
THE NEXT DAY.

Tyler groans as he strolls lazily into the mansion.

Immediately after entering the hall, he lowers himself into one of the sofas and grabs both sides of his head.

"Good morning, Luci,"

He hears.

He ignores.

The headache was increasing by the day.

The stupid headache had become a constant in his daily routine for the past few days.

And now. Just this morning.

He was beginning to get flashes

that were always accompanied by a throbbing in his head.

He groans loudly again as something, an image.

A face flashed in his memory, followed by another and another.

Every flash came with its pain.

"Hey, Lucifer. Are you okay? Luci?" He hears again, but the voice seems to add to the pain already threatening to split his head into two.

"Shut the hell up!!!" He screams at whoever it is.

"Tyler, say something. Why are you on the floor?"

He hadn't realised he was seated on the floor now, writhing in pain.

"Hell. My head is aching badly. I keep having flashes. It's so damn painful," he groans.

Dean, who was seated near him, suddenly tenses, the cup of green tea almost slipping through his fingers.

"Flashes? Did...ugh, did you see anyone? I mean, what do you remember?" He gulps, praying he hadn't recovered his memory yet

"What do you mean by what do I remember? What

am I supposed to remember, Dean? All I see are blurry faces, and oh, God!!!" He groans again.

Dean sighs in relief.

He hadn't recovered it yet.

But he definitely will soon.

He stares at the tea in his hand.

He stretches out his hand.

"Here. Drink this. You'll feel better. I'll get you some pills too,"

Tyler reluctantly takes it and gulps down the entire contents before placing it back on the glass table.

"I'll be back with the pills," Dean says, and instead of

walking to the kitchen, he leaves the cup with one of the servants and makes his way towards the staircase.

He knocks twice before making his way inside.

"It's too early to be coming to me, don't you think?"

"Sorry, boss. But Tyler is beginning to have flashes. Luckily he says the images are blurry, so he hasn't completely recovered his memory,"

The man walks away from the window frowning

"And what did you do about it, Dean?"

"I gave him the tea,"

"With the usual dosage?"

"No. I overdosed it to make up for the days he stopped taking it. I'm hoping it stops him from remembering anything further,"

"I hope you know the impact of giving him an overdose of such strong drugs. Just pray, Dean. Pray it goes well. And tell Tyler to release John and his wife. The money has been transferred to me. I hope he hasn't killed them,"

Dean shrugs

"With Tyler, you can never tell. But I'm sure they are going to come out with a few bruises,"

"Hmm," he nods.

"And Grace? Did you discard her body? Did she tell

anyone before you got to her?"

"Yes, boss. And no. She was trying to call Tyler when I got a hold of her,"

"Okay. Go then. And as soon as Tyler is much better, tell him to come and see me. I have another job for him,"

"Okay,"

Dean nods and walks out, shutting the door behind him.

That overdose will make him hallucinate for a few hours, probably give him a fever and then it will be gone by morning.

At least, he hopes it works.

An hour later.

Tyler makes his way out of the mansion and flags down a taxi.

He alights soon after in front of his apartment and climbs up the porch.

Whatever Dean must have given him was highly effective.

The flashes and images were gone.

For a moment back there, it tasted like his favourite green tea but then drinking only green tea couldn't heal such severe migraine, could it?

Maybe he was hallucinating yet again.

Tyler suddenly blinks.

Again and again.

The hell.

Why is he getting dizzy all of a sudden?

He walks to his door and places his hands on the wall for support.

He blinks again, suddenly feeling hot all over.

He touches his forehead and neck.

Sweat.

Why is he sweating in such cold weather?

Tyler shakes his head, taking another step forward.

Lucinda glances at her wristwatch again.

It's 9:30 am.

She sighs.

She's been standing in front of Tyler's doorstep for almost two hours now. But there is no sign of him.

Lectures will start in an hour, and here she is, waiting for someone who probably doesn't want to see her.

He might even act all bitchy towards her, but still, she needed to apologise.

At least she will know she tried.

Something suddenly shatters, causing her to turn around to see someone lying on the ground, a broken phone near the unconscious form.

She steps closer.

Her heart missed a beat.

"Tyler?" She calls out slowly.

He doesn't respond.

She bends over him.

He was shaking, beads of sweat forming across his forehead.

"Oh my God! Tyler, are you okay?"

Lucinda lets out a sigh, wiping her brow.

With great difficulty, she managed to get Tyler inside his apartment and into his bed.

Thankfully, he wasn't completely unconscious.

She moves near him.

He seemed to be having a high fever.

He was muttering incoherent words.

It didn't look like he was faking it.

"Dear Lord. What do I do now?" She laments.

Austin frowns, staring at his phone.

Why wasn't he picking up his calls?

He dials Tyler's number for the umpteenth time.

She was still contemplating what to do when the phone rang.

It was Tyler's phone.

Lucinda picks it up.

The screen was cracked, but it wasn't impossible to see.

She goes to answer it but then changes her mind.

She drops the phone and rushes out to find the kitchen.

She returns a while later with a bowl of cold water and a clean cloth.

She sits on the bed and stares at him.

She needs to take his shirt off.

What if he wakes up later to find himself almost naked with her?

He sure was going to bite her head off, no doubt.

She bites her lips, thinking.

Oh, screw it.

Lucinda stretches her hands and begins to unbutton his shirt.

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