

## Lazily 129

### Chapter 129: Helplessness and Hopelessness

Mr. Li didn't show the panic inside him as he sat on his chair. Narrowing his eyes at Lyca, his hand slowly reached out towards the Glock that was tucked just on his table. "Do you want money?" Aside from killing him, the second reason that anyone would want to see him is if they wanted to negotiate for money.

"For some reason, I felt like this house was too huge for you and your family," Lyca answered, ignoring his question. "A ten-bedroom mansion for a family of three. Then I realized, it was because this was not a home. It's a house." She uttered and stared at the fireplace where the frame lay shattered. Then she slowly shifted her gaze towards the man who was now holding his gun towards her.

"You think you can barge in here and act like you own the place?" Mr. Li sneered.

"Pull the trigger," Lyca uttered. "Mr. Li one of the kingpins in Kong City." She mocked. "You have been sitting on your throne for a long time that you have already forgotten the weight of an unloaded gun." Disgust laced her tone.

The smug smile on Mr. Li's face immediately vanished as he tried to pull the trigger. When he realized that the gun was empty, he immediately ran towards the next gun located near the

\*BANG!\*

"One more step," Lyca said, her tone devoid of any emotion. "Try me." Her cold voice made the older man froze. His eyes turned towards her.

"What do you want?"

"Your life," Lyca answered almost immediately. When she saw the fear in Mr. Li's eyes, she chuckled and put the gun towards the coffee table in front of her. Then she laid a knife next to the gun. "Pick."

"You "

"You can pick both if you want."

"How dare you!? You think you can "

\*BANG!\*

Mr. Li trembled when he saw how fast Lyca's movements were. She didn't even hesitate to point the gun at him and shot just a few inches from his ear.

"Look "

"You see. " Lyca leaned against the soft cushions. "This is what it felt like to be helpless. To stand in there hoping that somebody would come and save you from the clutches of death." She met the old man's eyes. "This is what your wife felt every time you hurt her."

It was as if a huge lump appeared in Mr. Li's throat. He struggled to speak as she stared at the younger woman's chilly expression.

"Feel free to hope, though." She shrugged. "You can of course hope that one of your people would come in here, barging with guns and kill me." She snorted. Shen Qui was outside, taking care of everyone. She was confident that he could defeat everyone with his current skills. "You know I always believe that the people who watched you abuse your wife were worse than animals. Therefore everyone of your men should die just like animals too. Slaughtered, impaled, dead before they even understood what was happening around them."

"You Who are you!?"

"A nobody." She stood and picked up the knife. Then she held both of her hands towards Mr. Li. "You can choose one. Or you can choose both. Either way you will die by my hands tonight." As someone who had experienced the same hopelessness once, Lyca felt like giving this old man the worse possible death that she could give him.

Of course, the lazy part of her knew that prolonging his death would only bring her nothing but more work. Lyca already knew that just like the movies that she watched, killing Mr. Li would open a new can of worms, bringing them new enemies.

And the more she dragged this. the more problems It would bring to her and Shen Qui.

And since the problem means another hard work, Lyca wanted to avoid them as much as possible.

"You "

Mr. Li wasn't able to finish his words when Lyca flicked her hands, sending a needle towards the man's throat. Then she watched as Mr. Li started to tremble and fell on the floor. The absence of fear in the old man's eyes made her smile. "You know When an air bubble enters an artery, it's called an arterial air embolism. A rare case." She tucked the knife and gun behind her before she showed him a syringe. "Air bubbles can travel to your brain and heart. Which will cause a heart attack, stroke, and many other things."

She showed the old man the tip of the needle as she beamed. What was worse than knowing that you are about to die?

It was knowing that you would die in pain, it was feeling the pain that would make you wish you are already dead. It was being unable to utter a single word or move a single muscle as a small harmless girl inflict pain into your body. It was knowing that you only have seconds left to live

It was the helplessness.

The hopelessness.

"This is insulin," Lyca uttered. "A healthy person like you didn't need insulin in his bloodstream. So, injecting this into your body would have devastating effects on your organs, especially on your heart. Along with the air bubble, your death would like a simple heart attack. At least your daughter and wife would think it was a heart attack." She watched as the expression of the man changed into anger slowly morphing into fear. Seeing this, Lyca laughed and didn't hesitate any longer. She stabbed the syringe at the old man. Smiling, she watched the helplessness register in the old man's face.

"I'll see you in hell, old man," she said and watched as life slowly disappeared in the old man's wide eyes. "He would die in two minutes." Lyca lifted her gaze from the old man. She stared at Shen Qui that had been standing by the door.

"Everything is taken care of." He answered and walked next to her. "You didn't torture him." There was a surprise in his voice.

She chuckled. "Just so you know I am a daughter too." She raised her head and stared at his side profile. "I wasn't born without a heart, Qui'er." Then she turned silent, regretting the words that she just uttered. Why does she need to say something like that to this man?