

First Love 78

Chapter 78 Wang Kun is in deep thought again

After listening to Qiuyan's story, Wang Kun began to feel sorry for her. It turned out that he had wronged her. Faced with such a situation, let alone a girl studying in school, even a boy like himself would not know what to do. It was understandable that Qiuyan would do this.

Seeing Qiuyan still crying, Wang Kun gradually became less disgusted with Qiuyan and began to look at her squarely.

At this time Qiuyan began to slowly observe the surroundings of the room. When her eyes fell on a photo frame hanging on the wall, there was a specimen of two colorful butterflies in the frame, with some maple leaves clipped next to it. The two butterflies were flying together like intimate birds. Although so many years have passed, the colors are still so bright and lifelike.

When Qiuyan saw the photo frame, tears welled up in her pupils and filled her eyes immediately.

This is what appeared in Qiuyan's mind: she and Wang Kun were having a date at the place where they often met. The two of them were leaning against each other, looking into the distance, thinking about something.

Suddenly Qiuyan saw two colorful butterflies flying together, which were very beautiful. Sometimes they were flying together, and sometimes they landed on the green leaves and petals, but they flew at the same height and would never pull each other down.

Seeing the pairs of fluttering butterflies, Qiuyan couldn't help but say, "Kun, these fluttering butterflies are just like us, always together, and we miss them when we're not together for a while."

Wang Kun looked at the butterfly and thought for a moment. Then he stood up and ran quickly towards the butterfly.

"Kun, what are you doing?" Qiuyan looked at Wang Kun strangely.

"Yan, come here quickly, let's catch them and put them together."

"Are you crazy? Won't they leave?" Qiuyan immediately stood up and ran quickly towards the butterflies.

They worked very hard to catch the two butterflies. They took them home and put them in a glass bottle. "This way they can be together."

"But how are we going to raise them if you catch them like this?" Qiuyan became worried when she saw the two captured butterflies.

But when they woke up in the morning, the two butterflies were dead because their lids were closed too tightly.

At this time, Wang Kun remembered that the dead butterflies could be made into specimens, and they would not separate, so Wang Kun placed the butterflies on the windowsill to dry.

"But how do I put it away?" Wang Kun felt a little embarrassed as he looked at the dried butterfly specimen.

"We can use a picture frame to frame it." Qiuyan suddenly thought of an idea.

"Yes, that's why I thought of that." Wang Kun found a photo frame and was about to put it in.

"Wait, wait." Qiuyan ran out quickly, and after a while she ran back with a few red leaves in her hand.

She placed maple leaves next to the butterfly and then covered it with glass, and a beautiful butterfly photo frame was made.

"Haha, these two butterflies are just like us and will never be separated." Wang Kun and Qiu Yan laughed as they looked at their masterpiece.

"Aren't we like Liang Shanbo and Zhu Yingtai?" Qiuyan suddenly thought of the story of Liang Shanbo and Zhu Yingtai, and she couldn't help but blurt out.

"Pooh, Liang Shanbo and Zhu Yingtai were together only after they died. How can we compare with them? We are together from now on and forever." Wang Kun rolled his eyes at Qiuyan and covered Qiuyan's mouth with his hand.

She muttered, "So you still keep it, which means you haven't forgotten me."

"But we are still separated now." When Wang Kun saw the photo frame, anger immediately burned in his heart. He immediately rushed forward and wanted to take it down and throw it away.

"Wait a minute!" Qiuyan rushed forward to stop him.

"You put it here, which means you still have me in your heart."

"No, I have forgotten it long ago, just like I forgot you. I have forgotten it completely. What's more, I am already married, and my current wife is a thousand times better than you." They were pulling each other's leg. Wang Kun wanted to get it but couldn't. Qiuyan accidentally slipped and fell down. Qiuyan's head hit the corner of the table with a "bang", and Qiuyan fell to the ground and fainted.

"Qiuyan, Qiuyan, what's wrong with you?" Wang Kun was frightened when he saw Qiuyan fainted. He hurriedly picked up Qiuyan and called out to her desperately. Qiuyan was still unconscious, so he quickly carried her to the bed.

Qiuyan felt a warm stream flowing into her throat and a voice calling her in her ears. She tried desperately to open her eyes.

A hazy black shadow was swaying in front of her eyes. After Qiuyan saw the person clearly, she slowly remembered that Wang Kun hurriedly put down the bowl in his hand and helped Qiuyan up.

But just as Qiuyan was helped up, she suddenly threw herself on Wang Kun and hugged him tightly, "Kun, can you hold me?"

The incandescent light poured down on the two of them, as if shrouded in mist. She stared into his eyes, carefully examining his facial features. Deep in her eyes, there was a hint of tenderness.

There was a wet spot on the back of Wang Kun's hand. Mo Hai's deep pupils were stunned for a moment, and finally he took his hand away from Qiu Yan, raised his eyes and slowly looked at Qiu Yan.

"Kun, have you forgotten everything we have done here?"

Have they forgotten? Without Wang Kun seeing the pairs of flying colorful butterflies hanging there, the vows they once made echoed in his ears again.

The scene of the two of them being affectionate at the table came back to his mind.

His eyes penetrated into her beautiful pupils, and she felt as if she had fallen into an icy cave with joy. There seemed to be magic in his eyes, which firmly attracted his gaze.

And out of the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of his vague outline.

"You are in my heart, you are still the same you, I will never forget you, Kun." The sweet voice with a crying tone made Wang Kun unable to control himself, his mind was in a mess.

The incandescent light poured down on the two of them, as if shrouding them in mist. She stared into his eyes, carefully examining his facial features. Deep in his eyes, there was a hint of tenderness.

He looked at Qiuyan, his deep eyes fixed on her, as if a depressing storm was brewing.

Qiuyan looked at him with pleading eyes, her eyes were blurred and her eye sockets were red and filled with tears. Suddenly, a crystal tear rolled down her cheek like a dewdrop from her eye socket.

"Although we have separated, Kun, I have never forgotten you. I think about you all the time. I know you already have a family, and I won't pester you. But please don't chase me away today, okay?" Wang Kun looked at Qiuyan's pleading and tearful eyes, and the defense line in his heart was finally broken.

Wang Kun couldn't bear to watch it any longer. In a daze, he returned to their student days. Looking at Qiuyan, he felt his body temperature rising higher and higher. He felt as if he was bathing in a raging fire. A hot current kept rushing towards him, almost burning his sanity.

Qiuyan's eyes were blurred, her peach-pink lips slightly opened, she looked at him infatuatedly, her green onion-like index finger placed on her lips, just looking at him like that, there was something indescribably enchanting and beautiful about it.

Wang Kun could no longer control his actions at this time. He met Qiuyan's alluring gaze in a daze, rushed up madly, and hugged Qiuyan tightly.

Because this hard-earned emotion had been locked in the hearts of the two lovers for too long, Wang Kun forgot all about the unpleasant things that happened in the past. They ignored the human relationships and couldn't help but sink into their love.

The warm body temperature brought out an indescribable sweetness, which fermented silently in Qiuyan and Wang Kun's bodies.

Yanyi was lost in the room, two figures overlapped, entangled passionately, and heavy breathing lingered in the room for a long time.

After the madness, when Wang Kun woke up the next day, he felt an indescribable feeling in his heart.

When he thought of his wife Lizhen, who had shared the good and bad times with him, he felt extremely regretful that he had been so stupid and done such a thing worse than pigs and dogs. Thinking of this, he felt that he could not forgive himself.

Although the enrollment was particularly smooth this time, he did not feel happy and was listless all the way home.

He thought about how he would face Lizhen when he returned home, and the pain troubled him all the time.