his hands on the steering wheel.

After some time, Tyler exits the convenience store holding a shopping bag.

Once he settles inside the car, Dean starts the engine and continues the journey.

On the way, Tyler reaches into the shopping bag and takes out one bottled water and a box of doughnuts.

He uncorks the bottle and hands it to the young girl.

"Here. You must be thirsty,"

Startled, the girl shifts her attention to him, biting her lips nervously as she glances at him and back at the water.

"It's not spiked if that's what you're thinking. I just bought it from the store a while ago," Tyler has no idea why he's explaining himself to this frail girl.

She looks like she just turned twenty years.

"No. I..I'm sorry," the girl apologises meekly, fearing she might have offended him by refusing to accept the water.

Wrapping her dainty fingers around the bottled water, she accepts it and takes a sip.

After drinking, she waits for a minute longer before taking another sip.

Tyler's lips curl into an involuntary smile while watching her. She deliberately waited for a while after taking an initial sip before continuing.

She must have thought he spiked the water.

Smart.

He hands the young girl the box of doughnuts.

"Here. You must be hungry,"

Surprised, she stares at the box of doughnuts in his outstretched hands for a minute longer before accepting it, mumbling a "Thank you,"

In no time, she finishes the doughnut, and Tyler hands her another.

The girl blushes.

"What? Don't be shy. I could have five of these doughnuts in less than a minute. Come on, have some more,"

She accepts the doughnuts, thanking him.

After eating, she drops the empty boxes on her lap and drinks the rest of the water.

"Give the boxes to me. I'll keep them inside the bag," Tyler offers, stretching his hand.

"Uh... No, it's fine. Thank you," she declines.

"I insist. Give the boxes to me,"

Nodding, the girl gathers the empty boxes and stretches them towards Tyler.

As Tyler collects them, he notices a peculiar two-inch scar shaped like a crescent on her forearm.

Curious, he grabs her arm gently and pushes the arm of her sweater back to reveal the scar.

"How did you get this scar? It looks rather peculiar," Tyler cocks his head to the side, studying it.

He remembers seeing a similar shape on Lucinda's neck, except hers was a birthmark. But the one on this girl's arm is a scar.

Unconsciously, he rubs his thumb over the jagged scar.

The girl jerks slightly at Tyler's actions, but he is too immersed in his thoughts to notice.

As she stares at Tyler studying her scar, tears gather in her eyes, and she blinks them away. She can't cry.

She bites her lips, watching him rub soothing circles over the scar just like he did in the past.

She bites back a sob.

"Don't you remember?" The young girl questions, her voice barely above a whisper.

Confused, Tyler glances up at her, locking gazes with her.

"Remember what?" he queries.

"Back then, when you..." the young girl clamps her mouth shut, stopping herself from saying any more.

She purses her lips and looks away, snatching her arm from his hold.

"Nothing. It's nothing." She mumbles, pulling her sweater back down to cover the scar.

"Alright. Forgive me for hogging you like that. That's quite unusual of me," Tyler leans back in the seat, confused at his sudden interest in this girl.

"You don't have to apologise. It's fine,"

Meanwhile, Dean has been quiet all along, watching them through the rearview mirror in the front.

The girl better keep her shut for the betterment of her and Tyler.

Watching their interaction proves that Tyler may have lost his memories, but his heart still remembers.

If this continues, it won't take long before he starts to recall everything.

And that memory suppressant will be rendered useless if it already isn't.

After driving for another hour, Tyler asks Dean to drop him off nearby.

"Are you sure? Don't you want to come to the mansion?" Dean questions.

Tyler shakes his head while picking up his bag.

A pen falls from the side pocket unto the seat.

"Isn't it enough that you kidnapped me from school as soon as my lecture was over? Now you want me to follow you to the mansion? Nah, man. I'll pass. I need to sleep,"

"Fine. No need to whine so much like a kid." Dean rolls his eyes, veering off the road to park the car.

"Finally, I can get some sleep after such a hectic day," Tyler sighs, resting his head against the headrest.

"It's barely evening, Ty. Are you really going to sleep this early? You're always talking about sleeping. It's bad to sleep so much," Dean reprimands.

"Daytime is pretty much the only time I can sleep better,"

"Why?" Dean glances at him through the rearview mirror.

"Do you have difficulty sleeping at night?"

"Mmmm," Tyler nods.

"I see," Dean purses his lips.

It must be the memory suppressants.

They have the ability to mess up one's sleeping schedule, more so giving them insomnia.

"Alright." Tyler opens the door and gets down. He pokes his head through the open door, "See you,"

The young girl clenches her fist tightly. He's leaving, and only God knows when she will get to see him again.

Seeing him today was by chance. Will that chance ever come again?

How she wishes she could stop him.

She blinks, suddenly blurting out, "Camomile!"

Tyler, who was about to shut the door, stops, gazing at the girl curiously.

"What?"

"Have some camomile tea. It will help you sleep," she mumbles.

"Really?" Tyler's lips stretch into a gentle smile.

"Yes,"

"What's your name?" he suddenly queries as surprise flashes in the young girl's eyes.

"Lily. My name is Lily," she answers.

"Well, thank you, Lily. I'll keep your advice in mind," Tyler shuts the door after, and the car zooms off.

[Chapter 93 Unscrupulous](#)

Lily watches him through the rearview until he's no longer in sight. She bites her lips, discreetly picking up the pen that fell from his backpack.

Staring at the ballpoint pen, she caresses it between her fingers, a small smile appearing on her face.

Carefully, she tucks it inside her sweater.

It may look like an ordinary pen to an outsider, but to her, it signifies hope.

The hope that she will see Tyler again, and when she does, she will give him back the pen as a reminder.

But until then, she will keep it and cherish it.

"Do you know him?" Dean's sudden question startles Lily out of her thoughts, and she glances at him nervously.

She fidgets with the hem of her sweater.

"No. Uh, he reminds me of someone I used to know,"

"I see," At least she isn't dumb enough to admit she knows him.

Silence ensues until they arrive at the mansion.

Lily fails to hide her nervousness as she climbs down from the car, following Dean inside.

Like an obedient disciple, she follows him up the stairs, keeping her head down until they stop in front of a door.

"Wait here," Dean instructs, and she nods, lifting her head.

Dean knocks on the door and enters only after being told to come in. Grabbing the doorknob, he pushes the door open and steps inside, shutting the door behind him.

Glancing around, he spots Alex seated behind his desk smoking tobacco.

"We're back, boss," he announces.

"Hmm," Alex hums, taking the tobacco out of his mouth and twirling it between his fingers.

He glances at Dean.

"How did it go?"

"It went fairly well. Banks barely has any fighting skills, so I guess there was not much to see,"

"I know," Alex smirks.

"You knew? And yet sent us there?" Dean questions.

"Hmm," he hums again, taking a long drag of his tobacco.

"Why?"

Alex chuckles, "Because Banks is a sore loser. If he feels you bruised his ego, he will return better and stronger. And with Tyler's sharp mouth, I'm guessing he must have said stuff to piss him off the more,"

"Isn't that risky?" Dean shudders.

Alex is such an unscrupulous man.

He has no qualms about using people as bait to achieve his aim.

Sadly, Banks has entered the equation.

"Don't worry, Dean. If it gets too bloody, I know how to stop it," he waves.

So he wouldn't mind the situation getting bloody?

Dean shakes his head, deciding against saying anything.

"How about the girl?" Alex asks after a while.

"He barely recognized her,"

"Barely, you say? I see. You may leave,"

Dean turns and heads for the door but halts when a sudden thought occurs to him.

With his hand resting on the doorknob, he asks, "How about the girl? She's outside as we speak. What do I do with her?"

Alex takes a long drag of his tobacco and exhales through his nostrils, watching the smoke form ringlets in the air before disappearing.

"Give her something to do around the house in the meantime. Or you can send her to work at the casino. Your choice,"

"Got it, boss," Dean nods and exits.

Outside, near the balcony, he finds Lily still standing in the same spot. It seems she never moved an inch.

He beckons her, "Come with me,"

He leads her down the stairs and into the kitchen.

"I reckon you do know how to work in a kitchen? Laundry, cooking, serving, washing dishes. You must at least be familiar with one of these, right?"

Lily nods, "I'm familiar with all, sir,"

Dean nods, "Okay, good," He gestures to one of the cooks, "Give her something to do,"

The cook nods, "Of course, sir," She beckons to Lily. "Help me wash these vegetables while I get started on dinner,"

"Yes, ma'am," Lily answers meekly, joining the cook by the counter.

She washes her hand under running water, after which she begins to drop the vegetables into a vinegar and water mixture.

Dean leaves her to it, retiring to his room for some rest.

Days passed, and soon, it was another Friday.

Tyler gets out of bed and heads for the kitchen, where he meets Austin busily chopping vegetables.

"What are you making?" Tyler stretches his neck, taking a look inside the skillet on fire.

"I woke up hungry, so I'm making vegetable stirfry with white rice,"

"Hmmm," Tyler nods, using the ladle to scoop out a couple of beef slices from the skillet.

He blows air on the beef a few times before eating it.

"It's well seasoned. At least you're not completely useless,"

"What do you mean by useless?" Austin turns sharply.

Grinning, Tyler gestures to the skillet.

"Watch it. You will burn the food,"

Rolling his eyes, Austin carefully pours the sliced vegetables into the skillet and stirs, adding a few drops of soy sauce.

Tyler exits the kitchen, leaving Austin to his devices as he goes to take a bath.

He returns half an hour later to find the vegetable sauce cooked.

Nodding appreciatively, he turns away, heading towards the living room.

"Are you not going to help?" Austin questions amid washing some rice.

Tyler halts, facing him.

He glances at the bowl of rice in his hand.

"Haven't you finished cooking?"

"I'm yet to cook the rice," Austin gives him the stink eye.

"Oh, but that's the easiest part. Just wash the rice and cook it in the rice cooker,"

"Sometimes, you can be infuriating!" Austin shouts as Tyler exits the kitchen, making himself comfortable on the sofa.

Chuckling, he lifts both feet and rests them on the centre table.

"You sleep in my bed, use my water and eat my food, yet I pay the rent. It's fair that you make yourself useful. Sometimes, I wonder if you're homeless,"

"Hurry up, will you? I'm starving," Tyler adds.

Austin mumbles profanities under his breath.

Half an hour later, Tyler joins his friend at the dining table. Looking around, he frowns.

"Where's mine?"

Austin glances up at him.

"Can't you serve yourself?"

Rolling his eyes, Tyler heads to the kitchen and plates some food, after which he returns to the dining table, sitting opposite Austin.

They dig in immediately.

Soon after, Austin takes out orange juice from the fridge and returns to his seat. While pouring himself a glass, he gestures to Tyler.

"Do you want some?"

Lifting his head, Tyler stares at the orange juice as if it were a foreign object.

He hasn't drunk the juice in days.

"No, I'm good," he declines.

Drinking it will just fuel his need to go and see Lucinda.

He's done a good job holding himself back so far.

He's afraid he wouldn't be able to stop himself if he associates with anything that reminds him of her.

He shuts his eyes, aggressively pushing a spoonful of rice into his mouth and chewing.

Damn it, Lucinda.

Why must she invade his thoughts at all times?

It's like a never-ending cycle.

Every corner of his house reminds him of her.

Especially his bed. Fuck.

That bed.

They've done nasty things on that bed.

And on the couch.

His Art Room.

Hell, Tyler.

He scoops more rice, chewing loudly, hoping the sound will drown his thoughts.

[Chapter 94 She Has Already Served Her purpose](#)

After Tyler declines his offer, Austin shrugs, taking a sip of the juice.

He spares his friend a glance.

"Refusing to drink it won't stop you from thinking about her,"

Tyler pauses amid chewing.

"What are you talking about?" he feigns ignorance.

"You can pretend you don't know what I'm talking about. It's only a matter of time before someone else makes a move on her. After all, she's a sight for sore eyes. If you don't want her, someone else will,"

Tyler swallows hard, gritting his teeth. The mere thought of someone making a move on Lucinda makes his blood boil and his throat tighten.

He can't imagine someone else kissing her, touching her in ways he has.

Making love to her and making her moan out their name like he already has. Planting kisses on her neck, on that crescent-shaped mark..

Tyler blinks.

Speaking of crescent shapes..

That girl.

Lily.

Suddenly, Tyler pushes his seat back and retrieves his phone from the bedroom.

Turning it on, he stops on a particular number and dials it, pressing the phone against his ear.

It rings a couple of times before it's answered.

"Hello? What do you want?"

Tyler rolls his eyes, "What makes you think I want something?"

"Because you never call me. So what do you want?"

"I don't want anything, man. I only want to ask about someone,"

"Who?"

"The girl from a few days ago,"

"Which girl,"

"Do you have a short-term memory? The girl because of whom I had to fight with Banks,"

"Oh. You mean Lily?" Dean raises an eyebrow, sharing a glance with Alex.

They had been discussing inside his inner chambers when Tyler's call came through.

Fuck, don't do this, Ty.

Dean can't help but think, gulping to hide his nervousness.

It's no secret what Alex would do if he finds out Tyler has been asking about the girl.

"Yes, Lily," Tyler affirms.

The name sounds so familiar, like a distant memory.

"What about her?"

"How is she doing? Have you seen her lately?"

"Uh, I'm sure she's fine. And yes, I have seen her. Why do you ask? Don't tell me you're interested in her. That would be below the belt, even for you, Ty. She's too young," Dean tries to crack a joke.

Tyler chuckles. "Don't be silly. I do not have such feelings towards her,"

"Then why?"

"I was only wondering how she's faring. She looked so frail last time I saw her,"

"Hmm, I see."

"Anyway, that's the only reason I called,"

"Of course. Isn't it obvious already?"

Tyler chuckles, "I'll stop by the mansion tomorrow,"

Dean raises an eyebrow, "Why?"

"What do you mean by why? Am I no longer welcomed at the mansion?" Tyler questions.

He can understand Dean's surprise.

He barely goes to the mansion, especially without being asked.

But for some reason, he wants to see her.

The frail girl.

She looked too skinny the last time he saw her, and her lips were dry and chapped from dehydration.

He only wants to see her.

He hopes she will be looking much healthier by tomorrow.

He honestly can't understand why he's worried about her.

Tyler isn't one to be worried about others.

He's seen several maids at the mansion countless times, yet he's never bothered about them.

Selfish, yes.

But with Lily, it's different.

"I never said that. Stop putting words in my mouth. I only asked because it's unusual of you to come here willingly." Dean replies.

"Well, am I not allowed to change my mind?"

Dean sighs. "Fine. Let me hang up, lest you continue taking my words out of context,"

Tyler chuckles, pulling the phone away from his ear and hanging up.

Dropping the phone on the centre table, he turns to find Austin watching him with eyes like a hawk.

"What?" the corners of his lips turn up.

"Which girl were you talking about?"

"Haven't you been told not to eavesdrop on people's conversations?" Tyler clicks his tongue.

"First of all, you were in my space, speaking loudly, so obviously I would hear you. Now, will you answer my question?" Austin shifts in his seat impatiently.

"She's a girl I met a few days ago while on a job,"

"Yes, I'm aware. That much is clear. I asked who she was,"

Tyler snorts. "I don't know either. I just met her recently. She's just..."

He pauses, a faraway look in his eyes.

"There's something about Lily. It's as if I've known her for a long time,"

Austin's eyes widen, "Lily?" The name tumbles out of his mouth.

Tyler blinks, glancing at his friend. "Yes, that's her name,"

"Hmm. I see. How old is she?"

He shrugs, "I'm not sure. Lily looks to be around nineteen or twenty, at most."

"I see," Austin blinks, pursing his lips.

"How does she look like?"

"What's the matter? Why so interested in her?"

Austin clears his throat, shrugging nonchalantly, "I only want to know what's so special about her that's making you worried about her?"

Tyler shrugs, "I'm not sure either,"

"Hmm," Austin hums, deciding against asking anymore.

Could this be just a coincidence?

"In our line of duty, coincidences rarely occur," he recalls his father's words.

He sighs.

Meanwhile, inside the mansion, Alex exits his inner chambers with Dean in tow.

Alex stands in the corridor, leaning against the railing, smoking.

He looks downstairs, spotting Lily mopping the floor.

While mopping, a maid approaches her with a plate of food, asking her to have breakfast and continue working later.

But Lily politely declines, telling her she will eat only after completing her task.

The maid smiles, nodding understandably.

She leaves with the food and returns later with an extra mop.

"Let me help you. That way, you can finish on time and have breakfast,"

Lily glances up, smiling warmly.

"You didn't have to, but thank you,"

"I see she made a friend already," Alex comments.

"Yes. And she's hardworking," Dean adds.

"Hmm," Alex hums, taking another drag of his tobacco.

He watches Lily for a minute longer and turns away.

"Get rid of her,"

Dean almost stumbles at the sudden order.

"W..what?"

"Did you not hear me? I said get rid of her. I'll ask Ryan to help you out,"

"But w..why?" Dean can't resist asking.

"I brought her here for a reason, and she has already served her purpose. There's no need to keep her around. Besides, keeping that girl here is not a risk I'm willing to take. Tyler has started asking of her. He's planning on coming to see her tomorrow. If they become close, buried emotions will resurface, and the girl will be tempted to tell Tyler everything she knows," Alex pauses, exhaling smoke.

[Chapter 95 So What If He Likes Me](#)

Alex continues.

"She has seen my face. She has stayed with Banks for a few months and knows he's associated with me. She knows the work I do.

Instead of keeping her here, hoping she will zip her mouth, it's best to silence her for good. After all, the dead don't talk. I wouldn't have to worry about her opening her mouth,"

Dean clenches his fists, slightly trembling.

He looks down at Lily and back at his boss.

"But the girl is too young. Can't we find another alternative?"

Alex's lips curl into a sinister smirk as he faces Dean.

"Why? Have you developed a soft spot for her? If you're interested in her, and want to fuck her, you can go ahead. But get rid of her after."

Dean lowers his head and says nothing, the wheels turning in his head.

"Why the sudden silence? If you can't do it, let me know, and I'll give the task to someone else,"

"No!" He answers almost immediately.

"I'll do it,"

Alex smiles satisfactorily, "Good. Do it tonight. Send me the evidence after,"

He walks away after that, leaving Dean in a daze.

He stands rooted to the spot, unable to move.

Tonight?

So soon?

Why?

Dean unconsciously looks downstairs, watching Lily pick up her mop and bucket. She discards the items and returns later, heading into the kitchen for her meal.

He watches her smile at the maid who helped her mop the floor.

Damn it.

Will he become a murderer now?

If he kills her, there will be no turning back.

Her blood will forever be on his hands, and he will be a murderer for the rest of his life.

Dean clenches his fist, his nails digging into his palm.

He knows he's no saint.

For Alex, Dean has done a lot of unjust things.

But to kill someone is something that's never crossed his mind.

His conscience wouldn't let him.

He lifts him when he hears footsteps approaching.

Ryan nods when their eyes meet as he enters Alex's chambers.

He exits later to find Dean still on the balcony, his face gloomy.

Noticing his expression, Dean chuckles humourlessly.

"I guess the boss filled you in on what we're to do?"

Ryan only nods, walking back towards his room.

Dean continues standing there for a while before he finally leaves.

Soon, nighttime arrives, and Tyler gets ready for his evening class.

He leaves Austin inside his apartment and heads for school.

Upon arrival at the school, Tyler quickly finds his class, and enters.

He checks his wristwatch, realising he's a few minutes late.

Judging from the empty class, the lecturer is running late also.

When he glances around, his gaze falls on Lucinda, seated at her usual spot.

He wonders if he should sit by her as always.

But his face soon turns sour when a guy occupies the seat next to her.

His seat.

He watches them as the guy says something to Lucinda, causing her to chuckle. Tyler narrows his eyes infinitesimally.

Why is she chuckling?

What's so funny?

Why does it even concern him?

It shouldn't, right?

Tyler forces himself to look away, taking out his books.

Meanwhile, Lucinda looks towards the door when she spots Tyler entering.

Instead of sitting beside her like he always does, he walks to the third row and glances around.

She immediately looks away and purses her lips.

It's obvious he's playing the childish game of avoiding her.

Well, if that's what he wants, so be it.

Her thoughts are interrupted when someone walks up to her, asking if the seat next to her is taken.

Lucinda briefly glances at Tyler and back at the guy. She shakes her head.

"No,"

"Oh, great!" the guy exclaims, sitting next to her.

"You must be new here. I haven't seen you around much,"

Lucinda replies, "I could say the same about you,"

He laughs, "Well, I've been absent a few times. What about you? I strongly believe you're new here, right?"

She shrugs. "I've been here a couple of months already, so I don't know if that counts as being a newbie."

"Wow," the guy nods thoughtfully, "Then I must have been absent more times than I thought,"

Lucinda chuckles, nodding.

"Well, I hope it's not too late to introduce myself. I'm Lucas Henderson," he flashes her a charming smile, stretching out his hand.

"I'm Lucinda Reynolds," she takes his hand, shaking hands with him.

Soon, the lecturer, Mr Kelsey, makes an appearance, apologising for running late.

Mr Kelsey drops his bag and sets up his projector before addressing the class.

"Alright, class. Let's begin,"

After the lecture, students waste no time filing out of the classroom immediately after Mr Kelsey leaves.

Likewise, Lucinda packs her belongings and exits. Lucas runs after, slinging his backpack over his shoulder.

Realising she is being followed, Lucinda halts, turning.

"Did you forget something?" she asks him.

"No. I wanted to escort you. It's late,"

Lucinda chuckles, "It's eight pm. It's not that late. Besides, my house isn't far. It's barely a ten-minute walk,"

"Is that so?" Lucas purses his lips, "Too bad. I wanted to act as your knight in shining armour,"

She laughs, "Well, thank you, Lucas. You can be my knight some other time,"

"Okay, deal," he nods enthusiastically. "I'll see you around, Luci,"

He waves, retracting his steps and leaving in the opposite direction.

"Sure,"

Lucinda continues her journey.

After walking for nearly three minutes, the hairs on her neck stand, and she begins to quicken her pace.

A hand suddenly reaches out and drags her into a dark corner. Startled, Lucinda tries to scream, but a hand covers her mouth.

"Shhh,"

She blinks, staring at her abductor as her eyes adjust to the darkness.

"You?"

"Were you expecting that shit show of a guy?"

Lucinda frowns, "Who are you talking about?"

"The one you were making googly eyes with in class. Laughing and giggling with every damn thing he said!"

"What? I did not.." she pauses as if realising something.

She glares at him, "How's that your business? What I do is none of your concern. I can giggle and make googly eyes with anyone I want!"

"That's where you're wrong because it's my business!"

"No, It's not!"

"It is!"

"Why?"

"Because..." Tyler pauses, suddenly at a loss for words.

Lucinda chuckles humorlessly. "You can't ignore me for several days in a row and suddenly drag me into a corner and dictate to me who I can and can't associate with. That's not how it works, Tyler,"

"That guy. He likes you,"

She chuckles again, "So what if he likes me? Am I not human enough to be liked? I'm not complaining, am I? Who cares if he freaking likes me?"

"I do,"

"Why?"

Tyler remains silent. Frustrated, she hits his chest with her fists.

"Why do you freaking care? Why, Tyler?! Why?!"

Suddenly, Tyler pushes her against the wall, trapping her between himself and the wall. He stares down

at her with fire blazing in his orbs.

Lucinda's knees suddenly go weak at the sudden proximity.

"Let me go, Tyler. I need to get home,"

"I'll take you," he replies, his voice lower than ever, sending shivers down her spine.

"No. I know the way home," She pushes him away with all the strength she can muster.

[Chapter 96 Clingy](#)

For some reason, Tyler doesn't put up a fight. He steps away and lets her pass, watching her walk away.

After walking a few steps away from him, Tyler suddenly runs behind her, grabs her by the elbow and drags her back, spinning her to face him.

Lucinda gasps, but Tyler wraps his arms around her waist and kisses her, swallowing her gasps.

His lips on hers suddenly bring back the memories of all their intimate moments.

Despite wanting to melt into his arms, Lucinda purses her lips, refusing to return the kiss.

When Tyler realises she isn't responding to his kisses, he pulls away, feeling frustrated.

He runs a hand through his hair, sighing heavily.

"Are you done?" Lucinda questions, albeit coldly.

"What did you think would happen if you kissed me?"

"I don't know. I..." Tyler frowns, unable to understand his behaviour.

"Well, if you don't know, then I better get going. It's getting late," Luci turns and walks away.

He watches her walk away until she's out of sight before leaving in the opposite direction.

By the time Tyler arrives home, Austin has left to God knows where.

He appears and disappears like a ghost whenever he wishes. He bet Austin will be watching tv in his living room by the time he wakes up tomorrow.

Tyler snorts, shutting the bedroom door and heading into the bathroom for a quick bath. After bathing, he discards his towel and gets into bed half naked.

He doesn't sleep for a long time.

A loud and constant knocking jolts Lucinda awake. She forces her eyes open, looking around in a daze.

Who could be knocking so loudly at such an ungodly hour?

Is it Mandy?

No, it can't be.

Mandy has her own set of keys.

Well, unless she lost them somehow.

Rubbing her eyes, Lucinda yawns, throwing the covers off her as the knocking gets louder.

While getting out of bed, she glances up at the clock and realises it's almost midnight.

The knocking persists, causing Lucinda to groan, exiting her room and heading for the door.

She had finally managed to fall asleep after studying for more than three hours after getting home from lectures, only to be woken up by such violent knocking.

When she reaches the door, she unlocks it and opens it as a male figure stumbles inside, almost knocking her off her feet.

"You?" Lucinda fails to conceal her shock as she glances at the unwanted visitor straightening himself.

"Were you expecting someone else?"

She rolls her eyes, shutting the door. "Cut the crap, Tyler. Who in their sane minds will be expecting a visitor at midnight? Honestly, what are you doing here?"

Tyler closes the distance between them, wrapping his arms around her waist.

He's become really touchy these past few days.

"Let go, Tyler? You haven't answered my question. Don't you think this isn't the time to be annoying me?" Lucinda glares at him, trying to get out of his hold, but he doesn't budge.

Exhausted, she stops struggling and lets him hold her.

It is unclear how or when Tyler got out of bed and set off to her place.

He remembers going to bed early after lectures, but try as he might, he couldn't bring himself to fall asleep.

It felt as if invisible thorns were prickling his eyes each time he tried to close them. He had stayed like that until he couldn't take it anymore, got out of bed, dressed and left his house for Lucinda's apartment.

Tyler has no idea why he decided to come here.

Maybe because a part of him knows that besides Austin, there isn't anyone on whom he can count.

Tyler blinks slowly, lowering his head onto Lucinda's shoulders and inhaling her wonderful scent.

He sighs heavily.

"I'm fucking sleepy, yet I'm unable to fall asleep," he grumbles, lifting his head off her shoulders to peer into her delicate face.

Lucinda finally notices the bags under his eyes and unconsciously lifts a hand to trace the bags under his eyes with her thumb.

"When was the last time you had a good night's sleep?" Lucinda can't help but feel concerned.

"A couple of weeks back," Tyler replies.

The only time he had a good rest was when doctor Grey had given him that injection, claiming its purpose was to flush his system.

"If that's the case, shouldn't you be sleeping instead of marching all the way here?"

"If I could, would I be here?" Tyler counters, flashing her a lazy smile.

Lucinda sighs, "So, what do you want me to do now? I'm not a doctor who can help you,"

"You can start by making me some chamomile tea,"

She frowns, "You came all the way here to ask me to make you some tea? Can't you make it yourself?"

"That would make this entire situation boring, wouldn't it?" he smirks as she stares at him, unimpressed.

"You're such an annoying piece of ass,"

"I know,"

Sighing, Lucinda tries to move when she realises his arms are still around her. She glares daggers at him.

"The sooner you let me go, the sooner I can get you the tea,"

Tyler reluctantly releases his hold on her, taking a few steps back.

Taking advantage of the distance between them, Lucinda dashes into the kitchen, fearing it won't take long before her resolve melts into a puddle.

In the kitchen, she lets out heavy breaths in a bid to calm her erratic heartbeat.

Why, in God's name, won't he leave her alone?

It would be so much easier to keep his distance as he did after she confessed her feelings to him.

After going AWOL for days on end, he suddenly arrives at her doorstep, acting all clingy.

If he is having difficulties falling asleep, he might as well shoot himself in the head.

That's easy, Lucinda snorts.

"You didn't mean that," her subconscious mind chides.

Lucinda groans, grabbing a kettle and filling it with water.

She searches her cabinet for some tea bags and gets to work.

Less than twenty minutes later, Lucinda exits the kitchen with a cup of brewing chamomile tea, only to find Tyler nowhere in sight.

Frowning, she glances around, calling out for him.

Did he suddenly leave?

"Tyler? Where the hell are you?! I swear to God if you left after making me go through the stress of preparing you tea, I will kill you!"

"Relax, tiger. I'm in here!"

Annoyed, Lucinda follows the sound of the voice and ends up inside her room.

She purses her lips, eyeing the male creature relaxing on her bed.

"Who gave you permission to..." she pauses amid her rants when she notices him staring intently at something on her bed.

Lucinda follows his gaze, gasping.

That something turned out to be a red thong she had discarded earlier.

After bringing out the thong from her wardrobe, she discarded it after deciding against wearing underwear to bed.

Lucinda blushes as heat spreads through her cheeks.

"Give that back," dropping the cup of tea carefully at the foot of the bed, she hurls herself at Tyler, attempting to snatch the thong from him.

But he swiftly pulls his hand back, smirking.

"Careful there, baby doll. If you move too much, the tea will tip over and stain your bed."

"Give it back, Tyler!"

"Come and get it,"

[Chapter 97 Brother-zoned](#)

Annoyed, Lucinda reaches out to grab it once more when he snatches his hand back.

The once quiet apartment becomes noisy when both adults begin to scuffle for the thong, ending up in a compromising position with Lucinda seated on Tyler's lap and her chest pressing against his as she tries to reach for the thong he's holding over his head.

The smile on Tyler's face dissipates, replaced by a pained expression.

"You might want to stop moving so much, baby doll," his voice is hoarse, catching Lucinda off guard for a second.

She looks down between them and blushes when she notices their compromising position.

Lucinda's thong is suddenly forgotten as palpable tension rises between them.

Lucinda tries to get off him, but Tyler wraps an arm around her waist, stopping her.

"Wait. Stay here for a moment longer,"

"Why?" she bites her lips.

Tyler doesn't answer her. Instead, he cocks his head to the side, studying her features.

He drops the thong onto the bed and touches her neck, tracing the mark around her collarbone.

He's so obsessed with her birthmark that it's unexplainable.

"What are you doing?" Lucinda's voice is barely a whisper.

"Watching you,"

"Why?"

"Because you're fucking beautiful, baby doll," his reply is blunt, surprising both him and Lucinda.

It is the first time he's openly complimented her.

She gulps hard, "Don't say things like that, please,"

"Why?" he stops tracing her birthmark and lifts his eyes to glance at her.

Lucinda opens her mouth as if to say something but then shakes her head, deciding against it.

She gets off him and walks to the other side of the bed, picking up the cup of tea and handing it to him.

"Your tea,"

Tyler accepts it, thanking her.

After taking a sip, he frowns and scrunches his nose.

"Didn't you add sugar?"

"I added honey," she replies.

"Well, the honey isn't enough. It tastes bland. There's no milk either,"

"You're drinking the tea for its benefits, not its taste. So stop complaining and drink it, or I will kick your ass out of my room,"

"Relax, baby doll. Don't be so cranky,"

"Why won't I be cranky when you fucking ruined my sleep?! Look!" she flares up, pointing at the wall clock.

"It's past twelve!"

Tyler finishes his tea and drops the cup carefully on the table near the bed.

He turns, patting the bed.

"Come,"

She glares at him, "Come where? For what?"

"Stop asking questions and come here. Lay with me,"

Lucinda snorts, "Lay with you? Brother, you better get your ass out of my bed and apartment!"

Tyler fake gasps, clutching his chest in mock horror, "Did you just brother zone me?"

Deciding not to answer him, she ignores him and lays down on the bed, making sure to stay at the edge. Yawning loudly, she rubs her eyes and closes them.

Silence ensues as Lucinda tries to sleep while Tyler remains awake, staring at the ceiling.

"Did you just brother zone me?" he repeats his question, causing Lucinda to open her eyes groggily, cursing profanities.

She was about to fall asleep!

"Oh my God, I wish I could seal your mouth shut!" she grabs a pillow and presses it over her ears.

"Answer me," Tyler insists.

"Go away,"

"Answer me," Tyler snatches the pillow away from her grip and rolls her over, making her face him.

"Why are you being so childish over something I said?"

"How can you brother-zone me after everything we've done?"

"What have we done? I can't remember," Lucinda feigns ignorance, hoping it will deter him from asking any more frivolous questions.

Instead, her words have the opposite impact on Tyler.

He swiftly rolls over, lifting himself to hover over her. Planting his arms on either side of her head, he stares down at her as if she were his prey.

"I can refresh your memory if you can't remember. It'll be my pleasure,"

Lucinda sighs, suddenly feeling to urge to cry. Why can't she have a peaceful night's sleep?

"You're a fucking pain in the ass, Tyler Brown,"

"I know," he smirks, rubbing his eyes slowly.

"It must be the chamomile. I feel so fucking relaxed. It's as if I'm high on weed," Tyler explains while yawning.

"Well then, it's time to sleep," Lucinda tells him.

"Mmmm. Are you okay with me sleeping here?"

She snorts, "After invading my privacy and occupying my bed, you still have the guts to ask me such a question? You really are unbelievable,"

"Hmm," Tyler hums, dropping on the bed beside her and falling asleep in less than a minute.

After seeing that he's fallen asleep, Lucinda sighs, silently thanking the heavens. She glares at his sleeping form.

He has the guts to fall into a fitful sleep after terrorizing her for more than an hour.

Lucinda rolls on her back and stares blankly at the ceiling until her eyes slowly close to sleep.

Meanwhile, at the mansion, Dean checks his time. It's a few minutes past midnight.

Letting out a sigh, he finally descends the stairs and makes his way toward the kitchen. He stops near the door when he hears noises from inside the kitchen.

He frowns. He had thought all the maids had retired to bed except Lily, but it turns out there's someone else besides her.

He turns away, deciding he will return later when she's alone, but he suddenly halts when Lily speaks up.

"Really?" he hears Lily ask in surprise.

"Yes." her companion answers. "None of us have seen her since then,"

"Where could she have gone?" Lily asks.

The other maid shrugs, "I have no idea. Though Sandra used to work in the kitchen like most of us, it was only a handful of times,"

"Hmm. Then where did she work most times?"

"She's one of the boss' personal maids. Anyway. The boss must have sent her to work elsewhere, though that would be weird because her belongings were still in her room after she left. It was cleared out a few days after."

"Hmmm. Perhaps she must have been sent to work elsewhere,"

"Yes, perhaps," the maid replies, placing the last set of dishes on the rack.

She sighs, turning to face Lily.

"Alright, I think it's time for me to hit the sack. I'm exhausted. Make sure you go to bed immediately after you finish eating,"

Lily nods, wiping her hands on her apron and grabbing the plate of food from the counter.

"I will,"

"Be quick and do not stay up too late. You need rest after working nonstop the whole day,"

"Thank you. I won't,"

Nodding in satisfaction, the maid exits the kitchen, leaving Lily alone.

[Chapter 98 Tell Me Why You Want To Kill Me](#)

After the maid has left, Dean waits for a while before entering the kitchen. Lily, who wasn't expecting company, almost jumps in fright, dropping the now empty plate.

She quickly washes her hand under the running water and wipes it on her apron.

"Good evening, sir. Do you need anything?"

"No," Dean replies, pocketing his hands, "But I need you to follow me somewhere,"

Lily glances up at the clock hanging on the kitchen wall.

"Right now?"

"Yes. Do you have a problem with that?"

"No, sir. Where to?" she lowers her head, taking off her apron.

"You'll know when we get there," Dean tells her, turning around and exiting the kitchen. Lily follows him out onto the compound, where she notices the headlights of one of the numerous cars are on.

Obediently, she follows him to the car, watching him occupy the passenger seat next to the driver.

Dean shuts the door, fastening his seatbelt.

"What are you waiting for? Get in,"

Nodding, Lily opens the back door and climbs inside.

The car immediately speeds out of the mansion and onto the dark road illuminated by few street lights.

After driving for nearly thirty minutes, an uneasy Lily looks out the window.

While biting her lips, she zips her jacket as the night breeze whooshes past her ears.

She rolls the glass up and glances at Dean.

"Where are we going, sir?"

He ignores her, looking out the window.

A million questions are running through his head right now, and if he dares to speak, Ryan, who is behind the wheel, will notice his change in demeanour.

To keep his composure, he retrieves his phone and pretends to play games.

Less than five minutes later, Ryan veers off the lonely road and drives into an empty field where a house stands.

Both men climb down from the car and ask Lily to do the same.

After alighting, they lead her through the fields towards the house, and Lily takes the chance to look around.

There are several other houses around, except they are scattered and not in close range.

If someone were to scream from one house, it would most probably go unheard unless the wind carries their voice as echoes.

They halt when they arrive at the isolated building, as Ryan unlocks the door, holding it open for them to enter.

He shuts the door after, securing the lock.

Inside the house is nothing Lily expected it to be.

Instead of being empty, the house is fully furnished, similar to the mansion.

Except this house is much smaller in comparison.

Overall, the house feels comfy. But for some reason, uneasiness settles in Lily's heart.

Dean and Ryan take a seat while she remains standing.

"Why are we here?" she asks.

Silence greets her as they refuse to answer her.

After a long silence, Ryan gets up and heads into the kitchen. He returns later with three cups of tea and hands each of them a cup, leaving one for himself. After, he takes a seat and sips on his tea.

Dean doesn't drink his, and neither does Lily.

She studies both men for a while before looking down at her cup.

Picking up the teaspoon from the tray, she stirs the tea.

"Why are we here?" she repeats her question.

"Finish your tea first, then we can talk," Ryan replies.

"Why are you suddenly offering me tea?" Lily questions, daring to look both men in the eyes.

"I'm here for work, aren't I? I really think I should hurry up and return to the mansion. It's pretty late, and I need some sleep,"

"Hmmm. Finish your tea and let's talk," Ryan turns to Dean, "Finish yours as well,"

Dean stares at the cup in his hand for a split second before taking a sip.

Lily stares into space, suddenly letting out a humourless chuckle.

Dropping the cup of tea carefully on the table, she hugs herself and looks down.

"If you're going to kill me, I think you should find a less cowardly way of doing it,"

Lily wasn't sure when she uttered those words, but the surprised look on Dean and Ryan's faces was enough proof.

She continues. "After all, if you took the pain to lure me into a house on a seemingly deserted land, then you should be brave enough to say to my face you want to kill me instead of trying to trick me into drinking a poisoned tea,"

Ryan's shocked expression does not waver until she completes her speech.

He finishes his tea in one gulp and smirks.

"Well, you aren't as daft as we thought,"

Lily puts her hands inside her jacket and grabs the ballpoint pen, clutching it for dear life.

"Why?" her voice comes out smaller than intended.

"What offence did I commit to getting punished with death like this?"

Dean looks away, refusing to meet her eyes, while Ryan remains silent.

Deafening silence envelops the room like a thick cloud.

Ryan gazes at his feet for a long time before suddenly springing to his feet.

Reaching into his back pocket, he retrieves a gun and pulls back on the charging handle to peek inside.

After making sure the gun is fully loaded, he attaches a silencer to the barrel and clicks off the safety.

"We don't have time," he stretches the gun towards Dean, who looks up in surprise.

"What?"

"Did you forget I'm only here to help? It's your job to finish her off. I can only step in when you fail to do so,"

Dean purses his lips, feeling conflicted.

"Do we really have to do this?"

Ryan chuckles, dropping the gun on his companion's lap.

"This is not a matter of choice, Dean. We have no say in this matter. We either kill her or get killed. You choose. But I'm warning you I have no intention of dying,"

Dean stares at the gun on his lap as though it were a foreign object for a long time before finally picking it up.

Reluctantly, he gets on his feet and walks towards Lily, who immediately shrinks back into the sofa.

She shakes her head vigorously.

"Don't, please. I have done nothing wrong. Why do you want to kill me?!" Lily cries out.

"I don't want to," Dean replies, looking away, "But this is the boss' order. Please close your eyes so I can make this quick," he looks back at her.

"Why? Do you think not seeing my expression after you shoot me will lessen your guilt? Well, I've got news for you, it won't!"

"I didn't know you had such a sharp mouth. Where did the fragile and quiet girl disappear?" Ryan clicks his tongue.

With tears blinding her vision, Lily laughs, "I'm about to die, aren't I? I might as well say everything on my mind."

Dean runs a hand through his hair, "Close your eyes," He points the gun at her.

Instead of complying, Lily looks him in the eye, refusing to look away or blink for even a second.

Dean's hand begins to shake as he prepares to pull the trigger.

"Won't you at least tell me why you want to kill me?"

"At this point, we think you already know," says Ryan.

[Chapter 99 I Hope She Survives](#)

Lily shakes her head.

"Is your boss scared that I will tell on him? Is that it?" The silence after Lily's question confirms her suspicions.

She blinks, a tear falling.

"I won't. Please, spare me, and I promise not to tell anyone what I know. Not even my brother,"

Ryan clears his throat, trying to keep his composure, "Your brother?"

"I know you're aware of whom I'm talking about. I'm not a fool. I'm aware my brother doesn't recall anything regarding what happened nearly three years ago, but I do. I remember everything. Your boss knows this as well. He's scared shitless of what might happen if the truth comes out,"

Lily purses her lips, recalling how her brother always warned her against using cuss words.

She continues, "Please spare me, and I promise you won't have to see my face again. I will disappear from the face of the earth. It will be like I never existed,"

"But if you kill me tonight, then you both need to prepare yourselves because you will die too,"

"Are you threatening us now, girl?" Ryan snatches the gun from a dazed Dean and presses it to Lily's head.

She doesn't budge.

"I'm only stating facts. You know about me, just as I know about my brother. To keep this secret hidden, you both will be next in line to meet your deaths. After all, we're all humans, and after a little torture, we're prone to revealing the truths unless your loyalty to your boss is boundless,"

Lily pauses and gazes up at both men.

"But I reckon there's a limit to your loyalty towards the boss, right? If not, you would have killed me the moment we stepped foot in here instead of wasting time to make me a poisoned tea."

Both men stare at her dumbfounded, unable to utter a word.

Ryan chuckles after a while, "It's true what they say about quiet people. They are fucking good observers,"

His smile turns into a deep frown as he aims the gun at Lily's head, "I'm grateful for your observations, but that's our business, not yours."

He's made a mistake before and isn't about to repeat it tonight.

One mistake is enough.

There's no need to add a second one.

Shutting off his emotions, he looks away and fires the gun.

Dean's heart plummets into his stomach when Ryan unexpectedly fires the gun.

He looks on in horror as the force from the bullet forces Lily to the floor.

Shock courses through her as she gazes down at herself, watching the blood ooze from the hole in her stomach. She clutches the wound, trying desperately to apply enough pressure to stop the blood loss,

but it flows freely between her fingers.

The pain is so overwhelming it numbs her.

Lily looks up at Ryan as he prepares to fire at her again, attempting to make her death quick.

With tears in her eyes, she shakes her head, begging him not to.

"Please," her voice cracks as she desperately tries to hold on to life.

"I've done nothing wrong, please. Don't do this,"

"I'm sorry, but I have to,"

Dean watches as Ryan begins to press on the trigger.

He can't let this happen. He just can't.

With his heart in his throat, he hits Ryan's hand in the opposite direction just the gun goes off, causing the bullet to hit the kitchen door.

Dean then rushes to Lily and presses his hand on the wound.

In no time, both his and Lily's hand become covered in blood.

Lily's eyes begin to droop.

Dean taps her cheek softly.

"Hey, Lily. Don't sleep. Stay awake,"

"What are you doing, Dean? Move aside!" Ryan yells, brandishing the gun.

Dean ignores his companion and instead searches around for a cloth. When he finds none, he pulls the table cloth off the centre table as the tea cups and flower vase come tumbling down and presses it to the wound.

"Stay with me, Lily!"

"What the fuck, Dean?! Move aside, damn it!"

Ryan approaches them and unsuccessfully tries to pry his companion's hands off the girl, but he doesn't budge.

Frustrated, he lets out an animalistic groan, flinging the gun away.

He watches them for a while before finally joining in to help.

"I hope you know what you're fucking doing, man. Else we will all die,"

Dean chooses to remain mute as he has no idea what he's doing either. He only acted on impulse because his conscience wouldn't let him be a part of a murder case.

This girl is too young. Young enough to be his sister, if he ever had one.

Alex had made it clear he wanted evidence of her death, but he would think of that later. The priority now is to save the girl.

"Please don't let me die," Lily begs. Her face turns deathly pale as more blood gushes out of her.

With one hand on her wound, she grips the pen with the other, holding on to it for dear life.

She can't die. She can't.

She needs to stay alive and reunite with her brother someday. She can't leave him alone in this cruel world amid wolves who only want to devour him.

Her brother, is surrounded by nothing but wolves in sheep's clothing.

She needs him, and so does he.

They've got no one but each other.

If he ever finds out that she too, left him alone in this world, he will never overcome his guilt.

She can't die.

While forcing her eyes open, Lily grips Ryan's elbow, halting his frantic movements.

"S..Save me, please. I want to see him again. My brother. Tyler.." The rest of her words die down as her hold on Ryan loosens, falling to the side.

Her head snaps to the side as her eyes slowly shut.

"Hey! Lily, wake up! Hey!" Dean tries fruitlessly to get Lily to wake up, but she doesn't. He turns to face Ryan.

"What do we do, man? She can't die. What's the nearest route to a hospital around here?"

A dazed Ryan suddenly snaps back to reality, blinking rapidly.

"Uh... There's a local clinic 10 miles from here,"

"10 miles," Dean mumbles as he begins to do the calculations in his head.

"That's almost a ten-minute drive,"

"If we drive faster, we can arrive in six minutes, give or take," Ryan adds.

"Okay. Please make sure the coast is clear outside before we move," Dean tells his companion, who nods, exiting the house immediately.

He returns later, confirming the coast is indeed clear.

With a grateful nod, Dean lifts Lily off the floor and carries her out of the house.

Outside, he realises Ryan had moved the car from where they initially parked it and brought it in close range.

He carefully climbs inside the car with Lily on his lap while continuing to apply pressure to the wound.

Ryan switches off the lights inside the house and locks it before getting into the car and driving off.

Honestly, he has no idea why he didn't just shoot the girl in the head and save himself this stress. It would have been a much quicker death.

And when he realised she was still alive, he stalled instead of firing again.

Maybe it's because he's sick and tired of being the one to do all of Alex's dirty works.

He is either made to dispose of a body or do the killing himself.

Annoyed, Ryan steps on the gas, almost driving past the limit.

He purses his lips when a sudden thought occurs to him.

"The girl. She mentioned Tyler's name, right? Or was I hallucinating?"

Sighing, Dean nods in the affirmative, "You heard right,"

"So that means Tyler is her brother? Biological brother?"

"I thought you were the boss' right-hand man? Didn't you know?" Dean glances at him through the front mirror.

Ryan chuckles humorlessly, "I guess there are many things he hasn't told me then."

"That should tell you he can easily get you killed without batting an eye."

Ryan says nothing else as he glances at the girl in Dean's lap.

"I hope she survives,"

Dean purses his lips.

He fucking hopes so too.

[Chapter 100 She Might End Up Falling In Love With Him](#)

Early the next day, a continuous sound of knocking jolts Lucinda awake.

Groaning, she rolls over, feeling blindly around for a pillow to cover her ears.

Damn it.

Why can't she have a few hours of undisturbed sleep?

Why?

The knocking persists.

"Lucinda! Are you still sleeping by this time of the day?!" a voice yells from outside.

Lucinda's eyes shoot open when she recognizes the voice. Waking up with a jolt, she glances at Tyler's sleeping form, quickly tapping him, but he groans and turns on his side.

She groans in annoyance, rubbing her eyes.

"Tyler, wake up! Hey!" she taps him violently.

"Who the fuck are you? Get out!" Tyler swats her hand away.

"I should be telling you that since you're in my house," Lucinda slaps his back violently.

Annoyed, Tyler wakes up with a start, looking around for the one who dared slap him on such a beautiful Saturday morning.

"Who the fuck..." he pauses when he spots Lucinda glaring daggers at him.

"You? What are you doing here? And why are you glaring at me with such evil eyes? Please, blink. It's too early for nightmares,"

Lucinda slaps him on the back again, much harder this time, earning a groan from him.

"You're in my house!"

"I am?" Tyler's eyes widen, taking in his surroundings.

"Oh, shit, I am," He vaguely recalls leaving his apartment late in the night and coming here.

He remembers drinking the chamomile tea, and oh, did he fall asleep?

"Yes, shit. You are. Now get up! Mandy is at the door,"

"Then go and let her in. Did you have to wake me up for this?" He turns around to sleep.

Lucinda fumes. Such audacity. Giving her orders in her house.

"I'm going to let her in and try to distract her while you get your ass out of here!" she storms out to let Mandy in, ignoring Tyler's annoying chuckles.

After letting Mandy inside, Lucinda shuts the door.

"Were you still asleep? It's fifteen minutes past nine,"

"Oh, shoot," Lucinda mumbles.

She didn't know so much time had passed.

It's all Tyler's fault.

He kept her up for the better part of last night.

She yawns, "Where are your keys, by the way? Did you forget them?"

"Yes," Mandy sighs, collapsing on the couch. "I had no idea I would stay out the entire night,"

"Where did you go? You've been disappearing to God knows where almost every day for a couple of weeks now,"

"Yeah. It's just for work,"

"Work?" Luci furrows her eyebrows, "Did you get a job?"

"Well, it's not a job per se,"

"If it's not a job per se, then what is it?"

"Give me a break, Luci. I returned a few minutes ago, and you're already bombarding me with questions. I'm yet to take a bath, and I'm starving," Mandy complains.

"Okay, sorry. My bad. Go on and have your bath. Would you fancy beans on toast for breakfast?"

Mandy smirks, "With sausages and fried eggs?"

"You're such a sweet tooth, Mandy," Lucinda rolls her eyes, checking the fridge for the leftover baked beans from the previous day.

"Come on, who has good old beans on toast without eggs and sausages? Even bacon and some cheese?"

"Geez, Mandy. That sounds like a good meal. Alright, fine, I'll whip up something while you take a bath,"

Mandy jumps up with excitement and hugs Lucinda from behind, kissing her on the cheek.

"You're a God sent. I'll be right back,"

Immediately after Mandy disappears into the room and the water begins to run in the bathroom, Lucinda drops the ingredients on the counter and rushes inside her room. She finds Tyler inside her bathroom, admiring himself in the mirror like a creep.

"Are you checking yourself out?" she rolls her eyes.

Turning to face her, he grins.

"I don't look bad, do I?"

"You're so cocky. Come on. Mandy is taking her bath. So you can leave now,"

"Why?" Tyler cocks his head to the side, "Don't you want her to know I slept over?"

"That's beside the point, and you know it. I don't want her to get the wrong idea about us,"

"Alright, give me a second, baby doll," Tyler faces the mirror and washes his face under the running water.

As he bends to do that, his back muscles flex, with each movement, captivating Lucinda.

She didn't notice when he took his shirt off.

It must have been sometime during the night or this morning.

After washing his face, Tyler rinses his mouth with her mouthwash.

After, he turns to face her again, and she involuntarily looks down, noticing his jeans hanging low.

So low that she could see the faint V-line disappearing into the jean.

Lucinda's face heats up at her dirty thoughts.

She blinks, looking away.

"Shall we go? I'll escort you to the door," she quickly turns away and exits the room, deciding to wait for him by the door.

A few minutes later, Tyler approaches her fully dressed though his hair and face are still dripping wet.

Lucinda opens the door for him and steps aside. Tyler steps outside onto the corridor but doesn't leave right away. Instead, when Lucinda tries to shut the door, he quickly blocks it with his foot.

"What are you doing?" Confused, she looks up at him, holding on to the door.

Without warning, Tyler wraps his arm around her waist and pulls her flush against his chest. He lowers his head until his lips are inches away from hers.

"If I asked you to meet me somewhere, would you show up?" his voice comes out low and raspier than ever, causing Lucinda to shudder.

And just when she thinks nothing about him could get sexier, he proves her wrong with his morning voice.

Water drips from his hair and falls onto her eyes, causing her to blink.

"Where?"

"I will tell you if you agree to come. There's something I want to show you,"

Lucinda is suddenly tongue-tied. It's like a spell gets cast on her whenever he nears her.

She loses her sense of reasoning, and her heart beats so loudly that she can sometimes hear it.

Sadness fills her. Why did she have to develop feelings for someone who wouldn't return them?

If she keeps seeing him, it will definitely be hard to forget him and rid herself of these feelings.

Entertaining him and his flirtatious ways would only make her fall deeper.

Sure, she likes Tyler. But at this rate, she might end up falling in love with him.

"I can't," Lucinda tries to decline, but Tyler cuts her off.

"I'll wait for you at the park near the apartment complex. I'll be there for forty-five minutes, and if you don't show up, I will leave," he flashes her a charming smile, tucking a stray braid behind her ears.

Lucinda says nothing. She purses her lips and refuses to meet his gaze.

Tyler unexpectedly places a kiss on her forehead, surprising her.

"Thank you for the tea and for allowing me to stay for the night," Tyler backs away, releasing his hold on her.

He turns away and descends the stairs.

When Tyler reaches the down floor and exits the apartment complex, a lady suddenly bumps into him.

Out of instinct, Tyler reaches out to grab the lady's hand as she loses her balance.

Mortified, the lady quickly apologises, "I'm sorry. I wasn't looking,"

"It's fine," Tyler mumbles absentmindedly and continues his journey.

Chrissy watches him walk away with such heavy strides and smiles.

Only when he's out of sight does she finally enter the building.