

Chapter 94:

The nursery rhymes went to find Ai Jia, Lu Sicheng did not feel relieved, snorted and waited to return to zgdx's own lounge to prepare for review tactics, then turned and left. The results of the yqcb battle against the huawei team's third game began ten minutes, the team left and so on, but also did not wait for the nursery rhymes, the audience is also empty and see a ghost, Lu Sicheng had to come out and find someone

Finally, at the entrance of the lounge of yqcb, he found his family's order, his face was blank and his face was very unsightly.

"What are you doing here?" Lu Sicheng stepped forward to pick her up.

"Yqcb third life and death bureau Ai Jia is directly not on, on the bench." Nursery rhyme stood up, his eyes probably collided with Lu Sicheng, but his eyes were not on the coke.

"I saw it."

"..."

The nursery rhyme belongs to the kind of person who was bitten by the snake for ten years and was afraid of the well rope. When he saw the third change, he was stunned at the moment and immediately refused to leave at the entrance of yqcb - this time, see Lu Sicheng look calm Her eyes were bright, just like finding a life-saving driftwood, and grabbing his hand: "Ai Jia did nothing, just speak loudly, will not be punished? Will not ban it? Yang did not do anything. She usually refused to eat at a loss. As a result, today, considering the Aijia competition, what grievances have swallowed up in the stomach, isn't it enough? People are simply talking about a love, then where? Why do you have so many intrigues and tricks - no one cares if the person you like is a sparkling player or a star, it is simply like it..."

Incoherent appearance.

I stumbled in the middle several times.

Lu Sicheng listened patiently for a while, and the people in front of him were more and more stunned and pale, and finally they could only helplessly sigh and raised their hands to cover her mouth.

He felt her tremble slightly.

When the warm, dry hands are pressed against the cold face, the sound of the virginity is stopped...

The empty walkway, not far from the soundproof and not too good door, from the outside into the game venue to explain the sound of the game is being explained... The girl is leaning against the wall, as if it is her full support, she Gently blinking, raised his hands, silently holding the man's palm on her lips. Looking at the quiet dark brown eyes for a few seconds, she lowered her eyes, opened his hand, and asked with a low voice that couldn't hear much emotion: "Professional players are also people, and they also have people they like, thinking What's wrong with being with someone you like?"

"..."

"Still," said the nursery rhyme. "Is this idea itself wrong?"

"Because it is a public figure, there is no one in the body, and the meaning of existence is to win the game, to please the fans, to work for the team, and to do all these things at all costs' - you mean this Anyway, of course, some people think so, but if even the players themselves think so, it would be bad..." Lu Sicheng's voice sounded unhurried, saying that he would rarely say long sentences, "in my opinion It is important to win or lose the game, but compared to the satisfaction of the fans, the players are the ones who are more directly facing the results. Selfishly, this is our own business - thank you very much for your love and Support, but the so-called win or loss in the game seems to have nothing to do with you - this is the reality of thinking -"

"Sincere brother."

"What?"

"Can I hug you?"

"..."

When the person leaning against the wall raised his face and said this, the man's original calm voice suddenly came to an abrupt end. At the same time, without waiting for him to answer, she had already opened her arms and buried herself in the arms of the man - in the corridor of the air, her cheeks against his chest, his arms in the cover of his waist Under the overlap and close...

"No matter, no matter what," she was buried in the arms of the man, her voice was dull. "Hold it first."

“...” Lu Sicheng bowed his head and looked at the guy whose face was pressed against his ostrich. His lips were pumping.

“...What is the tone of the end of the world?”

“I don’t know if I don’t know why such a good abdominal muscles will not belong to me tomorrow,” said the nursery rhyme. “It’s comparable to the end of the world.”

“...”

Lu Sicheng did not speak.

For a long time, the commentary on the outside began to broadcast a wave of group battles, and annoyedly yelling at what “Oh, this mistake is if Ai Jia will definitely not commit”, he reached out and held back the hand of the person in his arms. live—

A very close embrace.

He clearly felt that her uneasiness became clearer and clearer than before.

What annoyed him was that in the face of her uneasiness, he had the feeling of being unable to start for the first time -

I don’t know what to do.

The author has something to say: An author decides the short monarch to take a vacation today.