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Dean wipes the sweat off his brow as he stares at the cup of green tea on the table before him.

He sighs in frustration, thinking hard.

This is bad.

Very bad.

For a few days now, Tyler had been acting strange.

He would disappear without telling anyone his whereabouts and then appear several hours or worse, days later.

To top it all off, he had refused to drink his usual

morning tea, saying he was running late for important work.

Come to think of it, Tyler never skips his morning tea, so why now?

Why today?

Dean taps his jaw.

Or had he begun suspecting some foul play?

Was he beginning to think that his tea was being spiked every morning to prevent his memory gain?

If he knows, then why is he quiet?

Is he planning something?

There's always the calm before the storm, and Tyler's

storm could be ruthless if he wanted.

Tyler could be deadly, calculating, inhuman, and dreadful.

And all the synonyms he could get for dangerous.

Tyler could be that and more if he chose to.

And that's why the boss chose him as one of his most loyal dogs.

Dean groans.

This was so confusing and scary at the same time.

He wasn't scared of Tyler, no.

Far from that, because they were both in the same line of dirty business.

The only thing he was scared of was being taken unawares.

Tyler Brown wasn't nicknamed Lucifer for fun.

He was the devil himself.

He would catch you unawares.

He waits for the command, and when he strikes, he makes sure his victim burns.

To kill? No. Far out of context.

Tyler believed death was the easiest way out of anything.

He would rather see his victim suffer, cry out in pain and pure torture, plead for mercy and beg for death.

Pain was his satisfaction. He was ruthless, and the boss was happy to have created a devil out of him.

But now, Dean couldn't help but feel insecure.

Because if Tyler begins to regain his memory, he would come for their heads, and he wouldn't stop till they were all history.

He sighs and gets up as he stares at the cup of green tea.

He should tell the boss

, just in case.

He puts on his dark shades and makes his way into the inner chambers.

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IN A DIFFERENT TOWN.

SOMEWHERE IN A SECLUDED AREA.

Tyler Brown smirks as the woman cries hysterically.

The man, her husband, tied up beside her, spat out blood continuously as he glared at Tyler.

"I won't repeat myself, Mister.

Where. Are. The. Sales. From. The. Goods?" Tyler growls, digging his pocket knife into the man's right shoulder with each word he utters as his wife screams at the sight of thick blood gushing out his shoulders.

"Do your worst!" The man grits out painfully, unfazed by the pain coursing through him.

He knew he made a wrong move by escalating with the money, but he knew that the boy in front of him, who was almost the same age as his son, wouldn't dare kill him.

Tyler continues to smirk.

In such situations when his capabilities of being ruthless were underestimated, he found it amusing.

Because he wasn't one to kiss and tell.

He wasn't one to brag.

He would rather prove it.

"You want me to do my worst? You want to see me in action?"

The man spits out more blood

"Go ahead. You don't scare me,"

"Fair enough,"

Tyler disappears and returns with a cutlass and a coal pot.

There were several charcoals in it, all of them burning, blazing.

Tyler places the cutlass directly on the fire and then begins to whistle as he waits for the cutlass to heat up.

Then he begins to sing.

'In the jungle, the mighty jungle,



the lion sleeps tonight.

Hush, my darling, don't fear, my darling,

the lion sleeps tonight.'

He grins widely as he takes out the cutlass, and walks toward the man.

His eyes grow wide with fear.

"What... What are you going to do?" He swallows, eyeing the metal.

"Oh, this? I thought you would love some tattoos on your body.

Where would you want it, though?"

"You wouldn't dare, Luci. You wouldn't dare!!"

In that line of business, they never gave out their real names.

Tyler had always used Luci as his name whenever transacting a business.

They would always laugh and tease him for preferring to use a female name as his alias.

Tyler would always smile at their teasing.

Because what they didn't know was that, in reality, Luci was the shortened form of Lucifer.

"Oh, I wouldn't. If only you give me back the money made from the goods,"

"I already told you that...arghhhh!" his sentence was coupled with a scream as he felt Tyler plaster the hot

metal to his right cheeks.

He jerks uncontrollably as the excruciating pain coursed through his skin.

His cheeks were burning, like a lump of meat being roasted directly on fire.

Tyler takes away the cutlass, and places it back on the fire, admiring the beautiful tattoo he had just made.

"Wrong answer, John. I'm going to ask you again. You better tell me what I want to hear else I'm going to disfigure your pretty face and your wife here?"

He points to the woman who was sobbing quietly.

"She will be my meal for later. Now, I ask again, where is the goddamn money?"

"I... I don't know,"

He flares up.

"Don't give me that crap, John!! Don't!! We gave you merchandise worth millions. And you tell me you don't know?!"

"I...I don't...."

Before he could finish, Tyler had taken out the cutlass and pressed it to his other cheek harder than the first.

John kicks and screams, the chair he was tied to was restricting his movements as he felt his skin burning.

Probably melting too.

"Ready to talk?"

"Bank details. on my phone." He groans in pain.

Tyler looks around.

He spots the phone on the floor

and picks it up.

"Password,"

"Victoria30," he spares his wife a glance.

"You love your wife that much, huh?" Tyler says with no hint of amusement as he taps on the phone.

A few minutes later, he was making a call.

"Yes? Have you seen them? Okay. Transfer everything from that account. Yes, bye," he hangs up

and throws the phone away.

He sighs.

"I hate it when I am forced to inflict pain on people, just to make them talk..." He trails off as the phone in his pocket chimes.

Taking it out, he smiles as he reads the content of the message.

He smiles.

"I will deal with you when I get back" Taking two strides towards them, he pulls out two syringes from his pocket.

He injects one into John and then forcefully injects the other into his wife.

Soon they were asleep.

"This will keep you busy for some time," With that, he walks out of the dirty looking room, locking the door behind and then makes his way into the thick bushes.

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