

Lazily 159

Chapter 159: Appetizer

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Of course, Lyca knew that promises were made to be broken. And she broke it, or at least, she felt broken. Her body sore, eyes about to close from exhaustion as she felt him carry her out of the restaurant.

It was quiet, and no one was around, the restaurant had long closed its doors to new guests as Shen Qui strode towards his car. Of course, Lyca didn't notice the line of men wearing black giving Shen Qui a bow as he walked past them.

"I feel like my back is about to break," Lyca complain when he finally sat her down. She heard him chuckle, but he didn't say anything, and she didn't open her eyes to look at Shen Qui. To be honest, this was the first time she had been this tired. Of course, she could only blame this for being asleep in the last three years.

She hated how Shen Qui was right. This body didn't have any form of exercise in the last three years, it would be normal for it to suffer. Lyca scowled when she thought about the sore that she would feel tomorrow. She even wondered if she would be able to walk.

She felt him sat on the driver's seat.

"We don't have a driver?"

"No. I don't trust anyone else." She heard him mutter as he started the car. Lyca didn't have to open her eyes to know the serious expression that Shen Qui had.

"It's alright. I am here now. I can drive you around."

He chuckled at that. The thick atmosphere was instantly replaced by a joyful one. Unable to stand the soreness in her body, Lyca decided to take a nap. She instantly drifted into a dreamless sleep.

When Lyca woke up, she was already on their bed, naked. Of course, Shen Qui took her clothes when they arrived. She fought the urge to roll her eyes as she sat down and pulled the sheet to cover her chest.

"Awake?"

She turned at the man who just walked out of the shower. Sadly, a towel was wrapped on his hips. After a disappointed sigh, Lyca dragged her gaze towards his abs and chest, then finally into his face. She immediately noticed the smirk on his lip. "Hungry?"

She raised an eyebrow. "For food?"

"You know what I mean." He slowly threw the towel that he was using to wipe his hair into the couch and walked towards her. Lyca arched a sly eyebrow. True, she had overestimated her body and thought that he could handle a six-foot-tall man who was craving for her. However, this was not enough to stop her from satiating her own primal hunger for him.

He edged closer to her, his gaze was already on the sheet that covered her body. "Did you remove my clothes without my permission?" she managed to ask.

"I was certain it was illegal, but I did it anyway," he mumbled, his shadowed face radiated with desire.

"I may not be in the police, but I was certain there is such a thing as a citizen's arrest." She licked her lips, and carelessly lowered the blanket, showing a bit more of what was beneath it. In response, his shoulder lifted in a shrug before he suddenly flung himself into the bed.

She giggled, her own arousal flaring out of control.

"You still sore?" he asked as he settled on top of her, using his elbows to support himself, carefully avoiding not to crush her beneath him. In response, she placed her hands on the side of his face, her lips parted as stared at him. The stubble on his face was gone, he already shaved it when she told him earlier that it was tickling her, not in an arousing way but in a way that would make her laugh and giggle nonstop.

His skin was still damp from the shower, his skin smooth against hers. The scars on his chest and arms were still there, but who cares about those things? "Does it matter?" she responded, and his face almost immediately lit up in response.

"You sure you won't break, again?"

This time, she lifted an eyebrow. "Does it matter?" she chuckled. Will her answer matter? She would break anyway, and she would gladly do it in his arms. Smiling, she stared at his now dark chocolate eyes and waited for him to lower his head, and pressed his lips against hers. She could feel her thighs quivered in anticipation of what was about to come.

"What about work?" she asked when he didn't answer her.

"What work?" his hand slowly stroked her cheek. He smiled, his warm breath brushing against her face. She felt her nipples pebbled, aching for him to touch it, her stomach twisted as he stared at her face, as if trying to itch every angle of her inside his brain.

"Really?" she asked, a little impatient. "Are you going to make me beg?"

"Too impatient, I see?"

She pouted, wondering why he loved teasing her too much. Unable to withstand the myriad of emotions inside her, Lyca pulled him towards her. The fragrance of his aftershave filled her nose as her lips melded into his. His hand slowly made its way into the blanket, pulling it down.

He hasn't even touched her body, and Lyca was already shivering, half in anticipation and half in lust that seemed to scream at her to shove him. Handcuffed him, make him lie on his back, and ride him until she was satisfied. Of course, she didn't do such a thing.

First and foremost, the night was still long. This This was nothing but the appetizer. The main course was yet to come.

A moan escaped Lyca's lips when he felt his hands skimmed through the side of her breast, teasing her. She opened her eyes and tried to look at him but the ecstasy that rocked through her when his hand reached out to her already wet core was too much for her. Her eyes snapped shut, back arching.

She tried to maintain the little sanity she had left and reached out to pull the towel that was still on his body, but he quickly used his other hand to hold her. "No touching," he uttered, mischief flashed in his eyes.