

## Lazily 157

### Chapter 157: The Real Her

The changes in Lyca's face made Shen Qui chuckle, he turned his head away before bursting out into a soft laughter. For a few seconds, Lyca was confused. She squinted her eyes, her face morphing into a frown before she gave him a playful shove. She moved away from his lap and sat a few feet away from him.

He turned at her and gave her a wide-eyed look before dissolving into another puddle of laughter.

"Stop laughing!" she hissed while pinching his arm. Seeing Shen Qui's carefree self-made her smile inwardly. Now that he was acting like this, Lyca immediately felt that he had turned younger. The creases on his forehead disappeared and were replaced by the face of the man that she knew before she fell asleep. "Stop mocking me!" she uttered and glared at him. And he did before he pulled her back towards him and let her sit on his lap, straddling him. Lyca let out a soft squeal from the sudden action.

Smiling, Shen Qui held her waist as he lifted his head, staring straight at her. "You look cute when you do that."

"Do what?" Does she look cute when she tried to flirt? Was he trying to say that she looked like a child while flirting? Then that could mean it was a failure. Flirting was supposed to make her look a little sexier. Not cute.

"When you pinch me."

"Masochist." She squinted at him while she used his shoulders to support her arm and rested her forehead against his.

"I meant the face that you make."

She chuckled at his clarification. Closing her eyes, Lyca slowly inhaled his scent. "I think I am hungry, again."

He cocked his eyebrow. "You were always hungry. How are you doing that?"

"I should ask you the same question." She decided to be upfront. "How can you stand this? You do know this is doing nothing but fuel my insecurities, right?"

"I wasn't aware that you have insecurities." He blinked at her. She was perfect in his eyes. How could someone like that be insecure? He was certain that Lyca would be too lazy to even think about insecurities.

"I was gone for three years." She uttered. "What if you found someone else better than me?" Isn't it better to talk about this now than have unresolved issues later on? Communication. She remembered reading about this. She remembered some dramas that she had watched about misunderstandings just because of the lack of communication.

Well Shen Qui and her were already dating, and she wasn't planning to ruin that.

"Is there really anyone better than you?"

His words made her beamed. "For some reason, I think your mouth has become better at these things."

He only chuckled before sighing. "I don't want to hurt you."

"You really think you can hurt me?" she noticed the guilt in his eyes. "You don't tell me"

"What?"

"Did something happen down there?" Her eyes widened. "Are you already impotent? Or was it damaged?"

Shen Qui's jaws dropped on the floor. This This again?

"Be honest!" Her tone changed. "Is it already useless?"

He honestly, didn't know if he should laugh out loud or cry from her words. In the end, he shook his head and put his hand at the back of her head, pulling her down for a kiss. "I'm afraid." He uttered

in between the kisses. He wasn't only afraid of hurting her. He was afraid that he would wake up after he savored her.

Until now, Shen Qui still felt that he was dreaming. That he was in limbo. He had this dreamed before. Of them eating together, happily chatting, playfully kissing. Of her running away and him finding her. Then he would touch her, give her what she wanted, and she would disappear.

Just like that, he would wake up miserable, angry, and sad. He wouldn't want that again. To Shen Qui, having her like this in a dream is better than watching her disappear again.

Suddenly, the room resounded with Lyca's laughter before her expression soften. Her hand soon traveled on his neck as she met his confused gaze. "In your dreams " she smiled. "Did I try to kill you?"

His Adam's apple bobbed at her questions. However, before he could even open his mouth, a dagger was already on his throat. This This was definitely not a part of his dream.

"Who would have thought that one day, I would use coercion just to have someone sleep with me?" She didn't hide the adoration in her voice as she moistened her lips. Shen Qui's thought surprised her but she completely understood it. After all, Shen Qui was alone.

He already lost a lot of people around him. His father abandoned him, his mother is dead, the whole main branch of the Shen Family died including his uncle who raised him. His fear to lose someone again was understandable. She tightened her hand around the hilt of her dagger and pressed it against his neck. Smiling, Lyca leaned closer until her lips touched his ears. "Should I draw a little blood?" she whispered.

She wasn't some sadist, and she was certain he wasn't a masochist but the fact that her dagger was against his throat right now was somehow turning her on. She laughed inwardly. That That sounded a little intense and dark.

But it sounded like her the real her.

For a few seconds, Shen Qui froze. The sharp object pressed against his throat seemed to assure him that this was all real. He suddenly held her shoulder and slowly pushed her body away from his. Lyca was still on his lap, smiling. Her dagger was still on his throat as he stared at the mischief on her face.

He squinted at the cheeky grin on her face. Absorbed by the current electric current running on his veins, resolve flashed in Shen Qui's eyes as his hand locked into her small waist. His other hand cupped the side of her face, his thumb stroked her cheeks, gently. Then he leaned forward and captured her lips.