

Lazily 168

Chapter 168: An Assassin

Santa Rivers had been the patriarch of the River's family for more than three years now.

But that doesn't mean, the man had it easy. He wiped the sweat from his forehead before he downed the water from the water bottle that he always carries when he worked out. Then he looked at the number of phone calls from his business cell.

Ten.

Ten missed calls in one hour.

Did something huge happen? He couldn't help but wonder why would his people call him when they knew he never entertained any calls while he was working out. He opened his message box and was surprised that he didn't see any unread messages. Shaking his head, Santa walked out of his personal gym and walked towards his room so he could take his shower.

Sometimes, living in a ten-bedroom house, was really nice. Especially if he wanted to have peaceful nights like these. He had been really stressed with work lately, his transactions with Mr. Q had been really stressful as the man had been offending people left and right and was slowly showing his authority to everyone in Kong City.

Of course, this put Santa in a very delicate situation with everyone. After all, everyone knew that he supported Mr. Q. He sighed and put his phone towards his bedside table before he peeled his work out clothes off his body and walked stark naked towards his bathroom.

On the outside, Santa loved to be with people. But he especially reserved this house just so he could relax all by himself when he was experiencing tough times like this. Santa let out a soft moan when the hot water hit his body.

Since Santa purchased this house, this was actually the last time that he had showered in this place, alone. After all, he has always been with women and men every time he visited this place. People that he would bring into this place to help him relax and 'unwind'. He closed his eyes and welcomed the silence as well as the hot water that soon covered his body.

The steam from the hot water can be seen all over the glass walls of his suite bathroom that he specifically designed for himself. This bathroom had its own jacuzzi, a spa, its own walk-in closet, and a huge shower room covered by transparent glasses. He considered this his heaven.

After a long thirty minute bath, Santa finally decided to leave the shower. He used a towel to dry himself before he walked out of his showed still naked.

"Can you cover yourself?"

Santa froze when he heard a woman's voice inside her room. Almost immediately his gaze turned sharp. He took a step back, his senses alert as he located the source of the voice. It was a woman someone he never saw before. He squinted at the woman's distinctive white hair and the smirk on her face.

"Who are you?"

"Wear something to cover your body." The woman uttered. "My husband is not here. He would kill you if he knew that I have seen your body."

"" Unable to process her words, Santa stared at the woman's face as he stood as still as a statue.

"Tsk." He heard the woman clicked her tongue before she disappeared from her seat. It was as if Santa's whole body turned cold as he shivered, goosebumps all over his body. He knew that the woman didn't really disappear, instead, she moved and approached him. But under the dim lighting of the lamps and his not so bad eyesight, the woman only looked a blur in his eyes.

The next thing he knew, she was standing in front of him, a towel was in the woman's hands. "You "

"Why are you being so proud of these things?" he didn't miss the irritation in the woman's eyes. "I hate it when men flaunt it, and it wasn't even that big." She mumbled and turned towards the chair near the bedside table. "Cover your body, or I will shoot it."

These words were enough to make him move. He immediately used the towel that the woman handed and covered the lower half of his body. His mind was still in turmoil, his heart raced as she looked at the woman's cold eyes. "Who Who are you?"

"Santa River's right?" the woman crossed her left leg over her right, which emphasized her leaned legs under the black leather jeans that she was wearing.

He nodded. "Who are you?"

"Relax, if I wanted you dead, you would have been dead by now."

"Who are you?" he frowned when he realized that this woman was actually trespassing and is threatening to shoot his his manhood in his own house.

"Call me Xi." The woman calmly lifted a gun and a knife and put it on the bedside table next to her. "Relax I just wanted to talk to you."

"You You just threatened me."

"I don't like seeing other men naked." Lyca beamed. "Other than my man, of course. And stop staring at me as you could kill me. I emptied all of your guns in this room. You took a lot of time taking a bath, and it gave me more time to find all of your hidden guns."

"Do you have a business with me?" Finally, Santa's nerves started to relax. This woman's words were indeed true. Judging from her skills to come in here without triggering any of the alarms, this woman must be really skilled. An assassin.

"I do." She nodded. "But first... I need a glass of wine or whiskey. Anything will do." Lyca stood and walked towards his bar, which was just located a few feet away from his bed. She scanned the sea of alcoholic beverages and poured herself one. "You want one?" She asked at the frozen Santa.

"No-No." Santa stuttered before his face turned dark. Why was he acting afraid? And why was he acting like this was not his turf? No wrong question.

Why was this woman acting like they were close? "I I don't think I remember knowing any Xi," Santa uttered as he watched Lyca finished her drink.

"Hm?" Lyca lifted an eyebrow. "How could that be? I thought I was fairly known." She beamed, totally enjoying the changes in the man's expression.

