## Lazily 92

Chapter 92: Guitar

Lyca snuggled into his warmth. "I think I will go and jog with you." He chuckled at her words.

"Or we can just stay in bed all day. You know thirty minutes of"

"No. You are going to wring me dry."

He laughed, his warm honeyed tone echoed inside her as he pinched her waist. "Coming from you that sounds a little funny." He leaned and kissed her forehead. "Sleep. I will go and make breakfast."

"It's already noon."

"I'll boil some eggs." He uttered, making her giggle. Then she nodded and closed her eyes. After a few seconds, she felt him leave her room. Lyca smiled and drifted into sleep. This time, she had a dreamless nap.

When Lyca woke up again, she was still alone in the bed. She stretched. Her grumbling stomach made her got out of bed and find something to wear.

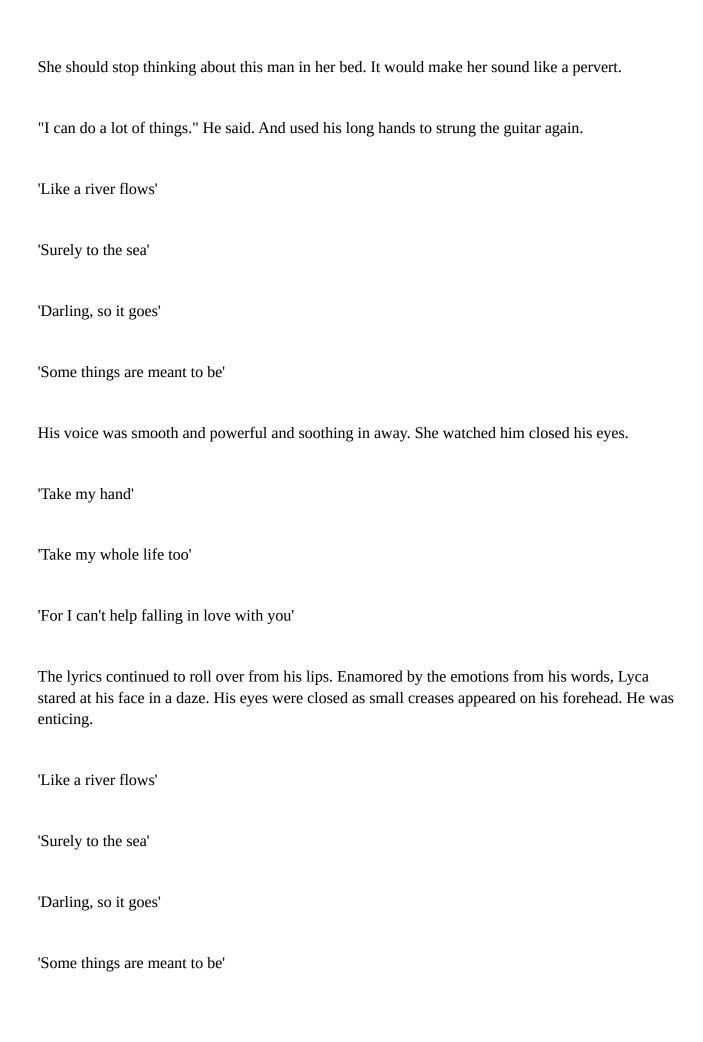
The moment she walked out of her room, the soft strung of a musical instrument immediately caught her attention. She stood and looked towards Shen Qui's room.

Lyca went to the kitchen and grabbed the eggs before going inside his room. She saw him on the bed, a guitar in his hand. She lifted an eyebrow when he stopped strumming the guitar and turned towards her. He was wearing black jeans without his shirt, revealing his defined muscles. The knot in her stomach intensified. She immediately blamed it on being hungry.

"You can play?" She said and sank into the bed next to him. She immediately spotted the scratched marks on his shoulders and back.

"A little," he said.







doing in his room? And why are you lying in his bed, wearing something like that?"

