

Trapped In Paradise

Volume 2 Chapter 163 / Chapter 444: The Next Day

The sky outside was perpetually overcast, a fine drizzle falling without end.

After waking up, Ning Chu threw on nothing but a thin white shirt and stood by the bed, pulling open the curtains and craning her head to peek outside.

Over the past few days, she'd piled up almost half a bucket of dirty laundry. Who knew when it would finally clear up?

"Not worried about being seen?"

Wen Yang's voice sounded from behind her. He gently wrapped his arms around her waist, resting his chin on her narrow shoulder like a big dog, greedily inhaling that scent that belonged to her alone.

The little succubus was wearing Wen Yang's shirt. The oversized white fabric barely covered her hips, the hem lifted into an alluring curve by her perky rear. A slender tail coiled around the top of her thigh, trailing down along her calf. This half-hidden, half-revealed look was even more exciting than any explicitly erotic outfit.

But Ning Chu had no intention of indulging Wen Yang's morning enthusiasm. Flustered and annoyed, she slapped the hand at her waist away.

"It hurts! Don't touch me!"

Wen Yang had no choice but to let go and straighten up, raising both hands in surrender. "Next time I'll be gentler."

Ning Chu turned around and shot him a glare, only to see his gaze fixed squarely on her chest, then quickly dropping to the silver markings on her lower abdomen.

The shirt wasn't buttoned, just loosely draped over her body, and she wasn't wearing a bra underneath—everything was visible at a glance.

Seeing Wen Yang “raise his weapon” at her, she panicked, afraid he'd pin her back onto the bed again. “I—I'm going to take a shower.”

“Want me to help you?” he asked.

“Go buy breakfast.”

Her legs, sticking out from under the shirt, were still trembling slightly, sore and weak. She had to brace herself against the wall, limping her way into the bathroom.

She had to admit, the addition of the steering wheel really did make Wen Yang fiercer than usual. Unfortunately, while her body could handle it, her brain had completely crashed under the nonstop stimulation.

“So ruthless...”

Standing under the warm spray, Ning Chu muttered quietly.

Although Wen Yang had held her and washed together with her last night, after sleeping she still felt sticky all over. She needed another shower.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door, making her freeze mid-wash.

So early? Who could it be?

The mess on the bed hadn't even been cleaned up yet!

Ning Chu hurriedly turned off the shower and tilted her head, listening intently to the sounds outside.

"You home? It's time to settle this month's rent and utilities."

That voice... it was the landlord's granddaughter!

Ever since Wen Yang moved in, that girl had clearly shown a lot of interest in him. However, Ning Chu felt zero sense of crisis from some random passerby girl who wasn't even on a hentai heroine level.

Even if Wen Yang really did take an interest, a random girl like her was way too low-level. Trying to do a threesome with them would only land her in the hospital.

After all, it was *that* big!

She snorted disdainfully in her heart, but still quietly cracked open the bathroom door, peeking through the gap, staring straight toward the front door.

"Alright, Ning Chu, check the water meter in the bathroom."

"Okay!"

"I might be short on cash, can I use your phone to pay first?"

"Go ahead."

After observing secretly for a few minutes, she closed the door again and turned to check the water meter.

The young girl outside was trying her best to flirt, but Wen Yang didn't even spare the landlord's granddaughter a proper glance. After getting the water meter reading from Ning Chu, he called out again, "I'll go check the electric meter and come back."

"Okay!"

About ten minutes later, Ning Chu finished showering, got dressed, and walked out of the bathroom. At the same time, Wen Yang had finished paying the rent, picked up breakfast on the way, and pushed the door open to come inside.

"Here, mixed noodles and wontons."

After setting the breakfast down, Wen Yang hurried off to change his clothes.

Ning Chu stirred the noodles, then looked up and saw Wen Yang standing in front of the wardrobe, dressed in a black suit that didn't quite fit him.

Curious, she asked, "Where did you get a suit like that?"

"It's borrowed."

"Then why are you dressed so formally?"

"There's a debate competition today. They require a white shirt and a black suit."

She froze, her face full of shock. "What the hell?! You signed up for a debate competition behind my back?! I've never even seen you debate before!"

Wen Yang hurriedly explained, “Today’s the first round.”

“Then how many other things are you hiding from me?!”

“Uh... I also signed up for a basketball tournament. Does that count?”

“Oh, you’re bold now! Today you can secretly sign up for competitions, tomorrow you’ll secretly go find another woman!”

He hadn’t expected things to escalate that far just from entering a competition. Flustered, he turned back toward Ning Chu—only to see the little succubus crossing her legs, her face full of teasing smugness, practically asking to be punished.

The words of explanation died in his throat. Wen Yang casually took off his suit jacket, adopting a stance that clearly meant trouble. “So last night I went too easy on you, huh?”

“Well... not exactly...” Ning Chu was indeed tempted, but her body couldn’t take it. She quickly uncrossed her legs and got serious. “I’m going too! I need to supervise you so you don’t get seduced by bad women!”

“Just don’t embarrass me when I lose.”

“I won’t~ Why did you suddenly want to join these little competitions anyway?”

Wen Yang explained, “The prizes are pretty good. And if I get good results, it’ll make job hunting easier in the future, right?”

“Uh... maybe?”

When Ning Chu was job-hunting in her previous life, the thing that gave her the biggest headache was always what to write under ‘personal experience’ on her résumé.

With Wen Yang’s approach, at least he’d be able to fill in a few lines instead of looking painfully bare.

She started wondering whether she should also find some competitions to join. Since she’d transmigrated anyway, she couldn’t end up worse off than in her previous life after graduation, right?

Otherwise, she might end up job-hunting again with nothing to show for it, barely scraping by on a salary of around three thousand—worse than a waitress.

“I’m full! I’m going to change clothes. You eat the rest.”

After just a couple bites of the mixed noodles, Ning Chu jumped up noisily from the sofa and dashed off to change, full of energy.

Although she’d been thoroughly put through her paces last night, her body recovered quickly. When she’d first gotten up, her legs were weak and sore, but now that she was moving around, it was basically fine.

As expected of a succubus body, she seemed to be gradually adapting to Wen Yang’s frightening stamina.

At this rate, in just a few years, she’d be able to turn the tables and drain Wen Yang dry instead!

Putting on a black casual blazer, a pleated skirt, and yoga leggings, Ning Chu deliberately dressed to match Wen Yang as a couple.

That said, Wen Yang in a suit looked sharp, formal, and handsome, while she looked a bit like she was trying too hard to seem mature.

Her chest could fill out the outfit just fine, but her face was still far too youthful.

Though her aura was growing more and more seductive, her face simply couldn't mature that quickly.

"Does this outfit look okay?" Ning Chu stood in front of the mirror, debating whether she should do more grown-up makeup.

Under Lily's and her mother's careful guidance, her makeup skills were at least passable now.

"You look good in anything," Wen Yang said, "but could you wear something thicker? Don't catch a cold again."

"How many times do I have to say it?! Yoga pants are thick! They're fleece-lined too! If you don't believe me, try them on yourself!"

"I'll pass."

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Link for character illustration:

<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1IxOucqi87ss3bmqrO9zl2gYiM1Gy8Hz2>