
Alex exhales a puff of smoke, watching it form ringlets in the air before disappearing. He pushes the tobacco into his mouth and inhales again.

A smile graces his features as he stares at the money counting machine before him, dispelling money as it counted.

The amount flashes on the screen, causing him to grin widely.

It was the money Tyler had acquired from John and his wife after they tried to outsmart him.

One of his boys had just returned from the bank after cashing out.

And he was recounting everything with his money counting machine. If even one cedi is missing, someone will have to pay.

The total amount is displayed on the machine's screen as the last money rolls out.

Alex grins.

Perfect.

Reaching forward in his seat, he pours a glass of red wine and relaxes back, sipping in sheer delight. A knock on the door interrupts his alone time.

"Leave!" He bellows.

"It's Dean, boss." A voice answers from behind the door.

With an irritated sigh, he orders, "Enter,"

A second later, Dean enters, shutting the door softly behind him.

"What's so important that you had to interrupt my alone time?" He questions with his eyes sealed shut.

"Sorry, boss, It's about Tyler, actually,"

"And what about him?" He sips some more wine.

"I administered the drugs as you said..." he begins.

"And? That was two days ago. Why are you reporting to me now?" Alex interrupts harshly.

Dean doesn't flinch.

"He hasn't been to the mansion since then. If this continues, I'm afraid that not even an overdose will keep his memory at bay. We're running a risk of Tyler remembering everything," he points out.

Alex's eyes remained shut as Dean spoke, but he knew his boss was far from calm.

The strong grip he had on the wine glass was a clear indication.

"I have given you all the necessary instructions time without number. Why then do you need to come to me with such frivolous matters? Do I need to spoon feed you all the time?" he glowers.

Dean is offended, yet he fails to show it.

"No, boss. I'm just trying to maintain a neutral ground that will benefit both sides. We both know that Tyler is

as much of an asset to us just as he is dangerous. He could tear this place down once he finds out the truth about how he came to be a part of us,"

"No one is irreplaceable, Dean. Do as you've been told. And if things go south and Tyler recalls everything, kill him. The dead don't talk after all," Alex's tone is final.

Dean sighs inwardly.

Did that mean he was replaceable as well?

If things went south with him, would he also be wiped off the face of the earth?

He couldn't help but think.

"Alright, you can leave now. You've taken up much of my time already," Alex dismisses, topping up his glass

of wine.

Dejectedly, Dean exits the inner chambers and makes his way downstairs, where he meets Tyler walking in with his friend, Austin.

"Hey, man," he greets,

"Hey, Dean, Is Alex around?" Tyler questions, making himself comfortable on one of the many sofas in the vast living room.

"Yes, but he doesn't want to be disturbed,"

"Alright then, I'll come back later when he's ready to see me," Tyler gets up.

Dean panics.

"Why don't you have something first? Juice, tea or

wine?"

Tyler turns as if considering the offer.

"Hmm, tea would do. I'd like some egg sandwiches also,"

Nodding, Dean turns to Austin.

"The usual?"

Austin smirks, snapping his fingers.

"You got that right,"

Dean disappears into the kitchen, asking a maid to take care of their meals while he prepares Tyler's tea.

Fifteen minutes later, he places the cup of brewing green tea on a tray alongside slices of sandwiches.

He follows the maid out as she serves both men.

Tyler dug into his meal immediately. Dealing with Mandy and her irritating friend always left him hungry. He breathes a sigh of relief as he gulps his tea.

"I don't know what you put in the tea, but it works wonders. Did I tell you it screwed my head pretty badly two days ago?" Tyler looks up from his plate, chewing.

Dean maintains his composure, his face giving nothing away.

"It did?" He feigns surprise.

Hearing their conversation, Austin glances up, a strip of bacon dangling from his lips. He stares at Dean for a while and resumes eating without uttering a word.

"Yeah, it did," Tyler confirms, gulping more tea.

"I'm sorry about that, but at least it helped with your headache, didn't it?" Dean queries.

"Mmm-hmm," Tyler hums in approval.

"That strange headache of yours seems to never go away, Ty. Why won't you heed my advice and see a doctor?" Austin questions his friend.

"Yeah, yeah, you've said that countless times,"

Glancing between both men, Dean speaks up.

"I could arrange for a doctor. You know Alex has a few doctors at his beck and call,"

"Yeah, okay, whatever. So far as these damn

headaches and flashes cease, sure,"

Austin frowns.

"Flashes? What kind of flashes do you have?"

Sh*t, Dean curses inwardly.

This situation keeps getting harder to handle by the day.

"Guys, guys, your meal is getting cold. Just eat and let's leave the rest to the doctor, okay? Only then would we be able to conclude," He interrupts.

Austin's frown deepens.

He wanted answers, yet his stupid friend didn't look like he would answer him anytime soon.

He glares at Tyler, who's busily gorging on the sandwich like a buffalo.

Scowling, he goes back to his meal.

Dean watches Tyler empty his cup.

Satisfied, he turns to leave when Tyler's voice stops him.

"Dean,"

"Yeah?" he turns.

"Do you, by any chance, know how I can get my hands on a death certificate?"

Austin raises a questionable eyebrow.

"Death certificate? Whose?"

"Tony's"

"Tony's death certificate? He died a year ago, Dude. Why do you need it now?"

"I just need it. Do you know how I can get it?"

"Well, there are three ways you can get it. Since you're not a family member, the hospital wouldn't let you have it. Firstly, you can bribe a worker in the hospital to do the dirty work. Secondly, you can dress like a thief, sneak into the hospital and do the dirty work yourself or you can convince his brother to get it for you,"

Tyler nods, getting up. Austin follows suit, gulping the last of his orange juice.

"Why do you need it all of a sudden?" Dean asks.

"Because his girlfriend won't stop accusing me of sh*t I know nothing of," he grits his teeth in annoyance.

"Thank you for the meal, Dean," he adds, exiting.

He's going to get his hands on Tony's death certificate to be certain that the cause of his death was a bullet wound.

If that's the case, he will find the bastard who shot him and pinned the murder on him.

Or he will dig up Tony's corpse and demand from him why he f*cking lied.

This sh*t has gone on for too long.

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