
Back in the girls' apartment, silence enveloped them. Sighing softly, Lucinda beckons her friend to join her on the couch. She had gotten up abruptly in a fit of rage. Obliging, Lucinda pulls her friend in for a hug.

"I'm sorry, Luci. I'm such a mess!" Mandy broke down, holding onto her for dear life.

"Shhh, It's okay. You don't need to apologise. I can't imagine how hard it must be to lose a loved one under such gruesome circumstances. I'm so sorry, Mandy," Lucinda comforts her friend, rubbing soothing circles on her back.

A while later, Mandy's sobs ceased, and she pulled away, sniffing.

"Are you still going to eat that?" Lucinda questions, gesturing to the plate of half-eaten rice.

"Hell yeah, I'm starving!" Chuckling, she lifts the plate and resumes eating.

Silence ensues again, with the television being the only source of sound in the room.

"Is his anniversary approaching? Tony's, I mean," Lucinda asks after a while.

"Yes. In a week. How do you know?"

Lucinda shrugs,

"Sometimes, people tend to get more emotional when their loved ones' anniversary is near,"

Mandy nods thoughtfully, chewing on a drumstick.

Silence envelopes the room once more as both friends bask in each other's company as the day goes by.

Outside the mansion, Tyler and his friend hail a cab.

"Honestly, Ty, I don't understand why you need to keep working for Alex. Is it because of the thrill you get from engaging in such a dangerous job or is it the money involved?" Austin voices out.

Tyler shrugs as he leans back in his seat, running a hand through his hair. Frowning, he glances at his hand.

He still hasn't gotten used to the fact that he's shaved off the dreads he's been keeping for years.

And it's all thanks to that thorn in his flesh.

Oh, how she infuriates him.

"I like my men clean-shaven," she had declared.

And as stupid as he was, he had gone to cut it all off the next day. And yet his plans still got foiled.

Oh, how he hates her.

No woman has gotten under his skin the way she does. And to think, she seems to do it so effortlessly.

Tyler frowns, realising his train of thoughts.

That thorn doesn't deserve his time of the day.

"Ty, Hey! Earth to!" Austin snaps his fingers in front of his friend, causing him to blink rapidly.

"Yeah, what?!" Tyler can't help but snap aggressively, enraged at himself for thinking about Lucinda.

Why the hell does she keep invading his thoughts?

Austin rolls his eyes.

"You haven't answered my question," he reminds, to which Tyler mumbles a silent "oh yeah".

He rubs the back of his neck, trying to recollect the question.

Noticing that, Austin rolls his eyes again in annoyance.

"I asked why you keep working for Alex?"

"Yeah, right." Tyler mumbles, leaning back in his seat.

He bites his lower lip, shrugging nonchalantly.

"I like the thrill of danger associated with what we do, I guess. And the money involved is also good, you know. It's a win-win situation for me,"

Tyler's answer is vague, and both men know that, yet they don't probe further.

Austin has always known Tyler to be quite evasive regarding answering peculiar questions.

Meanwhile, Tyler could only come up with that answer because that was all he knew.

But then, a gnawing feeling in his heart is another reason he hasn't quit working for Alex after more than two years.

He has tried to quit countless times but has never

gone through with it.

Not that he's scared of the consequences. Far from that.

Instead, it's because a part of him feels like he will find the answers he's been looking for if he stays with Alex and the gang.

What answers he is searching for, he still has no idea.

Otherwise, where else will he find the answers he seeks?

A part of him is missing.

There are times when he feels like he's missing certain parts of his life.

It happens more often than not. It's like chancing upon

a movie ten minutes before the finale. You only get to watch the ending, so you barely understand the storyline.

That is how Tyler feels.

He feels like he can't understand his life most of the time.

A missing part he can't seem to put his finger on.

He is aware that he can't recall crucial moments in his life, and his brain constantly tries to make him remember.

But then, for some twisted reason, he can't for the life of him remember. Save for the memory flashes he constantly gets accompanied by horrible headaches.

And as twisted as it sounds, Tyler feels he'll get

answers to his questions if he stays with Alex.

Why he thinks Alex holds the answers to his questions is still unknown to him.

Sighing, Tyler lifts his head and realises the cab has halted. Seeing that Austin was paying for the fare, he takes the initiative and alights, pulling out a box of cigarettes and a lighter. Pulling out one cig, he lights it, taking in a long and deep drag before releasing.

Austin alights after him.

"You seem to be spacing out a lot these days, hmm? What occupies your brain so much?. It must be a girl. Lucinda, hmm?"

Tyler snorts at that.

"Never in a million years, Austin. That girl is a f*cking

thorn in my flesh,"

Austin smirks knowingly, snatching the cigarette from his friend to take a drag as well.

"Never say never, Tyler."

"Shut up!" Tyler walks ahead of his friend, ignoring the stupid sound of laughter behind him.

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