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Tyler sighs contentedly when her soft lips glide over his lightly.

A foreign emotion surges through his entire body, and he shivers.

Damn!

What was that?

Her hot breath fans against his cheeks, and he is suddenly taken back to the previous day when he had fallen unconscious and woken up only to find her kissing him.

Or him kissing her.

Whichever way.

It was still a kiss.

A very good kiss.

Something he isn't going to admit, neither to her nor himself.

Suddenly, his body aches with need and want, and he couldn't stop himself when he grabbed her by the waist and kissed her properly this time.

Lucinda gasps at his sudden gesture, and that simple action fuels Tyler's hunger for her as he forces her lips apart and delves in his tongue, teasing her and tasting her.

She tastes so much like mint, and surprisingly, he

likes it.

He kisses her harder than before, wanting desperately to drink more of her.

She was intoxicating.

And he wanted to be drunk by her.

Lucinda bites lightly on his lower lip, causing him to groan.

"F\*ck!"

That was hot!

Tyler tightens his grip on her waist, and an involuntary moan escapes her.

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Her moan snaps him out of his reverie as his eyes flutter open. He pulls away from her abruptly, letting his hands drop from her waist to his side.

He is flushed.

He knows it.

He feels it.

But hell! He was supposed to teach her a lesson.

He was supposed to pay her back and walk away victoriously, so why the hell did he kiss her?

And why in the devil's name did he like every bit of that kiss?

To cover up the emotions threatening to break out on

his face, he smiles slyly at her.

"Guess you can't have enough of my kisses, can you?"

"W..what?" She stutters, clearly still in a daze.

"Come on. Let's go,"

He reaches out and takes her hand as he begins to walk with her.

"W..where are we going?"

"To my apartment, of course."

Lucinda suddenly yanks her hand from his grip.

"What for?"

"Oh, don't pretend. Judging by how you were kissing me and moaning, it's obvious that you are sex-starved. So come on. Isn't that what you were going to do with Caleb anyway?"

Oh, you didn't, Tyler Brown!.

That was a low blow.

He stares at her.

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Lucinda's eyes grow wide as his words get to her, and without a second thought, she lifts her hand and connects her palm to his cheeks, slapping him hard.

How dare he?!

"How dare you? How dare you think so lowly of me?"

Because we kissed, you think I'm some sex-starved girl, so you are doing me the favour of taking me to your room to have sex?"

"Exactly," he agrees, unfazed by her anger

"You asshole!!"

Lucinda lifts her hand to slap him, but he catches it mid-air.

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He stares at her, his dark side coming to play.

"No one hits Tyler Brown and goes scot-free. You hit me once, and I let you but not the second time, got it?!" He growls.

"Who the bleeping fuck do you think you are? Just

because I kissed you doesn't mean you can act like a dysfunctional girlfriend and be hitting me. You messed with me more than once, and this is just payback. This kiss means nothing, okay?. People kiss all the time, so don't act like you're hurt,"

Lucinda stares at him, her lips trembling, eyes clouded with unshed tears threatening to spill.

She and Tyler are sworn enemies.

She knows it.

And they had kissed only twice, but why did his words hurt?

She runs her hand over her chest.

Why does it hurt so bad?.



Does she feel something for him?

No. No way!

She could never love a self-centred bastard like him.

Tyler drops her hand, turns on his heels and walks away, leaving her standing alone.

Did she just make a fool of herself by letting him kiss her?

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It was morning already.

Lucinda sat on the bed cross-legged, watching Mandy as she got dressed.

She hadn't even noticed when Mandy had returned

from her supposed walk yesterday.

Perhaps, she was too occupied with her thoughts to have realized it.

"Luci? I'm ready. Can we go?"

Mandy turns away from the mirror and faces her.

Lucinda sighs and climbs down the bed as she grabs her bag along.

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Sitting at the farthest end of the lecture Hall, Lucinda tapped her fingers on her desk, impatiently waiting for her class to be over.

As if the heavens had heard her prayer, the lecturer mumbles a few words she doesn't quite catch and

strolls out, along with his books.

Taking that as her cue, she grabs her phone and checks if she's recorded the entire lecture.

She would listen to it later when her brain was back to factory reset.

Satisfied, she grabs her bag, shoves her books into it and makes her way out so hurriedly that she bumps into a hard chest.

"Oh, sorry...." She looks up to realize she had bumped into none other than Austin.

The jerk was smiling at her.

"Hey, Lucinda,"

She scowls at him and walks past him.

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Tyler is seated in one of the vacant lecture halls.

A girl sits on his lap, rolling her waist in a circular motion.

His head is thrown back, eyes closed, lips parted as the lady grinds against him, letting out small moans.

"Tyler!!"

What the hell.

Tyler pushes the lady off him and glances at the door, spotting an extremely angry Mandy walking towards him with steady strides.

He dismisses the girl, who scurries away immediately.

"What now? Did you get rid of John and his wife?" He asks with a bored expression on his face.

"Yes,"

"Did you clean the place up?"

"Yes,"

"Then why are you here?"

"What did you do to my friend?" She queries.

He raises an eyebrow.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"Don't play dumb with me, Tyler. You know very well what I mean. What did you do to her?"

Tyler steps closer, scowling.

"You don't talk to me in such a tone.!"

"Then answer me, Tyler! Why are you hurting her the way you hurt me?. I saw how sullen she looked and I know you had something to do with it. Please, stay away from her. She is naive and innocent. Don't make her love you more than she already does. Please, don't destroy her too, as you did me." She pleads.

"I did not destroy you, Mandy. You came to me on your own accord. I didn't force you,"

"But you led me on! You fucking led me on!!"

"Watch your fucking tone, Mandy!!" Tyler growls in a horrifying tone, prompting her to back away, her fear of Tyler taking over.

"I didn't fucking destroy you!! You were stupid enough to fall in love when I told you I didn't do relationships, and I don't. I never will! So get that into your damn skull. You f\*cking came on to me, as a matter of fact. If your friend keeps crossing my path, then it's her fucking problem!!!"

Mandy whimpers as her tears blind her vision.

"I really did love you, Tyler. I did,"

"Yet you cheated on your boyfriend with me," he rolls his eyes.

"You used me, Tyler Brown. You make me do all your dirty work. You're heartless. A devil!"

Her voice breaks.

"That's why they call me Lucifer,"

She shakes her head in disgust.

"Stay. Away. From. Lucinda! Else nothing will stop me from telling her everything I know. Nothing!"

She warns.

Tyler laughs humorlessly.

"Oh sweetheart, no one's going to believe you,"

Mandy flinches slightly.

"You know very well that I'm innocent!!! I'm innocent!!  
You know. Very well, I didn't kill Tony. You killed him!  
You fucking killed my boyfriend! It was all your doing!"

She screams in frustration.



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"What??!"

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They all turn to find Lucinda standing in the doorway, her face pale from shock.

Austin behind her.

Oh, shit.

Austin rubs his face.

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[FALLING IN LOVE WITH THE DEVIL LUCIFER](#)

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Tyler grits his teeth, shutting his eyes and taking in deep breaths, trying to calm himself.

Lucinda, Lucinda, Lucinda

That woman is like a thorn in the flesh.

He hasn't had a moment of peace ever since they crossed paths.

With both hands in his pockets, he glares at the lady he was with

"Privacy,"

Without being told a second time, she picks up her purse, excusing herself.

Once she is gone, a deafening silence falls over the vacant classroom. Lucinda continues to stand in the doorway, expecting an answer.

She turns to Mandy, who looks like she wishes the earth would open and swallow her.

"Mandy?"

"Tell her, Mandy. Or do you want me to do the honours? Because I gladly will," Tyler taunts.

With a heavy sigh, Mandy turns to her friend.

"Could you please give us a minute, Luci? We'll talk once I'm home. Please."

Lucinda stares at her friend unbelievably.

"Mandy. What the..."

"Please, Luci," She pleads.

As if sensing the desperation in her friend's voice, Lucinda sighs.

"I will be waiting," and she turns around, brushing past Austin and walking away.

Once she is out of earshot, Mandy turns to face Tyler again, glaring at the nasty smirk on his face.

"You really want Lucinda and everyone else to know what you did?"

"As I said, no one would believe you," Shrugging, he takes a seat, pulls out a box of cigars from his breast pocket, and rolls it between his fingers.

"I regret ever knowing you, Tyler. You destroyed my life. You f\*cking murderer," she seethes.

The smirk falls off Tyler's face and is replaced with a deep scowl.

"Repeat that," His voice is almost a whisper, yet it manages to send shivers down Mandy's spine.

Discarding the box of cigarettes, Tyler gets up and approaches her with slow and steady strides, like a lion approaching its prey.

She sometimes wonders how Lucinda never cowers under his heated gaze.

Tyler nears her, trapping her body between his and the wall as he lifts one hand to grab her chin, forcing her to look up at him.

Their faces are so close, lips inches away from touching.

It looked touching and romantic to an outsider. Yet the palpable tension of hate hangs between them like an invisible thread.

"I have told you time without number that I didn't f\*cking kill your damn boyfriend. Call me anything you damn well please. Heartless, a devil, wicked, a torturer, shameless and all the other names your pretty brain can think of, but don't ever call me a murderer. Do you actually think I liked you enough to murder your piece of a shit boyfriend out of jealousy? Girl, Next joke, please."

Mandy whimpers.

She knows Tyler never liked her.

Maybe a little bit, enough for him to sleep with her. But to hear him voice it out loud still doesn't reduce the pain.

Is she still in love with him? No.

She is only hurt because she lost the only man who truly cared for her while she was busy cheating on him with the same person responsible for his death.

She regrets letting her infatuation with Tyler escalate to such a point.

"Tony wouldn't lie. He said you shot him right before he gave up the ghost" Her voice is shaky as she speaks, reminiscing her last encounter with Tony as he bled to death, his blood soaking up her shirt that fateful night.

Upon hearing that, Tyler chuckles humorlessly.

"Turns out that f\*cker is still a piece of shit even in death,"

Mandy flares up.

"Don't talk about him like that, Tyler! Respect the dead!"

"Respect the dead my foot. You're still as blind as ever, Mandy. You have no idea how much of a scumbag your pathetic boyfriend was. I'd say this one last time, so listen and listen good. I did not kill Tony. He has nothing on me. What you should be doing right now is searching for your boyfriend's killer. Because he's on the loose somewhere while you're busy accusing me of sh\*t I know nothing of,"

"I don't believe you, Tyler. You never tell the truth,"



Tyler cracks a smile.

"Oh, but I do, Princess. Except you never like to hear the truth,"

With a sigh, Tyler steps away from her, creating a space between them as he picks up his box of cigarettes. He pulls one out, lights it, and takes it to his mouth, inhaling and exhaling, watching the smoke form ringlets in the air before disappearing.

"You should go now, Mandy. I think you owe your friend an explanation," he dismisses.

Without a word, Mandy turns away and exits the hall.

As she left, Austin, who had been standing in the doorway the entire time, finally lets himself in.

With both hands in his pockets, he approaches his

friend, who looks like he couldn't be bothered about a thing at the moment.

"What was she talking about, Tyler?"

Tyler sighs, dropping the cigar to the floor and crushing it under his feet.

"I have no f\*cking idea, Austin. It's exhausting hearing her accusing me of murdering her precious boyfriend all the time,"

Austin settles in one of the seats, thinking.

"Why would she continuously accuse you of something like that? What did she mean by Tony mentioned your name as his killer?"

"As I said, I have no f\*cking idea. You know I'm not a murderer, Austin. I'm everything but that."

Silence enveloped the room as both friends fell into deep thoughts.

After a while, Tyler breaks the silence.

"Something else happened that fateful night. And I'm going to find out why Mandy won't stop accusing me of being her boyfriend's murderer. This sh\*t has gone on for too long,"

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