

## Lazily 158

Chapter 158: I Promise

R18

The moan that Lyca made when Shen Qui ripped her clothes was guttural. It was raw and pure of desire. Was it even possible to come just from being naked? Her hand rose and sank into his dark hair as she welcomed his tongue in her mouth. She missed this

She missed him. Then his lips slid down towards her neck, blowing the sensitive skin. His hand was already on her twin peaks, fondling her breast, tugging her nipples. A slow moan escaped her lips. His mouth against her skin felt wonderfully familiar but excitedly new at the same time.

It was the reaction of her body. After all, she had been asleep for three years, and damn, she knew she needed a cobweb clearing orgasm.

She felt his erection against her stomach made her want to pull that damn belt and just ripped his jeans apart. Does she sound like a hormonal teenager, again? Her thought vanished when he slid one of his hands on her bottom, squeezing it as if urging her to take off her jeans. And she really wanted to.

Except, his arms around her made her unable to move away from his lap. He moved his mouth back to hers and kissed her again, the passion made her shiver with erotic pleasures.

This deal started off as nothing but fun for her. Shen Qui was an easy one, good-natured, kind, and handsome. And he liked her. He can be rough if he wanted to, soft most of the time but definitely the type of man that would take care of her lazy ass. However, the marriage that she thought would only bring her nothing, but benefits soon turned into something more.

Something that made her feel at home.

The kiss made her breathless. It was deep and slow. It made her shudder as she clung to him, eyes closed while slowly grinding her hips against his. Lyca was about to reach out and remove his shirt when his hand suddenly stopped her. "I have scars."

It was as if her world stopped spinning, the air turned thick around her as she asked. "What do you mean?"

"From surgery. Accidents. Killing people. It's been three years Lyca. I am not the same." There was a little dismay in his voice. Her face turned stern, awareness surge inside her. She was angry not to him but to the people who hurt him.

"Show me."

There was a little hesitation in his eyes. It immediately made her wonder if this was really the reason why he was scared to get her naked. "Did you think I would be horrified to see scars in your body?"

"It is horrifying," he said. In the past three years, Shen Qui wasn't just sitting down, doing nothing. He needed to protect her, and to do that, he needed to continue what she had started.

"I'm not afraid of scars." Gentleness laced her voice as she slowly understood his reasoning. Shen Qui feared that she would no longer like him once she saw some changes in his body. She smiled and gently kiss him. "And I am not that shallow. Scars won't make me leave you." Her hand slowly slid the shirt out of him and surveyed his body.

Lyca's frown deepened as her gaze landed on the scar around his arm and chest and...

Scars many scars. From bullets and knives and probably swords. What did Shen Qui do in the past three years? What did he do to protect her? A myriad of emotions flowed inside her as she met his gaze. Her hand landed on his chest, she could feel his heart hammered against his ribcage. Then she smiled, a gentle and sincere smile that she rarely showed to anyone. "Not hideous enough to scare me away."

Relief flashed in his eyes but before he could say anything, Lyca's lips were already on his, and this time, he didn't hesitate. He stood, backing her up until her back hit the wall. She held him tight as her legs wrapped around his waist, her lips still fastened against his.

Lyca didn't know when he managed to remove the rest of her clothes. All she remembered was quivering from his touch as he lowered his head and started tasting her breasts, teasing her nipples while his hand busily removed his own jeans.

Lyca's core throbbed against his stomach, and she knew he felt it as he shifted her down, aligning his hips into hers. He opened her eyes and immediately saw the different emotions that glistened in his orbs. Hooking her legs tightly around his hips, Lyca arched against him, silently begging for him to enter her, begging for his possession.

And he complied. Slowly, he lowered her hips, cupping her behind as he tenderly entered her. She was wet, ready as her core squeezed against his shaft. The action made her grunt, but he immediately held his breath, trying to control his own desire. It took him everything to stop himself from slamming into her and lose himself in her arms.

But Lyca was different. She always knew what she wanted, and this time... she wanted him. Seeing how controlled he was, Lyca leaned and bit his neck before she whispered.

"I want it fast and hot. I want it rough. I want to scream your name and hear you scream mine."

For a few seconds, he stilled, his hooded eyelids blinking before he finally eradicated his control. Her moans followed as passion overtook his senses. He kissed her roughly, sloppily as he pushed and pulled, pumping into her until the heat consumed them. She welcomed him like a dry desert welcomed the rain. Her low moans echoed, followed by his low curses.

Lyca felt sweat trickled down her back as friction erupted in between them. It only took a few seconds for her to feel the orgasm pooled in her stomach, slowly engulfing her, taking her higher into the pinnacle that she had wanted to reach since she woke up. Her breathing turned uneven, her chest rose and fell as her core twisted and pulsated against his manhood. She was about to burst.

Her hands tunneled into his hair, slowly pulling as she bit her lower lip.

And he thrust deeper in response. The need to possess his wife surged through every vein of his body as he battled his own release. And when her leg started to tremble around his waist, Shen Qui started pumping faster, harder, invading every bit of her core. "Too... Good." She heard him groan.

Then he shattered just as she exploded around his shaft.

Raw pleasure rippled inside them.

He drove inside her again and again, making her arch her back as her own release pulsated inside her.

Then she felt him moved back towards the couch and slowly sliding his shaft out of her core. Shen Qui gently put her down, letting her lean against the soft cushion of the couch. Without saying anything, he kneeled in front of her, watching her gently as she tried to catch her breath.

It took her a few seconds to realized that he wasn't moving. He was just staring at her naked body, using his eyes to survey her curves.

"What are you doing kneeling there?" she asked before she realized something. Shen Qui was once again hard.

She gulped as her gaze landed on his manhood before moving towards his eyes. Then she gave him a mischievous smile.

"I won't break." She smirked, her own arousal swirling in her eyes. "I promise."