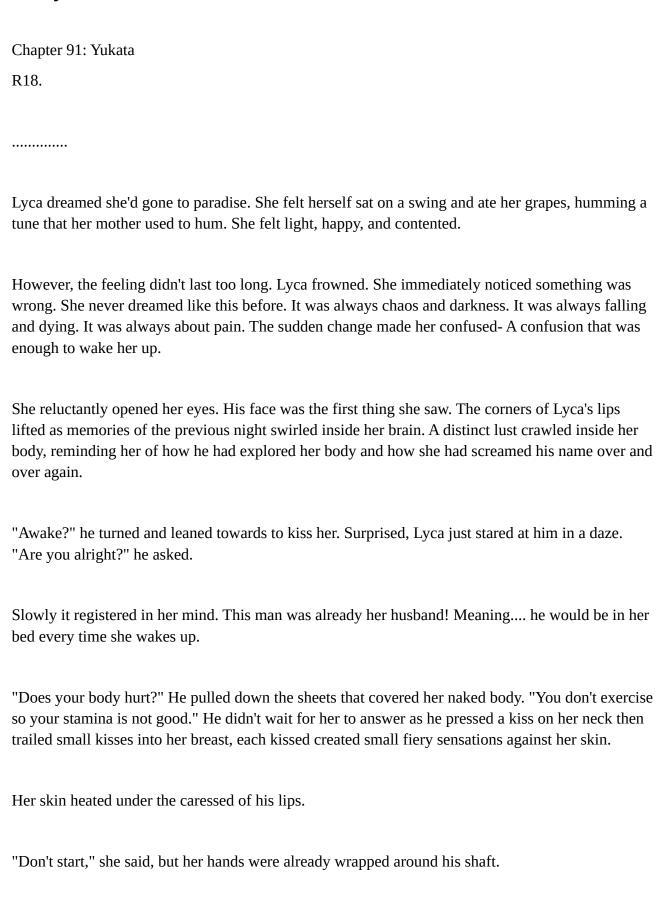
Lazily 91



"Hmm? Why?" He licked her pebbled nipple. "Are we still attending class?"



"Firework festival." He tilted his head and met her lips. A hungry kiss, enough to ignite the desire on her body, followed. Lust coiled inside her as she writhed beneath him.

"Is this the festival where we can wear costumes?"
"Yukata."
"Hmm?"
"It's called a Yukata."
"Oh!" She nodded. Her breath hitched when his lips started kissing her breasts, his tongue circled her areola as his other hand fondled her other breast. She arched her back as the small flutters of

His hand found her already wet entrance. She was certain she heard him chuckle when he realized how ready she was. He then let a finger traced her soft entrance, teasing. She moaned and bit her lower lip, her body had been so sensitive from his touch. And she quite liked it.

electricity in her stomach intensified.

His lips moved towards her belly, nuzzling, and tasting her silky skin. Her hand tangled on his hair as he waited. Waited for her to guide him towards her sweet spot. And when she drew her towards the flesh in between her thighs, Shen Qui didn't hesitate.

His finger was already inside her as his tongue invaded her core. She felt her stomach twisted, an overwhelmingly prickling sensation gnawed inside her. And just as she was so close, Shen Qui pulled her away from the edge. Thrashing her head against the pillows, Lyca grunted, she gripped his hair a little harder.

Right when she was about to let out a curse, Shen Qui started running his tongue against her folds, the sensation enough to shut her up. The scorching need in her core was overwhelming. She could feel it slowly consumed her. Just when she was so close again, Shen Qui slid on top of him.

He was breathless, trying to stop control himself. Shen Qui's eyes met hers before she pushed him towards the bed and straddled him. Her hand was already stroking his shaft. She had been so damp, she wasn't able to stop. She lowered herself into his manhood and let it completely impaled her.

Shen Qui clutched at her hips, barely hanging in control as his length filled her. She braced her hand on his chest, strands of her white hair messily covered her face, making her look more enticing. With a soft curse, she started rotating her hips and moving up and down.

Lyca groaned, her body softly shivering as her breathing turned ragged. The intense need made her shudder as she continued moving. When she felt him angled his hips to meet her thrusts, she almost exploded right there and then. But she controlled herself. She wanted to wait for him to teeter on the edge with her.

Biting her lips, Lyca started moving faster. She felt every cell of her body turned alive as sweat trickled on her forehead. Her needy groans were followed by his grunting as he gripped her hips, pumping into her, deeper and faster until she was about to explode.

Her breathing rasped, her body quivered as she soared to the edge with him.