

## Devil Lucifer 61

### [Chapter 61 | Don't Kiss And Tell](#)

Back at the mansion, Dean enters his room to find Mariam waiting for him.

Shocked, he pokes his head outside, making sure that no one is loitering in the corridor before shutting his door and securing the lock.

He slowly approaches her.

"What are you doing here? Did anyone see you?" he questions.

Mariam smirks, "Aren't you excited to see me?"

"Answer me, Mariam," Dean demands.

She lets out a sigh, playing with the hem of her dress.

"No. No one saw me,"

"Are you sure about that?"

Without answering, Mariam swings her long slender legs off the bed and gets down, sashaying towards him.

Dean stares at her helplessly, a knot forming in his throat.

She stops a few centimetres away from him and grabs the belt holding her dress together. She tugs at it, loosening the belt around her waist. The dress comes undone, leaving nothing to the imagination.

She wore nothing underneath.

Slowly, she slips the dress off her shoulders and lets it fall off her body, pooling at her feet and leaving her stark naked.

"Mariam? What are you doing?"

Chuckling, Mariam closes the distance between them and grabs Dean's hand, guiding it between her parted thighs.

While holding his hand, she rubs herself with it, moaning silently.

Dean forces the saliva down his throat, his eyes reddening with desire.

"Isn't it obvious? You never finished what you started, Dean," she whispers, trailing her hand down his chest with her free hand.

She stops at the flap of his trousers.

"It was just one day, Mariam. Alex let us choose any of you girls only on that day, though I lost my chance after he sent me on an errand. But until Alex gives us the go-ahead again, we can't touch any of you. You know the rules better than me," Dean tells her, trying to pull his hand from between her thighs, but stops for a millisecond, feeling her wetness smear his hands.

He groans inwardly.

"Well, who's going to tell Alex? You? Or me?" Mariam unzips his trousers and pushes her hand through the open flap. She finds his member already hard.

She smirks knowingly as she stares at him.

"Mariam," Dean groans, "If we get caught,"

"The more reason to be quiet about this, hmm?" Mariam squeezes his engorged flesh earning a growl from him.

"I like your restraining power, Dean. It's impressive. Let's see how much more you can restrain yourself,"

Before Dean can make out her words, Mariam goes on her knees and unbuckles his trousers. She tugs it down, letting the material drop around his feet.

Swiftly, she grabs his member again and places it in her mouth.

The warmth inside her mouth, coupled with her expertise tongue, almost causes Dean to lose his footing.

"F\*ck, Mariam. So good," he eggs her on, grabbing her head and holding it in place as she bobs up and down, taking him far down her throat.

Unable to take it anymore, Dean stops her and helps her to her feet.

"On the bed," he instructs, kicking off his trousers and unbuttoning his shirt.

Smirking, Mariam obeys, sashaying back to the bed and lying down, waiting for him to join her.

Dean joins her a few seconds later, hovering over her. He parts her legs and settles between them.

"If we get caught," he pauses, letting the words sink into her brain.

"I don't kiss and tell, do you?" Mariam asks, encircling her arms around his neck.

"This is dangerous," Dean curses silently.

If Alex ever finds out that Dean slept with one of his girls without his consent, he'd be better off dead.

"If you don't want to do this, I can leave," Mariam tells him, sensing his hesitation.

She moves beneath him, attempting to get down, but Dean pins her down after a few unsuccessful tries.

She stares up at him.

"Stop moving. You're making things difficult," Dean says through gritted teeth.

Mariam stares at him confusedly until her lips stretch into a slow lopsided smirk.

Noticing her triumphant smirk, Dean pinches her thighs.

"You're such a vixen, aren't you?"

She laughs.

"I try,"

With a smile, Dean captures her lips and kisses her slowly at first and then hungrily a few seconds later.

Mariam kisses him back with just as much passion. She wraps her legs around his thighs, aching for him.

"Please,"

She mumbles through kisses.

"Please, what?" Dean asks, letting his hand travel down between her thighs, finding her womanhood.

He parts her with two fingers and enters her with his middle finger, watching her writhe beneath him.

"I want you, Dean. Please," she begs, moaning at the sensation of his fingers.

"How bad do you want me, love?" he whispers, rubbing her faster.

"So bad," she replies in a

"Your wish is my command," Dean enters her in one swift thrust, earning a loud moan from both of

them.

After a while, Dean collapses beside her panting heavily.

They lie side by side in silence, catching their breaths until Dean speaks up.

"Are you okay?"

Pleased with his question, Mariam turns to her side to face him, propping herself up with her hand.

"What do you think?" she counters.

"I don't know. You tell me," Dean mirrors her actions, propping himself up.

"Well, I'm okay. Don't worry,"

Dean nods, biting his lips as his face turns grim.

"We didn't use protection," he states.

"I'm clean. Are you?"

"Of course," Dean replies almost immediately.

"It's just..." he trails off.

"Do not worry about that either. I have an implant. I won't get pregnant if that's what you're thinking," Mariam assures him, climbing down the bed and grabbing her dress off the floor.

"Just don't forget to use protection next time," she adds after a while, tying her dress. She bends to pick up her shoes.

"Wait. There will be a next time?" Dean can't help but question sheepishly.

Mariam halts in her tracks and turns to him with a sweet smile.

"You're cute, Dean," she blows him a kiss and carefully opens the door.

She pokes her head outside, making sure no one is in the corridor.

Satisfied, she opens the door wider and steps out on tiptoe, shutting the door softly behind her.

Dean stares at the closed door.

He? Cute?

Is he cute?

Before he has time to think about it more, the familiar roaring of Alex's favourite car drives into the compound. Hurriedly, Dean decides to take a look through his window. He spots Alex getting out of the car with Ryan in tow.

In haste, Dean puts on some clothes and meets them downstairs.

He acknowledges Alex, who passes him by without a word.

After Alex disappears into his inner chamber, Dean makes eye contact with Ryan.

His eyes sweep over Ryan's bloodstained shirt and raise a questionable eyebrow.

Sighing, Ryan only shakes his head as a reply and makes his way upstairs into his room, desperate to take off the bloody shirt and burn it, never to see it again.

### [Chapter 62 The Past Is Pas](#)

A few hours after Tyler arrives home from the hospital, he receives a call from Alex asking him to come to the mansion.

Begrudgingly, he gets out of bed and changes into a new pair of jeans before leaving for the mansion.

Upon arrival at the mansion, he bumps into Dean, who offers to serve him some tea, but Tyler declines and goes upstairs to meet with Alex.

Stopping in front of the room, Tyler knocks.

"Come in,"

Gingerly, Tyler twists the doorknob, pushing the door open, and stepping inside. Shutting the door behind him, he approaches Alex, who's relaxing in his favourite rocking chair.

"You requested for me?"

"Mmm-hmm," Alex mumbles, with eyes closed. He doesn't turn.

Tyler remains standing while waiting for Alex to state his reason for calling him.

"I found you a hacker," Alex announces after a moment of silence.

"Oh?" Tyler's stunned.

Alex turns in his rocking chair to face Tyler.

"Yep. Don't tell me you've forgotten you asked a favour from me?"

Tyler shakes his head, pocketing his hands.

"I haven't. I just didn't think it'll be this fast,"

Alex chuckles, "You seem to underestimate me a lot, Tyler Brown. I had Ryan call you a few days back to tell you I'd found a hacker for you, but a lady picked up instead. She said you'd passed out."

Tyler blinks.

That must have been Lucinda.

"Oh, right," he mumbles absentmindedly.

"Who's she, by the way? A friend? A girlfriend?" Alex teases, getting up and walking towards his desk.

"No one," Tyler replies immediately.

"Mmm, I see," he nods, rummaging through the files on his desk, pulling out a piece of paper underneath one of the files.

He stretches forth his hand toward Tyler.

"That's his number. Give him a call,"

Tyler accepts the paper, staring at it strangely.

Alex notices his strange stare and questions, "Why the strange look?"

He looks up, pocketing the paper.

"Are you telling me you're helping me for free?"

Alex chuckles, "Why not? Do you think it's unbelievable?"

"Highly," Tyler admits without mincing words.

Alex clicks his tongue, grinning.

"Well, whether it's free or not. I'm sure it's not something you can't pay, right?"

Tyler remains mute for a while before finally nodding.

"Of course,"

Alex's grin widens.

"Perfect,"

"Alright. If that's all, I'll be on my way then," He turns to leave.

"Care for some wine? Tea? Dinner? We're about to have dinner," Alex's voice halts him.

"No, thanks. Maybe next time," Tyler declines and walks out.

Alex watches him leave before sinking into his seat, sighing heavily.

\*\*\*\*

Unable to fall asleep, Lucinda grumbles as she gets out of bed and walks toward her wardrobe. She finds a free-size dress and wears it over her crop top and shorts.

Exiting her room, she realises Mandy hasn't returned.

Lucinda unplugs her phone and checks for any messages or missed calls from Mandy but finds none.

Where could Mandy have gone?

To where does she disappear these days?

Lucinda decides to send her a message, after which she heads out, locking the door.

On her way out, Lucinda spares Chrissy's apartment a glance before descending the stairs. Once outside the apartment complex, Lucinda looks around, wondering where to go from here.

She sighs miserably.

It probably would have been easier if she had made an effort to make friends besides Mandy.

Oh well.

Lucinda turns right, deciding to stroll around the park just a few metres away from the apartment complex.

Upon arrival at the park, she sights a couple of lovebirds having what looks like a picnic.

Lucinda occupies an empty bench and watches the lovebirds for a while before switching her attention to her phone.

She discards her phone after a while, suddenly bored out of her mind.

Lucinda lifts her feet off the ground and lies prostrate on the bench, facing upwards, gazing at the stars.

She sighs miserably, counting the stars.

Is this how miserable and self-loathing her life has become?

She's turned from a pampered princess with the world at her feet to a lonely girl with no friends in a different city.

Lucinda lived a life of bliss with maids at her beck and call, though she never boasted about it.

To her, it was just a privilege to have all that luxury at her feet.

But she soon learned that the life of the rich was never as easy as they portrayed in public.

It was just a camouflage.

Not a day goes by without Lucinda wishing she'd never been born into that Godforsaken family full of selfish and self-centred humans.

The people she regarded as a family were the very ones to feed her to the wolf.

Subconsciously, Lucinda's hand glides over the prominent scar on her belly.

This scar.

She traces the rough skin around the jagged scar as unpleasant memories from the past resurface, plunging her into the abyss of sorrow she tries so hard to suppress daily.

Lucinda sniffs, quickly wiping the tear gliding down her rosy cheeks.

She stares at the finger she used to wipe the tear and smiles sadly.

She flicks the tear, wiping the remnants of liquid on her dress.

She sniffs again, taking in deep breaths to calm her roaring heart.

No crying, Lucinda.

No crying.

The past is past.

The present is what matters now.

Your present.

She reminds herself constantly.

Suddenly, the hair on Lucinda's neck stands, and she gets the feeling of being watched.

Alarmed, Lucinda sits upright and turns sharply, coming face to face with Chrissy.

Chrissy jumps slightly, forcing a smile.

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to scare you or be a creep. I was passing by and heard you sniffing. I thought I'd check if you're okay,"

Lucinda rubs her face.

"I'm fine,"

"Oh, um. Okay. I'm sorry for bothering you," Chrissy apologises and turns to leave when Lucinda's voice halts her.

"Wait!"

Chrissy turns, "Yes?"

"How did you know I study mathematics?"

"What?" Chrissy is startled.

"You asked for my algorithms textbook today," Lucinda clarifies.

"Oh," Chrissy bites her lips, racking her brains for an excuse.

"Well, my housemate heard me talking to my friend about finding her an algorithms textbook, and she kindly told me I could ask you,"

"Oh," Lucinda bows her head, sighing heavily.

Chrissy studies her for a while.

"Are you sure you're alright? Is there anything I can do to help?"

Lucinda looks up at her, smiling faintly.

"Does having wine with me count as help?"

Chrissy doesn't bother to hide her surprised expression.

"You're inviting me over?"

"Is that a bad thing?"

"No, no. Um, I would love to,"

Lucinda grins.

"Alright, let's go!"

### [Chapter 63 There Goes Her Resolve](#)

The next day, Tyler places a call to the hacker provided by Alex.

It rings for a while before the call connects.

"Hello? Who the f\*ck is calling so early in the morning?" The gruff voice sneers from the other side of the line.

Wow, grumpy much? Tyler snorts.

"Alex gave me your number," Tyler replies, strutting into the kitchen to check on the meal he has on fire.

"Alex? You mean Alex Garson?"

"The one and only," Answers Tyler absentmindedly as he searches for a napkin.

The man curses at the other end of the line, "I fucking told Alex I don't do favours anymore!"

"Shit!" Tyler exclaims, frantically lifting his almost burned-out pot of stew off the fire and turning off the stove.

How could he forget he was cooking?

Damn it!

"Yeah. Shit is right! I'm hanging up," the man replies.

Tyler drops the napkin, switching off the stove.

"What? No! I wasn't talking to you. Hang on!"

"I need your help. It's important," Tyler adds, ignoring the snort from the man.

A long silence ensues after that, neither of them speaking.

Frustrated, the man raises his voice, "Are you going to tell me what the hell it is you need or would you rather I hang up?"

Tyler rolls his eyes in annoyance, "Well, you were quiet. How was I supposed to know you were waiting for me to speak?"

Another silence ensues.

"Are you still waiting for me to ask?"

Jeez, What kind of an arrogant hacker is this? Tyler can't help but think.

"I need to hack into a hospital's database. I want access to all their patient's medical records,"

"Well, do you have an IP address? A password?"

"I wouldn't need your help if I had such information," Tyler retorts.

"I see. So you need me to get into the hospital and find my own ways to hack their database?" the arrogant man questions rhetorically.

Nevertheless, Tyler answers, "Precisely,"

"I'm sorry, but I don't do that. Alex knows very well that I do what I do because of the nature of my business, nothing more than that. Hacking isn't my day-to-day job. It's just a habit I picked up to protect my business,"

"So you can't help me then?"

"I can, but I won't," the man replies bluntly.

"Oh, come on!" Tyler groans in frustration.

"Help me, at least! Alex wouldn't have given me your number if he didn't want you to help me. This is really important to me,"

"I'm busy. I'll call you when I'm free," and the line goes dead.

Tyler pulls the phone away from his ear and stares at the screen in disbelief.

Did he just hang up?

Such a pr\*ck.

Snorting, Tyler pockets his phone and faces his pot of stew.

Guess he'll have to order now.

Ain't no way he's cooking again.

\*\*\*

Back at Lucinda's apartment, Chrissy groggily opens her eyes, squinting immediately at the sun rays seeping through the curtains.

She groans, turning on her side.

Lucinda also begins to stir awake, yawning.

Both girls grumpily sit up, stretching their backs and feeling their joints crack in different places.

"How much did we drink last night?" Lucinda groans, holding her head between her hands.

Chrissy counts the empty bottles of wine.

"Two," she mumbles.

"Huh? Only two? It feels like we had ten bottles,"

Chrissy's lips curve into a faint smile.

"I guess we both can't handle our alcohol then,"

"Hmm," Lucinda hums, watching Chrissy get off the floor.

"I better get going. I need to take a shower and get ready for class,"

"Will you be able to concentrate with a hangover?" Lucinda gets up.

"We'll see about that," Chrissy heads for the door, bumping into Mandy immediately after she opens it.

"Oops, sorry!" Chrissy apologises, skipping outside.

While wearing a confused expression, Mandy steps inside the apartment as her gaze falls on the empty bottles of wine.

"Was there a party?"

Lucinda chuckles.

"You finally returned," Lucinda ignores Mandy's question.

Mandy drops her bag, rubbing her neck nervously.

"I'm sorry, I got caught up,"

"Hmm," Lucinda hums, making her way into her room to have a shower.

After showering and feeling much levelheaded, Lucinda enters the kitchen to find Mandy making breakfast.

While Mandy's hands are full making scrambled eggs, Lucinda takes the initiative to toast a few slices of bread and brew some coffee.

Both friends work in utter silence with nothing but the sizzling sounds of frying eggs and sausages and the whirring of the coffee machine filling the gaping silence.

Mandy glances at Lucinda, busily setting two cups of freshly brewed coffee on a tray.

She sidesteps Mandy to grab some sugar from the cabinet.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you about my whereabouts," Mandy apologises, breaking the silence.

Lucinda drops a couple of sugar cubes into the cups and stirs them carefully.

She smiles faintly.

"You're an adult, Mandy. You can go wherever you please. As long as you're safe, I'll be okay,"

"I know... I just..." Mandy trails off when her phone rings loudly, startling both of them.

Smiling sheepishly, she turns off the stove and fishes for her phone.

"Hello?"

Mandy excuses herself to take the call.

Lucinda purses her lips.

That's the second time she's excused herself to answer a call.

After a while, Lucinda shrugs, deciding not to worry her head over it

.

Sighing, she dishes out their breakfast while Mandy makes her call.

\*\*\*

After breakfast, while Mandy takes a shower, Lucinda receives a message from Tyler asking if she's free to meet up.

She bites her lips tentatively, staring at her screen for an eternity before replying.

Afterwards, she drags herself into her room to get dressed.

"Going somewhere?" Mandy queries, watching Lucinda emerge all dressed up.

"Yes. Why?" Lucinda asks, confused at Mandy's expression.

"Why are you staring at me like that?"

Mandy chuckles, shrugging.

"Nothing. Have fun,"

Lucinda rolls her eyes, bidding her friend goodbye before exiting the apartment.

Outside the apartment complex, Lucinda comes across Caleb.

Their eyes meet briefly, and his smile slips, turning into a frown.

Lucinda rolls her eyes, bypassing him to hail a cab.

She arrives at Tyler's apartment in record time, much to her disdain.

She didn't have enough time to pull herself together.

And now here she is, at his doorstep.

She stares at his door as though it were a foreign object, contemplating if she should turn back and go.

But then they have a project to complete.

They have nothing but only a week to finish.

She groans.

"What are you doing standing there like a statue? Come inside. I don't bite," Tyler's annoying voice rings out from inside the house.

He must have been watching her.

Taking in a deep, long breath, Lucinda grabs the doorknob and opens the door, stepping inside.

The air she'd taken in rushes out of her lungs the second she sets eyes on Tyler.

He stands in front of her with both hands in his pockets. And like a slow-motion, she watches Tyler's lips turn up into a smirk.

A smirk she's surprisingly gotten used to seeing.

Tyler unexpectedly flicks her nose, causing her to blink.

"Baby doll. Silly," he cocks his head to the side, still smirking.

Lucinda's heart plummets into her stomach. Her heart races.

She shuts her eyes.

Fuck!

There goes her resolve.

#### [Chapter 64 Lucifer Doesn't Suit You](#)

Inside his apartment, Tyler watches on, amused as Lucinda stands on his porch gazing at his door as though it were a foreign object.

With his arms crossed over his chest and leaning against the wall, he watches her through his window.

Lucinda bites her lips, looking as if she's contemplating whether to enter or turn around.

She groans in frustration, causing him to chuckle.

Her groan is rather unladylike.

"What are you doing standing there like a statue? Come inside. I don't bite," Tyler calls out, startling her.

Lucinda opens the door and enters.

Tyler meets her halfway, stopping a few inches away from her.

She looks up at him, seemingly lost in her mind.

Her cheeks are rosy, and her eyes are big and wide, staring at him.

Tyler flicks her nose out of habit, smirking.

"Baby doll. Silly," he cocks his head to the side, watching her blink as if coming to her senses.

Suddenly, Lucinda scrunches her nose and slaps away his hand.

"Why can't you keep your hands to yourself?" she rubs her nose, irritated.

Tyler chuckles, "I can't help it. I'd rather keep them in more interesting places, not just your nose,"

It doesn't take long for Lucinda to catch on to his words, and when she does, she glares at him hotly, attempting to hide the blush threatening to break out.

"Behave yourself,"

"Oh, I can behave myself alright," he grins.

Rolling her eyes, Lucinda bypasses him into the Art room, letting out a deep breath as she tries to compose herself.

Not long after, Tyler joins her in the room, and they begin working on smoothing out their first sculpture.

They work in silence for a couple of hours before Tyler decides to take a break with the excuse of feeling famished.

Lucinda stares at him strangely, not believing him.

"What? You don't believe that I'm famished?" Tyler asks.

She shrugs.

"Who knows?"

"Want me to eat you instead to prove how famished I am?"

Lucinda snorts, "As if you can,"

"Are you daring me right now, Miss Reynolds?" Tyler fake gasps.

Ignoring him, Lucinda continues working on her sculpture.

She doesn't acknowledge him even when he nears her, feeling his overwhelming body heat engulfing her like a cocoon.

She can't let him know that he affects her so.

Tyler lowers his head, letting his hot breath fan against her cheeks.

Lucinda's grip tightens on the sculpture.

She can't let these feelings she's developing escalate further than it already has.

There's still time to salvage it.

She clears her throat tentatively.

"We still have a long way to go, Tyler. If you're famished, you can go get something to eat while I continue working,"

"Aren't you hungry?" Tyler questions, stepping away from her.

"I'm okay. You go ahead," Lucinda refuses to spare him a glance.

"Alright. I'll be right back,"

Only after Tyler leaves the room does Lucinda let out the breath she was holding, relaxing her fingers around the clay she was so tightly gripping.

She grips the edge of the marble slab, letting out slow and deep breaths.

After regaining her composure, Lucinda continues to work.

She doesn't know how long Tyler takes, but when he returns, the delicious smell of spinach stew wafts through her nostrils.

She steps away from the sculpture and turns around just in time to see Tyler walking in with two plates of steaming hot rice and spinach stew with grilled chicken.

"That smells like heaven," Lucinda mumbles under her breath.

Tyler clears one side of the marble slab and sets the plates down.

He exits and returns with two glasses of orange juice.

Orange juice? Lucinda's throat dries up suddenly at the thought of orange juice.

Did Tyler bring the juice for her?

How does he know it's her favourite juice?

As if aware of her thoughts, Tyler speaks up.

"Now, don't get ahead of yourself. I brought two plates because you've been working while standing for three hours. I don't want to explain to people how you died in my apartment,"

The corners of Lucinda's lips turn up into a slight smile when she recalls how she had said something similar when he got sick in her apartment.

"Thanks for caring about my life so much," she replies sarcastically, grabbing one of the chairs to sit down.

As she sits, she stares at the plate of food, a strange look on her face.

Tyler frowns at her scrutinizing gaze.

"I was kind and considerate enough to bring you food I prepared with my very skilled hands, yet you sit here looking as if I poisoned the food,"

Lucinda spares him a glance, shrugging nonchalantly.

"I'm only making sure it's not too salty or undercooked,"

Tyler snorts, ignoring her.

The witch is trying to provoke him.

Ungrateful witch.

He picks up his spoon, mixes a tiny portion of stew with rice on one side of the plate and scoops it.

"And your hands aren't skilful. You're so full of yourself it's nauseating," Lucinda rolls her eyes, mirroring Tyler's actions.

The spoon of rice stops midway in the air as Tyler halts his actions, smirking at her words.

"You really enjoy daring me, don't you, witch?"

She glares hotly.

"Stop calling me a witch, you punk!"

"It would interest you to know how skilled I am with my hands, precisely my fingers. But I'm guessing you can already attest to that, hmm?"

Lucinda chokes on her rice at his words, coughing violently.

Chuckling, Tyler hands her a glass of juice.

"Here. Drink before you choke to death. I'd rather you choke on something else,"

Again, Lucinda chokes on her juice, coughing more.

Laughing, Tyler gets up to rub her back softly.

"There now, breath, witch. We don't want you dying in my apartment, do we?"

When Lucinda's cough subsides, she glares daggers at him.

"I hate you to the moon and back. God, I wish I could strangle you!"

"That would have been good, but unfortunately, I'm not into BDSM," Tyler replies, chewing on some rice.

Lucinda looks away, focusing on her plate of rice because if she dares to reply to him, he'd still find a way to answer with sexual innuendos.

They eat in silence after that.

After eating, Lucinda drops her spoon, grabbing her glass of juice to take a sip. She sighs, loving the cooling sensation of the liquid gliding down her throat and into her stomach.

She casts Tyler a sideways glance.

"You know, Lucifer doesn't suit you,"

Tyler, whose attention was solely on his phone, suddenly looks up, a smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

"Really? Why is that?"

"Well..." Lucinda leans back in her seat, taking another sip of her juice.

"Ever since we met, all you've done is to annoy me to the nonsense degree. Nothing about you screams evil. You're just plain aggravating and insufferable. I don't understand who gave you that name,"

"You never know, witch. You never know," he smirks.

"Why do you keep calling me witch?! Did I cast a spell on you or something?" she frowns.

Tyler shrugs, enjoying how easy it is to rile her up.

"You're like a thorn in my flesh, that's all,"

She snorts, turning away from him.

Tyler stares at her side profile, his gaze falling on her neck.

His eyes zero in on a spectacular crescent-shaped birthmark on her collarbone.

A strange sense of familiarity washes over him, causing him to shudder.

He blinks.

Why does this look so familiar?

"Are you okay?" Lucinda's question startles him.

He gets up abruptly, gathering the plates.

"I'm fine," he mumbles absentmindedly.

"Let me help," she pushes her seat back, gathering the now empty glasses, but Tyler collects them.

"Don't worry. I got it,"

After Tyler drops the plates into the sink, he joins Lucinda as they begin working on their second sculpture.

While they work, Lucinda notices Tyler's unusual silence. He looks absentminded as he handles the sculpture.

Nevertheless, she focuses on working until she's too tired to continue.

### [Chapter 65 You Irritate Me A Lot Less Now](#)

Inside Ron's study, he leans back in his seat, staring at the lady before him.

"So?" he questions impatiently.

"Any progress?"

The lady shakes her head.

"She hasn't been around much lately. I'm guessing she's busy," Chrissy replies.

Ron nods after a while, switching his attention to his laptop.

"Alright, you may leave," he dismisses.

Nodding, Chrissy exits Ron's study, descending the stairs and making it out of the villa. She hails a taxi, directing the driver towards the hospital.

Meanwhile, Ron stares at his laptop screen attentively, watching the red light blinking. It appears she's nearing the place she's been frequenting for the past week since he began monitoring her.

The door to his study opens, and Chris pokes his head inside.

"May I come in?"

Ron rolls his eyes.

"You already are. Why bother asking,"

Chris opens the door wider and steps inside, shutting the door softly behind him.

"Any progress?" he questions, to which Ron glares hotly at him.

"Just because I let you out and let you stay here doesn't mean you can poke your nose where it doesn't belong!"

Chris sighs, biting his lips.

"I'm sorry if I come off as nosey to you. It's just that I miss our friendship. And I want to help in every way I can to make sure Lucinda is safe,"

"You should have thought about that before betraying me,"

Clicking his tongue, Ron turns away from him and glances back at his laptop, staring at Lucinda's current location.

Where's this place that she's been frequenting for the past week?

Who is she meeting?

Ron begins to type away on his laptop, and an IP address pops up on the screen shortly after.

He stares at the address, feeling a sense of familiarity, as though he's seen it somewhere.

He bites his lips, thinking.

A thought suddenly occurs to him, and he picks up his phone, scrolls through his call log and stops at a particular number.

This number had called him a week ago, telling him Alex had given him his number.

Being the doubting Thomas that he is, he had tracked down the number and got the address.

Scrolling through his notes, he stops at a particular address and compares it to the one on his laptop screen.

It's the same IP address.

What a coincidence.

Ron stares at the number on his call log list.

Guess it's time to call this person back, though he never planned on doing so before.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, Lucinda lets herself inside Tyler's apartment after he calls out to her from inside, just like he's been doing this past week.

It has quickly become a habit to enter his house without knocking, as Tyler will always call out to her to let herself in immediately after she arrives at his front door.

Lucinda shuts the door softly behind her, advancing further into the living room, where she drops her bag on the sofa.

Tyler emerges from his bedroom shirtless, rubbing his eyes and yawning lazily.

He stretches, enjoying the cracking of his joints.

Lucinda watches his muscles relax and tighten with his actions.

She gulps, turning away.

Concentrate, she chides herself.

Today is the day they're expected to turn in their project, and luckily for them, their class is scheduled for the evening, so they have all morning to perfect their sculptures.

Lucinda offers to take out the sculptures while Tyler freshens up.

It takes a while for Tyler to join her, and when he does, he brings her a glass of orange juice and toasted bread with scrambled eggs.

She stares at the meal in surprise.

"You'll need your energy," Tyler looks away from her sharp gaze, focusing on his plate of food.

"Thank you," Lucinda mumbles, digging in immediately.

After eating, Tyler clears the working surface while Lucinda brings out a couple of paint brushes and acrylic paint.

She pours a reasonable amount of paint into a separate container and dilutes it with a quarter cup of water.

After stirring the paint, she looks up at Tyler.

"What colour are we going for?"

"Grey and subtle hints of white for both sculptures," he answers.

"Okay,"

Thus, they begin to paint each sculpture in silence, never for once, stopping until their sculpture is well coated in the paint.

They both lean back, admiring their work.

"Now, last but not least. We bake these sculptures to dry the clay," Tyler says, and Lucinda nods in agreement.

They each carry one sculpture and head into Tyler's kitchen.

Tyler preheats the oven for a while before going in with their sculptures.

Done, he turns to Lucinda.

"Now, we wait,"

"Hmm," she hums, following him into the living room, where they collapse on the sofa.

"What now? What should we do to while away time?" Lucinda breaks the silence.

She bites her lips, regretting her question immediately.

Knowing Tyler, he'll probably suggest something heinous.

Regretfully, she spares him a glance, and much to her disdain, he's already sporting a mischievous smirk.

She sighs helplessly, rolling her eyes.

She should be used to his antics by now, but for the life of her, she can't seem to.

"Forget I said anything," she mumbles.

Tyler chuckles, scooting closer to her.

"But why, baby doll? Afraid you won't be able to keep up with my suggestions?"

Lucinda snorts.

"Get over yourself. You annoy the fuck out of me,"

Tyler laughs.

"You annoy the fuck out of me too, witch,"

Lucinda snaps her head to the side, almost bumping her forehead against his.

When and how did he get so close?

She glares at him.

"Then why do you laugh at everything I say if I annoy you so much?"

Tyler inches even closer, unable to stop himself for some reason.

Whenever she is near him, he can't stop himself from wanting to bask in her womanly scent.

Lucinda inches away, desperately trying to create space between them.

His closeness is stirring up emotions she thought she had hidden.

It scares her.

It scares her how much of an impact he has on her without realising it.

Lucinda's back hits the arm of the sofa, trapping her momentarily between itself and Tyler's warm body.

"Maybe because you irritate me a lot less now," he finally replies to Lucinda, his lips so close to her face that she feels his warm breath fanning against her lips when he speaks.

His breath smells of orange juice, her favourite.

Oh, Jesus.

Please no.

His lips.

They're so close she fears their lips will touch if she dares move an inch.

Noticing her discomfort, Tyler smirks.

He's never enjoyed a woman's discomfort until now.

Her wide doe-like eyes, staring at him and her flushed face.

"What's the matter, baby doll? I don't bite. I promise," he says in an incredibly low and deep voice, causing Lucinda to shudder.

Suddenly, the shrill ringing of Tyler's phone breaks the palpable sexual tension in the air, startling them to reality.

Somewhat annoyed, Tyler moves away to get his phone while Lucinda hurriedly springs off the couch in an instant and dashes into the kitchen, letting out deep breaths.

Fuck, Lucinda!

Control!

### [Chapter 66 Hot And Bothered](#)

Tyler finds his phone inside the Art room and answers it without checking the caller ID.

He presses the phone to his ear, rubbing his chest in a circular manner.

"Hello?"

"Hello there,"

Frowning at the unfamiliar voice, Tyler briefly pulls the phone away from his ear to glance at the caller ID.

He squints his eyebrow, pressing it back to his ear.

"Took you long enough to get less busy, huh?" Tyler rolls his eyes.

Ron smirks, leaning back in his seat.

"At least I called you back, didn't I?"

Tyler snorts.

"Yeah. A freaking week later,"

Ron laughs.

Whoever this guy is, he sure is a character.

"Do you need my help or not? Because I can always hang up and pretend this call never happened," Ron states, staring at the blinking spot on his tracking app.

Tyler bites his lips, swallowing the vulgar words threatening to spill out of his mouth.

This guy thinks he's such a hot cake, huh?

Pfft!

"I thought you said hacking isn't your job?"

Ron sighs, pursing his lips in irritation.

"Alright, I'm hanging up,"

"Fine. Jeez. You have such a short temper,"

Silence ensues after that.

Tyler rubs his forehead, letting out a sigh.

"So, where do we go from here?"

"You need to go to the hospital and get into their system. That way, I can easily access their database," Ron answers.

"Me? You want me to go there alone?" Tyler blinks.

"Of course. Did you expect that I would go with you? I've got other things to take care of,"

Tyler remains silent, weighing the options.

Is it worth it going to such great lengths to prove his innocence?

Mistaking Tyler's silence for reluctance, he teases, "Don't tell me you're scared to infiltrate a hospital? If you could concoct a plan to hack a hospital's database, surely you must be brave enough, isn't it?"

Tyler frowns.

"What? Who spoke about fear? Why would I be afraid? This is just a piece of cake,"

"We'll see how much of a piece of cake it will be for you in due time, yeah? For now, I'll hang up. Call me when you're ready," Ron states before hanging up abruptly.

Tyler stares at his phone's screen in utter disbelief.

Did he hang up on him again?

Shaking his head, he exits the room.

He'll have to contact Austin to see the way forward.

Tyler meets with Lucinda in the kitchen.

"How's it going?" he questions, watching her close the oven and remove the baking gloves from her hands.

She turns to face him, crossing her arms under her breasts, causing them to push up.

Tyler's eyes follow her movement like a hawk, settling on her chest.

"It's almost done," Lucinda answers, her voice snapping him back to reality as he gulps, tearing his gaze away from her chest to stare at her face instead.

Bad choice.

Lucinda's staring at him with her beautiful big brown eyes, boring a hole into his soul.

Fuck.

He looks away, his gaze settling on her neck instead.

An even worse choice.

He imagines planting featherlight kisses to her neck and over her collarbone, watching her squirm and moan beneath him, a writhing mess.

Fuck, fuck.

Tyler shuts his eyes and turns away from her, deciding to look anywhere else but at her.

Why does it seem like staring at any part of her leaves him hot and bothered?

F\*ck, f\*ck, f\*ck.

"Tyler?" Lucinda's soft voice calls out to him.

He gulps.

"Yeah. Okay." He mumbles.

After a while, he adds, "You can leave if you want. I'll finish up here,"

Lucinda refuses immediately, "I'd be more at ease if I see with my own eyes that everything is ready for presentation,"

Tyler turns to face her after calming his raging heart, smirking.

"Why? Do you think I'll not complete the task? Do you have such little trust in me, baby doll?"

Lucinda rolls her eyes.

"I do not trust you at all, Tyler Brown,"

Tyler places his hands on his chest in mock hurt.

"Now that hurt, baby doll,"

She snorts, walking past him into the hall. Tyler follows.

He silently watches as she pulls out a book from her bag and begins to flip through the pages.

He bites his lips.

"And you're reading mathematics, again."

Lucinda groans.

"For the last time, I'm not reading mathematics. I'm only going through!"

"That's what you said the last time," He clicks his tongue, watching her cheeks heat up.

"Burn in hell!" Lucinda snaps, causing Tyler to burst into laughter.

"I'm already in hell, baby doll. They call me Lucifer, remember?"

She rolls her eyes, ignoring him.

Her eyes will surely pop out of their sockets from rolling them so much.

She ignores him for the rest of the twenty minutes they spend waiting for the sculptures to bake.

After studying for a while, Lucinda closes her book while Tyler goes to check on the sculptures.

He turns off the oven and brings out the sculptures, leaving them on the kitchen counter to cool.

After it cools down, Lucinda helps him carry the sculptures into the Art room, where they begin the last process of glazing the baked clay.

While glazing the sculptures, Lucinda stretches her hand, reaching for a brush lying near the edge of the marble slab. Her elbow accidentally hits the small bucket of polyurethane glaze, causing it to tip over and splashing her clothes with the paint.

Startled, Lucinda jumps back to avoid the paint staining her clothes, but she doesn't make it in time as it has already damaged her clothes.

She gasps, staring at the wet patch in front of her dress.

She curses, grumbling profanities under her breath.

Tyler drops his brush, turning his attention to Lucinda.

He sighs.

"Don't try to rub it. You'll worsen the case,"

"Then what should I do?" She cries out, exasperated.

"You can wash it and leave it in the dryer to dry. It will be mostly dry by the time we're done with the sculptures," Tyler tells her.

"Come,"

"What will I wear then?!"

"You don't think I'm going to let you parade around naked till your dress is dry, do you? Though I must admit I don't hate that idea,"

Lucinda glares at him.

"That's not funny, Tyler!"

He chuckles, heading for the door.

"Come. I'll give you something to wear,"

Lucinda follows him, glaring daggers at the back of his head.

Inside his bedroom, Tyler rummages through his wardrobe and pulls out a bright green shirt after a while.

He turns to face her, handing her the shirt.,

"Glaring at the back of my head won't make your dress any cleaner," he says with a mischievous smirk.

Lucinda snatches the shirt from him.

Chuckling, Tyler crosses his arms over his chest.

"Give me the dress. I'll put it in the washer,"

Not wanting to be in the dress any longer, Lucinda hurriedly takes it off, leaving her in a red bra and undie.

Tyler looks away immediately, gulping.

"Damn it, Lucinda. At least give me a warning first," he mumbles to her hearing.

"Huh?" Confused, Lucinda turns to face him, noticing the discomfort on Tyler's face.

She purses her lips, suddenly gasping when she realises she's almost naked before him.

"Oh my God, get out!"

Tyler rolls his eyes.

"You took off your dress willingly, but now you're yelling at me as if I stripped you,"

"Get out!" Lucinda yells again, throwing her dress at him.

It hits him squarely in the face.

Tyler catches the dress, peeling it off his face.

"You really are something," he mumbles, exiting the room and failing to notice the blush rising on Lucinda's cheeks.

She curses.

Stupid.

Sighing, Lucinda holds up the shirt he gave her.

Though it's washed, she can still smell Tyler's cologne in the shirt.

After putting it on, she exits the bedroom to meet with Tyler coming out of the laundry room.

The arrogant brute even has a laundry room, she muses.

Tyler had just finished washing the dress and was taking it out of the washing machine to dry it when he sights Lucinda approaching.

His hold on the dress slips as he takes in her appearance.

Looking so simple yet fucking hot that it made his blood boil and his body burn.

He'd given Lucinda the shirt he hates the most but seeing her in it is causing him to question his choices.

Does he still hate that innocent shirt after seeing her in it?

Damn it.

### [Chapter 67 Emptiness](#)

Unable to stand Tyler's burning gaze, Lucinda tugs at the hem of the shirt that's barely covering her thighs. She bites her lips, suddenly feeling nervous.

She had worn a dress today and didn't bother to put on shorts or underwear because it was hot.

But she's regretting her decision now.

She stares at her bare thighs and tugs at the shirt again, attempting to pull it down a bit farther.

"Uh," she mumbles, blinking at Tyler.

"Can I... Uh, do you have some shorts I can put on?"

Tyler turns away from her to drop the dress inside the dryer and adjusts the heat level. After, he approaches Lucinda, stopping a few inches away from her.

Tyler sizes her up, appreciating the beauty before him.

"Why?" he finally asks.

"Huh?" She stares at him, confused.

"Why do you need to wear shorts? You look exceptionally okay like this," he mutters.

"Uh. The shirt is too short," Lucinda replies, tugging at the shirt.

"I think it looks okay. Don't you?" He nears her, causing her to take an instinctive step back.

Instead of replying, Lucinda shakes her head, the increased thumping in her chest making it immensely difficult to speak.

Tyler's close proximity is making it hard to think straight.

She promised herself not to get lost in his web of charms again, but right now, she feels her hold on that promise slowly slipping away into the deep abyss of hellfire, burning into nothingness.

Lucinda's heart is thumping wildly in her chest. Her palm is sweaty, and her body is burning for his touch.

Tyler is slowly becoming like an addiction.

It scares her how fast he turns her into a puddled mess with just one glance and a few words.

She looks down at her feet, unable to look him in the eye.

Her heart thumps louder, and she begins to feel the world closing in on her.

Fear cripples her.

Fear.

That fear.

The fear that she's quickly falling in love with Tyler like a train moving without braking till it reaches its destination.

She's the train, and Tyler's heart is the destination.

But Lucinda knows. Oh, she fucking knows that Tyler's heart is an unreachable destination, like the land of Canaan.

She needs to stop this train before it causes a wreck.

She shouldn't be feeling this way.

Not in the fucking least.

"Lucinda," Tyler whispers, closing the distance between them.

"Yeah?" She answers in a breathy voice, looking up at him in a daze.

"We should go finish up glazing the sculptures, yeah?"

Lucinda gulps. He's so close that their lips will undoubtedly touch if she moves an inch.

"Yeah," she agrees.

"Yeah?" Tyler repeats absentmindedly with his eyes fixated on her lips, tempted to kiss and bite them.

"Yeah,"

"Yeah," Tyler blinks, stepping away from her and creating space between them.

Without another word, he turns away and heads inside the Art room.

Once Tyler is out of sight, Lucinda lets out a breath she didn't know she was holding, clutching her chest as she breathes in and out.

"Get it together, Lucinda. Control," she reminds herself repeatedly till her heart rate returns to normal.

After calming her abnormal heart rate, Lucinda joins Tyler inside the Art room, where they quickly apply finishing touches to the sculptures.

They both take a step back to admire their work, smiling satisfactorily.

"Finally," Lucinda groans, dropping her brush.

Tyler mirrors her actions.

"They look good, don't they?"

Lucinda hums, nodding in agreement.

"I've always known I've got talented hands," Tyler announces proudly.

The smile slips off Lucinda's face as she rolls her eyes in annoyance.

Leave it to Tyler Brown to make everything about him.

She sighs, rubbing her neck.

"I have to go and get ready for tonight's class. You better arrive on time, Tyler," She points an accusing finger at him.

"I'm always on time," he grins.

"If you arrive before Mr Kelsey, I'll chop your damn head off!" She warns.

"Which of the heads?"

It takes a moment for Lucinda to catch on to the double meaning behind his words, and when she does, her eyes widen.

"I've never met someone as perverted as you, Tyler! I'm leaving!" she turns away.

"Dressed like that?" Tyler calls out after her.

"Fuck off!" Lucinda growls, retracting her steps into the laundry room to get her dress.

Tyler laughs, shaking his head as she runs past him with her dress in hand to get changed.

\*\*\*

Lucinda watches the students file past her to take their seats, each person carrying their project. She purses her lips, feeling her blood boiling with anger.

Mr Kelsey will soon arrive, yet Tyler is still not here.

If, for whatever reason, he's late, oh may the heavens help her.

She will crush him like an ant.

"What's making my baby doll so angry?" the voice startles Lucinda out of her thoughts.

She turns to glare at Tyler, who occupies the seat next to her.

"I was just thinking of how to crush you like an ant if you were late," she scowls.

Tyler carefully places the sculptures on the desk and rubs his sweaty palms on his thighs.

He smirks.

"I'm not late. As far as Mr Kelsey isn't here yet, I'm not late,"

The lecturer enters the hall just then as every student quietens down.

"Good evening, class!" The lecturer greets, to which the class responds.

Mr Kelsey drops his bag and takes a seat at his desk.

"I won't be doing much talking today. We're already aware of tonight's activities, so why not cut to the chase and begin the presentation? Group One, please come forward and begin,"

Two students walk to the front of the class empty-handed. They stare at the lecturer, about to speak up when he interrupts them.

"I see you came empty-handed. That's an F. Group 2!" Mr Kelsey dismisses rudely.

Gradually, each group presents their projects while Lucinda watches until it's their turn.

Together, they walk to the front of the class, each carrying a sculpture.

Tyler unravels both sculptures and clears his throat.

He points to the first.

"This is emptiness. This sculpture depicts emptiness. Though it is smiling and its hands are both stretched as if they were carefree, the gaping hole in its chest area is emptiness. We made this because we wanted to give a physical representation of what emptiness means. One may always act happy and carefree amid others, but no one sees the gaping hole in their chest eating them alive from the inside out until there's nothing but a soulless human being walking around earth."

Tyler pauses to clear his throat before he continues, pointing at the second sculpture.

The second is the sculpture of an agitated-looking lady with an outstretched hand trying to grab onto something.

The hand looks faded as if disappearing.

"This sculpture depicts a woman desperately trying to grab onto something but is unable to, just like some of us here. We try our level best day in and day out to reach our dreams, happiness, and whatever it is that our heart desires, but we are unable to. No matter how hard we try, our dreams and aspirations always seem far out of reach, like a dark bottomless pit. And to explain the sculpture's disappearing hand, a perfect example is when we can't tell if it's our dreams that are far out of reach or we are the ones too far to reach them. Most times, we get so lost chasing intangible things that we don't realise when we begin to lose ourselves."

As Tyler speaks, Lucinda can't help but wonder if he's talking about himself or if it was just a random inspiration he put to work.

She stares at the sculptures, wondering who amongst them fits the descriptions.

Maybe it's Tyler.

Maybe he's voicing out his most hidden thoughts through these sculptures.

Maybe not.

She can never be sure.

But one thing she is sure of is that these sculptures are an exact physical representation of her.

### [Chapter 68 I've Got You](#)

After the presentation, Mr Kelsey applauds all the students for their efforts and hard work before leaving the class with the promise of meeting next week.

Tyler glances at his wristwatch. He looks up with a smile.

"We have thirty minutes more until classes are over. Would you like to...."

"No!" Lucinda cuts him off, glaring at him.

He chuckles, amused at her reaction.

"I was going to ask if you would like to carry these sculptures home. You know, I brought them here all on my own,"

"No!" Lucinda scowls, turning away.

Tyler lets out a hearty laugh.

Several students file past them, exiting the lecture hall.

Tyler remains sitting, blocking Lucinda's path. Lucinda let out a sigh, standing at akimbo.

She purses her lips, annoyed.

"Get out of my way, Tyler,"

He smirks, leaning back in his seat and crossing his arms over his chest.

"Make me,"

Lucinda groans.

"Burn in hell,"

"I already am, baby doll. Try something else," He chuckles.

Lucinda remains mute while looking around the class. She notices that she and Tyler are the only ones left inside the classroom.

She drops her bag and sits back down, crossing her arms under her breasts.

Tyler's eyes flicker to her chest for a nanosecond before looking back at her, his smirk not faltering.

"You know, if you really want to do this, I've got enough time," Lucinda tells him, relaxing in her seat.

"Oh yeah?"

She rolls her eyes and pulls out her phone, refusing to answer him.

Tyler watches her for a while.

"Are you ignoring me now?"

She continues to swipe on her screen, most probably playing games without answering him.

"You know, if I didn't know any better, I'd think your constant annoyance towards me is just a disguise for your true feelings,"

Lucinda's fingers freeze on the screen at his words. A deafening silence envelopes the room like a thick cloud.

Lucinda looks away.

"Don't be ridiculous," She finally mutters, pocketing her phone and getting up.

Tyler shrugs, failing to notice the complicated expression etched on her face.

"I still can't believe how I went from hating you to actually wanting to rile you up at every chance I get. It brings me a weird sense of joy and satisfaction when you get agitated with just a few words. It's mesmerizing."

Lucinda snorts.

"Maybe you're sick in the head. You need a mental evaluation. Perhaps riling people up is what gets you off. Maybe it's your fetish,"

Lucinda fake gasps in horror, "You need to look into that before it gets deadly,"

Tyler bursts into laughter, shaking his head.

Annoyed, Lucinda glares at him,

"Why are you laughing?"

"You can't even insult like a pro. Come to me for insult lessons, will you? I will teach you how to insult so that it will hurt to the bone,"

She rolls her eyes, picking up one of the sculptures.

She turns away,

"I hope you trip and fall on your way out,"

Tyler suddenly appears before her, startling her.

The sculpture in her hand wavers as she loses her footing. Tyler reaches out to wrap an arm around her waist and steady her.

He pulls her flush against his body.

He stares down at her.

"How would I catch you if I'm the one to trip and fall, hmm?"

Dazed, Lucinda looks up at him.

"Huh?"

Tyler smirks, flicking her nose.

"Silly," he deliberately ignores her question, tightening his grip on her waist.

His actions seem to plunge Lucinda back to reality as she snaps out of her daze.

She shoots him a glare, ignoring the tingles shooting up her spine from his touch.

"Let go of me,"

"Are you sure about that?" Tyler eyes the awkward position of her feet.

If he should let her go, she'll fall back.

"Yes," Lucinda replies, desperate to get as far away from him as possible.

Tyler eyes her for a while and shrugs nonchalantly.

He steps away from her and lets his hand drop from her waist. The lack of support causes Lucinda to lose her balance.

Alarmed, she flails her arm around, desperate for something to hold.

She manages to grab Tyler's collar just as he wraps his arms around her waist again, pulling her flush against his chest.

"Don't let go, please," she begs, letting go of his collar to wrap one arm around his neck while the other holds onto the sculpture.

"I won't let you fall. I've got you," Tyler replies.

"You're not hurt, are you?" he questions after a while.

"No. I..." Lucinda pauses, noticing his gaze on the sculpture.

She furrows her eyebrows.

"Were you worried about the sculpture breaking instead of me?" she gapes at him incredulously.

Tyler blinks, feigning innocence.

"Yes, of course. If you'd fallen, the sculpture might have broken to pieces, and my hard work would have been in vain,"

Lucinda opens her mouth only to close it again without uttering a word, completely at a loss for words.

In the end, she pushes Tyler away.

"May you go bald!" Lucinda then storms out of the classroom, ignoring his obnoxious laughter.

Oh, how she hates him.

Oh, how she wishes she could make him deaf and dumb with just the snap of her fingers.

Lucinda turns right and continues down the hall, failing to notice Austin entering the classroom after her.

Still laughing, Tyler packs up his belongings and slings his bag over his shoulder while carrying the second sculpture.

Austin approaches him.

"This hide and seek game you two are playing should have ended long ago,"

Tyler turns to face his friend.

"What hide and seek?"

Instead of answering, Austin ignores the question.

Shaking his head, Tyler exits the classroom with his friend in tow.

"When will you admit that you like her,"

He stops in his tracks, momentarily freezing.

"What?"

"I said, when will you admit that you like her?"

Austin catches up with his friend, who resumes walking after the shock from the question wears off.

"Like who?"

Austin rolls his eyes.

"Lucinda, of course. Don't pretend you don't know who I'm referring to,"

"Whatever gave you that idea?" Tyler continues walking.

"Oh, come on, Ty. Anyone with eyes can see it. The sexual tension between you two is palpable. Anytime you both look at each other, it's like you want to devour each other. And don't get me started on the longing in your eyes whenever you look at her..."

"That's a load of bullshit you're spewing, Austin. Stop trying to be Shakespeare," Tyler cuts him off.

"It's not bullshit, Ty, and you know it. I mean, come on, it's fucking obvious the tension between you two,"

Tyler ignores his friend, quickening his pace.

Austin follows Tyler in silence before suddenly asking after a while, "Is something stopping you from admitting your feelings?"

Tyler halts in his tracks, but he doesn't turn.

"What?"

Austin stops walking.

"I mean, could there be someone whom you used to love? Someone who you can't remember? It's a possibility we can't rule out since you've lost most of your memories. Maybe that's why you can't seem to bring yourself to love again. I think..."

"You watch too many soap operas, Austin. Shut up!" Tyler cuts his friend off, annoyed.

He resumes walking.

"That's impossible. My brain may have forgotten, but my heart will never forget something like that," Tyler adds after a while.

"Are you sure about that, Tyler?"

He refuses to answer.

### [Chapter 69 Accusations](#)

Immediately after arriving at Tyler's apartment, both men kick off their shoes and slump onto the sofa.

Austin cranes his neck to stare at his friend, and Tyler returns the stare.

They maintain eye contact until Tyler looks away, rolling his eyes.

"If you think I'm going to cook, you better think again because I won't,"

Austin bites his lips.

"Isn't it courteous to serve your guests?"

"You're barely a guest. Your belongings are so scattered all over my house it's hard to tell who's the

guest between the two of us," Tyler snorts, getting up.

"I'm going to freshen up. Get the food ready because we will need full stomachs to discuss the issue at hand,"

Before Austin can ask him to elaborate further, he disappears into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him.

Austin checks his wristwatch, after which he decides to order takeout.

Several minutes later, Tyler emerges from his room wearing nothing but shorts and a towel around his neck.

Austin gets up.

"It's my turn to take a shower,"

"You need to start paying the water bills," Tyler mumbles, walking to the fridge.

He opens it and pours himself a glass of orange juice.

Austin rolls his eyes, pausing near the door.

"I ordered food, by the way. It should be here soon,"

He enters the bedroom, shutting the door behind him.

Not long after, the doorbell rings and Tyler answers it.

He accepts the meal and pays the delivery guy using Austin's card.

After taking a shower, Austin joins Tyler in the living room, where they devour the meal.

While eating, Tyler's mind drifts off, thinking back to his friend's words.

Could there be such a possibility?

Could it be that he used to be in love with someone before his memory loss?

Tyler almost chuckles, unable to imagine himself being hopelessly in love with anyone.

Has he ever been in love, though?

If yes, how was it?

Did she love him in return?

Was it serious?

Were their families aware of their relationship?

How did she look?

Does she still remember him?

Does she miss him?

Tyler blinks, feeling a headache coming on.

He bites into his burrito and sips on his orange juice.

Why is he suddenly thinking about all these?

What if he's never been in love?

He snorts.

Austin has succeeded in planting stupid ideas into his head, and now it's messing with him.

Tyler almost groans, suddenly recalling that doctor Grey never called him back after leaving him stranded in the hospital.

He promised he had a cure.

He promised there was a way to improve his memories, so why did he suddenly go AWOL?

Why the fuck hasn't doctor Grey called him back?

It's not as if he hasn't tried calling his number several times because each time, it goes straight to voicemail.

Tyler bites aggressively into his burrito.

He can feel the damn migraine threatening to resurface.

It's such a fucking shame because ever since doctor Grey gave him that injection, he's been sleeping well. And he thought he could finally know how to solve his memory loss with the results from the MRI Scan, but doctor Grey suddenly disappeared into thin air.

"Tyler? Hey!" Austin snaps his fingers close to Tyler's face, causing him to flinch.

"Where's your head at? You seem lost in thoughts,"

Tyler finishes his burrito in one bite and dusts his hands.

"Nothing. Just some silly thoughts,"

Tyler bites his lips, staring ahead of him, zoning out again.

"That reminds me. You haven't gotten rid of the nurse's number, right?"

"Which nurse?"

"The one who helped us get into the hospital some time ago. I'll need his help again,"

Austin narrows his eyes.

"For what? Don't tell me you're going to sneak into the hospital again, Tyler?!"

"Well, not exactly,"

"Can you elaborate?"

"I found a hacker. And I need the nurse's assurance. We'll need someone on standby in case things go south,"

Austin looks displeased.

He drops his half-eaten burrito and purses his lips.

Tyler groans, "Now, don't give me that look,"

"What the f\*ck are you planning now, Tyler? Why can't you let this issue about Tony go? Let the dead rest, will you?"

"Is he really dead?" Tyler counters.

"What's that supposed to mean? Are you doubting his death now? That's preposterous, Ty! Why will you come to such a conclusion just because of an honest mistake made by hospital staff?"

Tyler laughs, "An honest mistake, you say? I'll rule it out as an honest mistake after I check the hospital's database. After all, a hospital can't make such mistakes twice. right?"

Austin sighs, realising it's a waste of time trying to put some sense into Tyler. It appears he's hell-bent on getting to the root of this matter.

"You really are hell-bent on finding out the truth, aren't you?"

Tyler takes a sip of his juice.

"Tell that to Mandy, who won't stop accusing me of shit I know nothing about. I swear..."

Tyler trails off when a constant banging on his door interrupts him.

Both men share a surprised glance, wondering who could be banging on the door so loudly at this time of the night.

Groaning, Tyler approaches the door as the banging gets louder. Immediately he opens the door, a hand connects with his cheeks.

Tyler purses his lips, digesting the fact that he's just gotten slapped without a fucking explanation.

He fixes his gaze on the person standing on his porch.

"Well, well, Talk about the devil, and he shows up,"

Fuming, Mandy raises her hand to slap him again, but Tyler catches her hand in midair.

He glares at her, every trace of his smile disappearing.

"Don't tell me Lucinda has handed over her 'Operation slap Tyler' mantle to you,"

"You bastard! Let me go!" Mandy struggles to free her hand from his death grip.

"Keep your fucking voice down! What makes you think you can come to my house and bang on my door like a banshee, slap me and scream your head off?!"

"Let me go!"

Tyler releases his grip on Mandy's hand.

"What the fuck do you want?"

"You have no shame, Tyler Brown! Isn't it enough that you killed Tony? Why won't you let him rest in peace?!"

Tyler chuckles humourlessly.

"There we go again with the accusations. Tell me, what did I do now?"

Mandy hits Tyler in the chest, pushing him back harshly. He doesn't budge.

"Stop pretending you don't know! I fucking hate you! Why won't you let us be at peace? Why?! Why must you keep ruining our lives?!"

"You mean your life? Because as far as I'm concerned, Tony doesn't have a life,"

Enraged, Mandy lifts a hand to slap him again, but Tyler catches her hand again.

### [Chapter 70 Is Someone Instigating Her](#)

Tyler glares at Mandy.

"I was enjoying a nice fucking time before you decided to come here screaming fire and brimstone. Please, for heaven's sake, don't ruin my mood more than you already have, Mandy. I won't be lenient with you,"

Mandy laughs like a crazed person, snatching her hand away.

"Lenient? What else have you got, huh? What else can you threaten me with, huh? You killed my boyfriend, and as if that's not enough, you try to exhume his remains? God, I must have been fucking mentally deranged to have been in love with you at some point!"

"What?" Both Tyler and Austin exclaim. Surprise and disbelief etch their features as they gape at Mandy as if she were an alien.

"I swear to God, Tyler.."

"I exhumed whose remains?" Tyler cuts her rants off.

Mandy chuckles.

"Are you still pretending? God knows what you'd have done after exhuming his remains if I hadn't arrived on time!"

Both men gape at Mandy, utterly dumbfounded.

What the fuck is she going on about?

"What the hell are you talking about?" Austin questions.

Mandy snorts.

"You can play dumb for as long as you want, but be rest assured, I won't let this slide. Do you think I don't know that you sneaked into St Martins Hospital a couple of weeks back?"

She glares at them.

And when none of them utters a word, she continues.

"Watch your back, Tyler. You might get called in for questioning at the police station sooner or later,"

Tyler clenches his teeth.

Furious at her accusations, he grips Mandy's jaw, digging his nails into her skin.

She stares at him defiantly.

"Now, you listen and listen good, Mandy. Just because I have let you off the hook for a few weeks doesn't give you the fucking right to accuse me of such frivolous things. Who do you think you are? And who do you think your boyfriend is that I'll give a shit about him? Why will I waste my time and money trying to exhume your precious boyfriend's remains? Of all the accusations, this has got to be the most mind-boggling. I understand why you'll accuse me of murdering Tony because you were aggrieved. But accusing me of wanting to exhume his dead body?"

Tyler pauses, laughing menacingly.

"Do you think I don't know what to do with my time, so I spend it thinking of ways to hurt you? You must be fucking delusional. I don't know where you got this stupid idea from, but let me make this clear, and I won't repeat myself, so clean your damn ears and pay attention. I did not kill your boyfriend nor try to exhume his body. Instead of disturbing my peace with your frivolous accusations, why don't you make yourself useful by finding out who's actually behind this? I'm sick and tired of this shit! Get out, and don't you ever show your face here again screaming your head off like a banshee!"

Tyler lets go of Mandy's chin, pushes her back harshly and shuts the door in her face.

Angry, he walks away from the door, kicking his feet in the air.

He runs a hand through his hair, gnashing his teeth.

That fucking bitch.

Just because he let her be these past few weeks, she's suddenly grown wings and is adding more accusations to his name.

Austin returns to his seat.

"Why is she suddenly accusing you of something as grave as this? And who was trying to exhume Tony's remains? For what reason?" he can't help but voice his thoughts.

Tyler throws his arms into the air.

"How the f\*ck should I know? Tony keeps messing with my life, whether dead or alive, and it's driving me nuts!"

Austin lets out a sigh, trying to make sense of everything.

Most especially Mandy's accusations.

Did someone really try to exhume Tony's remains?

For what reason?

What could be the motive behind such a drastic move?

Wait.

Austin sits up, alert.

He recalls Mandy saying she knew he and Tyler had sneaked into St Martins Hospital.

Has she been keeping tabs on them?

He glances at a furious Tyler.

"Mandy had said she's aware we sneaked into the hospital sometime back. Do you think she knows why we were there?"

Tyler shakes his head.

"Mandy is daft. She has no reason to keep tabs on us unless someone tells her to. She doesn't have the brains to think of something like that on her own,"

Austin purses his lips, digesting Tyler's words.

"Is someone instigating her then?"

"That's most likely the case. Someone who wants my downfall is taking advantage of her grief and

suspicions against me to sow more discord between us than there already is,"

"If your speculations are true, what does this person stand to gain by framing you for exhuming Tony's remains?"

Tyler smirks, rubbing his neck.

He joins Austin on the sofa.

"A lot, I guess, since this person is going through all the trouble to frame me. This person is probably aware that we're investigating Tony's murder. So far, he knows we haven't found anything solid yet, so he's trying to play his cards before we do. That person could be the murderer we're searching for,"

"Then why did this person try to exhume Tony's remains?"

"Two things. It's to either put evidence there or take it out,"

"What evidence could there be in a coffin?" Austin chuckles disbelievingly.

Tyler shakes his head, "Dude. Forensics can uncover even the deepest of evidence. Don't underestimate science, my brother,"

Austin nods, taking out his phone from his pocket.

Tyler stares at him quizzically.

"What are you doing?"

Austin places the phone to his ear, "I'm calling the nurse. It turns out we need his help now more than ever,"

After the call, Austin informs Tyler the nurse has agreed to help them out but for a huge sum of money in return.

Tyler shrugs, not caring about the amount.

He transfers half the amount to the nurse and promises to pay the rest after completion of work.

The nurse agrees and finalizes the deal with both men after setting a date for tomorrow evening as it will be more convenient than during the day when the hospital is bustling with patients, visitors and staff.

After that is out of the way, Tyler places a call to the hacker whose name he still doesn't know.

He answers on the third ring, mumbling a lazy 'hello'.

Tyler rolls his eyes.

"You asked me to call you when I'm ready,"

"I see. So are you?"

"Yeah,"

"Alright. I'll send someone over tomorrow to deliver a Pendrive to you. When you get to the hospital, insert the Pendrive into the computer, and an app will download automatically. I'll let you know as soon as it's finished downloading, and then you can leave. I'll take care of the rest from here," Ron instructs.

"Me? I'll be going to the hospital alone?"

Ron chuckles.

"Of course. What are you expecting? That I'll go with you? I've got a company to run. Now, don't call me until after you've arrived at the hospital tomorrow,"

He hangs up immediately after speaking.

Tyler pulls the phone away from his ear, staring at the screen in utter disbelief.

It's the third time he's hanged up on him so rudely.

Such arrogance and pride.

Tyler snorts, turning to face Austin.

"I guess everything is settled then for tomorrow?" Austin questions.

"I can't fucking wait."