

## PAW 1401

Chapter 1401: No one is allowed to leave tonight

Afternoon.

4.30 pm.

The rain was light, but it drizzled.

Inside Jiang's mother's living room, Dong Xuebing helped Jiang Fangfang hang up her clothes, tidy up the sheets and covers, and even help her wipe off the dirt from her high-heeled shoes.

"You don't need to bother, I'll do it."

"I accidentally got it dirty."

"It's okay, just leave it. You don't have to worry about it."

"I'm done wiping. Don't get it on your hands."

Jiang Fangfang didn't agree and grabbed the high heels, saying, "I'll take care of the shoes. If you have nothing to do, go wash the vegetables. Check the fridge, take out whatever you like, and we can start preparing the ingredients when I finish. Once my mom wakes up, we can just stir-fry them."

"Alright."

"Remember to turn on the kitchen light."

"No need, I can see."

"The fridge light is broken. I'm afraid you won't see clearly."

In the kitchen, Dong Xuebing opened the fridge to prepare the vegetables. He didn't wait for Jiang Fangfang, knowing that she had been tired these days. He started cutting the vegetables by himself. When Jiang Fangfang finished cleaning the shoes and clothes and came in, he didn't let her do much. He had done almost everything.

After finishing, it was past 5 pm.

With nothing else to do, Dong Xuebing and Jiang Fangfang went to the sofa to watch TV. They didn't sit too close, maintaining an arm's length distance. They didn't dare to watch the news. The TV showed a variety show, which was not bad. Jiang Fangfang was not talkative, and neither was Dong Xuebing. They sat there watching TV without much conversation. After all, Jiang's mother was still in the room, and there were certain things they couldn't talk about. Otherwise, it might expose them.

Not long after, Jiang Fangfang looked at the clock. "It's time to wake up my mom."

"Oh, Sister Jiang," Dong Xuebing whispered, "How did your husband address you?"

Jiang Fangfang remained silent for a moment. "He usually called me Fangfang. When my mom is around, you can call me that, too."

Dong Xuebing nodded. "Got it. I'll talk less."

Suddenly, the bedroom door was twisted open from the inside, and the old lady came out.

Jiang Fangfang moved quickly. She lifted her hips and shifted towards Dong Xuebing, sitting snugly beside him. Then, quite naturally, she held Dong Xuebing's hand. Dong Xuebing was momentarily stunned, but he soon responded and held her hand. The two hands intertwined, and Dong Xuebing could feel the warmth in Sister Jiang's palm and the delicacy of her hand. It was soft, and it felt comfortable to hold. In the eyes of the old lady, the two of them were a couple. It was natural to be intimate after not seeing each other for such a long time. Sitting on the sofa watching TV with such a distant gap wouldn't be appropriate.

"Mom, you're awake," Jiang Fangfang stood up.

Dong Xuebing also stood up, noticing that Sister Jiang hadn't released his hand. He continued holding it.

Jiang's mother smiled, "Awake now. You two are watching TV. Keep watching. By the way, Fangfang, it's time for me to take my medicine."

"You just drank it in the afternoon."

"Did I drink it?"

"You did. It's not time for the evening medication yet."

"Oh, my mind. Xiaotao, are you hungry?"

"Hehe, not really. If you say let's eat, then let's eat."

"Let's eat. There's nothing else to do anyway."

"Then let us cook, and you can sit."

Dong Xuebing and Jiang Fangfang went into the kitchen hand in hand. The old lady watched their backs, smiling and nodding repeatedly, expressing satisfaction.

Once the door was closed, Jiang Fangfang relaxed her grip on Dong Xuebing's hand in the kitchen. Dong Xuebing was still holding her hand, and when he realized it, he quickly let go.

Jiang Fangfang was not uncomfortable. "You've been busy cutting vegetables alone. I'll stir-fry the vegetables. You can assist me. Get the soy sauce and sugar."

"Alright."

"Then let's start the fire."

The meal was quickly prepared and served. The three of them sat down to eat.

The old lady was in a good mood, continuously picking up food for Dong Xuebing. "Come, Xiaotao, eat this. I may be forgetful, but I still remember what you and Fangfang like to eat."

Dong Xuebing hurriedly said, "Thank you, Mom."

Jiang Fangfang also picked up vegetables for her mother, "You eat too, don't mind him."

"Yes, you eat." Whatever Sister Jiang picked, Dong Xuebing also picked. Ultimately, he handed a chopstick of food to Jiang Fangfang and corrected himself, "Jiang" and then changed it, "Fangfang, here."

Jiang Fangfang nodded.

Calling her Fangfang, Dong Xuebing felt a bit embarrassed.

Suddenly, the old lady asked, "What day is it today?"

"Mom, it's Saturday," Dong Xuebing answered.

The old lady said, "Then you two should take a break tomorrow."

"Yes, we go to work on Monday." Dong Xuebing hadn't figured out why she asked, so he answered casually.

"That's good." Jiang's mother smiled and said, "Xiaotao, you haven't visited me for a while. I'll tell you, you're not allowed to leave today. Stay overnight with Fangfang at home."

Dong Xuebing exclaimed, "Stay here?"

Jiang's mother said naturally, "Yes, don't leave."

Jiang Fangfang interrupted, "Xiaotao still has things to do when he returns. Let him finish his work after dinner."

"No, you're both resting tomorrow," the old lady said with displeasure. "If there's something, push it aside. It's been several months. I finally see my son-in-law again."

Jiang Fangfang looked at her mother, "There's no place to stay at home."

The old lady said, "Every time Xiaotao comes, you two sleep on the floor. Our house is not cold. If that's not good, just put more layers of mats and quilts."

"Mom," Jiang Fangfang said helplessly, "he has something to attend to."

Dong Xuebin said, "Yes, there's something urgent in the evening."

The old lady became stubborn, "Nothing can be done today. Both of you must stay here with me. It's pouring rain, and I'm worried if you drive." Just as she spoke, a loud thunderclap resounded, intensifying the sound outside. The old lady immediately added, "Look at this, such heavy rain."

Jiang Fangfang still didn't agree, "Xiaotao's car is good. It's fine even in the rain. After dinner, let him quickly go and take care of his business."

The old lady glared at her daughter, "You, how can you be so indifferent? What will you do if anything happens to your man on such a rainy day? If you're unwilling to give up the bed, that's fine. Mom will sleep in the living room, I'll sleep on the floor, and you two can sleep in the bedroom."

Dong Xuebing said, "That's not appropriate, Mom."

Jiang's mother behaved like a child, "Anyway, neither of you can leave."

If Dong Xuebing were Jiang's husband, and he didn't return for so long, the old lady was detaining him like this. Indeed, it wouldn't be easy to leave. Let alone sleeping on the floor. Even if it was in the kitchen, he would have to stay. That was reasonable. However, the problem was that Dong Xuebing and Jiang Fangfang were not married.

Stay here, in a one-bedroom apartment, sleeping on the floor. How could the two of them share the same quilt? This would expose Dong Xuebing and Jiang Fangfang. However, the old lady's attitude was firm, and there was no room for negotiation.

Dong Xuebing and Jiang Fangfang exchanged glances and found no solution.

After pondering for a while, Jiang Fangfang said to Dong Xuebing, "Then I am not leaving."

Dong Xuebing wiped his sweat, and the old lady said satisfied, "That's right. Come, let's eat."

Chapter 1402: Wearing Sister Jiang's clothes

Evening.

Jiang's mother's home.

The rain continued, showing signs of increasing intensity.

Raindrops pattered onto the balcony, striking the glass outside the house. The noise was not insignificant, and the putty on the glass, having deteriorated over time, had already fallen off in many places. The glass creaked and seemed unstable as if it might fall off at any moment.

Living room.

It was past 7 pm.

After dinner, the three of them were watching TV.

Dong Xuebing asked Jiang Fangfang, "Is everything okay with our windows?"

"No problem." Jiang Fangfang glanced outside and said, "They won't fall."

"It looks a bit precarious. Why not use sealant now? If it falls later, it might hit your mother and then ours. It's dangerous," Dong Xuebing suggested.

Jiang's mother said, "I've mentioned fixing it, but the chair isn't high enough, and your wife can't reach it. The helper is also too lazy, only taking care of cooking and nothing else."

Dong Xuebing immediately said, "Hey, isn't there me for that?"

Jiang Fangfang glanced at him and said, "It's too high, and it's easy to fall."

"Oh, what's a little height? I'll take care of it."

Jiang Fangfang looked at him and said, "I will help you get the tape and scissors."

Be careful, Xiaotao. Jiang's mother said. Forget it if you cannot reach it.

"Don't worry, Mom. This job is really nothing. Just a quick fix. In the future, if there's anything that needs to be done at home, just let me know."

Jiang's mother smiled, "Good. By the way, the light in the bathroom is also broken."

Jiang Fangfang chuckled, "Mom, you don't need to order him around."

"He's my son-in-law. Why should I hold back against him?" Jiang's mother said matter-of-factly.

"Xiaotao, while you're at it, go ahead and replace the bathroom light too. The light bulb has been bought for a while, but your wife tried once and couldn't climb up."

"Sure thing," Dong Xuebing said without hesitation.

Dong Xuebing looked up and noticed that her house was quite old. The height was also a bit higher than the typical residential buildings in the neighborhood, about half a meter higher. No wonder Jiang Fangfang couldn't reach. Dong Xuebing tried stepping on a chair but couldn't reach the topmost glass. Finally, he turned around, removed the glass panel from the dining table, carried the table to the window, and stood on it with newspapers underneath. Only then could he barely reach. Jiang Fangfang cut the tape at the bottom and handed it to him. Dong Xuebing applied it bit by bit to the gaps between the glass and the window. Although it didn't look very nice, at least it's safe. Otherwise, it could be dangerous if someone walked underneath the glass and a gust of wind blew it down.

"Is it done, Fangfang?"

"It's okay, come down."

"Alright."

Dong Xuebing came down from the table and moved it back, covering the glass.

However, the glass was still slightly swinging when the wind blew outside. It seemed that just sticking it inside wasn't enough, and the outside also needed attention. After all, there was no glass on the balcony.

"I'll go outside and stick it again."

"It's raining." Jiang Fangfang shook her head. "Let's talk about it another day."

Dong Xuebing exclaimed, "It's just a trivial matter. Let's do it together."

Jiang Fangfang looked out the window and said, "Then I'll get you an umbrella."

"Don't, don't come out. I don't want you to catch a cold in the rain."

"Xiaotao, wait until the weather clears tomorrow," Jiang's mother suggested. "The rain is heavy. You'll get soaked again."

"It's okay, Mom. Leave it to me." Dong Xuebing decisively took the tape from Jiang Fangfang's hand and grabbed a few dry rags. Then he went out.

Balcony.

Dong Xuebing closed the door and didn't let Jiang Fangfang follow.

The wind rose, and even though there was a roof above, rain occasionally flew into the balcony without windows. It hit Dong Xuebing, and he instantly got a bit wet.

Dong Xuebing didn't mind. He glanced down and saw that the windowsill outside was relatively long, probably enough to stand on with both feet. There was no need for a table to prop himself up. He grasped the windowsill and pulled it slightly. His body soared onto the windowsill. He looked at the water droplets on the edge of the glass, immediately wiped them off with a dry rag, and then quickly taped the glass to fix it, repeating the process for each pane.

Ten minutes later.

All the windows were fixed.

The glass no longer made the creaking sound.

Dong Xuebing quickly opened the door and entered the house. He was already quite wet, and some water droplets were on his hair. "It's done, Mom. Do you think it's okay?"

"Okay, okay." Jiang's mother said.

Jiang Fangfang took a towel and wiped his hair.

Dong Xuebing felt a bit embarrassed, but since Jiang's mother was there, he had to let Jiang Fangfang wipe it for him. "There's still the light bulb, right? Where is it?"

Jiang's mother laughed and said, "Let Fangfang find it for you. I forgot."

Putting down the towel, Jiang Fangfang rummaged in a drawer and found a light bulb. "Take a break. You've been working hard for half a day. We'll fix the bathroom light later."

"No problem, give it to me."

"Then wait for me to turn off the power first."

"No need, it won't leak electricity."

The bathroom was small, and the cement floor looked quite old.

Jiang Fangfang brought a chair for him and closed the door, making it easier for the two to talk.

Dong Xuebing stepped on the chair, removed the lampshade skillfully, then expertly screwed in the light bulb, covered it with the lampshade, and finished the job in just a few seconds.

Jiang Fangfang looked up and said, "Last time, I spent half a day trying to remove the lampshade."

Dong Xuebing responded, "You just need to turn it in that direction, and then it comes off easily."

"You're quite skilled." Jiang Fangfang looked at him unexpectedly. "I thought you wouldn't know how to do these things."

Dong Xuebing smiled and came down from the chair, wiping the shoe prints from his shoes. He explained, "How can I not know? My family used to be poor. Our living standards were probably tougher than those of most families in Zhen Shui County. We owed a lot of money and relied on my mother's salary to get by. We couldn't even afford to eat. There was no spare money for anything else, so we had to do it ourselves. If the range hood broke, the toilet tank malfunctioned, or a light bulb went out, I had to fix it myself. Not to brag, but I even know a bit about carpentry. Our old bed broke many times. I used tools to nail it back together. Later, I even added a leg. You see me living in luxury, driving a Land Rover, smoking Zhonghua cigarettes, but all this happened later. In the past, I went through tough times."

He is wealthy now.

He holds an official position.

He even has a beautiful wife.

It can be said that Dong Xuebing has everything a man should have.

But everyone sees Dong Xuebing's successful side, envying him and admiring him, without knowing that he achieved all of this by risking his life.

"Alright, is there anything else to fix?"

"Nothing, let's go out for a drink of water."

They left the bathroom, and Jiang's mother asked, "Is it fixed?"

Dong Xuebing smiled and said, "Installed it. Mom, if there's anything in the house in the future, just let me know."

Jiang's mother chuckled and said to her daughter, "It's good to have a man at home. You young couple, live a good life in the future, understand?"

Jiang Fangfang gently agreed, "I know."

Jiang's mother said, "Quickly pour some water for your man. Look how tired my son-in-law is."

Dong Xuebing shook off his damp clothes, "Not drinking for now. Uh, the water heater in the house, is it okay? My clothes are a bit wet. I want to take a bath."

Jiang Fangfang looked at his clothes, "Sure, go ahead."

Dong Xuebing blinked, "What about these clothes of mine?"

"Take them off and give them to me. I'll hang them up for you. They're not completely wet and will dry by tomorrow." She paused. "But there are no clothes here. My dad's clothes were just burned, so let me find something for you. Tonight, you can wear my clothes; I still have a set of autumn clothes."

Dong Xuebing exclaimed, "Wear yours?"

Jiang Fangfang said, "I've washed them. They're clean."

Jiang's mother laughed and said, "Xiaotao, are you complaining about your wife?"

"No, no, well" Dong Xuebing couldn't help it.

Jiang Fangfang said, "Go and shower. I'll find my autumn clothes for you."

Dong Xuebing indeed needed a shower. Firstly, he felt uncomfortable with the dampness on his body. Secondly, he is too busy dealing with County Government matters these days. After returning home yesterday, he went straight to bed, and today, he rushed out again. It had probably been two or three days since he last took a shower. If he were just sitting around, it would be fine, but he would sleep with Jiang Fangfang at night. Dong Xuebing certainly couldn't get into bed feeling dirty.

In the bathroom.

He closed the door, and Dong Xuebing began to undress.

Just as he finished undressing, someone outside twisted the doorknob. "Xiaotao."

"Yeah," Dong Xuebing said, "What's up?"

"Give me your clothes."

"Ah, now?"

"Yes, I brought my autumn clothes too."

Dong Xuebing looked down and saw that he was only wearing boxer shorts, suddenly feeling awkward. He patted his forehead and decided to hand over his damp clothes. However, he didn't fully open the door. He left a gap and didn't look outside. He directly handed the clothes out.

With a light touch, the clothes were gone.

A second later, another weight was on his hand, and he felt the touch of pure cotton.

"Okay, my clothes might be a bit small for you. Make do with them," Jiang Fangfang said.

Dong Xuebing closed the door and took a look. It was a set of pure white women's autumn underwear. Well, at least it was white and not red or pink.

Let's take a shower. He turned on the hot water.

Splash, splash.

The warm water felt extremely comfortable on his body.

After washing, Dong Xuebing didn't ask which towel belonged to Jiang Fangfang. After all, in Jiang's mother's eyes, he should know. So, he picked up a pink towel, sniffed it, and thought, "Well, it has the scent of Mayor Jiang." Then, he used the towel to dry his hair and body. As for the toothbrush, he didn't dare to use Jiang Fangfang's. Instead, he took some toothpaste and rinsed his mouth, considering his hygiene routine complete.

It was time to get dressed.

Dong Xuebing took Jiang Fangfang's autumn clothes awkwardly, looked at them, rubbed his forehead in contemplation for a while, and thought, "I have to wear them. There's no other choice. Whomever I love." Dong Xuebing gritted his teeth and wore the white women's autumn underwear. It was a bit tight, a bit short, but he could manage.

Smelling Jiang Fangfang's scent on the clothes, Dong Xuebing's heart was a bit chaotic.

Chapter 1403: Under a quilt

9 pm.

Outside Jiang's mother's house, the sky was already pitch black. The rain hadn't stopped much, still drizzling intermittently.

Dong Xuebing, dressed in a white lady's autumn clothes, hesitated and pushed open the bathroom door. He coughed and walked out slowly.

Jiang's mother looked over, "Xiaotao, finished washing?"

"Uh, Mom, all done." Dong Xuebing blushed.

Jiang Fangfang also looked at him and asked, "Is the water temperature okay?"

Dong Xuebing nodded, "Around forty degrees, quite comfortable."

Jiang Fangfang nodded, stood up, and said, "Okay, then I'll shower too. You chat with my mom for a while."

"Sure, you go ahead." Dong Xuebing saw no unusual expression on their faces after they saw his clothes, and he sighed in relief. He sat down on the sofa where Jiang's mother was.



Jiang Fangfang carried red autumn clothes and hollowed-out underwear into the bathroom. It was estimated that she took a bath and changed her underwear. She was practically not wearing underneath now.

Five minutes.

Ten minutes.

Half an hour.

Jiang's mother kept chatting with Dong Xuebing. Dong Xuebing remembered what Sister Jiang had said; he mostly let the old lady talk and rarely interjected, fearing he might say something wrong.

After a while, the old lady seemed a bit tired and yawned.

Dong Xuebing blinked, "Mom, are you sleepy? How about you go to bed first?"

Jiang's mother glanced towards the bathroom, "This girl is doing everything slowly. It's been more than half an hour since she started bathing. I'm still waiting for her to bring me the medicine."

"Are you taking traditional Chinese medicine at night?"

"I am taking Western medicine at night."

"Then let me get it for you. After you drink it, you can go to bed early."

"Alright. Ask Fangfang where the medicine is. I can't remember."

Dong Xuebing listened to the sound of water in the bathroom stopping. Figuring she was almost done, he knocked on the door, "Fangfang, Mom is going to sleep. Where is the medicine?"

A voice came from inside. "Under the coffee table."

Dong Xuebing asked, "How many pills should she take?"

She replied, "Take one from each box of medicine. One is for high blood pressure, and the other is for Alzheimer's. Never mind. Wait for me to come out. I'm drying myself. It won't take long."

Drying herself.

Using the towel he had just used.

Dong Xuebing's mind wandered, "It's okay, I'll get it. Take your time in the shower."

In the living room, Dong Xuebing found the medicine for Jiang's mother, poured warm water, and let her drink it. Seeing the old lady yawning incessantly, he helped her into the room and let her sleep.

After coming out, Dong Xuebing carefully closed the door behind her and sighed relief.

Finally, she was asleep.

The mission was considered complete.

At this moment, footsteps echoed from the bathroom, and Jiang Fangfang slowly walked into the living room, wearing only a set of red autumn clothes and pants, with bare feet in a pair of slippers. She had no other clothes, just this very homely and casual autumn outfit. Dong Xuebing's eyes

couldn't help but got heat up. After all, Jiang Fangfang was only in her thirties, and she had maintained her figure well. The snug autumn clothes highlighted her curves.

Jiang Fangfang smoothed her dried hair and whispered, "Where's my mom?"

"Asleep, just lay down," Dong Xuebing replied in a low voice.

Jiang Fangfang nodded, pointing to a cabinet in the living room, "The bedding is inside. Let's pile them together with several layers to make it soft."

Dong Xuebing smiled wryly, "How about I leave first?"

Jiang Fangfang said, "My mom won't be able to see you tomorrow."

"Then she'll get angry. Alright." Dong Xuebing didn't say anything more.

Jiang Fangfang made a suggestion, "Let's do this. We'll set up the pallet, and I'll sleep. You take a blanket and sleep on the sofa at night."

"Okay," Dong Xuebing agreed. Although he wanted to share a bed with Sister Jiang, he only thought about it. It was indeed inappropriate, so sleeping separately was the right choice.

Both of them were wearing autumn clothes and pants.

Standing in the room, the atmosphere felt a bit like a married couple, very ambiguous.

Dong Xuebing cleared his throat and searched the cabinet for a blanket. Jiang Fangfang also went over to help.

The floor was a bit dirty, so they laid down a layer of cool mat, followed by a mattress, a large sheet, and a thick quilt. Pressing it with his hand, it felt soft. Jiang Fangfang brought two pillows, and after putting pillowcases on them, Dong Xuebing also took two blankets. One was placed on the pallet for Jiang Fangfang, and the other was thrown on the sofa for himself. It was almost done.

It was almost 10 pm.

Jiang Fangfang looked at the clock, "Let's sleep."

"Alright, good night," Dong Xuebing said.

Jiang Fangfang knelt on the pallet, adjusting the blanket and smoothing the pillow. Dong Xuebing secretly glanced at her beautiful hips. The autumn pants were a bit thin, made of very thin cotton fabric, and almost revealed the pattern of her underwear. The same was true for the autumn top; the bra strap on her back was visible, indicating that Sister Jiang was no longer nude. After taking a shower, she had already changed into the sexy lingerie he had given her. Seeing her open the quilt and lie down, Dong Xuebing quickly withdrew his gaze, turned off the light, and lay on the sofa, getting into the quilt.

The thunder was still roaring.

The rain was still falling.

There was no sound in the room. It was quiet for several minutes.

Dong Xuebing couldn't fall asleep, looking at the woman's figure in front of the TV cabinet, facing him, and his heart was itching. Let's not talk about it. It seemed like Jiang Fangfang couldn't sleep

either, tossing and turning, facing this side for a while, then the other side. Not surprisingly, Sister Jiang had suffered from insomnia for many years.

Five minutes.

Ten minutes.

Huffing sounds.

Sister Jiang turned over again.

Dong Xuebing blinked, thinking about whether to read something to help her sleep.

Suddenly, there were subtle movements in the bedroom, followed by the sound of slippers and a soft step as if someone was stepping on something.

It was Jiangs mother.

The old lady was awake.

Was she going to the bathroom or getting a drink?

Listening to the noise, without asking, Dong Xuebing knew that the old lady was coming out.

Jiang Fangfang immediately turned her head. In the moonlight, Dong Xuebing saw Sister Jiang's faintly beautiful eyes and the opened quilt. "Xuebing."

"Ah."

"Come in quickly."

"Well, this"

"Hurry up, my mom is coming out."

Dong Xuebing got up in a hurry and hastily got off the sofa, and someone twisting the door from inside could already be heard. He didn't care much and, with a kick, rushed out, directly following the opened quilt and diving into Jiang Fangfang's warm and cozy bed.

A mature woman's fragrance hit him.

Dong Xuebing was overwhelmed by the fragrance, feeling a bit dizzy.

Jiang Fangfang gently rolled the quilt, tucking Dong Xuebing under the not-so-wide quilt. Her hand rested on Dong Xuebing's waist without moving. She closed her eyes and lay down on the pillow.

Dong Xuebing sweated, looking at Sister Jiang's stunning face so close. He put his head on the pillow, closed his eyes, and pretended to be asleep.

Huff.

Huff.

Jiang Fangfang's breath sprayed on Dong Xuebing's face.

Chapter 1404: Old Lady woke up again

Squeak.

The bedroom door opened.

Footsteps echoed in the living room, getting closer gradually.

Dong Xuebing had his back to the door and couldn't see anyone, but he could hear the sound of slippers approaching, clicking, clicking, getting closer.

It was heading towards the bathroom.

The old lady did go to the bathroom.

After the bathroom door closed, Dong Xuebing dared to open his eyes. He wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and upon seeing Jiang Fangfang so close, he noticed that her bright eyes were also open. Dong Xuebing's eyes met hers, and Jiang Fangfang's gaze was calm. There was no change. It was Dong Xuebing, who couldn't hold their gaze and quickly moved back a bit. He was too hasty when he entered the quilt, and both legs got entangled with Sister Jiang's thighs. He quickly pulled his legs back, letting his feet slip out of Sister Jiang's plush autumn pants. When he finally removed his foot, the other foot accidentally brushed against some exposed flesh. It wasn't the feel of fabric; evidently, it was Sister Jiang's foot, exposed outside the autumn pants. Dong Xuebing didn't feel much about Sister Jiang, but his foot trembled subconsciously.

So smooth.

And a little cool.

Dong Xuebing savored Sister Jiang's foot for a moment while retreating.

"Don't move back."

"Ah."

"The quilt isn't that big."

"Oh, then I'll come closer."

Dong Xuebing withdrew, mainly afraid that Jiang Fangfang would be displeased. Since Sister Jiang had spoken, he moved a bit closer. He didn't mind at all; he even liked it. So, he moved his buttocks, and he shifted a little closer to Sister Jiang. The exposed back and Jiang Fangfang's warm quilt once again enveloped the buttocks. It was warm inside the quilt, and Dong Xuebing felt warm in his heart.

Sharing a quilt with the County Mayor.

Sharing a quilt with a beautiful female leader.

What kind of treatment was this? He couldn't help but feel excited.

Dong Xuebing's breathing became slightly faster. He didn't want things to develop with Jiang Fangfang, so he tried to suppress it and closed his eyes, controlling his congested head.

Take a deep breath; don't get too excited.

Dong Xuebing calmed down a bit.

Suddenly, the bathroom door made a sound and opened again.

A somewhat unsteady pace came shuffling out.

Dong Xuebing thought, "Please go back to your room and sleep. I've silently prayed several times." Unfortunately, the old lady's footsteps stopped behind Dong Xuebing. The next moment, with a huff, Dong Xuebing felt the quilt on his feet being pulled and covering his exposed foot. Then, he felt the quilt on his back tighten a bit. The old lady noticed they hadn't covered themselves properly, so she covered them with the quilt.

Dong Xuebing didn't dare to move.

Jiang Fangfang probably pretended to be asleep, not making any sound.

Then, the slippers echoed again, and Dong Xuebing heard some movement on the sofa behind him. It seemed like the old lady had picked up the quilt. She muttered to herself in a low voice, "If the quilt is too big, just fold it up. Why put it on the sofa? Look at this laziness, such a simple task." After that, the footsteps walked about ten steps. There was a creak, and the cabinet door not far behind made a sound like the quilt had been put away.

After a while.

The bedroom door finally closed, and the old lady returned to sleep.

Dong Xuebing breathed a sigh of relief. Turning around, he looked at the sofa under the moonlight. Sure enough, his quilt had been removed, and the sofa was empty.

Well, this was great.

Dong Xuebing reluctantly got up.

Jiang Fangfang probably also noticed, and she said softly from behind, "I forgot. My mom is getting old; sometimes, she gets up at night. Well, it's probably over now. The quilt"

"No need for the quilt."

"It's raining today, and it's cold."

"You know my physical fitness."

"Okay, fine. There are a few cushions there. If it doesn't work for you, just cover yourself. If I take the quilt now, my mom will notice something is wrong. I'm sorry for the inconvenience."

"I'm fine. I'll go then."

Dong Xuebing sat up reluctantly and left Jiang Fangfang's quilt. He climbed back onto the sofa, and after lying down carefully, he covered himself with a cushion.

A bit cold.

Well, let's make do.

Dong Xuebing half-closed his eyelids, pretending to doze off.

However, just like the previous situation, he still couldn't fall asleep.

Listening to Jiang Fangfang turning over below, Dong Xuebing secretly squinted his eyes and glanced at the graceful curve of half of Sister Jiang's chest exposed above the quilt. Nothing was more pleasing to the eye than this, but the downside was that the more he looked, the harder it was for him to fall asleep.

Ten minutes passed.

Half an hour passed.

Just as Dong Xuebing was about to turn over and move his sore and somewhat frozen body, slippers were heard again in the bedroom.

Ah, Jiang's mother woke up again.

This can't be true.

Dong Xuebing looked towards Sister Jiang and saw a hint of helplessness in her eyes. However, her reaction was quick. The quilt was immediately lifted. This time, Dong Xuebing didn't need her to say anything; he quickly jumped off the sofa and rearranged the sofa cushions to their original positions. As he heard the footsteps getting clearer in his ears, he became more anxious. He once again plunged into Sister Jiang's quilt.

This time, it was a bit forceful.

He collided with Sister Jiang's lower waist with a bang, probably around the hip bone. Sister Jiang's body suddenly tilted backward, almost hitting the TV cabinet.

"Oops."

"Sorry, sorry."

"Hush."

Jiang Fangfang covered her waist, turned back, and covered herself with the quilt, looking slightly pained.

Dong Xuebing felt sorry for her, but it wasn't appropriate to say anything. The door opening sound came from behind. He could only follow Jiang Fangfang's example, closing his eyes.

Jiang's mother came out.

The cup on the table made a sound, and then the sound of gurgling water being drunk.

It was just a few seconds. The sound of slippers disappeared from the living room, and the bedroom door closed again.

So, she just wanted to drink water.

This is too much trouble.

Do you still want people to sleep?

Dong Xuebing opened his eyes with bitterness and glanced at Jiang Fangfang. Seeing that she had also opened her eyes, he exchanged a glance and was about to get up to return to the sofa.

However, Jiang Fangfang held him back.

"What's wrong, Sister Jiang?"

"Well, how about you just sleep here."

"Ah, what are you sleeping for?"

"Let's just sleep together."

"Oh, this is not appropriate."

"It's nothing. If my mother gets up again, you'll have to deal with it. That's why we both can't fall asleep. If you fall asleep, what if my mother sees it and it becomes awkward? Besides, the sofa is cold. If you sleep there, you'll catch a cold tomorrow. So, let's just do it this way."

"Well, I guess so."

"Go to sleep early."

"Cough, okay."

"No problem."

"Then, well, that's settled."

Dong Xuebing didn't act pretentious. He lay his head back down, glancing at Sister Jiang. He felt a bit stiff, not as comfortable as before.

Jiang Fangfang said, "Goodnight."

Dong Xuebing responded with a "goodnight."

Jiang Fangfang turned her back to the TV cabinet, not facing Dong Xuebing.

Dong Xuebing had the same idea. After all, they were neither lovers nor relatives, just colleagues, and superior-subordinate relationships. Sleeping together would be too awkward, so he also thought about turning over and facing away. However, seeing that Sister Jiang had already turned over, he didn't move again. He looked at her smooth back for quite a while, feeling no drowsiness. Instead of closing his eyes and staying awake, why not take advantage of this rare opportunity to appreciate the beauty? Dong Xuebing figured the chance to sleep in the same bed with the beautiful County Mayor would not happen again.

Her shoulders are nice.

Yeah. Her neck is beautiful, too.

And that red autumn outfit is quite charming.

While he was pondering, Dong Xuebing's eyes suddenly moved, feeling a slight movement in the quilt. Sister Jiang seemed to be rubbing her waist.

Dong Xuebing hurriedly asked, "Sister Jiang, what's wrong?"

"Just bumped into something." Jiang Fangfang's voice was light. "Seems a bit swollen."

"Oh, it's my fault. I was too hasty and didn't pay attention."

"It's not your fault." After Jiang Fangfang finished speaking, she sat up, propped herself up with her arms, and opened a door under the TV cabinet. She reached inside and rummaged around.

"What are you looking for?"

"Medicine, to apply."

After taking out the medicine, Jiang Fangfang leaned her shoulder against the TV cabinet, facing the moonlight, without any reservation. Slowly, she opened a bit of the autumn outfit. It seemed that the injury went a bit lower. She pulled down the red autumn pants to reveal a slightly purplish

bruise. Dong Xuebing felt a twinge of pain when he saw it. However, what made his pupils contract was that when the autumn pants were pulled down, a trace of the underwear's edge was exposed very clearly. That lace edge emitted a strong temptation.

This is too much.

Dong Xuebing quickly withdrew his gaze. "It's all bruised."

"It's not that serious." Jiang Fangfang squeezed a bit of medicine onto her hand, then twisted the cap back on and put the medicine away. She lowered her head and applied the medicine to the slightly bruised area.

Dong Xuebing also stared at her waist with a heartache.

Perhaps feeling a bit awkward, during the interval of applying the medicine, Jiang Fangfang used her thumb and pinky to lift the autumn pants slightly, covering the exposed edge of the underwear.

Dong Xuebing then reacted and quickly turned his head away.

"You should sleep first," Jiang Fangfang said.

"Well, okay." Dong Xuebing agreed, but he was worried. After lying down, he glanced at Sister Jiang, who was applying medicine beside him.

Jiang Fangfang's skin was very tender, and every time she rubbed it on the wound, she seemed to be in pain.

"Does it work, Sister Jiang?"

"It's okay."

"Does it hurt a lot?"

"It's okay, no problem. You go to sleep."

"I can't sleep with you doing this. It's my fault." Dong Xuebing said with concern, "I also studied traditional Chinese medicine. Otherwise, let me take a look."

Jiang Fangfang had seen his medical skills during the surgery. "Acupuncture?"

"No need for acupuncture. I didn't bring any needles. A regular massage will do. I guarantee a hands-on cure." Dong Xuebing said.

Jiang Fangfang thought momentarily, looked at Dong Xuebing, and said, "Okay, thank you."

"You're welcome. It was my fault anyway."

"You came to my mother's house to help me. It wouldn't be possible without you."

Chapter 1405: Under the quilt

Jiangs Mother's Home Download.

It was already 10 pm. in the evening.

Raindrops were still pattering, accompanied by occasional thunder.

"Then, I'll start."

"How should you start?"



"Just rub a few acupoints on the side."

"Can it help disperse the blood stasis?"

"It should be quick. Why don't you lie down? It's cold sitting."

"Well, how should I lie down without facing you?"

"Your injury is in the front waist, um, it's better to lie down facing me. You might need to lift your clothes a bit."

Dong Xuebing propped himself up with his hands on the living room floor, watching as Jiang Fangfang stretched her legs and crawled into the quilt. He also lay down, casually lifting the blanket, covering only their lower bodies. At this moment, facing him, Sister Jiang slowly pulled up the red autumn outfit, revealing the half of the bruise on her front waist. Then, she pinched her fingers and pulled down the autumn pants, exposing all the bruises in front of Dong Xuebing. Jiang Fangfang was quite well-endowed, but where she needed to be thin was also thin. Dong Xuebing clearly saw her sharp hip bones, with a very bony appeal. The surrounding white and plump flesh was also quite sexy. Because the autumn pants had elastic bands, the autumn clothes and pants would spring back if released. Therefore, Jiang Fangfang's hands stayed there, waiting for Dong Xuebing's traditional Chinese medicine massage. Of course, if the pants were pulled below the hip bones, the hip bones would catch them, and the elastic band wouldn't pull them back. But in that case, it would be too much, exposing too much, revealing the curve of the thighs connected to the abdomen. Sister Jiang had no intention of letting herself be exposed.

However, this posture was undoubtedly a bit ambiguous.

If someone unaware saw it, they might think County Mayor Jiang was flirtatiously posing.

Dong Xuebing's Adam's apple moved reflexively, clearing his throat. He didn't dare to show any abnormal expression on his face. With a reach, he touched the bruised front waist in front of him.

So soft.

Warm and cozy, it felt very comfortable to touch.

Jiang Fangfang tightened her waist and gently trembled.

Dong Xuebing quickly let go and asked, "Does it hurt a lot?"

"A little." Jiang Fangfang's expression didn't change, but it was clear that she was really in pain.

"Then I'll go lighter. Bear with it a bit." Dong Xuebing touched her again, this time even more gently, and then began massaging her injury.

Once

Twice

Five times

Jiang Fangfang still maintained her indifferent expression

Generally, women have a low tolerance for pain, especially for external injuries. It's normal to cry out when it hurts, but Jiang Fangfang maintained her calm expression even though Dong Xuebing could tell she was enduring much pain.

"Are you cold?"

"It's fine."

"Why don't you cover yourself with the blanket?"

"If I cover myself, how can you massage me?"

"No problem. It doesn't matter through the clothes."

"Alright, it's getting a bit cold."

Jiang Fangfang let go of the blanket and pulled it up.

Dong Xuebing also helped on the side, pulling up the quilt on her side to cover her chest. The two shared one blanket, and as Sister Jiang covered herself, Dong Xuebing's body was naturally covered by the blanket, too.

"Is this posture okay?"

"Yes, just stay still. It'll be better soon."

Jiang Fangfang nodded, watching in front without moving.

Although he couldn't see himself, Dong Xuebing saw that her gaze was roughly in his direction. Feeling a bit embarrassed to make eye contact, he lowered his head and looked at the curve of Sister Jiang's body imprinted on the blanket. Dong Xuebing also lay down, feeling the way under the quilt and reaching over, finding Jiang Fangfang's waist. Following the curve, he touched her front waist again after a few strokes, and Dong Xuebing silently uttered the word "REVERSE."

One second

REVERSE canceled.

He could feel Sister Jiang's waist twist slightly.

When Dong Xuebing continued to randomly press acupoints, Jiang Fangfang spoke, "Hmm, it seems like it doesn't hurt anymore."

"As long as it works."

"You're quick with this."

"Well, your injury wasn't severe."

"The bruise has dispersed."

"We still need to wait a bit. If you're sleepy, you can go ahead and sleep."

If they lifted the clothes and checked, the bruise would be gone. But to make it more believable, Dong Xuebing had to act, pretending to have the skillful hands of a traditional Chinese medicine practitioner. Otherwise, it wouldn't have been appropriate if Jiang Fangfang had gotten up to inspect the wound. Dong Xuebing had lost interest in being in the limelight after all that had happened, and it was better to keep a low profile.

One minute

Two minutes

Jiang Fangfang slowly closed her eyes, seeming ready to sleep.

Suddenly, the phone rang, ring, ring.

Other than the gentle rain, the room was quiet. The sudden ring startled Dong Xuebing. His hand trembled, and his palm unexpectedly slipped onto Sister Jiang's soft buttocks.

Oops.

His hand sank into the flesh.

Dong Xuebing quickly withdrew his hand, saying, "Sorry, sorry."

"It seems like it's your phone." Jiang Fangfang did not react.

"Yeah, yeah." Dong Xuebing hurriedly reached for the phone on the coffee table. After lying down, he checked the number. It was a staff member under him, and it was probably an urgent matter.

Dong Xuebing answered, "Hello, Old Sun, what's happening? You are not sleeping? Just tell me, if it's nothing, just handle it yourself. You go talk to the person in charge, follow the plan, and make sure not to deviate too much if there are any fluctuations."

Jiang Fangfang raised a finger to her lips, signaling for him to lower his voice.

Dong Xuebing paused, realizing he had spoken too loudly. He glanced towards the bedroom, afraid of waking up the elderly lady. Also, he didn't want Jiang's mother to overhear anything. Dong Xuebing quickly lowered his voice, "How's the progress on your end? What? I can't hear what you're saying about the progress." The other party might be outside, and with the rain, it was a bit noisy. Dong Xuebing spoke softly, and the other person couldn't hear him well.

Alright.

Dong Xuebing could only grab the blanket and move his body down a bit. He directly lowered his head into the warm quilt, saying, "Hey, can you hear me now? What progress has been made? Okay, thank you for your hard work. Just handle it that way, and we'll discuss the rest on Monday."

The inside of the quilt was pitch black.

Only through the gap in the blanket could some light be seen, vaguely revealing Jiang Fangfang's chin.

As Dong Xuebing spoke, he suddenly realized the current situation. Waves of mature feminine fragrance surrounded him, reaching his face, nose, and ears. There was no perfume, just a faint and refreshing scent. The entire quilt was filled with the aroma of Jiang Fangfang, which might not have been noticeable outside in the spacious living room, but now that Dong Xuebing had covered himself completely with the quilt, he couldn't escape from Sister Jiang's scent, surrounding him from all sides.

A warm and pleasant fragrance wafted over.

Dong Xuebing felt a bit dazed, "Oh, right."

He became absent-minded while on the phone and didn't know what he was saying. In the past, Dong Xuebing was primarily sensitive to visual stimuli, like most people. However, the scent emanating from Jiang Fangfang was just too intoxicating. The fragrant warmth enveloped Dong Xuebing's body, and he couldn't resist it.

Is Sister Jiang using perfume?

Why is her body fragrance so soft and subtle?

Wow, this is too pleasant.

Dong Xuebing became addicted, and his breathing quickened a bit. Not for any other reason, just to take in a few more breaths. However, his nose also momentarily went sour, a side effect of inhaling too quickly. Dong Xuebing quickly stabilized his breathing rhythm and waited for his nose to recover before taking a few more deep breaths.

His face was under the quilt.

His voice was under the quilt.

Dong Xuebing wasn't afraid that Sister Jiang would notice anything.

"Yeah, let's discuss it on Monday. Mayor Jiang will be at work on Monday. You can report directly to Mayor Jiang at that time."

The oxygen inside the quilt was decreasing.

The temperature was also rising.

However, Dong Xuebing was still unwilling to come out and continued talking on the phone inside. Suddenly, he felt something touching his hair. At this moment, Jiang Fangfang also moved her body slightly, and the opening of the quilt widened instantly. Moonlight instantly poured in, allowing Dong Xuebing to see what his hair had touched. Sister Jiang's left chest was wrapped in autumn clothes. Many hairs were stuck in her chest, and Dong Xuebing then remembered that he had retreated two lengths into the quilt, and Sister Jiang was waiting for a traditional Chinese medicine massage facing him. This position happened to be Mayor Jiang's chest. No wonder it smelled so good; it was so close. Although his face didn't touch it, his hair did. This feeling was equally stimulating for Dong Xuebing. He didn't know if it had poked Sister Jiang, but Dong Xuebing had short hair, so it was stiff.

Sister Jiang's body moved again.

Dong Xuebing estimated that he had indeed poked her. The autumn clothes were thin, and the hair must have penetrated them. The sharp sensation would be very apparent even if it didn't penetrate. Dong Xuebing's hair broke through the two barriers and touched her flesh, causing Sister Jiang to move her body.

Is it painful?

Or is it itchy?

Dong Xuebing didn't know, but he quickly pulled his head back.

At this moment, the cadre on the other end of the phone had finished reporting the matters he needed to report. Perhaps seeing that Mayor Dong was a bit absent-minded while sleeping, he didn't disturb him any longer.

"Alright, that's it. Let's hang up."

Dong Xuebing put down his phone. Reluctantly, he crawled out of the fragrant quilt, placed his phone on the coffee table, and retracted his arms. At the same time, Jiang Fangfang opened her eyes and changed her posture.

The two immediately bumped into each other's faces. Although their faces didn't touch, Dong Xuebing's legs, bent during the turn, tangled with Sister Jiang's very fleshy, beautiful legs.

Jiang Fangfang slowly straightened her legs.

Dong Xuebing, feeling embarrassed, quickly retracted his legs and moved away.

Dong Xuebing couldn't bear it anymore, feeling an increasing urge to put his hands inside her clothes.

Chapter 1406: Xiao Dong acted

Night.

Living room.

Under a blanket.

Jiang Fangfang: "Why such a late call?"

Dong Xuebing: "It's about the family quarters construction project."

Jiang Fangfang: "How far has it progressed?"

Dong Xuebing: "The site has been selected, and the land is almost finalized."

Jiang Fangfang: "Progress is quite fast. You've been busy these days. Thank you for your hard work."

Dong Xuebing: "Not too hard, but there are many decisions I had to make on my own since you weren't around. There are probably some things I didn't handle well. After you return to work on Monday, you can take a look. I've already told them to report the progress to you. There are some things I didn't dare to decide on my own, and you'll need to make the decisions when you're back. You'll think more comprehensively than I do." Dong Xuebing also flattered a bit.

Jiang Fangfang: "You can make decisions."

Dong Xuebing: "For some things, I'm not sure. Well, I'll take another look after you return on Monday."

"You don't need to be too modest. Well, I'll take another look the day after tomorrow."

Dong Xuebing: "By the way, I almost forgot. I'll give you another acupressure session. It's not quite healed yet."

"It's not a major injury. If you're too tired, you can sleep. It will get better on its own."

Dong Xuebing: "Don't be polite. You don't need to worry since I caused you to bump into me. Just massage for a while, and it should be fine. I guarantee there won't be any bruising tomorrow."

"Okay, good."

"Listen to me, the doctor."

"Sure, I'll listen to Dr. Dong."

After discussing work and making a joke, the atmosphere relaxed.

Dong Xuebing observed. Seeing Jiang Fangfang occasionally move her waist and arms, he asked, "Are you tired of lying down?"

Jiang Fangfang moved her waist again, "Staying in one position for too long, it's a bit sore."

Dong Xuebing suggested, "In that case, lie flat. I'll continue massaging."

Jiang Fangfang agreed, "Flat is fine, but it might be inconvenient for you to massage from that side." She was injured on the left front waist, and she was lying on Dong Xuebing's left side. If lying flat, Dong Xuebing would have to reach over her abdomen to massage the wound.

Dong Xuebing proposed, "Let's change positions."

Jiang Fangfang agreed, "Okay, I'll lie on your side."

Dong Xuebing said, "Don't move. I'll step over."

Dong Xuebing lifted the blanket, straddled over Jiang Fangfang's body, and moved to her left side. After Jiang Fangfang shifted, Dong Xuebing successfully positioned himself on her left. Jiang Fangfang, now lying flat with her face towards the ceiling, and Dong Xuebing, lying on her right side, started massaging the injury through the soft autumn clothes.

The front waist is a sensitive area. As Dong Xuebing massaged, he also enjoyed the feeling. The firm hip bone and the soft flesh were constantly stimulating his fingers.

The movements under the blanket seemed decent.

However, if viewed from above, the movements of the blanket, undulating on Jiang Fangfang's waist, appeared somewhat enchanting, as if they were engaged in some illicit activity.

One minute

Three minutes

Five minutes

It's almost 11 pm.

Jiang Fangfang, who had closed her eyes but couldn't sleep, suddenly said, "I feel much better. It hasn't been painful, right? You've had a busy day, coming for me, even sticking glass for my family, and changing light bulbs at heights. If it's too much trouble, forget it, and you should go to bed early."

Dong Xuebing replied, "Just a bit more, almost healed."

Jiang Fangfang asked, "Aren't you sleepy?"

Dong Xuebing said, "Not sleepy."

Jiang Fangfang sighed, "Well, I can't sleep either."

Dong Xuebing asked, "Insomnia again?"

Jiang Fangfang admitted, "Frequently. I've gotten used to it."

Dong Xuebing inquired, "Haven't you taken sleeping pills recently?"

Jiang Fangfang replied, "No, that's why I'm having severe insomnia."

Dong Xuebing commented, "Well, it's better than sleeping pills for several years. That's harmful to the body." He paused, and with his hand still on her waist, he looked at her and suggested, "How about I recite something for you?"

Jiang Fangfang shook her head slightly, "Forget it. I don't want to trouble you."

Dong Xuebing insisted, "It's not troublesome at all. I can find a book and recite it for you. I'll sleep after you do."

Jiang Fangfang explained, "It's not about that. Once I get used to it, I can't have you come over every night to recite for me. It's not appropriate."

Dong Xuebing reassured her, "It's not a bother. Besides, I have plenty of time."

Jiang Fangfang said, "It's still too much trouble."

Dong Xuebing added, "It's not troublesome, but mainly, I'm afraid of people gossiping."

If he went to Jiang Fangfang's house every night, it would be hard to keep it a secret.

Jiang Fangfang said, "Well, we have a clear conscience, but what others might say is inevitable. As a widow, I must be mindful of my influence in everything."

Dong Xuebing mentioned, "By the way, Secretary Pu's wife mentioned wanting to introduce someone to you last time. She cares about you."

Jiang Fangfang thanked her, "I appreciate her kindness, but I've managed for so many years alone. It's fine to live by myself, especially with my mother. I can't find a suitable partner."

Dong Xuebing agreed, "That's true. Your mother probably still thinks your husband"

Jiang Fangfang interrupted, "I'll trouble you with my mother in the future."

Dong Xuebing said, "You don't need to be polite. It's just a small favor."

The wall clock suddenly ticked, and it was already 11 pm.

Jiang Fangfang, who had been talking to him with her eyes closed, was now silent. It's unclear whether she fell asleep, but her breathing was steady.

Because he was massaging her acupoints and they were under the same blanket, Dong Xuebing was very close to her. Almost his chest was pressed against Jiang Fangfang's left shoulder, and his hands didn't stop, continuously pressing on her. However, smelling the familiar scent of Jiang Fangfang's body and being so close to her under the blanket, Dong Xuebing felt a bit distracted. The feeling from the phone call under the blanket left a deep impression on him, and he hadn't recovered yet.

It had been half an hour of massage.

His rubbing had warmed Jiang Fangfang's elastic bands on her autumn clothes and pants.

Dong Xuebing gritted his teeth, and he didn't know where this impulse came from. Suddenly, he couldn't resist it anymore. The sensation in his hands, the fragrance on Jiang Fangfang's body, and the warm body under the blanket were too enticing. In an instant, Dong Xuebing ignored various

concerns and became bold. He moved his hands away from her acupoints on the front waist and slid them down, reaching into Jiang Fangfang's buttocks.

Soft.

A touch of tenderness.

Dong Xuebing felt his heart was filled.

Jiang Fangfang didn't move or open her eyes, seemingly asleep.

Dong Xuebing's courage increased a bit. On her buttocks covered by autumn pants, he applied a few strokes. The hand was rotating on it, obviously having nothing to do with traditional Chinese medicine massage. Even if there were acupoints on the buttocks, they had nothing to do with the bruise on the front waist.

It was not a treatment.

Purely taking advantage.

Dong Xuebing rubbed her for several rounds.

Suddenly, Jiang Fangfang spoke, "During my rest these days, how's work? Tell me briefly so I don't have to ask Xiaona the day after tomorrow."

Awake?

Not asleep.

Moreover, this statement didn't seem to have an inquisitive tone.

Dong Xuebing's hand suddenly stopped, hesitating to touch her again, uncertain what to do.

Chapter 1407: Going all out

What does this mean?

Is this a hint, or does it have another meaning?

Under the covers at night, Dong Xuebing and Jiang Fangfang lay together. The former was touching the latter's buttocks, and the latter suddenly brought up work-related matters.

"Uh, what aspect are you referring to?"

"Anything, something important."

"The family quarters project is almost settled."

"Well, what else is there, nothing particularly special?"

"There are some projects you are in charge of, and I've paid attention to a few."

"Regarding the implementation of the education funding, how is it specifically?"

"Following your original approach, I asked Mayor Ci to pay more attention to the training of teaching staff."

"You did the right thing. Compared to other counties, our Zhen Shui County does lack in terms of teaching staff."



Dong Xuebing's hand had already stopped on Jiang Fangfang's beautiful buttocks. It was awkward whether to remove it or not. He uncomfortably placed his hand on her autumn pants without moving. He couldn't understand if Jiang Fangfang was angry, asking about work suddenly. After chatting for a while, Jiang Fangfang showed no particular attitude. Dong Xuebing blinked, thinking that since he had already taken some liberties and his face was already lost, he might as well try again.

So, Dong Xuebing tentatively pinched her buttocks again.

"What about Secretary Meng?"

"Uh, no movement."

"Maybe it's because my father passed away."

Dong Xuebing originally thought that during Jiang Fangfang's absence, the Meng faction would seize the opportunity to counterattack, causing him to be tense and fully armed for several days. However, there was no news at all. They hadn't even convened the Party Committee. It had been postponed for a week. Dong Xuebing figured out that Secretary Meng was considering Jiang Fangfang's family affairs and didn't take advantage of the situation. In this regard, Secretary Meng was still quite considerate.

But Dong Xuebing's thoughts were not on this matter.

Does this still mean discussing work?

Uh, you don't seem to have any reaction at all.

Dong Xuebing's courage surged even more. He slowly took his hand off her buttocks, slid it down, and touched Jiang Fangfang's thigh.

The autumn pants were too thin.

The warmth of her thigh flesh immediately transferred to Dong Xuebing's palm.

Warm and soft. Let's not mention that feeling.

While touching her, Dong Xuebing said, "How about I organize this week's reports and work documents for you tomorrow? You can take a look first."

Jiang Fangfang opened her eyes and brushed her hair aside, "No need. I can get a rough idea from what you're saying."

Dong Xuebing nodded, extended his hand, and touched her other thigh, "I've also discussed some work with Secretary Li before finalizing decisions."

"I know. Xiaona contacted me twice."

"The family quarters project is proceeding smoothly, and there's nothing much left to address. I've instructed them on everything they need to know. Dong Xuebing was becoming slightly dissatisfied with touching her over the clothes. Of course, he didn't dare to touch below, so he moved his hand and used his fingers to open her autumn clothes on her abdomen, inserting his hand inside. At over thirty years old, although it might not be apparent from the outside, there was still a subtle bit of flesh on her lower abdomen. It wasn't too noticeable, just the subtle excess perfect for belly dancing, making it more attractive than a skinny belly.

"Uh-huh. Just handle the overall direction."

"Alright, if there are any recent developments or decisions you can't make, I'll report to you."

But just as Dong Xuebing was thinking of moving his hand upward, Jiang Fangfang slowly turned over, facing away from Dong Xuebing towards the coffee table.

Uh.

What's this attitude?

Dong Xuebing's hand inside her autumn clothes was squeezed when she turned, sliding onto Jiang Fangfang's smooth lower back. He didn't dare to make any further moves.

After waiting for two seconds, Jiang Fangfang, with her back to him, continued, "How much is left in the budget?"

Dong Xuebing said, "There's about eight million left, but the disposable amount is only about four million. The rest has already been planned."

"Finances are a bit tight."

"Yes, with the family quarters project starting, it's inevitable."

"We still need to figure out a way; repairing the road is also urgent. We must start construction this year."

"Yeah, I promised you last time. I'll find a solution for the money issue and get the road repaired."

"Don't put too much pressure on yourself. The collapse of the Public Security Family Courtyard was unexpected. Your proposal at that time was more appropriate."

"Anyway, I'll think of a solution next week and see how to solve the financial problem." Since she showed no movement and no reaction, Dong Xuebing didn't hold back. He even boldly inserted four fingers into her bra's back strap, which tightened significantly, given the additional fingers. Dong Xuebing thought about undoing her back strap, but it was a passing thought; he didn't dare.

"What are your plans?"

"I think we should focus on investment promotion."

"Yeah, you have experience in investment promotion, and you've worked in the Investment Promotion Bureau. In fact, from the beginning, I had high expectations for you." Jiang Fangfang lay on her back, and Dong Xuebing couldn't see her expression on the front or even if her eyes were open or closed.

After pulling his hand out of the bra strap, Dong Xuebing kept his hand in place, almost pushing Jiang Fangfang's autumn clothes to the top, exposing most of her back under the blanket. Dong Xuebing couldn't see it because the quilt was covering, but he continued, "Rest assured, I will plan a strategy for this. I'll do my best to attract more investment if it's finalized. This is the key to solving the economic problems in our country. Asking the central government for money can only solve urgent problems but doesn't address the root cause. Ultimately, our county needs to create income and increase tax revenue. Otherwise, we'll have to rely on others for a lifetime. Relying on support from the central and provincial governments is not a long-term solution. Attracting investment is more appropriate."

"On this point, we are on the same page. After you came over, I assigned the investment promotion work to you, relying on your ability in investment promotion. However, the conditions in our county are there; we can't compare with the counties and cities where you worked before. You have to be mentally prepared for a tough battle."

Dong Xuebing's other hand was now free. One hand repeatedly touched Jiang Fangfang's back, while the other one went down and touched her meaty buttocks that were facing him.

Up and down.

The sensation was endless.

"I'll do my best."

"Good, draft a plan for me as soon as possible."

"Yeah, I'll handle it on Monday."

He touched her by himself, and Jiang Fangfang didn't get angry.

What does this mean? Did she silently agree, or was she too embarrassed to scold herself?

Now, Dong Xuebing was indulging in his desires. Jiang Fangfang's indifferent attitude only made him itch even more.

Chapter 1408: Took advantage

What does this mean?

Night.

11 pm.

The drizzling rain had eased a bit.

In the quilt laid out on the living room floor of the Jiang family, Dong Xuebing and Jiang Fangfang talked about work for three minutes and spent three minutes touching her.

That flesh.

That smoothness.

That tenderness.

Oh, don't even mention it.

Dong Xuebing worked up and down, feeling completely at ease with Sister Jiang. Both his hands were now infused with the faint, clean fragrance of County Chief Jiang. After touching her for a long time, even the warmth from Sister Jiang's autumn pants and the back of her skin seeped into his palms, making him feel very comfortable. Of course, because Dong Xuebing couldn't figure out what Jiang Fangfang was thinking, he didn't dare to go too far. He just played around the edges, and even if one hand reached into her red cotton autumn clothes, he, at most, touched her back and lower belly, refraining from going elsewhere for the time being.

Ah, truly enjoyable.

I wonder if I'll have this honor in the future.

After discussing work, Dong Xuebing saw that Sister Jiang, facing away from him, didn't say anything. He felt a bit embarrassed to continue. He cleared his throat.

"Sister Jiang."

"Yeah."

"Are you tired?"

"It's all right. What's the matter?"

"Cough, it's nothing, it's nothing."

With no real topic to discuss, he didn't want to bring up anything. Mainly, Dong Xuebing didn't know what to talk about. The atmosphere was a bit awkward; after all, he had one hand in her clothes and the other grabbing her flesh buttocks.

The living room fell silent.

The quieter it became, the more awkward it seemed.

Dong Xuebing felt a bit uneasy. He kept thinking that Sister Jiang might be angry. Although County Chief Jiang seemed to have a personality that couldn't be shaken by anything, that was only on the surface. Since everyone was human, it was impossible not to get angry. Dong Xuebing was afraid that it could be problematic if she was angry but didn't show it on her face. He didn't want to wait for Sister Jiang to make things difficult for him.

Is she angry or not?

Why doesn't it seem like it?

Dong Xuebing blinked his eyes a few times. Today, he was a bit bold. With determination, he grabbed a handful of Jiang Fangfang's buttocks with force. He thought that she would move his hand away if Jiang Fangfang was truly unhappy. However, after pinching, Jiang Fangfang still didn't react or say anything.

She isn't angry.

What does that mean?

Does it mean I can go further?

Dong Xuebing was just feeling his way through. Going by instinct, he adjusted the direction of his body. Slowly moving forward, he pulled one hand out of her back, removed the other from her buttocks, and wiped it on Jiang Fangfang's waist, reaching for some small excess flesh on her lower abdomen. This time, he didn't linger but directly inserted his hand. He slid into Sister Jiang's red cotton autumn clothes that had been opened quite a bit by him, moving upwards. His fingertips touched her belly button, and his middle finger slipped inside. Dong Xuebing didn't take any action for a moment; instead, he paused.

Suddenly, Jiang Fangfang spoke, "What time is it, Xuebing?"

"Ah," Dong Xuebing looked up at the clock. In the late night, it was hard to see clearly, "It's probably around eleven, maybe a few minutes past."

Jiang Fangfang moved her body slightly, "It's so late."

"Yeah." Dong Xuebing glanced, and his hand shifted. He inserted the fingernail under her bra's lower edge and gently pressed down, opening the tightly stretched lower edge of the bra, inch by inch, squeezing in.

One millimeter

Two millimeters

Three millimeters

Huh, it seems like the fingernail has sunk into something soft.

But there isn't any obvious sensation yet. Dong Xuebing squeezed a bit more, afraid of hurting Sister Jiang, so he didn't exert much force, and after a while, he still couldn't get in. The bra was too tight. It seemed to have an underwire. Dong Xuebing, feeling a bit embarrassed about the non-face-to-face situation, made several attempts but couldn't succeed. His forehead was sweating, and he used more force in his urgency. He felt it; it was like his fingers touched flesh. However, just as his fingers were about to go inside, a woman's hand suddenly pressed over from outside the autumn clothes, lightly pressing on Dong Xuebing's hand.

Uh.

Sister Jiang blocked it.

Dong Xuebing leaned over to look and saw the hand pressing down on his arm. Since Sister Jiang's back was facing him, he still couldn't see her expression. However, her attitude was clear. Although the force she used to press down was light, the signal was transmitted. Dong Xuebing naturally didn't dare to be presumptuous. He reluctantly withdrew his hand from her bra, which didn't go all the way in only a finger and two fingernails made it inside. After thinking about it, Dong Xuebing, fearing she might get angry, continued withdrawing his hand even further, not hesitating to pull it out from inside her autumn clothes.

"Get some rest." Jiang Fangfang's voice was calm.

Dong Xuebing coughed. "Uh, yes, you should rest early too."

"I'll rest in a while. When I'm sleepy, I'll sleep."

"How about, should I tell you a story?"

"Sure, but don't turn on the light. I don't have many books at home. Well, just talk casually. If I listen for a while, I might fall asleep."

"Okay, what story do you want to hear?"

"Anything, as long as there's sound in my ears."

"Then I'll tell you a story. I only remember a few fairy tales."

Seeing that she took her hand back but didn't fix her somewhat displaced autumn clothes and wrinkled autumn pants, Dong Xuebing cleared his throat. He began telling a Cinderella story, casually concocted. While speaking, Dong Xuebing observed Jiang Fangfang's back. After a while, Dong Xuebing felt a bit regretful; he thought his direct attempt to reach into her bra was too much. Maybe he should try something less intrusive.

He couldn't help but reach over again.

This time, he didn't go inside the autumn clothes but instead inserted his hand into Sister Jiang's armpit, pushing aside her arm that was pressing against her ribs to reach the front. Slowly, he grabbed Sister Jiang's left breast from behind.

Soft.

Finally caught it.

However, before his hand could warm up, a woman's hand reached over and gently grasped Dong Xuebing's hand, pulling it out. Dong Xuebing wanted to continue, but Sister Jiang's hand didn't let go when he moved his hand. He tried to pull back, but her hand also pulled back, and the two hands began a silent struggle over Jiang Fangfang's left breast. However, neither used much force. Dong Xuebing realized it wouldn't work and felt a bit regretful. If she didn't allow it, he didn't want to provoke Sister Jiang. Now that she had set a boundary, Dong Xuebing had an understanding.

"At this moment, Cinderella lowered her head."

Dong Xuebing was still telling the story, not stopping. However, instead of going inside her clothes this time, he decided to test the waters from the outside.

Dong Xuebing was still telling a story uninterrupted. Meanwhile, he withdrew his hand but stepped further by clasping Sister Jiang's hand. Jiang Fangfang lay on her back, seemingly not resisting this time. Dong Xuebing touched the palm of her hand, his thumb brushing against the back of her hand. When he first arrived at her house, he and Sister Jiang held hands because Jiang's mother was present, but the sensation differed. Sister Jiang's hand was slender, and her fingers were elegantly long. It felt exceptionally smooth.

One story quickly came to an end.

"Sister Jiang," Dong Xuebing whispered, "Have you fallen asleep?"

"Not yet," Jiang Fangfang replied lightly.

Dong Xuebing held her hand and said, "Then let me tell another one."

However, Jiang Fangfang's hand didn't respond. Instead, it hung loosely. "Hmm, I'll go to the bathroom first. I'm a bit sleepy. When I come back, you can tell me another one. I'll probably be able to sleep by then."

"Sure," Dong Xuebing said without moving his hand.

Jiang Fangfang pulled her hand back slightly.

Reluctantly, Dong Xuebing let go of her.

Jiang Fangfang lifted the quilt, sat up, and stepped into her slippers. However, Dong Xuebing had pushed up her autumn clothes, and her autumn pants were pulled down a bit, presenting a disheveled appearance. As she stood under the moonlight, more than half of her white back was exposed. The front was okay, but the autumn clothes were rolled up behind the bra, and at the hip area, the pure cotton autumn pants bore a faint handprint, evidently left by Dong Xuebing.

Jiang Fangfang pulled down her autumn clothes, and the sound of her footsteps gradually moved toward the bathroom, followed by the closing of the door.

The rain had stopped, and the noise subsided. The sound of water flowing in the bathroom was clear, making Dong Xuebing feel a bit itchy.

Before long, Jiang Fangfang came out after washing her hands.

Dong Xuebing glanced at her expression, which was quite calm.

Taking the initiative, Dong Xuebing lifted the quilt for her. Jiang Fangfang, with her beautiful bare feet, took off her slippers. One leg stepped onto the floor, and she bent down to sit. Dong Xuebing had initially hoped she would face him, but Sister Jiang maintained the same posture as before, leaving Dong Xuebing with a view of her back.

Oh well, let it be.

Dong Xuebing said, "I've finished."

"Yeah, thanks," Jiang Fangfang said softly.

This time, he told the story of Pinocchio. As he spoke, Dong Xuebing, who had more or less figured out Jiang Fangfang's limits, silently pressed against her. His chest pressed against her back, and his hand, from behind, hugged her. His head buried into Sister Jiang's hair, carrying shampoo fragrance. Every time he spoke, his breath blew through her hair. His hands weren't idle either; he found one of Sister Jiang's hands and held it.

It was good to hold her for a while.

Dong Xuebing was content.

The story was still ongoing, but after a minute, Jiang Fangfang interrupted. She slightly twisted her body and said, "Your elbow is pressing against my ribs."

Dong Xuebing made a sound of acknowledgment. He thought of releasing her, but considering her words, she didn't want him to move away. She only mentioned that the elbow was pressing against her. With a blink of his eyes, Dong Xuebing adjusted his arm slightly. His hand was still holding hers, and the overall posture of embracing her didn't change.

"Is it still pressing?" Dong Xuebing asked.

Jiang Fangfang remained silent.

Dong Xuebing coughed. "Then I'll continue."

"Yeah, I'm almost falling asleep," she said with a hint of fatigue.

Dong Xuebing promptly responded, "All right, don't talk anymore. Just listen to my story."

Embracing the beautiful County Mayor, telling her stories to coax her to sleep no one in Zhen Shui County would believe this if it were spoken out loud. Feeling the warm fragrance in his arms, Dong Xuebing's heart was also warmed.

Today, he took advantage of County Mayor Jiang quite a bit.

Chapter 1409: Young Couple

Sunday.

Early in the morning.

Jiang's mother's house.

The sky after the rain was refreshing, and the air, carrying the faint fragrance of grass seeds, squeezed through the window as if someone had sprayed a freshener.

Around 7 pm.

Dong Xuebing woke up in his warm bed, feeling a bit chilly on his feet. His first reaction was to pull his feet back under the warm blanket. He yawned, opened his eyes, and saw the outside sky. He knew the rain had stopped, and he even caught a fleeting glimpse of a beautiful rainbow. It instantly refreshed Dong Xuebing, who had just woken up.

The first sight was a rainbow.

It seems like today is going well.

Dong Xuebing checked the time, stretched a long, lazy stretch, and finally glanced at the beauty beside him. After Dong Xuebing finished telling her the story of Pinocchio last night, Jiang Fangfang had been quiet. He wasn't sure if she had fallen asleep or not. Dong Xuebing was afraid she might not have slept well, so he told another story to ensure she had fallen asleep before he went to bed. Unexpectedly, Sister Jiang woke up later than him and was still sleeping. Perhaps, after several days of insomnia, she had accumulated too much fatigue. It couldn't be overcome in just one or two days. Look at how soundly she's sleeping.

Sleep.

Let's sleep a bit more.

Dong Xuebing glanced at Sister Jiang's sleeping face with a touch of reluctance to disturb her.

Jiang Fangfang was now lying flat, a bit far from Dong Xuebing. With their arms wrapped in red autumn clothes, both of them exposed Sister Jiang's right breast outside the blanket. Dong Xuebing bent over and pulled the blanket for her. Cover her tightly.

"Mmm," Jiang Fangfang, in a sleepy voice, opened her eyes.

Dong Xuebing apologetically said, "Uh, did I wake you up?"

Jiang Fangfang whimpered and, in a drowsy manner, closed her eyes again, saying, "Mmm."

Seeing her like this, Dong Xuebing found her particularly cute. Unable to resist, he approached her, boldly inserted his hand behind her neck, and hugged her shoulders.

"Mmm."

"You go to sleep."

"Mmm."

Jiang Fangfang seemed to fall asleep.

About twenty minutes later, she moved her eyelashes, rubbed her forehead, and opened her eyes. She looked at Dong Xuebing beside her and asked, "What time?"

"7.30 am."

"So late."



"It's still early. You don't have to work today."

"Is my mom awake?"

"Not yet. There's no movement in the bedroom."

Jiang Fangfang combed her hair with her fingers and lay there half-awake.

Dong Xuebing hugged her and casually grabbed her smooth little hand. But because it was daytime, and everyone could see each other, Dong Xuebing felt pressured and didn't dare to be too bold. He just held her hand and didn't even dare to squeeze it. "Why don't you rest a bit more? You look tired these days."

"It's okay," Jiang Fangfang said casually. "I should make breakfast, and my mom's herbal medicine needs to be prepared."

"I'll go."

"You don't know how to prepare it."

"Then I'll make breakfast, and you prepare the medicine."

"Are you free today?"

"I am. I'll just stay at home."

"Okay, then. Thank you for making breakfast. Just make something simple."

Seeing that Sister Jiang wasn't polite, Dong Xuebing also felt comfortable. It showed that she didn't hold any grudges about what happened last night. "What time shall we get up?"

"Ten minutes more. I need to wake up and open my eyes." Jiang Fangfang seemed not to notice the arm around her neck and didn't even glance at it.

"Oh, by the way, can I smoke?"

"Sure, yesterday you refrained from smoking all day. It was tough for you."

"Mainly, I was worried your mother couldn't tolerate the smell of smoke."

"No problem, just open the window to let the smell out."

Upon hearing this, Dong Xuebing responded with a casual "Hmm." The craving for a cigarette had truly kicked in. He turned over, ready to get up; his phone, wallet, and cigarettes were under the coffee table. Jiang Fangfang, without letting him leave the bed, reached out and effortlessly retrieved his cigarette box and lighter, handing them to him.

Dong Xuebing, forgetting about hugging her, withdrew his hand, lit a cigarette, and took a satisfying puff. Jiang Fangfang then reached for a small glass bowl on the coffee table with melon seed shells, making space on the floor.

"Dispose the ashes here."

"Ah, thanks."

"You're welcome."

After finishing the cigarette, Dong Xuebing's hand couldn't stay still. Sneakily, he reached under the blanket, feeling his way to Sister Jiang's beautiful legs. Jiang Fangfang calmly picked up the ashtray, placed it on the coffee table, and returned without any particular reaction. Seeing this, Dong Xuebing continued to caress her thighs and the autumn pants underneath. Even though he had spent a long time doing this last night, it never seemed enough. Her thighs felt soft and plump, and it felt exceptionally good.

If only he could touch her every day.

Who knows if Sister Jiang will give him this opportunity after today?

Maybe with this thought in mind, Dong Xuebing decided to enjoy it thoroughly. If Sister Jiang changed her attitude in a few days, at least he had his fill.

One touch at a time.

One touch less each time.

Dong Xuebing estimated that, except for him, no one in Zhen Shui County would dare take advantage of County Mayor Jiang like this.

The waist is a man's life.

The legs are a woman's life.

This is not something easily accessible.

After a few minutes.

Jiang Fangfang found a hairpin by the pillow, sat up, quickly arranged her hair, and tied it up. "It's almost eight o'clock. Let's get up."

Dong Xuebing's hand was still on her leg. "How about lying down a bit longer?"

"The medicine takes a long time to boil, and my mother needs to drink it in the morning." Jiang Fangfang looked at him. "If you're tired, rest for another half an hour. I'll wake you up for breakfast."

"No, I'll cook."

"Then get up now."

"Okay, fine."

"I'll check your clothes. They should be dry."

"No need, I'll get them myself. Where are they drying?"

"In my mother's room. Don't worry about it; brush your teeth and wash up. The toothbrush might not be new, so make do. You can use my towel, the white one."

"Uh, got it."

After Jiang Fangfang finished combing her hair, she stood up, put on slippers, and went to the bedroom. Dong Xuebing, smelling the lingering scent of a woman in the bed, found lying down boring. He entered the bathroom, relieved himself, and washed his face. Coming out, Jiang Fangfang had already taken out his clothes and handed them to him. Then she entered the bathroom

and closed the door. The clothes were dry, but there were some raindrop marks on them. Dong Xuebing didn't want to undress in front of Jiang Fangfang, so he quickly went to the sofa, took off the white autumn clothes Jiang Fangfang lent him, and swiftly changed into his clothes. He didn't bother with shoes and socks. He wasn't hurrying to leave and opted to wear her house slippers instead.

Suddenly, Sister Jiang's voice came from the bathroom.

"Xiaotao."

"Ah, I'm here."

"I just brewed the medicine in the kitchen."

"Oh, you started brewing it."

"Yes, could you watch the claypot for me?"

"Sure, I'll keep an eye on it."

"Okay, I'll be there after I use the restroom."

Dong Xuebing turned and went to the kitchen. He checked the pot; it hadn't started boiling yet. He rummaged through the fridge and began preparing breakfast, mainly porridge. He rinsed the rice, put it on the stove, and opened the lid when the other pot started boiling. The strong medicinal aroma wafted out, and Dong Xuebing immediately turned down the heat to simmer. He also pushed open the kitchen's glass window, stained with oil marks, to let out the smell, which was quite unpleasant.

At this moment, Jiang's mother came out. "Xiaotao."

"Uh, Mom, you're awake." Dong Xuebing smiled, looking outside.

Jiang's mother cared a lot about her son-in-law. Seeing him busy alone, brewing medicine and cooking, she became a little unhappy. "How come you're doing everything yourself, leaving nothing for your wife to do?"

"She's in the restroom."

"This girl, always so slow in everything."

"Hehe, it's okay, Mom, I can handle it."

"I'll talk to her later. This girl is too indifferent; she's never in a hurry for anything."

Meanwhile, the bathroom door clicked, and Jiang Fangfang walked slowly into the living room.

"What's wrong, Mom?"

Jiang's mother complained, "I was just talking about you. Why do you let Xiaotao do everything?"

Jiang Fangfang calmly said, "I just used the bathroom and need to change clothes. I just got here. Mom, you should go, and I'll cook with Xiaotao."

"After you started working, you rarely come back. Make more medicine for a few days."

"I know. I'll make some extra for you."

"Yes, the housekeeper is too careless, not as meticulous as yours."

"You should freshen up. I'll close the door; the smell of the medicine has filled the room and is unpleasant."

The old lady turned and left, and Jiang Fangfang closed the kitchen door. She also turned on the range hood, but her kitchen hood was too old, and the power was not high, so it had little effect. Most of the medicinal smell still escaped through the window, and it was unknown where it went.

"Let me do it."

"You don't have to bother; I can handle it."

"What did my mom say to you?"

"Nothing, just complained that you're too slow."

Jiang Fangfang didn't say anything. She stirred the Chinese medicine in the pot.

The porridge pot with millet had also started boiling. Dong Xuebing adjusted the heat and glanced at her, reaching out to tentatively hold her hand. "What kind of staple food do you want?"

Jiang Fangfang didn't look at him and continued to brew the medicine. "Anything is fine."

"What do you usually eat at home?"

"Just porridge is enough. Both my mother and I don't eat much."

"Okay, I'll make a few boiled eggs."

"Sure, three or four will do. Don't make too many; we can't finish them."

"Got it. Where are the eggs?"

"In the cabinet under the window. I'll get them. You don't know."

Jiang Fangfang walked towards the window, and Dong Xuebing was still holding her hand. Naturally, he followed her, and she crouched down, single-handedly opening the cabinet door to get the eggs, handing one to Dong Xuebing.

Dong Xuebing took one.

Jiang Fangfang grabbed two.

Then, the two holding hands stood back in front of the stove, looking just like a married couple.

Chapter 1410: Mouth

Morning.

It's past 8 am.

Breakfast is ready, and Jiang's mother, Jiang Fangfang, and Dong Xuebing sit together at the table. The breakfast, consisting of millet porridge and eggs, may not be lavish but is heartwarming.

"Xiaotao."

"Yes, Mom, what's up?"

"Why are you sitting so far away?"

"Uh, cough, cough, we're not sitting far."

"You finally gather together. Don't mind this old lady."

"Sweat, we sit diagonally across from each other at home, yes."

"That's enough. In the past, you two were inseparable. Every meal, you were sitting close to each other."

Dong Xuebing wanted to explain further, but Jiang Fangfang remained silent. She slowly pulled a chair, walked a few steps, placed it next to Dong Xuebing, and sat beside him. Then, she took the bowl from the opposite side and held Dong Xuebing's arm. "Let's eat."

What should I eat?

How can I use chopsticks with my left hand?

Uh, is Sister Jiang's husband left-handed?

Dong Xuebing didn't know how to speak up with his right hand being held. He could only extend his left hand.

Jiang's mother laughed, "That's more like it. Don't mind me. Seeing you two happily together makes Mom happy. Come, Xiaotao, eat while it's hot."

Dong Xuebing said, "Okay."

Jiang's mother asked, "Are you leaving today?"

"Um," Dong Xuebing hesitated for a moment.

Jiang Fangfang spoke for him, "He has to leave. There's something he needs to attend to."

Dong Xuebing continued, "Yeah, something urgent. I'll go back after eating."

Jiang's mother frowned. "No way. At least stay until after dinner. It's decided."

Dong Xuebing looked at Jiang Fangfang inquiringly. Seeing that Sister Jiang didn't say anything, Dong Xuebing nodded to Jiang's mother. It's fine to leave after dinner; it doesn't matter. County Chief Jiang will also be back to work tomorrow, and Dong Xuebing won't have to worry about county government matters. He is quite relaxed.

After dinner.

Dong Xuebing and Jiang Fangfang washed the dishes together.

At this moment, Dong Xuebing noticed that Jiang Fangfang was wearing clothes after she went to the bathroom in the morning. However, she only wore an upper garment, a light-colored shirt. There was no sign of her high-necked red autumn clothes last night; presumably, she didn't wear them. But for the pants, she didn't wear any. She still had the same red pure cotton autumn trousers from last night. Barefoot. She didn't wear pajamas during the day. Wearing autumn clothes and trousers to sleep was normal, especially with Dong Xuebing, a pseudo-husband present. Mayor Jiang, a married woman, would certainly be cautious and not sleep in her underwear. But it's too casual to expose the autumn trousers in broad daylight.

It seems like she doesn't consider Dong Xuebing an outsider.

She looks so casual.

In the kitchen, after washing the dishes and wiping his hands, Dong Xuebing couldn't help but look at her autumn trousers several times and whispered, "Sister Jiang, are you going back tonight?"

Jiang Fangfang contemplated and said, "I'll stay with my mother for another night."

Dong Xuebing said, "Uh-huh, your mother asked me to leave after dinner. What about during the day?"

"Casual activities are fine. The main thing is to make my mother happy. If she gets upset and goes on a hunger strike, I have no choice. I have a lot of things to do on my side. Many documents in the county are waiting to be processed. If my mother is ill, I can't leave, and I must take a leave of absence."

"Yeah, I understand."

"Let's show more affection, or my mother might notice something is wrong. You heard what she said during dinner."

Dong Xuebing coughed, "I'm afraid you'll hold me accountable."

"No," Jiang Fangfang calmly glanced at him. "This time, you're helping me. I'm aware of it. Let's get through my mother's scrutiny first."

"Okay, let's go. The dishes are done."

"Sure, I'll keep quiet."

Jiang Fangfang had already opened the kitchen door.

Dong Xuebing adjusted his mindset and followed her.

The next moment, Jiang Fangfang took the initiative to extend her hand, grabbing Dong Xuebing's hand. Dong Xuebing took a deep breath and held her hand.

The two walked hand in hand.

Jiang's mother was in the living room listening to the radio. Seeing the two of them being so intimate, she smiled. It was quite gratifying. "This is great. Living together, it's normal to have some disagreements but reconcile later."

Jiang Fangfang said, "We didn't quarrel."

Jiang's mother snorted, "If you didn't quarrel, why did Xiaotao go on a business trip without even saying hello? You must have made him angry. Don't take Mom for a fool."

Dong Xuebing hurriedly said, "Mom we are doing well."

Jiang Fangfang hesitated and had to go along with her, "We've reconciled now, everything is fine."

Jiang's mother looked at them and said, "You two aren't pretending to reconcile just to fool me, are you? The old lady is quite suspicious." After speaking, she became nervous, "You two haven't divorced, have you?"

Dong Xuebing smiled bitterly, "Mom, there's nothing like that."

Jiang's mother was still suspicious, "In these few months, every time I think about you two, I'm always worried. I'm afraid you young people will divorce impulsively after a quarrel. Marriage is a

big deal; you can't be so impulsive. Do you know that being together requires tolerance and patience? I'm telling you, if you dare to divorce, do you believe Mom will jump from upstairs?"

Jiang Fangfang said, "Last time, you almost jumped. How can I not believe it?"

"Don't mention last time. Who made you lie to me that Xiaotao passed away? Hmph." Jiang's mother was angry.

"Mom." Jiang Fangfang said seriously, "Xiaotao and I are fine. We've reconciled, and we'll try not to quarrel. You can rest assured."

"Yeah, Mom," Dong Xuebing echoed.

The old lady, who was fine now, seemed to remember one thing after another. Staring at her daughter, she said, "By the way, show me your marriage certificate."

Jiang Fangfang helplessly said, "I didn't bring it with me."

Dong Xuebing smiled and said, "Mom, we haven't divorced."

The old lady's suspicion was quite heavy, "Let me tell you, if you dare to divorce, Mom will"

"Mom, it's time for your medicine."

The Chinese medicine in the kitchen was almost ready. Jiang Fangfang went to the kitchen and picked up the sand pot, and Dong Xuebing, who didn't dare to be alone with the old lady, followed suit. Holding a strainer, they filtered out the dregs and finally made a cup of Chinese medicine. The two brought it back and handed it to Jiang's mother.

"After drinking, I'll talk to you." Jiang's mother took a sip, but it wasn't as enjoyable as yesterday. The bitterness made her furrow her brows deeply. She stood up and walked towards the kitchen.

"What are you doing?"

"Add some sugar. It's too bitter."

"Adding sugar will affect the efficacy of the medicine."

"I can't swallow it without sugar. What efficacy are you talking about?"

Jiang's mother's mood was not very good. It seemed that the more she thought about it, the more she felt that her daughter and son-in-law had a broken relationship and divorced. They were conspiring to deceive her. Therefore, her words were not kind, and she added a little more sugar after trying it.

Outside.

In the living room.

Dong Xuebing whispered helplessly, "Sister Jiang, what should we do now?"

Jiang Fangfang seemed accustomed to it, "My mom is like this, changing rapidly. It might be because of this illness. She used to remember almost everything from the past very clearly. But in recent years, she has forgotten one thing after another. Her emotions fluctuate quickly, and she often loses her temper. With you here, she's a bit better. If you're not around, my mom and I will have a rough time. She won't be polite. She slams the table if she wants to and threatens to jump off the building. As her daughter, I can only go along with it."

Sigh.

Every family has its own difficulties.

Dong Xuebing and Jiang Fangfang sat on the sofa, their hands still held together. Since leaving the kitchen, they hadn't let go. However, Jiang's mother still harbored doubts, thinking that the two might have divorced. How could they explain the fake news about Sister Jiang's husband's death for so many years? Dong Xuebing looked at her and asked, "What about the marriage certificate?"

Jiang Fangfang thought momentarily and said, "I lost the marriage certificate."

"If you lost it, I don't have it," Dong Xuebing was also at a loss. Where could they find proof? If they were a real couple, it would be fine. However, they were indeed a fake couple, feeling quite guilty.

Snoring sounds came from Jiang's mother; it seemed she had finished the medicine.

Jiang Fangfang hesitated and said, "Let's act more affectionately."

"Be more affectionate?" Dong Xuebing wondered how they could be more affectionate. Just as he was about to ask, he heard the footsteps of Jiang's mother coming out from the kitchen. She said, "Jiang"

Before she could finish her sentence, Dong Xuebing was dumbfounded to find that Jiang Fangfang, in a calm and unhurried manner, had brought her head closer and planted a kiss on his lips.

Their lips touched.

They instantly fitted together.

Dong Xuebing was suddenly stunned, his eyes widened.

However, Jiang Fangfang remained motionless. She simply pressed her beautiful lips against Dong Xuebing's, but she didn't make any kissing movements. She didn't move at all.

Behind them, Jiang's mother's footsteps suddenly stopped without any sound.

Dong Xuebing's back instantly became covered in cold sweat, and he understood Sister Jiang's intention. However, he didn't take it as lightly as Sister Jiang did. How could Dong Xuebing endure being kissed by a woman, especially a beautiful one? He didn't look back at Jiang's mother, pretending not to know she was there. His mouth moved, and he directly bit Sister Jiang's lip. Dong Xuebing guessed that Jiang Fangfang just wanted to make a symbolic gesture. However, by biting, he made it clear that it was more than a mere gesture, and he didn't hold back, sucking her lips forcefully.

Jiang's mother was watching.

Dong Xuebing's back was instantly covered in cold sweat. He understood Sister Jiang's intention now but wasn't as indifferent as she was. After being kissed by a woman, especially a beautiful one, Dong Xuebing couldn't pretend nothing happened. He didn't look back at Jiang's mother, pretending not to know she was there. His mouth moved, and he directly bit Sister Jiang's lip. Dong Xuebing guessed that Jiang Fangfang just wanted to make a symbolic gesture. However, by biting, he made it clear that it was more than a mere gesture, and he didn't hold back, sucking her lips forcefully.

Jiang Fangfang's teeth were closed.



But with a bit of force, Dong Xuebing managed to enter.

Jiang Fangfang paused for a moment. Her lips moved slightly, closed briefly, and then slowly opened. Although not very enthusiastic, she gradually began to respond to Dong Xuebing's kiss. The difference between the two was that Dong Xuebing was a bit eager, kissing intensely, while Jiang Fangfang was calm, kissing gently.

Kissing.

Unexpectedly, he was kissing the beautiful County Mayor.

Dong Xuebing felt a fiery sensation in his heart. He had already forgotten that Jiang's mother was watching. Even if Sister Jiang turned against him later, this kiss was worth it.

Sister Jiang's lips were so sweet.

Still carrying the fragrant honey.

The taste was indescribable in words.