
Mandy continued to watch her friend as she chewed at the tip of her pen, tapping her feet. She had been like that ever since she strolled absentmindedly into the lecture hall fifteen minutes ago, and now, she seemed not to be listening to anything the lecturer was saying.

Shifting her gaze from the lecturer, she turns to her friend, whispering.

"Where were you?"

No response.

"Luci?"

"What?" She snaps.

"Lecture is going on,"

Mandy rolls her eyes.

"As if you were paying any attention. Now answer me, where were you?"

"To teach that arrogant twat a lesson," she shrugs.

Her mouth drops open.

"What?!!" She shrieks and immediately pretends to be scribbling down notes in the book when the lecturer glares in their direction.

As soon as she focused her attention back on the whiteboard, she turned to Lucinda.

"You did what? Luci, why did you do that? Are you crazy?"

"All I did was to stand up for you. The least you could do was say a thank you,"

"I never asked you to stand up for me. You are new here, and you have no idea what Tyler is capable of,"

"Tyler. For a moment, I thought Lucifer was his name. Tyler is too much of a name for a brute like him, don't you think?"

"Don't play dumb here, Luci. I'm serious. He's dangerous,"

She rolls her eyes

.

"It didn't seem so when I slapped him,"

"What?!" Mandy shrieks again

"You're coming with me to apologise to him as soon as this lecture is over," she states with finality.

She turns to face the board.

Lucinda shrugs, unconcerned.

There was no way she was going to apologise.

He deserved whatever he got.

Mandy stares blankly at the middle-aged woman blabbering incoherent words as she scribbles things she didn't bother to read on the board.

She was thinking.

Thinking of how much anger was coursing through Tyler's veins wherever he was.

She knew too well that if he let Lucinda slap him without retaliating, then it meant he had something up his sleeves.

Something Lucinda wouldn't see coming and so she was going to make her apologise.

Sighing, she runs her fingers through her braids. She just hoped Tyler wouldn't do to her friend what he was doing to her now.

"Get out!!!" Tyler screams, throwing a flower vase at

the man standing before him.

The man ducks, the vase hitting the door and breaking into tiny pieces.

The man shakes his head as he advances toward Tyler, who stares at him with bloodshot eyes, his veins sticking out on his forehead.

"Get yourself together and sit," the man orders.

He seemed to be the only one unfazed by Tyler's intimidating aura.

"Get out, Austin. Now," he growls.

"Or what? You can do me nothing, Tyler. I'm your best pal,"

"Not at the moment,"

Austin chuckles.

"It's because of that girl, right? Mandy's roommate?"

"I swear, Austin, she's going to pay. I swear!"

He sighs.

"What are you going to do to her? Kill her?"

"You know I don't kill. I'm not a murderer" he walks over to his desk, grabs the bottle of gin and gulps a large amount frowning as the burning sensation of the alcohol hits his throat.

"What then?"

Before Tyler could answer, they heard a knock on the door.

Austin walked past him to answer the door.

"Who's at the... what the f*ck are you doing here?!!!!"

Tyler snaps when he spots the two ladies at his doorstep.

Mandy flinches at his sudden outburst while Lucinda stands beside her, unperturbed, almost like she expected that from him.

"We... Umm, we came to apologise," she manages.

"Which of you actually?" He walks towards them, gulping down more gin.

"Umm, she actually," she points to Lucinda.

"What? Me? I'm here because you forced me to come.

There's no way I'm going to apologise to him. Hell no!!" She scrunches her nose in disgust.

"Lucinda!!" Mandy shrieks, fearing Tyler's reaction, but he only smiles, making matters worse.

That smile wasn't a

genuine one.

"What? It's not like I was wrong. I mean, hell, he literally almost forced you to sell drugs. He should be saying sorry to you," she shrugs.

Mandy spares him a glance and notices that the smile he wore was gone, replaced by an emotionless one.

"Just say sorry, please,"

"I won't, Mandy!! Hell, this guy barged into our apartment and almost raped me. He can't even differentiate between his woman's naked body and a stranger's. How f*cking nice!" She scoffs.

Austin chuckles, earning a glare from Tyler.

"Lucinda, please!!!"

"No, Mandy, no!! That guy should learn how to respect a woman. He has no damn respect for anyone!" She screams, getting irritated that Mandy was covering up for him while he stood there enjoying the drama unfolding before him.

She continues.

"Who is he to you anyway? Your father, brother,

uncle, boyfriend? Hell, he's not even your boyfriend, so why do you defend him? Are you his puppet, Mandy? He almost made you sell drugs, and you obliged. Aren't you aware that when you get caught, you will be jailed, and not him? Where are your senses?!!! Me being the good Samaritan, stood up for you, only for you to drag me here to apologise to him? Him?" She points at Tyler, who was gulping down the gin.

"Why do you defend him so? Why do you choose to overlook his attitude towards you? Don't you care for your life? If you don't, then go ahead and sell those drugs since you have chosen to be so stupid and...."

Shock radiates through her body as she holds her cheek, frozen to the spot.

Mandy stares at her hand, instantly regretting what she had just done.

"You slapped me? Mandy, you slapped me because I stood up for you?" She asks almost in a whisper, unshed tears blurring her vision.

She blinks rapidly.

"Oh my God, Luci. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. I...."

"It's okay. I shouldn't have stuck my nose where it didn't belong..." She sniffs, turning to Tyler, whose face was nothing short of amusement.

"I'm sorry, Tyler. I shouldn't have been rude to you. Sorry" she adds and turns, walking away.

Mandy turns to Tyler.

"I'm sorry. I can explain. I didn't tell her about the drugs. She just happened to stumble on it. And I..."

Before she could speak further, he shuts the door in her face.

Leaning against the door, he smiles as though he had just won a lottery.

Austin stares at him confusedly.

"Why are you smiling? What are you planning?"

Tyler laughs.

"You know me so well, huh?"

"What are you planning?" He repeats

"Did you see what happened? That girl, Lucinda, yeah? She's an emotional freak!"

"So?"

"Oh brother, why don't you ever think like me?" He teases.

"Cut the chase and spill it, Tyler!"

"Impatient much? Well, I wasn't joking when I said that I was going to make her pay for such humiliation. I just got the perfect plan."

"Which is?"

"I'm going to make her fall for me," he blurts out.

"What? Are you going to lure her? That's wicked, man!!" Austin shrieks

"That's what I am, right? Wicked. I'm going to make her fall so hard, and when I get her where I want, then

I'm going to strike and hurt her where it hurts the most. No one. No one messes with Tyler Brown and goes scot-free," his expression hardens as he recalls how she slapped and insulted him in public.

"Listen, dude. Don't you have any other way of solving issues apart from using violence?"

He smiles.

"But this isn't violence, man. It's called a tragic romance. Oh, well, whatever you call it, but it's sure not violence. I know what girls like her want in a man, and I'm going to be that man. Just for her."

He walks into the bedroom, all smiles.

Austin shakes his head.

His friend was too petty.

Someone gives him a taste of his own medicine, and he's talking about revenge?

Ha!

"Don't start something you can't finish, Tyler. I know how such games end," He mutters.

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