
He played with the ends of the naked wire he was holding, smirking evilly and staring at the man seated before him.

Lifting himself from the cemented floor, he switches on the circuit and watches the man he had tied to a chair squirm.

"Do you know what will happen if I touch your skin with this wire?" He questions, relishing the look of fear on the man's face.

"Please..don't hurt...me... I don't want to die," the man sobs like a child would.

"Well then, are you going to tell me what I need to

know or not? Because I swear I'm running out of patience, and I won't hesitate to shove this wire into your goddamn mouth!!" Tyler growls, clenching and unclenching his fists.

"What... What do you want to know?" The man stammers, shifting uncomfortably and wincing as the thick ropes tug at his skin. Tyler grins menacingly, relaxing and squatting before the man.

"Good, James.. Good. I just want to know the whereabouts of your boss. Tell me where he's hiding,"

"I...I don't know and..." James trails off, jerking uncontrollably in his seat, unable to scream as bolts of electricity pass through his skin and veins.

"The next time you lie, I won't hesitate to shove this right into your mouth!" Tyler growls again, throwing daggers at James, who seemed to be catching his

breath.

Tyler sneers, frustration overtaking his senses as he paces to and fro, waiting for the man to speak up.

"F*ck!!!" He groans, bending towards the man, and within a split second, the wire makes contact with James' skin again.

Tyler picks up the other wire beside him and does the same with the first, applying more pressure.

"Are you going to talk now?"

James nods frantically, blinking rapidly, his shirt soaked in his sweat.

"Talk, dude!"

"B...b..black street avenue. House...number 15," he manages. Tyler grins, tapping his shoulder.

He turns to leave

"Are you going to kill me?" James asks, his voice laced with fear as Tyler turns to face him.

"Nope. I don't kill. Death is the easiest escape. I'm going to torture you and watch you cry out every second of your damn life, begging for death to come to you. Trust me, James, because once I'm done with you, you and your lousy boss will think twice before double-crossing me,"

"Forgive me, please. I swear, it wasn't intentional!"

"Tell that to the gods," he scoffs and walks out of the warehouse, leaving James staring at his retreating

back...

Walking out of the warehouse, he takes out his phone and scrolls through his contact. Finding what he wanted, he dials a number and places it to his ear.

"Hello, Mandy. I'm coming over to your apartment. Undress before I arrive," and he hung up before she could say another word.

She steps out of the bathroom, walks over to the dressing mirror and takes off her bathing robe.

Staring at the scar on her tummy, she sighs and begins to wipe herself clean.

Upon arriving at her apartment, he pushes the door open, ushering himself in.

He needn't knock. Well, especially when Mandy knew he was coming over.

He makes his way to the bedroom, pushing the door open

to find a naked curvy lady wiping her body.

Her back was facing him.

He grins, staring at her huge backside.

Damn!!!

Wait a minute.

Since when did Mandy grow such wide hips?

Until a week ago, when he had last seen her, she was as skinny as ever, so how did...?

Oh well.

He shrugs.

Whatever Mandy did to her body was none of his business.

His only business was to get laid with her and leave.

Lucinda continues to wipe her wet hair, feeling a presence behind her.

She had heard the door open but didn't bother to turn.

After all, she only shared the apartment with Mandy, and no one will enter without knocking.

Unless, of course, it was a psycho.

Logical.

Sighing, she waits for Mandy to speak up, but there was silence.

"Mandy, what did you forget this time? And why are you so silent?" She inquires without turning, walking to the wardrobe to get a panty.

She was getting ready to wear her panty when she felt strong arms wrapping around her waist.

She gasps in horror.

She made to turn but whoever was behind her was relatively tall and broad, making it impossible for her to move.

She gasps again when she feels something hard and erect poking her behind.

Dear Lord!!!

Was that a....?

She gulps hard, trying to scream, but words fail her.

"I missed you, Mandy.."

"I'm not Mandy!!!!!" Lucinda yells, finding her voice.

Tyler lets go of the lady as she turns to face him, her face red with anger.

Lucinda turns to face him, ready to slap the sh*t out of whoever the bastard was. Only for her eyes to be met with the gorgeous sight of a well sculptured and toned flat stomach.

His abs were evident.

A v-line at the end of his stomach, and her eyes unconsciously follow the line.

She gasps when her eyes meet his member, hard and erect.

Suddenly she blinks.

Stupid!!!

You're about to get r*ped, yet, you're busily checking him out.

Her mind pricks her as she facepalms mentally.

Tyler cleared his throat, and she immediately felt cold.

Shit!!!

She was still naked.

She throws her head about, frantically searching for her bathing robe. Finding it, she grabs it and puts it on.

Once she was done, she turned to stare at the intruder, who did nothing to cover himself.

"I didn't expect to find you here naked. Anyways where's Mandy? She's the one I came for, not you. So please get out. I don't want anyone saying I harassed you sexually," he shrugs.

She gasps at his aloofness.

"Excuse me, Mister, but you were the one that barged in here like a dog, naked and grabbed me!!"

"I don't have time for your shit, lady. Unless, of course, you want to take Mandy's place tonight. Trust me, I wouldn't mind. And don't you blame me for barging in here. You were equally naked. Who knows, you were probably trying to seduce me because I don't understand why you should be stark naked here in..."

His words got stuck in his throat when a resounding slap landed on his cheeks.

"You bastard! How dare you disrespect me? Who the hell are you to..."

"I'm Lucifer, and you just f*cking slapped me," he cuts her off, clenching his fist angrily.

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