

## Lazily 262

### Chapter 262: Stretching

However, when Lyca reached the door towards the master's bedroom, all the thoughts in her mind disappeared. It was as if an invincible force erased all the anger that she had inside her. All the irritation vanished and was somehow replaced by an unexplainable emotion. Her forehead creased as she looked at the knob of the door. She couldn't help but wonder why was she nervous.

She should be mad! Angry and irritated! She was already planning to scold him, her script was completed, even her facial reactions were prepared in advance. How come, she wasn't angry now? Instead, she felt nervous? What kind of logic is this?

"Hoh!" Lyca patted her chest, trying her best to calm her racing heart. Her hands had become cold, sweaty even, as her heart continued to drum against her chest. She closed her eyes and thought about the different emotions that she was feeling right now.

She was a bit happy and worried. Of course, she was excited to see him. The anger that she felt earlier already vanished, and it wasn't showing any signs of coming back. With her hands still closed, Lyca started jumping up and down. She needed to calm down and thought maybe some light stretching would help her.

She put her hand on her hips and started stretching. "Hoh!" This should do it, Lyca smiled before she opened her eyes. However, the smile on her face froze when she saw Shen Qui standing by the door, smiling at her. "You Why are you here?" she stuttered.

"Why are you nervous?"

Lyca frowned before she realized that this situation is wrong. Was she hallucinating? She immediately wondered if the chemicals that she had been handling earlier made their way into her nose. Was she high? How could Shen Qui stand there? She laughed and said, "Good try, brain. Good try." She closed her eyes and opened them again before she started blinking rapidly.

"Are you alright?"

Shen Qui's soft voice made her froze. Her eyes immediately flew open as her face sunk. This was real! "How come you are standing here? Go inside! What the hell? How could you even stand? That damn Ronan said you needed a week to recover!" She mumbled and helped him back to the bed.

She was too busy mumbling that she failed to notice the smile on Shen Qui's face. He sat on the bed and smiled at her. "And you believe Ronan?"

Lyca's expression instantly changed, her eyes narrowed. That's right. How could she believe Ronan? She was about to curse that man when she noticed some blood on his leg. Like a fish out of the water, Lyca opened her mouth but quickly closed it again when she realized that saying something to this stubborn guy is useless. She shook her head. "I am calling the doctors." She uttered.

"No need. Just a little blood won't kill me." A wry smile appeared on his face.

"Dummy! It will affect the sheets! What about my bed?" she hissed and immediately went out of the room to call Ronan and the doctor. Then she stood, leaning against the wall just a few feet away from their bed as she watched the doctor changed the dressing of his wound.

Just like Shen Qui had said, there is actually no need to worry. The wound was healing perfectly, and he should be out in bed after a few days. However, this wasn't the reason why Lyca was angry. This man's stubbornness actually knows no bounds! How come he was still acting like he wasn't wounded? "Explain yourself?" This time, Lyca's face was truly serious.

"About the bed?" he asked, lifting an eyebrow. Despite the doctor's insistence, Shen Qui was still sitting calmly on the bed.

"Why did you get up like that? You know that it would only worsen the wound!"

"You took too long to enter. So I got worried."

"" She frowned. All the nervousness that she felt earlier was no longer there. "I was praying."

Shen Qui only gave her a mischievous smile before he patted the space next to him. In response, Lyca rolled her eyes and sat on the bed. "You got careless."

"I did," Shen Qui said before he suddenly rested his head on her shoulder. Of course, there was an obvious discomfort as Lyca was obviously smaller than him. Seeing this, Lyca shook his head and folded her right arm around his neck then she slowly lay on the bed with Shen Qui and made him rest his head on her arms, instead. "I'm sorry," Shen Qui's words weren't loud, his voice was soft

and gentle. For some reason, it seemed to diffuse all her irritations and the curses that she was planning to say a while ago.

In the end, Lyca sighed and pulled him closer towards her chest, her other arm wrapped around his head.

"I'm sorry," Shen Qui's words echoed again. This time, his voice was lower as if he was trying to stop himself from crying.

"You should be," Lyca said. "If you die, I would become a widow at twenty-four. People will think I'm cursed or something." Shen Qui chuckled in response, but he said nothing. Lyca immediately added. "And working in the port is tiring, the heat is killing me, plus handling people is not something I am very good at."

"It's not hot, it's December."

"Oh, right." Lyca chuckled. "You should recover fast and take over. I can't continue working like this. It's too troublesome."

"Hmmm. It's not even a week and you are already complaining."

Lyca pursed her lips before she turned towards him and kissed his forehead. The two stayed in each other's arms without saying anything. Aside from their calm breathing, the room was engulfed in a cozy silence that would make anyone sleep. For a few minutes Shen Qui basked in Lyca's warmth before he realized that she had been too silent.

He immediately lifted his head and soon realized that she was already sleeping. His movement made her eyelashes fluttered, but she didn't open her eyes.

"I thought I'm the patient here?" Shen Qui said, amusement laced her tone.

"Who told you that?" Lyca surprisingly answered with her eyes closed. Then she suddenly pulled him into a tight hug. "Just stay like this, while I sleep. My body heat is enough to heal you."

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