
Lucinda continued to stare at him, not bothering to hide her shock.

"You? Sorry? Wow!! Now that's new, huh?!" She rolls her eyes

Tyler groans inwardly.

Damn!!

This was going to be more difficult than he imagined.

He had to put plan b into action.

Quickly he rubs both eyes with his thumb and almost curses from the sharp pain that pierced his eyes.

Before arriving, he had applied some Robb on his fingers in case he failed to use his charm to impress her.

As soon as the burning sensation increased in his eyes, he knew the tears would follow soon.

And so he begins to fake a sob.

"I know there's nothing I can say or do to make you both forgive me, and I understand. I do. But I just needed to vent out my anger on someone. I...I lost my parents two weeks ago. They were murdered right under my nose. Ever since then, I've not been the same. I needed money to bury my parents too. I have no other family. So you tell me, Lucinda, what was the quickest way to get lots of money in a few weeks other than engaging in drugs. You tell me!!" He screams and stares at Lucinda, whose heart breaks

at his plight.

His face was wet with tears.

"I had to get money to pay the morgue fees. I had to do something. I was desperate. Not only did I witness their murder, but I had to be responsible for their burial and footing all the bills too, as an only child. Tell me, what can be more frustrating than this, huh?!! I felt like all hope was lost. My world came crumbling down. Who would pay my fees, love me, be there for me. Who? I had to find a way to earn money quickly somehow!! I had to!!!" He lies through his teeth, his body shaking with sobs.

If only he knew his lies would have some truth in them someday.

Silence.

Good. Keep going.

He smiles to himself.

"I know I've done many bad things, and I'm ready to repent for it.. I've hurt a lot of people in the process, including you both, and I'm sorry. That's why I turned myself in, to the police to pay for my crimes."

"But..." Lucinda begins, but he stops her.

"It's okay, Lucinda. I will be released from jail after a few years or months if I'm on good behaviour, and I hope you can forgive me one day.

No man should treat a woman the way I treated you and your friend. And... "

He trails off when he spots three men in police uniform walking towards them.

"Excuse me, but we need you at the police station for questioning," one of them says, dragging him up.

"I never meant to threaten you, Mandy. I was desperate. Forgive me for engaging you in my bad ways. I'm sorry too, Lucinda," he smiles sadly, wiping his face as the men drag him away.

Lucinda looks on as Tyler is dragged away, too shocked to utter a word.

Mandy stares at the door, her mouth still open.

She blinks, once, twice.

What the bleeping hell just happened?

Tyler? Apologised? His parents murdered? And he turned himself in?

"What the hell just happened!!" She finally speaks, throwing her arms into the air.

"Do you believe him, Lucinda?"

"I don't know. He was crying so bad. And he lost his parents too. Oh, God, that must have been terrible for him. That explains his attitude." she laments.

"You believe him? My God!!!" She yells incredulously.

She knew that was just a stunt to gain their pity.

It was easier for her friend to believe the psycho, but

she'd known him for just a few days.

"Who would lie about something as grave as that, Mandy? He was literally crying."

"To hell with that. People fake tears all the time, Luci!! Are you that naïve?"

"Didn't you see the sincerity in his eyes?"

She scoffs.

"Sincerity indeed!"

After driving for close to thirty minutes, the car came to a halt. The three men in uniform change their clothes into more casual ones.

They turn to face him.

He was smiling, satisfied.

"Good job, guys," Tyler smiles.

They smile back, nodding.

"Well, it was worth the pay," one of the men replies.

Tyler rubs his eyes

"Wow, that was one hell of tears I shed back there,"
he chuckles.

"I really do hope I got a little sympathy from them,"

He muses.

He knew Mandy didn't believe him, but he cared less.

She wasn't his problem for now.

Suddenly, his phone rings.

"Yes, Dean? Now? Okay, bye," he hangs up.

"Got to go, guys. I've got some butt to kick. But there's one more thing I need you to do. Meet me tomorrow morning at our usual spot," he chuckles as he alights from the jeep and makes his way into the bush.

THE NEXT MORNING.

Lucinda made her way towards the library to drop the book she had taken the previous day when she heard voices.

"This unbelievable...

I didn't know he was going through such trauma," a voice says, and she stops to listen.

"Yeah. And here we were thinking that Tyler was a despicable person. I hope he survives. I heard that his parents were murdered." Another voice replies.

"Yeah. Could that be the reason he attempted suicide?"

"Who knows? Poor guy. We should go see him at the hospital,"

"Yeah, dude. St Martin's, right?"

"Okay. I'll meet you there after class,"

"Okay, bye,"

The two men walk away smiling, satisfied, and completely aware that Lucinda had heard them loud and clear.

"Tyler? Attempted suicide?" She mutters.

Without thinking, she turns on her heels and runs toward her apartment.

As soon as she leaves, they make a call

"Are you at the hospital? Your job is complete."

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