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Mandy sighs again as she exits the lecture hall, walking behind Lucinda.

She sighs again.

Two days had passed since that incident at Tyler's apartment, and Lucinda had barely said a word to her.

At least, she only spoke to her when necessary.

She runs her fingers through her short box braids.

Lucinda was still mad at her. It was obvious.

And hell, she had every right to be.

She had slapped her just because she was speaking the truth.

Yeah! The bitter truth.

Somehow Lucinda wasn't far from the truth.

She sure was Tyler's pet, ever since her first year at the Radford University.

He had her wrapped around his fingers, and she couldn't break free unless he wanted her to.

If only she could tell Lucinda the entire truth.

If only she could open up to someone, but she dared not.

Fear had enveloped her, just like clouds would envelop the entire sky on a cloudy day.

She sighs again.

"Lucinda?" She calls out slowly, hoping she would turn.

She did.

"Hmm?"

"Umm. Can I have....erm..can you lend me your pamphlet?" She stutters.

Lucinda stares at the pamphlet in her hand for a few seconds before handing it to her.

"Thanks"

"Okay," she turns.

"Luci, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hit you. I didn't want you to incur Tyler's wrath,"

Lucinda turns to face her.

"What is he? Some demigod? Oh, right. I forgot he's called Lucifer. I guess you didn't want me to sin so that he wouldn't throw me in hell?"

Sarcasm laced her voice as she rolled her eyes.

Mandy sighs.

She wouldn't understand

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"I'm sorry. I am. Forgive me, please,"

"If you want me to forgive you, then you should treat

me to some bacon with scrambled egg. Some meatballs, and..."

"Yea yea yea, I get it... Let's go. Bills are on me," Mandy cut in as Lucinda's face broke into a wide grin.

"Hola, amigo!" She yelps and Mandy laughs.

"Do you even know what that means?"

"I heard it in a movie, and I decided to use it. I don't care what it means. I'm starving. Come on!" She grabs Mandy by the hand as she rushed toward the eatery.

Mandy chuckles, shaking her head.

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SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE CAMPUS BUILDING.

"Is this all?" He asks, and the frightened young man nods quickly.

"Good. Now leave. And remember, you don't know me..."

"I never saw you. We never met," the young man finishes.

"Good. Now fuck off!!" He yells as the man hurries away.

He smiles as he goes through the papers in his hand.

"This is wrong, Tyler. So wrong," Austin, who had arrived together with Tyler, speaks up.

"Are you my friend or foe, huh?" He frowns.

"I'm your friend, Tyler. But it doesn't mean I won't try to warn y

ou when you are going down the wrong path,"

"Sometimes, I wonder why I ever befriended you. If you're not coming with me, then don't. I'm still going to go anyway."

He storms out of the uncompleted building, making a quick call on the way.

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The bulky fair man puts his phone back into his pocket and then turns to stare at the middle-aged man seated on the king-sized bed, smoking from his tobacco pipe.

"Boss, Tyler just called. He's got the information," he

says, and the man's lips twitch into a sly smile.

"Good. As soon as he email's the information to you, get five of your men and go to the location. That man shouldn't leave the country tonight. Bring him to me, dead or alive," he sneers.

"Sure, boss. But I..." He trails off

"Continue, Dean,"

"Nothing, boss. Just a silly thought,"

"Spill it!"

"Well, I was thinking about Tyler,"

"So? What about him?"

"Boss, what if he begins to regain his memory? What



if he remembers what you did to him that night?"

The man smiles as he puffs out more smoke through his nostrils.

"That's why I ordered you to spike his tea every morning so he wouldn't remember,"

"What if the drug's effect begins to wear off? He won't have amnesia forever, boss. He will remember someday, one day. Anything can trigger his memory at this point,"

"Then you get rid of him. I agree he's very good at what he does, but if he regains his memory one day, you take him down. No hesitations,"

"But..." Dean begins.

"No buts, Dean. Get out and get something to do," he

growls as Dean bows his head before walking out.

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TWO DAYS LATER.

The two friends were seated in the library opposite each other reading when suddenly every student stood up and walked out, leaving the room empty except for them.

"What's going on?" Lucinda questions as she stares around

"Oh, my God!" She hears Mandy shriek.

She turns to her.

She was staring at the door. Her eyes dart in that direction only to meet another pair of eyes.

Warm brown eyes, staring directly at her, with a box of chocolates and white and red roses in his hands.

Fear from an unknown source creeps up her skin as he makes his way toward her.

"You?" She breathes.

"I'm sorry" was all he said before stretching out his hand for her to take the gifts, but she just stared back at him.

He sighs.

"I'm sorry for... Err...sorry for barging into your apartment that day. I'm also sorry for being so rude to you. I was a jerk. I still am," He turns to Mandy, whose mouth had dropped open as she stared at him, wide-eyed.

"I'm sorry, Mandy. For everything. For treating you like that,"

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