

Beautiful 79

Chapter 79: So, you're such a Ling Qingyu

A bright sunlight cascaded over Ling Qingyu. She opened her eyes and found that her hands were numb, tied on the top edge of the room. She tried to move and instead hurt her wrists.

It was excruciating and Ling Qingyu looked up. She saw her hands were handcuffed.

Did someone break in? Who did this? How in the world does someone pass the securities?

She was scared, extremely scared. Put in a vulnerable position, without any power to resist, Ling Qingyu's eyes teared up as she yanked her hands out.

Her action was useless and nearly injured her hands in the process. She rotated her body to sit up but froze and discovered another shock.

Her legs were tied by ropes and spread apart connect to the metallic frontleg of the bed forming a 'Y' figure. All her limbs were immovable. She could do nothing except twist her waist.

Was it Tang Ziyi's prank? Or is anyone kidding her a? She didn't like this joke.

After she calmed down when she couldn't move at all, she realized it was impossible for a break-in to occur. She had everything under control and she monitored the tire manor.

Once there was a suspect, everyone in her house would be immediately alerted by her one way or the other.

She breathed slowly, recovering her energy as she began to think about how to release herself from restraint.

Okay! Since she was fine, the prank should stop, right?

Puff! Puff!

Two whiplash sounds tereed her ears and Ling Qingyu jolted her head up. What she saw caused her brows to twitch.

A woman was sitting on a chair, crossing her legs. Her chin leaned over the palm supported by her knees. Her head slightly tilted as she smiled watching Ling Qingyu's embarrassmt.

The other hand grasped the horsewhip as she lashed out on the floor. The true sound source. The woman wasn't unfamiliar. She knew her.

But the problem was she shouldn't be in her house at this momt.

Officer Yang. Yang Qingyue, the superintendent she met at the hospital.

Currently, Ling Qingyu even suspected Officer Yang was teasing her.

Which policewoman had been wearing a sexy uniform and holding a whip? That should be a teenager's most wanted dream.

What type of dream, ahem, Ling Qingyu didn't need to talk?

Yang Qingyue wore a blue shirt and black skirt, a police uniform, with a hat on her head. Police badge embroidery on each piece of clothing.

If the view was only that, Ling Qingyu's chin wouldn't have dropped off.

The weird point was the style, Yang Qingyue dressed.

Officer Yang had her short sleeve shirt, a few buttons on her chest unbuttoned, fully displaying her cleavage and her inner black bra. Her mini-short skirt had forked on the side and the way she sat showed everything.

"I heard your chatter about me, yesterday. It seems you want punishment," Yang Qingyue uttered seductively as she stood up.

Looming inner thighs and a pair of black silk stockings reaching above her knees, Yang Qingyue strode toward Ling Qingyu with elegance and playfulness.

Every two or three steps, she whipped and screeching air chilled Ling Qingyu's spine.

Ling Qingyu struggled to no air and the question in her mind went away without a trace. She heard two cracks and saw Officer Yang whipping.

The sensation rushed into her brain as she felt pain on both of her thighs as well as pleasure. Pleasure? How could she ev...

Another blow landed on the stomach albeit gently hurting the skin only; Ling Qingyu crumbled inward. Something inside of her arose.

"No, Officer Yang. Why're you doing this?" Ling Qingyu asked out of fear.

"Why? Isn't this what you want all along when your eyes feast on me?"

She wanted to die but was dumbfounded when Yang Qingyue straddled her, softly brushing the reddened skin area, and brought goosebumps all over her body.

Every touch of the policewoman heightened her sense and Ling Qingyu started to joy. Anyway, she couldn't resist no matter what. Let it flow.

Yang Qingyue's move ceased to surprise her as she tore off Ling Qingyu's bathrobe. Now, Ling Qingyu was naked and a lamb to be slaughtered.

The mad policewoman groped Ling Qingyu's chin and kissed her. Ling Qingyu's eyes wide open. Her first kiss!

Soon, she closed her eyes and lost herself in the moment, riding across the sea of pleasure. She shivered when Yang Qingyu left her mouth and kissed her neckline, trailing downward as time passed by.

When Yang Qingyue's hands fondled her two mountain molds into different shapes, blood rushed to her brain and her eyes turned . She never thought touching oneself and being touched by others were totally different.

Her chest rose and her head tumbled back. Her poor restrained body flung helplessly. Ling Qingyu's mouth slowly murmured a syllable.

Cleavage, midriff, lower abdomen, and slowly over Ed's groin. A hot lucid breath loomed over the mysterious groin, raising Ling Qingyu's expectations.

Yang Qingyue's hands never left her chest and Ling Qingyu looked downward and saw Yang Qingyue smiled.

Her mouth smooched on the target. Bullseye!

Ling Qingy buckled her waist as the pleasure reached the pinnacle. Something snapped inside her brain.

At the same time, Yang Qingyue's hand pinched the hard point on her pair of breasts. Double stimulation slacked her vision; Ling Qingyu felt she couldn't breathe and lost control over her body.

Her body trembled and Ling Qingyu's vision darked. She didn't know anymore. But she hope the session didn't d.

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Ling Qingyu got up, gasping for breath. She looked a her room. There were no handcuffs, no Yang Qingyue, no pleasure. Why did she feel pity?

It was a dream, after all. To think that she would lose herself in pleasure and joy a BDSM session, Ling Qingyu covered her face.

Still feeling insecure she buried her face under the piles of blankets, her buttocks raised in the air in her kneeling posture. She was ashamed of herself and doubted her personality.

Was she a hidd 'M'?

So, You're such a person! Oh, hope no one sees her shame. Thinking of the vile session, she wanted to continue. Too bad, it was just a dream.

She shook her head. But she reminisced the pure pleasure and reckoned—so that was the feeling of orgasm. A blissful state where she knew nothing but to rise in the air.

A buzz beckoned her atttion and she uncovered the blankets. The vibration came from the spectacle giv by Atha last night.

She put it on and Atha's happy voice came in. "Good morning! Mom."

"Good morning, Sweetie." Ling Qingyu replied. Whether or not her daughter was real, she was delighted to have one now as long as she didn't need to do that with the man.

"Are you okay, Mom? Your face blushed and riped like an apple. I can ev hear you mumbling in your sleep." Atha said tapping her chin.

Wh Ling Qingyu heard Atha say this and saw her daughter's projection, she coughed to brush away the embarrassmt. "It's because of a dream. Okay, I'm gonna wash up, what's the time now."

"5:45. Very early now, Mom can still sleep if you want to."

"No, it's better to exercise than waste time. I'll be talking to you later." Ling Qingyu removed the spectacle and stood up.

Only now did she realize when her inner thighs brushed against one another, there was wetness. She didn't need to be taught the reason for it and Ling Qingyu blushed, fanning the air on her face.

It continued dripping down the thigh. Ling Qingyu quickened her pace and entered the bathroom, slamming the door shut.

"Strange! Mommy's behavior is strange. Should I look into the bathroom?" Atha was deep in thought.