

Lazily 100

Chapter 100: Precipice

R18

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"Hey, it's starting." Shen Qui looked at the festival. The music that would accompany the fireworks was especially loud, but since they were already far, they could barely hear it.

"It's beautiful isn't it?" Lyca looked at the fireworks. "How long will it last?"

"Probably an hour? Probably longer."

She nodded. An hour sounded too long, but to a spectator that could be too short. She looked at his face that was illuminated by the different colors of the fireworks.

"What do you think will happen once Long Yi realized that we are already married?" Shen Qui asked. He knew that she was already staring at him. So he withdrew his gaze from the fireworks and met her eyes.

"Who cares?"

"True." He nodded. Right now, this marriage was still considered a secret until the grand wedding that he promised to Huang Sheng Hong. He smiled and held Lyca's chin between his thumb and finger. He then leaned towards her, tasting her luscious lips. Almost immediately raw hunger blazed inside his body.

He deepened the kiss, teasing her lips apart with his tongue. His hands smooth over her Yukata, slipping inside, looking for her bare skin. Lyca hissed when he found her stomach. She hadn't realized how she needed his heat until his hands grazed her ribcage.

"Let's go," He suddenly pulled away.

"Where?" she asked, wondering if he is going to let her wait again.

"Car. Can't have you naked here." He stood and pulled her up before he took the jacket and pulled her down the hill.

"But the fireworks?" She asked.

"We can see it in the car." He added. He could have just sat in the car with her and watched the fireworks. But he wanted to show her the beauty of the festival at night. He wouldn't want her to miss the beautiful lights that they can only see from this hill. After all, Lyca doesn't like going out. No one really knows when would be the next time they have a date like this.

"Carry me." She said. She already walked up the hill, and she found walking down so tiring. If she lost all her energy, how is she supposed to move later? She laughed at the thought.

Of course, Shen Qui didn't complain and just carried her like a knight carrying the princess. "I told you you needed some exercise."

She said nothing. She had been meditating every day almost every day. And that should be enough for her to live a long life. After all, she wasn't really planning on running a marathon. Seeing her languid appearance, Shen Qui added.

"You know so you can keep up with me." He smirked and ignored the pout on her face.

"You saying that I can't keep up?"

"Can you? You can't even walk this much." He gave a rough chuckle. "I can run while carrying you."

"Show off."

He shrugged and suddenly kissed her forehead. "All I'm saying is "

"I know." Lyca interrupted him. "No need to worry. I will make sure to exercise with you until I can keep up"

"Not that kind of exercise."

"That's the only exercise that I am willing to do." Her voice contained the finally that made him shut his mouth for a few seconds.

Such a stubborn woman. He immediately wondered what would he do to convince her to at least jog with him.

Shen Qui would soon realize that there is only one-way Lyca would agree to jog with him. But that would be for later.

It didn't take him five minutes to jog from the top of the hill to their car.

"Impressive." She said when Shen Qui got inside the car with her. Just like what Shen Qui said, the fireworks are indeed visible from where they sat. She looked at fireworks, and for a few seconds, flashes of her wedding night with that man swirled inside her mind. She frowned, wondering what happened after she died. Did that man end up being happy? Did he regret anything at all? Was he able to sleep at night knowing he chose power over his heart? Knowing his chose power over her?

When Shen Qui held her hand, Lyca flinched, her instincts kicking in.

"What are you thinking?" He asked, curious at the sudden frown on her beautiful face. Slowly, he reached out, using one of his hands to cup her face. He knew something was bothering her, and seeing her like this made her chest ache.

She stared at him, saying nothing before she held his hand that was on her face, holding it against her chest as if telling him to listen to her heart instead. If she still had one. A smile soon slithered on her face. Thinking about her painful past was sometimes inevitable.

"Come over here." Shen Qui's voice was a little hoarse. His sharp need slicing through his skin. She didn't protest when he carefully dragged her in his lap. She straddled him, saying nothing as he held her waist and pulled her closer, letting her feel his erection. Then his hand traveled on the back of her neck, pulling her towards his lips.

That's right, being in his arms just felt exactly right. She should cherish this and not think about the what if's. Of course, she knew this wasn't love. Attraction maybe. But she doesn't care. NO she meant the pleasure that now turned into a craving had filled her brains with a different kind of madness. A madness that made her not care about her emotions and focus on her want, need, and him.

Desire and hot need swirled through their bodies as he moved the Yukata and claimed her nipples. Pleasure immediately overrode the feeling that Lyca had earlier.

Lyca had been waiting for hours. Biting back her groan, she managed to undo the belt of his Yukata, and was a little irritated when she remembered that he was still wearing his shorts beneath the clothing.

That was not fair.

She undid his shorts, and he lifted his hips, shrugging the material along with his boxers down. She stared at him, desperation flashed in her eyes. As if understanding her unspoken words, he moved her Yukata, his hand slid under her. She moaned his name.

With his tip at the opening of her core, Lyca didn't hesitate as she lowered her body unto his. For a few seconds, they held their breaths, letting the haze from the onslaught of sensations passed before he began to gently rock under her.

One of his hands moved towards her breast, the other in between her legs. She moaned and murmured a soft whisper of need against his lips. Erotic sensations flooded in between them as she rotated her body, building the pressure quickly. Lyca had been waiting all day, and having him inside her almost immediately brought her to the edge of the precipice.

Her fingers tangled on the short hair of his nape, lips cursing in between his kisses. Their harsh breathing and moaning soon filled the car before he finally sent her over. Then he burst inside her, crying out her name as she fell against him.