
IN THE INNER CHAMBERS.

Alex was seated on his bed, smiling, puffing out smoke from his nostrils and mouth, swaying his head from side to side as he listened to the lady singing.

He opens his eyes to watch her moving her body seductively.

He smiles more.

He likes that.

"Come to daddy," he says, smiling, and as the lady approaches him, there was a knock on the door.

He groans in anger.

"Come in,"

"Sir"

"Why the disturbance, Dean?"

"It's important, boss. Can we talk?"

Alex sighs and dismisses the lady.

Nodding, she walks out, shutting the door behind her.

"It's about Tyler,"

The lady stops in her tracks and presses her ears to the door, listening to their conversation.

"What about Tyler?"

"He refused to drink his tea today, boss. I'm beginning to have doubts. What if he has realised we have been drugging him all this while?"

"He's been disappearing to unknown places a lot, these days, which is very unlike him. We should be worried, boss,"

Alex was staring beneath the door as Dean spoke.

He could see the shadow lurking behind the door.

He could see something that looked like heels.

He quickly picks up his laptop from the coffee table near the bed and turns it on.

"Why fret? If your intuition is right, get rid of him," he answers as he continues to type away.

"Tyler isn't an easy person. We both know that,"

"I trained him, Dean. He's no better than me. The moment he begins to pose a threat, finish him up and...."

He frowns, staring at the screen.

Hearing enough, the lady scurries away, making sure not to create any noise.

She had to tell Tyler.

"The bitch!!"

"What is it, boss?"

"The bitch that just left was eavesdropping on our conversation. Find her before she contacts anyone. Bring her to me. Alive," he orders

"On it, boss" Dean nods and exits the room.

She hits the phone in frustration.

"Pick up, Tyler, please. Pick up!" She groans

, dialling his number repeatedly.

It was still unreachable.

She dials again, and it still didn't go through.

"Damn it!" She cursed out in frustration.

"..Any problem?" The voice startles her, and she turns sharply to find Dean behind her, her cell phone slipping between her fingers to the ground in the process.

She gulps.

"Oh, it's you!"

"Are you scared that you will be caught?"

"What's wrong with you, Dean?"

"You were eavesdropping on our conversation, weren't you? Haven't you heard that curiosity kills the cat?" Dean steps closer, a cunning smile etched on

his handsome face.

"I don't know what you're talking about. Get out of my face!" She tries to walk past him, but he grabs her arm and flings her back harshly, making her trip on a stone, almost hitting the floor.

"The boss wants you" he begins to walk away, dragging her by the hair. She was yelling and kicking against his huge frame, but he continued walking.

Getting into the inner chambers, he pushes her inside roughly, sending her tumbling onto the tiled floor.

"Well, well, well... My feisty, curious cat," Alex walks towards her and slaps her hard.

"You forgot I have cameras everywhere. You stupid bitch!! Eavesdropping on me!!" He thunders, hitting her more as she cries.

"Take her away, Dean. You can enjoy her for a while but make sure by the time you're done, she isn't a living being anymore, else I will have your head,"

Dean smiles broadly.

He was getting hard already.

He stares down at himself.

His bulge was already beginning to strain his trousers.

"Yes, boss." he picks her up, flings her over his shoulder and takes her into one of the dark rooms downstairs.

"Let's begin. Shall we?" Dean grins as he begins to rip off her clothes.

Without warning, he pins her down harshly, unzips his trousers, brings himself out and shoves hard into her.

She cries out as he begins to thrust harder and faster.

Dean groans in pleasure.

"This... is heaven,"

Several minutes later, she was on her knees, ignoring the pain between her thighs as she begged for her life.

She knew it was almost impossible for her life to be spared.

But she wanted to try.

"I'm sorry, Grace, but I have to do this. In your next life, try not to be a curious cat," Dean picks up the silencer and then pulls the trigger.

Thrice.

He stares at Grace's limp body, three bullet wounds in her chest.

Sighing, he drops the gun and walks out of the room.

Tyler adjusts his shirt, smoothening it with his hands.

Smiling, he knocks on the door.

Today, today was the day he put plan b in motion.

He smiles more, waiting.

Lucinda pulls on her jean, zips them and then slips into her white tank top.

Knock, knock.

She ignores it and faces the mirror, brushing her hair.

Knock, knock.

She groans and walks towards the door.

She opens it to see him smiling at her, a bouquet and a box of chocolates in his hands.

"Tyler?"

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