

## PAW 1601

### Chapter 1601

Morning.

In the small courtyard.

Dong Xuebing was puzzled, "Owner, my name?"

"Yes, it's your name," Zhang Longjuan said.

"But I haven't given you my ID," Dong Xuebing said.

"Haha, I have my ways," Zhang Longjuan said playfully, puffing on her cigarette.

"How is that possible? Besides, I already own a villa under my name. This..." Dong Xuebing said.

Zhang Longjuan smiled at him, "Look how anxious you are. Listen carefully to me. Your identity and rank have changed now that you are a disciplinary official. And in government agencies, such matters must be taken seriously. I am not naive. This is something I understand very well. I won't let you get into trouble. I have my ways. Remember why we went to the gambling ship? It was because State Security needed my identity and asked me for help. In the end, they promised to legalize the money won from gambling, which is essentially laundering it. When we transferred the household registration the other day, I contacted the State Security personnel and had them transfer the ownership to you. It took a lot of effort on my part, but they finally sent someone to handle it. So, don't worry, they will take care of it. Even though the property is under your name, nobody can trace it back to you. Even if someone investigates, the relevant authorities will handle it for you. This was what State Security had promised in the beginning. They won't back out."

Dong Xuebing hesitated, "Is this appropriate?"

Zhang Longjuan smiled, "What's inappropriate about it?"

"Three hundred million, and if I were to sell it, probably four or five hundred million. It's too valuable. You also contributed money," Dong Xuebing felt uneasy, "And I should thank you for your investment in Zhongshui County. How can I let you bear this burden? Otherwise, I'll repay you for the money you invested. But I don't have a hundred million on hand anymore. I'll repay you in the future."

Zhang Longjuan pointed at him, "Stop being so picky."

Dong Xuebing smiled bitterly, "I'm not being picky. I'm..."

"Alright, if you don't like it, I'll give it to someone else," Zhang Longjuan pretended to look for a number on her phone. "Which former lover should I give it to?"

Dong Xuebing sweated, "You still have lovers?"

Last time, Xu Yan secretly told him that Sister Zhang was a virgin.

Zhang Longjuan smiled casually, "Oh, getting jealous, huh?"

Dong Xuebing hurriedly said, "No, I just followed along with what you said."

"Alright," Zhang Longjuan patted his hair. You don't even dare accept a house. You're so wishy-washy. Do you still want to pursue me? Take a look at the house."

Upon hearing this, Dong Xuebing had no choice but to say, "Then, I'll accept it. Thank you."

"Don't be so polite. Let's go. I have been staying here for the past few days. Let me try out the house for you first. Haha, I've bought everything you need. You won't lack anything." Zhang Longjuan led him to the north room.

Inside, everything was indeed complete, with furniture and an elevator. The furniture was mainly antique and had a deep sense of history.

"How is it? Not bad, right? Here's the bedroom. There's a room on the left and one on the right. The bedding is all there, too. Hmm, see if there's anything else you need."

Dong Xuebing looked around, his eyes forgetting to blink. "There's nothing else needed. It's nice."

The bedroom door and windows had wooden frames, giving the room a retro feel. Upon entering the room on the left, Dong Xuebing was drawn to the spaciousness inside.

It's pretty big.

It's like having a large living room on top.

Oh, the bed is also quite big and made of solid wood.

However, Dong Xuebing's gaze was immediately drawn to something else, and then he blushed a little because many women's clothes were scattered on the red silk bedsheet. There were stockings, many of them, both black and flesh-colored. Some incredibly sexy thongs were also scattered on the bed, some red, some purple.

There were also many pieces of clothing, clearly Sister Zhang's style of dressing, the revealing and sexy clothes that most women wouldn't dare to wear but only someone with Sister Zhang's character would embrace. Her thick skin was as thick as Xie Huilan's.

"Um," Dong Xuebing coughed.

Zhang Longjuan smiled generously, "I tried on some clothes when I left this morning. I didn't know you would return, and I didn't tidy up when I left. Haha, don't mind if I slept in your bed. This is the main bedroom; from now on, it's your territory. I will try the bed for you first."

Dong Xuebing pretended not to mind, "It's okay, it's okay." But his eyes kept sneaking upward.

"Come on, let's go to the two rooms in the west." Zhang Longjuan didn't take it seriously, smiling as she hugged him and led him to the west room.

"This is the guest room. It can accommodate people, too. The two rooms on the west side combined are not much smaller than the north room. In the future, when friends come over, you can let them sleep here. There are big double beds in both rooms."

After seeing everything, Zhang Longjuan took him out of the courtyard and walked towards the two rooms in the east.

"There's an old saying, 'If you're rich, don't live in the southeast room.' The east room doesn't get good sunlight and hardly sees any sunshine throughout the year. People can still live there, but there's no need for that with so many rooms in the north and west. So your sister Zhang had

someone make some changes. One of the east rooms has been turned into a study where you can read, write, and use the computer. The other one has been turned into a bathroom. Connecting the gas is troublesome, so we just installed an electric water heater."

"All newly renovated."

"My friend's business is not in this area, so the house has been vacant all along, and there was nothing in it. Everything you see now was arranged by your sister Zhang."

"Oh, so you've been busy for so many days?"

"Haha, are you moved?"

"Yes, thank you."

Dong Xuebing walked back and forth through one room, then another, and then another, satisfied. At this moment, he was not just satisfied but delighted.

This quadrangle courtyard was fantastic.

This was almost the residence Dong Xuebing had dreamed of.

Beijing couldn't compare to many other southern and even northern cities in terms of environment. The mountains were not as high, the water was not as clear, and the greening was limited. So, even the highest-grade villas in Beijing couldn't match the comfort of places like Suzhou and Hangzhou. There was a vast difference in the environment. However, the quadrangle courtyards in Beijing were unmatched by any other city or province. This was a unique cultural aspect of Beijing. So, the more Dong Xuebing looked at it, the more he liked it. He couldn't wait to move in. Thinking about his villa near Xishan, Dong Xuebing couldn't be bothered to go there anymore. Not to mention, the atmosphere couldn't compare to here, but in terms of house prices, the villa had appreciated quite a bit, but it was worth, at most, tens of millions, barely a tenth of this place.

Thinking that he had a quadrangle courtyard of his own, Dong Xuebing felt incredibly cool. If he mentioned it, it would surely scare people to death.

Chapter 1602

It's noon.

The sun is high, but it's not too hot.

"Sister Zhang, it's time to eat, right?"

"Little handsome guy, if you're hungry, I'm hungry too."

"Should we go out to eat, or should I cook for you at home?"

"No need. The steaks are already prepared. I'll fry a few for you, Sister Zhang."

"Don't, how can I accept that? How can I let you cook in this courtyard?"

"Haha, the courtyard is your dividend, what you should take. All right, don't worry about the food."

After saying that, Zhang Longjuan went to the south room, where only a tiny room had been converted into a kitchen long ago. Dong Xuebing followed in to help but didn't know how to cook Western food, so he got in the way. In the end, Sister Zhang had to drive him out, so he reluctantly left.

What to do now?

Clean up the courtyard.

Dong Xuebing couldn't just sit idle, and he loved this quadrangle too much. He couldn't stand to see any leaves in the courtyard, so he grabbed a broom and dustpan from the corner and started sweeping. The courtyard was relatively easy to clean, but the area just inside the door was more difficult. It could have been smoother, with pits and bumps. Dong Xuebing found sweeping difficult, sometimes bending down to pick up individual leaves. However, he was still very enthusiastic and excited about it.

What a lovely courtyard.

The more he looked, the more beautiful it seemed.

"Kid, where are you?"

"Hey, Sister Zhang, I'm here."

"Come here, haha, it's time to eat."

"All right, let me put down the broom."

"Don't worry about the broom. Come quickly, it'll get cold."

Dong Xuebing dropped the broom and entered the courtyard. Suddenly, several dishes were already placed on the stone table in the courtyard: fried steaks, fried potatoes, a bottle of red wine, and desserts. Of course, the desserts must have been bought by Sister Zhang yesterday or this morning. Sister Zhang couldn't have made such beautiful desserts.

After washing his hands, Dong Xuebing sat down.

"Try it, how is it?" Zhang Longjuan smiled, "If you dare to say it's not delicious, I'll twist your ears, haha, try the steak first."

Dong Xuebing tasted it, "Mmm, it's delicious."

Zhang Longjuan pointed at him, "Good job speaking, eat up."

"You too." Dong Xuebing bit his food, "Are you not busy today?"

"Not busy," Zhang Longjuan said.

"Then can I accompany you for a walk?" Dong Xuebing asked.

"You've been abroad for so many years, and you used to live in the capital. Where haven't you been yet? Why bother going out?"

"I'm free today, so let's spend the afternoon together." "Stay here," Zhang Longjuan glanced at him, "There's something I need your help with."

"If there's something, just tell me," Dong Xuebing said after eating a bite of fried potato, which was also very delicious.

"We'll talk after dinner, no hurry," Zhang Longjuan said, crossing her legs and eating very casually, not at all like a lady. Everything she did was relaxed and carefree, but not in a crude sense. It had a kind of elegant, graceful air.

After dinner.

In the main bedroom of the north house.

"Sister Zhang, what's up?"

"Come in first, I'll tell you."

"If there's something, just tell me, I'll help."

"Let you come in, haha; look how scared you are; I won't eat you."

Zhang Longjuan walked into the bedroom first and glanced at the stack of sexy lingerie and silk stockings she had thrown on the bed earlier. Without saying anything, she sat down on the red satin sheet, which was scattered with a few swipes of her hand, and picked up the lingerie and moved it to the other side of the pillow. Then, she patted the space on the bed, gesturing for Dong Xuebing to sit down quickly.

Dong Xuebing blinked and sat down next to her on the bed. "You were saying?"

Zhang Longjuan looked at him and smiled cheerfully. "Look at me. Am I getting old?"

Dong Xuebing looked closely. "No, you're still young enough. You don't look like someone your age at all. You hardly have any wrinkles."

"Haha, that's because of makeup," Zhang Longjuan said.

"That makes you look even younger," Dong Xuebing praised.

"Oh, come on, you know the truth. I'm in my forties now. 'Young'? No way," Zhang Longjuan said, then lifted the leopard-print shirt slightly to reveal her belly, pointing to it. "Look, even Sister Zhang's belly has a few wrinkles."

Dong Xuebing blushed. "Um, no, it looks great."

Zhang Longjuan did take good care of herself. Although she exaggerated, she was in her forties and couldn't look like someone in their twenties. However, objectively speaking, Sister Zhang's figure was still pretty good, with no apparent flaws.

But Zhang Longjuan seemed dissatisfied. As she spoke, she hugged Dong Xuebing's shoulder. "Kid, don't hide anything from me. I heard from Old Xu. That old woman looks so young and beautiful now, and it seems like it's all thanks to you. I heard you gave her some traditional Chinese massage, making Old Xu younger and younger. At first, I didn't believe it, but with Old Xu in front of me, I couldn't help but believe it, too. Look at my eye wrinkles. I've been so busy lately, and I've gained another wrinkle. I'm annoyed, too. Since you can make Old Xu look so young, can't you do the same for me? I'm not asking for much. Just five years younger would be fine."

Dong Xuebing broke out in a sweat. Only then did he realize what was going on. "Well..."

Zhang Longjuan smiled and narrowed her eyes. "What's the problem?"

Dong Xuebing hurriedly said, "Nothing, nothing, um, it's just that this massage of mine depends on the constitution. Not everyone is suitable, and the effect varies from person to person." Seeing Zhang Longjuan staring at him again, Dong Xuebing quickly added, "But I think you're fine. Your constitution is suitable."

"In that case, get started quickly," Zhang Longjuan couldn't wait.

Dong Xuebing wiped his sweat. "But not like this."

Zhang Longjuan smiled. "Any requirements, just say."

"No need for that," Dong Xuebing touched his nose and glanced at her. "You need to remove your makeup first, tie up your hair, and then your clothes..."

Zhang Longjuan squinted. "Completely naked?"

"No need, just don't wear too much. Because I need to find the acupoints, it's inaccurate through clothes, and the effect is limited with things in the way," Dong Xuebing said. He was mainly afraid that if he reversed the process, he would accidentally reveal her clothes, which would be embarrassing, so this was a prerequisite.

"No problem," Zhang Longjuan stood up and said, "I will go and remove her makeup."

"All right, let me get ready," Dong Xuebing said, pretending to roll up his sleeves and make Zhang Longjuan look younger. Dong Xuebing had wanted to do this for a long time, but he still needed to bring it up. Now that Zhang Longjuan had mentioned it, Dong Xuebing naturally wouldn't refuse, especially since she had given him such a good courtyard and immensely helped him. Dong Xuebing would undoubtedly spare no effort. After accumulating so many days, Dong Xuebing rarely had to use any remaining time, so he was okay with spending a couple of hours on this.

Five minutes later, Zhang Longjuan returned.

Dong Xuebing looked at her face and noticed some faint crow's feet at the corners of her eyes, a small patch of freckles at the corner of her mouth, and some red spots on her skin. These weren't visible when she wore makeup, but they were obvious now.

Zhang Longjuan laughed, "Ugly, isn't it?"

Dong Xuebing sincerely said, "No, you still look good. Everyone has flaws on their face. Look at me; I have some redness here and there, too, and just a couple of moles. Even in my twenties, it's like this. Let alone you. No one's face is flawless. Those celebrities also rely on makeup."

"You sweet talker."

"I'm just telling the truth."

"Haha, come on then."

"All right, what about your clothes?"

Zhang Longjuan couldn't wait and sat down eagerly. Without blushing, she rolled up her leopard-print shirt and took it off from her neck, tossing it onto the nearby pillow. Immediately, a black-purple lace bra was exposed, covering her ample bosom, which trembled and settled down after a few seconds, catching Dong Xuebing's eyes.

So white.

So deep.

"Do I need to take off my pants too?"

"Um, not yet."

"Okay, let's get started."

"Um, you might feel a bit sore and numb later. Can you bear it?"

"As long as I can get a few years younger, I can endure anything," Zhang Longjuan said.

Dong Xuebing felt his mouth a bit dry. After swallowing, he sat down next to Zhang Longjuan, looked at her, and pinched her face, rubbing her temples.

Zhang Longjuan closed her eyes and hummed, "Feels good."

Dong Xuebing remembered something. "By the way, have you ever had any serious injuries before?"

"Why are you asking that? No," Zhang Longjuan replied without opening her eyes.

"Have you ever had any surgery?" Dong Xuebing continued.

"I had a few stitches on my leg years ago, but nothing else," Zhang Longjuan answered.

"All right, then we're good. I'm starting now. Are you ready?"

"You little rascal, stop talking nonsense and hurry up. I can't wait any longer," Zhang Longjuan urged, patting his thigh.

Dong Xuebing chuckled bitterly. He needed to clarify this; otherwise, if Zhang Longjuan had had her appendix removed, his efforts might have made it grow back again. He had to concentrate and try to avoid that. Otherwise, there would be real trouble.

Let's begin.

REVERSE.

One second, five seconds, ten seconds... reverse took effect.

Chapter 1603

Afternoon.

The courtyard.

The air in the warm and cool northern room was very comfortable. The sunlight shone on Dong Xuebing's legs through the window cracks, warming her. The atmosphere around her was similarly warm, with a hint of ambiguity. Dong Xuebing massaged Zhang Longjuan's head and face, and Zhang cooperated well. Dong Xuebing could see sweat on her forehead, probably feeling the discomfort of soreness and numbness, but she didn't ask anything.

"Are you still okay?"

"I'm all right; it's numb and a bit painful."

"That's normal. You have to endure it."

"How long will it take?"

"It's hard to say. It depends on the individual constitution. But the longer the massage, the better the effect. I'll massage you a bit longer."

"The longer, the better."

"Yes, and the first massage is the most effective."

"Since we have nothing to do today, let's massage until the evening."

"Oh, it's just past one in the afternoon."

"You can work a bit harder. Haha."

"Sweat, it's not hard at all. Massaging until the evening will exhaust me, ten hours."

"Don't talk nonsense. Use as much strength as you have; if you tire out, I'll reward you."

Dong Xuebing thought, you're not being polite at all, but he didn't stop. After massaging her face, he started massaging her back and shoulders. Sister Zhang's flesh felt refreshing, and Dong Xuebing applied the reverse for a while. Finally, feeling mentally exhausted, he took a break. He had to concentrate on Zhang Longjuan's whole body to achieve the effect, and his brain was tired, too. He sighed and turned off REVERSE, resting for a while before turning it back on.

One second, two seconds... each second of reverse made Zhang Longjuan younger by a day. A minute was equivalent to about two months.

Dong Xuebing could see that the wrinkle at the corner of Zhang's eye, which she had mentioned, was fading away.

Three in the afternoon.

Dong Xuebing's hands were sore, and he couldn't continue.

"Sister Zhang, can I take a break?"

"Hehe, no, keep going."

"I'm getting tired. My hands are getting weak."

"Come on, I know you can do it. Haha, I'll reward you properly later."

Dong Xuebing laughed bitterly. There was no other way, so he had to use REVERSE on himself for a second to regain his strength, then continued massaging her plump belly. He glanced at her leather pants and felt them. They were soft and slightly meaty, enjoyable to the touch.

Panting.

Panting. Handprints covered the leather pants.

Zhang Longjuan's crossed legs bounced up and down, her high heels slid down a bit, and only the stockings and shoes on her soles remained. The high heels swayed on her feet.

"I thought you said you were going to take off my pants," Zhang Longjuan said.

"Oh, right, I have to," Dong Xuebing almost forgot.

Zhang Longjuan opened her eyes and confidently slipped off her leather pants from her plump white legs, tossing them onto the bed. "All right."

"Mmm," Dong Xuebing looked at her, now only in her underwear, high heels, and short stockings. His Adam's apple couldn't help but bob, feeling envious. He changed his position and sat on the other side of Zhang Longjuan. Bending over, he lifted her leg, removed her high heels, and tossed



them to the ground. Then, he gently squeezed her foot wrapped in the stockings, feeling its smoothness.

"Do we have a mirror?"

"Not right now. We'll take a look after the massage."

"Could you check if there's any effect?"

"Definitely. You can check later. Just don't move for now."

"Haha, okay, okay. We'll listen to our handsome guy."

How could REVERSE not be effective? Zhang Longjuan's face and body showed noticeable changes after half a day. Even though REVERSE was used intermittently, her body had regressed about a year in time. However, Dong Xuebing wanted her to wait to see the effect. If it were too noticeable, he wouldn't be able to explain it clearly. He decided to wait a few more hours before letting her see.

After massaging her foot, Dong Xuebing gradually moved up, feeling her thighs. Women's thighs were usually slightly thicker than men's, especially someone like Zhang Longjuan with a plump figure. One hand couldn't encompass it all, so he had to use both hands.

So soft.

And fragrant.

Zhang Longjuan adjusted her bra as if feeling uncomfortable, giving it a slight tweak.

Dong Xuebing inhaled the fragrance and discreetly glanced at her chest and underwear. He said with his mouth, "I learned this technique from a hidden master. Don't tell anyone, okay? It's a secret."

"I know. What's the principle?"

"It stimulates certain cells through acupuncture points, increasing cell activity. It's similar to cosmetic surgery, but it's from the root cause, not just superficial. Cosmetic surgery may have various side effects, but this doesn't."

"It's magical. I wonder how effective it is."

"You can check yourself in the mirror tonight. It's not visible yet."

"All right, then. Let's wait until tonight. Come on, put more effort into it, and don't hold back."

"You should lie on the bed. It's easier to massage that way."

When Zhang Longjuan lay down, Dong Xuebing bravely pinched her waist, letting his thumb wander downwards, hanging on her buttocks.

With each touch, Dong Xuebing's heart burned with desire.

Zhang Longjuan was indeed a seductress, alluring from head to toe. Her indifferent expression, occasionally brushing against places Dong shouldn't touch, was quite different from the massage he gave Xu Yan. Xu was more traditional, so Dong Xuebing didn't dare to be too aggressive. Zhang Longjuan, on the other hand, seemed more open-minded, so there was no harm in being a bit more daring.

REVERSE was still in effect.

Dong Xuebing watched as Zhang Longjuan gradually changed, bit by bit.

But Zhang Longjuan seemed oblivious, still lying there with her eyes closed and smiling. She occasionally murmured "comfortable" with a contented expression.

Chapter 1604

Evening.

Around seven o'clock.

The sky was darkening, and the sun was almost setting.

In the courtyard's northern room, Dong Xuebing was still massaging Zhang Longjuan's body, arms, thighs, and neck, and his movements were becoming increasingly mechanical. At first, Dong Xuebing enjoyed it, having such a seductive beauty lying there for him to massage. He took advantage of it for half a day. But after an hour, three hours, and five hours, Dong Xuebing had already become numb, almost feeling like he was falling asleep. He mechanically continued to knead, unsure where his hands were landing. He was so exhausted.

Exhale.

His hands went limp.

Dong Xuebing didn't pay attention and continued to knead.

After kneading for about a minute, Dong Xuebing finally glanced around with his eyelids drooping. Suddenly, his hands trembled, almost causing him to faint. He realized his hands were actually on Zhang Longjuan's chest. How did they end up there? He felt embarrassed. Occasionally teasing Zhang Longjuan before, at most, he would touch her cleavage while kneading her collarbones or brush against the edge of her flesh buttocks while kneading her waist. But he had never dared to be so direct. Now, he had directly touched her chest. He sucked in a breath and cautiously removed his hands from her bra. He could see a small area on Zhang Longjuan's chest that had turned red from his touch. The bra was also crumpled, with a lace fabric flipped up. Dong Xuebing quickly used his fingernail to smooth out the edge of the lace fabric, meticulously cleaning up the "crime scene."

Alright, no problem.

He startled himself. But the feeling was incredible.

Dong Xuebing felt like his hands were filled with the fragrant scent of a mature woman.

Zhang Longjuan's expression was still peaceful, and her eyes were closed. She had been like this for three hours, having fallen asleep since the afternoon.

"Sister Zhang, wake up."

"Mmm."

"Zhang Longjuan."

"Uh-huh."

"Wake up, it's almost dark."

Dong Xuebing couldn't continue. He also wanted to sleep for a while. Who could endure massaging for six or seven hours straight? He was exhausted.

Zhang Longjuan was awakened. She yawned, then looked at him lazily. "I slept well. What time is it, handsome guy?"

Dong Xuebing glanced at the clock. "It's past seven."

"It's already this late?" Zhang Longjuan stretched lazily and sat up from the bed. "Ah, sleeping was so comfortable. I feel relaxed all over. Good job."

Dong Xuebing smiled wryly. "You're comfortable, but I've been kneading for six hours. My hands are about to break. Get up quickly; it's time to eat."

"What about the effect?" Zhang Longjuan asked.

"What effect?" Dong Xuebing asked.

"What do you mean, what effect?" Zhang Longjuan squinted.

"Oh, I almost forgot," Dong Xuebing slapped his forehead. "You should check it yourself in the mirror."

Zhang Longjuan tossed her head, feeling a bit cold. She grabbed a purple shirt thrown on the pillow and put it on. Then, she got off the bed wearing high heels but no pants. The hem of the shirt covered a pair of lace panties of the same purple color, leaving her thighs exposed. "Well, I am going to take a look. Huh?" She suddenly reacted and lightly slapped her fair thigh, making a crisp sound. "Why do I feel like my thighs are much softer? Haha, maybe it's the lighting. There's more elasticity, too."

Dong Xuebing chuckled. "You just noticed?"

"Do you think it's the effect of the massage?" Zhang Longjuan asked, unsure.

"What else could it be? Look at your stomach," Dong Xuebing felt that she was too scantily dressed and didn't dare to look directly at her body.

Zhang Longjuan opened her shirt. "Turn the lights up, kid."

Dong Xuebing walked to the door and turned on all the lights in the room. "There."

Zhang Longjuan took a careful look. Even she, who was always cheerful and lively, fell silent momentarily. Not only had the wrinkles and looseness on her belly disappeared, but now her belly was almost flat. The slight excess fat hanging there a few hours ago had flattened out.

"Take another look in the mirror," Dong Xuebing was satisfied with his "medical skills."

Zhang Longjuan remained silent—for the first time, she was so quiet. She immediately walked to the bedroom closet, wearing high heels. The front of the vintage wardrobe was adorned with a large mirror placed on the ground. She stood there, staring at the face reflected in the mirror for about three or four minutes.

The forehead wrinkles were gone.

The crow's feet at the corners of her eyes were reduced by more than half.

The eye bags under her eyes had shrunk significantly.

Even the minor red spots and freckles on her face were gone.

Looking at the skin on her neck, it was much tighter than before.

Seeing her silent, Dong Xuebing didn't urge her. He sat on the nearby armchair, eagerly waiting. He took out a cigarette and lit it. His REVERSE hadn't affected Zhang Longjuan much. In terms of Zhang Longjuan's age, she looked about five or six years younger. This was what Zhang Longjuan had said: she wanted to be five years younger, and Dong Xuebing granted her wish. Of course, using REVERSE had consumed a lot of his remaining time, but recently he had accumulated a lot, and there was nothing urgent to use it on. It was worth it. Dong Xuebing also hoped that Zhang Longjuan would always be carefree, cheerful, and beautiful. He didn't want to see her worry about aging.

One minute.

Two minutes.

Three minutes.

Finally, Zhang Longjuan let out a long sigh and then burst into laughter. She immediately turned around and hugged Dong Xuebing, planting a big kiss on his left cheek. "You little rascal, I am starting to adore you. You're amazing! You made me younger!"

Dong Xuebing touched his cheek speechlessly. "Oh, so you didn't believe me all this time?"

Zhang Longjuan said matter-of-factly, "Who would believe it without seeing it with their own eyes? Now I believe you. You're something!"

Dong Xuebing smiled wryly. "As long as you're satisfied, it wasn't in vain for me to work for six or seven hours."

Zhang Longjuan smoothed her long, curly hair. "When I was just starting to succeed at the Feizhou Company, I looked like this. You've made me five or six years younger, kid!" She pointed to her face. "Look here. Haha, no more wrinkles. Your method is more effective than plastic surgery. And look at my neck. People age on their necks. Sometimes, you can't see it on the face, but you can see it on the neck. But now, look at my neck. The skin is tight. If anyone dares to say I'm over forty, I'll beat them."

Hearing her swearing, Dong Xuebing also laughed. He knew Zhang Longjuan was happy, and he was happy for her, too. Zhang Longjuan now looked much better than before. Well, maybe he shouldn't say that. The changes weren't very obvious. In Dong Xuebing's opinion, a woman's beauty is actually in her bones and temperament. He didn't think Zhang Longjuan's difference was significant. It was just some changes in her skin and flesh.

But Zhang Longjuan thought the change was too big. Women were sensitive about their appearance. So she looked at Dong Xuebing, pinched his face, and kissed him on the forehead. "Haha, you're my lucky star. Since I met you, everything has been good."

Dong Xuebing felt a bit embarrassed. "You're the lucky one, not me."

"I adore you. Come on, let me give you another kiss," Zhang Longjuan hugged him tightly, laughing as she kissed his face repeatedly.

Dong Xuebing's eyes and nose were all kissed, and he couldn't withstand Zhang Longjuan's enthusiasm. He coughed, "Sister Zhang, it's time for dinner. Let's eat."

"What's the rush?"

"Um, it's almost eight o'clock."

"Just let me be happy for a bit longer. Oh, let's take a selfie together!" Zhang Longjuan didn't listen to him and forcefully patted his buttocks to make him get up. She then took out her phone from her bag, "This historic moment must be recorded. Come on, let's take a photo together, haha."

Dong Xuebing sweated, "You should put on your pants first."

"Let's just take the upper body. Hurry up." Zhang Longjuan held up her phone.

Dong Xuebing had no choice but to lean over, and with a click, the camera flashed.

Zhang Longjuan looked at the photo. "You don't look good in photos. Haha, but you're still handsome, and look how much younger you made me! So youthful and charming. Now I feel like I can wear a school uniform and go to any school in the capital."

Dong Xuebing laughed at her self-praise. Even if you were five or six years younger, you'd still be a student's parent if you went to a school. But he didn't dare to contradict Zhang Longjuan, so he just went along with her praise, "Yes, yes, most high school students can't compare to your youthfulness."

"Right?"

"Definitely."

"I think so, too."

Dong Xuebing thought, "You're good at climbing up the pole."

Zhang Longjuan took more photos in front of the mirror, striking various poses, extremely narcissistic. Sometimes after taking a photo, she would burst into laughter.

Seeing her ignoring him even after calling her several times, Dong Xuebing had no choice but to go to the kitchen in the south house himself. He opened the refrigerator and looked inside, then started washing and chopping vegetables. Inside were steaks and potatoes because Zhang Longjuan only knew how to cook Western food, and Dong Xuebing didn't care. He stir-fried the sliced steak and made shredded potatoes. Zhang Longjuan wasn't hungry, but Dong Xuebing was starving.

He worked until eight o'clock.

The dishes were almost ready.

Dong Xuebing came out with plates and rice and placed them on the stone table in the courtyard. He called out loudly to the north house, "Sister Zhang, it's time to eat."

There was no response.

Dong Xuebing called out again, "Sister Zhang."

Still no response, just silence.

Dong Xuebing slapped his forehead and decided to check the bedroom. He saw Zhang Longjuan, wearing only a purple shirt, still taking photos. "Hey, it's time to eat. We'll take more photos after eating." He knew Zhang Longjuan was thrilled, but she still needed to eat.

"Haha, coming, coming," Zhang Longjuan finally put down her phone.

Chapter 1605

Evening.

It's past eight o'clock.

Stars dot the sky, colorful and abundant.

After dinner, Zhang Longjuan happily leaned back on the recliner in the yard, gazing at the sky, lost in thought. Dong Xuebing took the initiative to take his bowl to the back and wash it. Looking at the time, it was getting late, and he was truly tired today.

"Sister Zhang."

"Yeah?"

"When will you rest?"

"Are you tired, little guy?"

"I've been busy all day. Of course, I'm tired."

"Haha, I know you did well today. Rest."

"Alright, then I'll take a shower first. You can go ahead if you want to."

"Look at the stars, so beautiful. The sky is clear today, and the stars are exceptionally stunning. Hey, I want to bathe in the yard. Bring the tub out for me."

"How can we bathe here?"

"There's nothing wrong with adding some romance."

"Even though there aren't many tall buildings around. But if someone climbs over the wall..."

"With you here, what do I have to fear? There's a wooden tub in the east house. Bring it out."

"This..."

"Hurry up."

"Alright, then."

Dong Xuebing busied himself, carrying the wooden tub from the east house and placing it next to the Chinese toon tree in the courtyard's center. Then he turned on the electric water heater and began to fetch buckets. Of course, the temperature was set to be quite hot. If the water temperature were just right, it wouldn't feel comfortable after a while, so Dong Xuebing fetched the hottest water. He carried bucket after bucket, poured them into the tub, and then returned for more water. He couldn't help but complain inwardly. Carrying these large buckets of water was no easy task, especially after massaging Zhang Longjuan all afternoon. He was so tired that he was losing his bearings. Zhang Longjuan kept ordering him around, and she hadn't mentioned the reward she promised earlier. Sigh, he had to endure hardship all his life. Dong Xuebing had been thinking

about the reward Zhang Longjuan mentioned, but he didn't want to ask since she didn't bring it up. After all, she had already given him a courtyard, the best gift he could ever request.

Twenty minutes later.

Dong Xuebing went to the east house to fetch the seventh bucket of water. When he came out after fetching it, he was slightly surprised to find that Zhang Longjuan had already gotten into the tub.

"It feels comfortable."

"You've already started bathing?"

"I couldn't wait, haha."

"Oh no. I haven't filled it up yet."

"It's enough, it's enough. Just one more bucket of water."

Because it wasn't good to make it too bright and attract attention, Dong Xuebing had turned off the lights in the yard earlier. When he approached, he noticed that Zhang Longjuan had casually thrown her clothes on the stone table, including her underwear, all crumpled up. Dong Xuebing shook his head and went to the wooden tub. He saw Zhang Longjuan with both hands resting on the tub's edge, gazing at the stars in the sky. He couldn't help but glance into the tub. He knew that Zhang Longjuan was completely naked inside, but it was too dark outside, and without lights, he could only see some distorted flesh-colored shapes caused by the rippling water. He couldn't see clearly, but he could probably make out Zhang Longjuan's cleavage, which was faintly visible under the water.

"Pour it."

"Go ahead."

"The water is hot, be careful."

Splashing, Dong Xuebing poured the hot water down. After finishing, he peeked into the water again but couldn't see clearly. He felt itchy in his heart, thinking that Zhang Longjuan would probably spend half the day bathing. When he bathed later, the water would be clear, and he didn't want to use the water Zhang Longjuan had bathed in. So he returned to the east house, turned on the electric water heater again, and waited for her to finish bathing so he could change the water for himself.

Dong Xuebing was a very considerate person, especially towards women. After coming out, he asked, "Do you want some tea, Sister Zhang?"

"Yes, please."

"What kind of tea?"

"Black tea would be great, thanks."

Dong Xuebing returned to get a cup and brewed some black tea for her. Of course, he made one for himself as well. After handing her the tea, he sat down on the stone bench, took out a cigarette, and after a moment's thought, offered it to Zhang Longjuan, who graciously accepted. Dong Xuebing lit another one for himself, and they enjoyed the moonlight together. Just returning from a trip, feeling

good, and now owning a courtyard with a beautiful woman bathing in a wooden tub nearby, Dong Xuebing felt relaxed and not as tired as before.

"It seems our little handsome guy is quite thoughtful."

"That's right. Did you check the water temperature?"

"It's fine. It's a bit hot but feels comfortable to bathe in."

"Let me know if it cools down, and I'll pour in another bucket. The heater is still on."

Smoking, drinking tea, and admiring the moon together, with someone keeping the water warm for her at all times, Zhang Longjuan was genuinely enjoying herself. After finishing a cigarette, she stretched her fair legs out of the water, placed her ankles on the tub's edge, and reached down to massage her legs.

"Do you need some bath gel?" Dong Xuebing asked.

"Not for now. We'll see later," Zhang Longjuan smiled.

Ah, look at her. She knows how to enjoy life.

Dong Xuebing also thought she was too good at it. This environment, this weather, and bathing in the courtyard were beautiful. Dong Xuebing had lived in a courtyard before, but his family's old house was too small, with too many neighbors. Although they were all familiar old neighbors, there were still boundaries between men and women. With so many people around, no one dared to bathe in the courtyard while admiring the moon. But now they had the conditions for it because they were the only ones living in this courtyard. Due to cultural preservation regulations, there weren't any tall buildings nearby. You can even sleep in the courtyard, where no one bothers you, as long as you don't mind getting bitten by mosquitoes and covered in bumps.

Buzzing.

Mention mosquitoes, and there they are.

It's almost the end of autumn, and there aren't many mosquitoes, but even one bite is uncomfortable.

Seeing this, Dong Xuebing brought a palm-leaf fan and started fanning the mosquitoes for Zhang Longjuan bathing there. Seeing how comfortable she looked, he also wanted to quickly go in for a wash, experiencing a bit of a petty-bourgeois lifestyle. After working so hard for many years, it would be a shame not to enjoy a few days.

"Little handsome guy." Sister Zhang called him.

"Yeah, what's up, Sister Zhang?" Dong Xuebing looked over.

"You've worn out today. I promised you a reward and compensation before, haha, do you want to come in and wash together?" Zhang Longjuan smiled.

Dong Xuebing hesitated, "How do we do that?"

"The tub is big enough. If we squeeze a bit, there's enough space," Zhang Longjuan said.

"That's not appropriate," Dong Xuebing was very awkward.

Zhang Longjuan, with a flirtatious air, said, "I will scrub your back for you. Come on, little handsome guy."



## Chapter 1606

Under the moonlight.

In the courtyard.

Zhang Longjuan was soaking in the steaming wooden tub, smiling seductively at Dong Xuebing and boldly beckoning him with her hand.

"Come."

"Cough, cough."

"Hurry up."

"Uh, okay then."

"Haha, that's more like it."

"I'm coming over. You turn around while I take my clothes off."

"Hurry up. I will give our little handsome guy a back rub."

Zhang Longjuan turned her head back, continuing to stroke her fair legs under the moonlight.

Dong Xuebing took off his shirt, looked at her figure, and glanced around. Then he reluctantly took off his pants and socks. This old fox, Dong Xuebing, was wholly defeated by her. This was the demeanor of the old Sister Zhang. Shameless to the extreme. Since Dong Xuebing made her younger by five or six years earlier, Zhang Longjuan had become even more shameless. Her words were so coquettish. How old was she? Look at her tone, pretending to be young. She was getting carried away.

But the reward was not bad.

It had been long since anyone had rubbed Dong Xuebing's back.

After undressing, Dong Xuebing packed shampoo, shower gel, towels, and other things, moved a small stool nearby, and put them on it. Finally, feeling awkward, he walked up to the wooden tub and glanced at Zhang Longjuan's smooth back as she leaned against it, swallowing hard.

"Done."

"Mmm."

"Come in, make some room for yourself."

Zhang Longjuan didn't turn her head, just leaned aside.

The tub wasn't large, but it wasn't small either. Fortunately, Dong Xuebing was thinner than Zhang Longjuan, so he didn't need too much space. With a cough, he stretched his legs and stepped into the tub. When his feet touched the water, a warm sensation penetrated his soles, spreading upwards and warming his whole body instantly, causing Dong Xuebing to shiver unconsciously. It felt so good. Then he sat down, and as he squeezed in, the water level rose continuously until it overflowed out of the tub with a splash.

The water was hot.

It warmed Dong Xuebing all over.

But after a moment of comfort, Dong Xuebing felt uncomfortable again. The main reason was that a naked old fox was next to him. Strictly speaking, if we didn't consider the load-bearing capacity of the tub and only considered the space, this tub could probably fit three people. But it was still only three people. So, inevitably, there would be some physical contact when squeezing in. Dong Xuebing and Zhang Longjuan sat diagonally across from each other. Dong Xuebing tried to pull his legs in and lean against the back, but he couldn't avoid touching Zhang Longjuan's soft flesh underwater. For example, his foot seemed to be squeezed into a fat mass. It was too dark to see clearly, but judging from the position of the body, it should be Zhang Longjuan's buttocks. As he lifted his foot to avoid it, his knee accidentally touched Zhang Longjuan's thigh.

There was no way to separate them.

In the end, Dong Xuebing didn't care anymore. He cleared his throat and just went with it.

"Are you done?" Zhang Longjuan looked at him and smiled. "Haha, turn around."

Dong Xuebing said politely, "Uh, actually, there's no need for a back rub. It's not appropriate."

Zhang Longjuan smiled and kicked his butt underwater. "Stop talking nonsense. Turn around."

"Okay, okay." Dong Xuebing had no choice but to turn around, facing away from Zhang Longjuan.

Next second, soft hands appeared on Dong Xuebing's back, rubbing gently. Dong Xuebing felt incredibly comfortable. After a while, the hands massaged his shoulders and head, adding to the pleasure. Dong Xuebing couldn't help but squint his eyes with contentment. He reached for the cigarette box on the nearby chair, took one out, lit it, and started humming a tune, completely relaxed.

"This is too luxurious."

"This is too indulgent."

But Dong Xuebing was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"Look at how happy you are," came Sister Zhang's laughter from behind.

Dong Xuebing coughed, "You've been ordering me around all day, so when I finally order you, it feels good. Gotta make the most of it."

"Is it like this?" Sister Zhang asked.

"Yes, exactly," Dong Xuebing replied.

"Now you're acting like a boss," Dong Xuebing felt a pat on his head, "But who made you achieve something today? So I am serving you."

Dong Xuebing floated with delight, "Yeah, it feels great."

The female voice behind him continued, "There's an even better way to feel comfortable. Do you want to try?"

"Of course," Dong Xuebing reflexively replied.

"Good, lean back," Zhang Longjuan said.

Then Dong Xuebing's head was pulled back a bit by two hands, and suddenly, his head sank into a soft and elastic surface. He was stunned for a moment, wanting to turn his head to see, but the hands

massaging his scalp held his head in place. It dawned on him that Sister Zhang used her chest as his pillow. It felt like lying on a cloud of cotton. Since they were facing the same direction and the tub was not very big, Dong Xuebing could feel the delicate touch on both sides of his waist, obviously clamped by Zhang Longjuan's thighs. It was so comfortable and alluring that it was beyond words.

The hands continued massaging his head. With each movement, Dong Xuebing's head sank deeper. With some elasticity, it bobbed up and down like on a roller coaster ride—exciting and addictive.

Dong Xuebing was so pleased that he forgot to extinguish his cigarette. When he felt the heat on his hand, he shivered and threw the butt into the tree pit far away. He quickly rinsed his hand in the water. However, as soon as he let go, a few fingers on his right hand plunged into a patch of flesh, presumably Sister Zhang's thigh. Dong Xuebing's mind spun, slightly intoxicated by Sister Zhang's charm.

This demon was something.

"Is it comfortable?" Sister Zhang asked.

"Yes, yes, especially comfortable."

"Do you like this reward?"

"Yes, I do."

"Look at your face. You look so pleased," Sister Zhang chuckled.

"Well, this is comfortable. Why wouldn't I be pleased?"

The courtyard was filled with ambiguity; being outdoors only heightened this feeling.

Suddenly, noises were heard outside the courtyard, followed by a knocking sound. A middle-aged man's voice was, "Director Zhang, are you there?"

Dong Xuebing was startled and whispered, "Who's that?"

He was a bit nervous because this scene was not suitable for others to see.

But Zhang Longjuan was very generous, "It's someone from my company." Then she told the person outside, "Old Lu, what's the matter? It's late."

The middle-aged man outside replied, "I called you, but no one answered, so I came to check on you."

Zhang Longjuan responded casually, "hehe, I'm taking a shower, and my phone is in the room. I probably didn't hear it. I can't come out right now. What's the matter?"

The man outside said, "That's it. Mr. Chen from the trading company wants to invite you to dinner tomorrow at noon. What do you think?"

"Mr. Chen?" Without hesitation, Zhang Longjuan replied, "Cancel it. Tell him I've made plans with someone else. That old guy has some shady business dealings, and I don't want to work with him."

The man outside responded, "Alright, I understand."

"That's settled then. I plan to sleep in tomorrow. Please don't disturb me. Handle any issues yourselves," Zhang Longjuan asserted.

"Okay, rest early then. I'll take my leave."

Shortly after, the engine started, and the car drove away.

Dong Xuebing asked, "Did you move your business back to China?"

Zhang Longjuan chuckled, "Yes, I did. There are more opportunities to return to China now. You'll get to see your sexy and beautiful Sister Zhang more often. Are you happy?"

"You're just bragging."

"Haha, your Sister Zhang doesn't need to brag. I'm not only sexy and beautiful, but I'm also younger now."

"..."

"By the way, can I get even younger?"

"How much younger do you want to be? Further massages won't have much effect and will take a long time. Don't think about it in the short term."

"Never mind, I'm already satisfied. The more I think about it, the happier I get. When I see my subordinates the day after tomorrow, they won't know what to make of it when they see their beautiful boss suddenly looking much younger. They'll probably be dumbfounded."

"Definitely."

"Give Sister Zhang another kiss."

Zhang Longjuan twisted his shoulder, making him turn around, and Dong Xuebing hesitated momentarily before turning around to face her. They sat face to face in the tub, and Dong Xuebing took her in his arms and kissed her, this time on the mouth, holding her with his mouth. Zhang Longjuan smiled as they kissed, but she seemed more enthusiastic than Dong Xuebing, applying more force.

Smack.

Smack.

She kissed Dong Xuebing's lips and took his tongue into her mouth. Finally, she wrapped her legs around Dong Xuebing's waist.

Unable to resist any longer, Dong Xuebing reached out and grabbed her left buttock, wanting to pull her down to taste Zhang Longjuan's flavor truly.

But Zhang Longjuan chuckled, patting his butt, "Stop it, you want your Sister Zhang, huh? You haven't even grown all your hair yet."

Dong Xuebing retorted, "Who hasn't grown all their hair?"

"Hehe, alright, that's enough. We're almost done washing up. Let's go." Zhang Longjuan seemed to have no further intentions. She stood up.

Dong Xuebing couldn't understand her attitude. He was stuck in an awkward position, neither moving forward nor retreating. But if she wasn't willing, he couldn't say anything. It was embarrassing.

Dong Xuebing also prepared to get up and leave.

But as Dong Xuebing moved, Zhang Longjuan's foot suddenly tripped over his, and her body leaned to the side. Just as she was about to get up, she plopped back into the water with a splash. Dong Xuebing quickly reached out to catch her, but Zhang Longjuan's buttocks coincidentally landed heavily on Dong Xuebing's legs.

Plop.

Then everything fell silent.

Chapter 1607

Quiet.

Still quiet.

In the courtyard, there was silence for a full three seconds.

Both Dong Xuebing and Zhang Longjuan were dumbfounded. Dong Xuebing held her waist, and Zhang Longjuan sat on his lap. They stared at each other wide-eyed. Then, in the next moment, Dong Xuebing saw Zhang Longjuan inhale sharply, and he felt a rush of refreshing coolness. But Zhang Longjuan's face tightened, and she cried out in pain.

"Ah!"

"You—"

"Ouch!"

"Are you okay?"

"No, I'm not okay at all!"

"I-I didn't mean to. It was really—"

"Don't move. I'll make you regret it!"

Dong Xuebing quickly quieted down, not daring to move. He just stared at Zhang Longjuan, his face pale. He thought this accident was genuinely unexpected. He hadn't intended to force anything, but who knew Zhang Longjuan would suddenly fall? And she fell right onto his lap. After being tempted by Zhang Longjuan for so long, Dong Xuebing had been somewhat aroused, and then everything suddenly went wrong.

Zhang Longjuan breathed lightly, still recovering. Under the moonlight, Dong Xuebing glanced into the water. He saw a few faint red streaks where Zhang Longjuan's buttocks were slowly rising.

One, two, three faint streaks, barely visible, then diluted by the water and disappeared.

Dong Xuebing observed this, his face even paler. He blurted out, "It's your first time, right?"

Hearing this, Zhang Longjuan cursed, "Nonsense! I haven't even been in a relationship a few times. Can I be the same as you, young people?"

Dong Xuebing knew he had made a mistake. "I-I didn't mean it like that. I didn't mean—"

He began to shift the blame.

But Zhang Longjuan completely ignored him.

Dong Xuebing wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. Xu Yan had mentioned to him before that Zhang Longjuan was still a virgin. Dong Xuebing had been skeptical until now and found it hard to accept. After all, Zhang Longjuan's personality was too bold and uninhibited. If Xu Yan had said she was a virgin, Dong Xuebing might have believed it, but Zhang Longjuan's denial made it impossible to accept.

And she verified it in such a way.

Dong Xuebing felt sweat dripping down his back. If he had not been in the water and wearing clothes, he would have been soaked through by now.

What should he do?

He had messed up.

"Sister Zhang," Dong Xuebing said in a bitter voice, "are you alright? I didn't know you were a virgin, and this accident—"

Zhang Longjuan winced in pain. "I'm not a virgin anymore."

Hearing this, Dong Xuebing felt even more guilty. "It's all my fault."

"There's some bleeding," Zhang Longjuan said through gritted teeth.

Dong Xuebing looked down. "There was a bit, but it's gone now."

Zhang Longjuan muttered to herself, "Damn it. At this age, there's still a hymen. It was well-protected, but you ruin it, you brat."

Dong Xuebing felt even lower. "I'm sorry, I'm really—"

Zhang Longjuan looked at him. "Sorry? Seems like you're enjoying yourself quite a bit, huh?"

"No, I'm not—" Dong Xuebing hurriedly explained. He still hadn't fully processed what had happened. The whole thing had been so sudden.

One, two, and three seconds passed, and Zhang Longjuan's expression finally improved a bit.

Dong Xuebing asked cautiously, "Does it still hurt?"

"Hurt? What nonsense!" Zhang Longjuan snapped irritably, "You try changing places and see if it hurts, you little bastard. You've done it to me!"

"Oh dear," Dong Xuebing said, "It was truly an accident, I swear."

"Stop babbling and just get out of here, slowly," Zhang Longjuan ordered.

"Alright," Dong Xuebing said, feeling terrified. He had no other thoughts at the moment. He followed her instructions slowly and cautiously retreated.

Zhang Longjuan grimaced as if in pain.

Dong Xuebing slowed down even more; it took a while before he was fully out.

Huffing, a few more strands of blood floated up to the water's surface.

This time, Zhang Longjuan also noticed. She gritted her teeth, withdrew her leg, gasped for air, and leaned against the wooden tub, muttering, "What the hell... it's like going from joy to sorrow. I can't believe this. You, you are something. Such a small target, and you hit it right on, huh?"

Dong Xuebing forced a smile. "No, not really."

"And you still have the nerve to smile," Zhang Longjuan glared at him.

Dong Xuebing's forced smile disappeared. "No, I don't."

Dong Xuebing didn't argue back. Whether it was an accident or not, whether he was at fault or not, Dong Xuebing knew one thing for sure: he had taken advantage of Zhang Longjuan to a great extent. So, no matter what Zhang Longjuan said, Dong Xuebing had to acknowledge it. There was no other way.

Zhang Longjuan looked at him. "Alright, alright. Look at your expression. Come here, help me out. I can't lift my leg or step out."

"Okay," Dong Xuebing stood up to assist her.

Bending over with difficulty, Zhang Longjuan emerged from the water and, with Dong Xuebing's help, finally got out of the tub. She then hunched over, holding her leg and gasping in pain. "Damn it, it hurts like hell."

"Towel, towel," Dong Xuebing quickly wrapped a towel around her. Only then did he remember to dress himself. "There are a lot of mosquitoes here. Let's go back inside. Watch your step." Dong Xuebing acted like a nanny, one hand supporting her waist and the other holding her arm.

Zhang Longjuan glanced at him. "You little brat, I'll show you who's boss later."

Dong Xuebing forced a bitter smile. "Whether you scold or hit me, I won't retaliate. It's all my fault anyway."

In the northern room.

In the master bedroom.

Dong Xuebing helped her inside and let Zhang Longjuan lie down in bed. He quickly wiped her wet hair with a towel and covered her with a blanket.

Zhang Longjuan just watched him.

Dong Xuebing felt a bit uncomfortable under her gaze. He coughed and sat down on the bed. "So, um, feel free to criticize me. I deserve it."

Zhang Longjuan looked amused and annoyed. "Playing the victim, huh?"

"No, really," Dong Xuebing said, "I truly feel sorry."

Zhang Longjuan gestured with two fingers. "Cigarette, lighter."

Dong Xuebing lit a cigarette for her and watched her smoke.

Zhang Longjuan looked both angry and amused. "So, how did it feel just now?"

"Huh?" Dong Xuebing looked confused. "I didn't feel anything."

"After keeping my virginity for over forty years, and you say you didn't feel anything?"

Chapter 1608

Inside the room.

"Said what?"

"Uh, yeah, I felt something."

"What did you feel?"

"Cough, I just realized I took advantage of you."

"That's about right. At least you know, you little brat."

Dong Xuebing smiled and served beside, dragging the ashtray.

Zhang Longjuan, wrapped in a towel, leaned against the bedhead, smoking. She exhaled smoke from her red lips with a sense of sensuality. She didn't give Dong Xuebing a good look, and it seemed like she might be genuinely upset. Her usual cheerful demeanor was absent, and there was an awkward feeling. Nevertheless, even in this state, Sister Zhang's hot figure exuded a sense of sensuality, which enveloped Dong Xuebing.

Deep cleavage.

Full bosom.

Taut buttocks.

Droplets of water on her skin.

Dong Xuebing couldn't help but look at her a few more times. Perhaps it was because he had just been with Sister Zhang, but now, he felt she was charming and captivating no matter how he looked at her. He wanted to pounce on her and devour her, but Dong Xuebing lacked the courage, especially at a time like this. He could only obediently accompany her and think about how to smooth things over with Sister Zhang so that he could feel at ease.

"Do you want some water?"

"Black tea."

"Okay, here's the water."

"I'll make you a late-night snack since you're hungry."

"What do you want to eat?"

"Anything will do, just hurry up."

"Got it. You wait a moment, and I'll be right back."

Dong Xuebing quietly closed the door and went to the kitchen. After rummaging around, he finally found a sausage, sliced it, fried an egg, and brought some bread slices into the room. "There isn't much left, so make do with this." Zhang Longjuan waved her hand.

Dong Xuebing then lifted it to her on the bed.

Zhang Longjuan didn't get up. She just leaned on the bed and ate.



After tossing and turning for a whole hour, Dong Xuebing finally saw Zhang Longjuan squinting while smoking and watching TV. She didn't ask Dong Xuebing to do anything else.

Dong Xuebing said, "Then you rest."

Zhang Longjuan flicked the cigarette ash and continued watching TV without saying a word.

Dong Xuebing closed the door and left the room, sighing with relief. He walked into the yard and looked back, then under the moonlight, he began to tidy up. He filled the wooden tub with water, brought things into the east room, swept the floor, and washed the dishes that Zhang Longjuan had just used. Finally, he picked up the clothes that Zhang Longjuan had taken off in the yard earlier. The shirt was fine and quite clean, but her bra and panties were dirty. Dong Xuebing felt a bit guilty towards Sister Zhang, so he decided to wash them for her.

However, when Dong Xuebing opened the washing machine lid, he was speechless to find that it was packed full of clothes, almost overflowing.

There were only three sets of underwear.

Two pairs of pants, one top.

There were countless tangled stockings and black silk stockings mixed in.

Dong Xuebing reached in and couldn't help but slap his forehead. He thought, "You must be lazy. From coming to Beijing until now, you haven't washed your clothes, have you?" Shaking his head, Dong Xuebing moved a chair over, took out all the clothes, sorted them individually, threw a few into the washing machine, turned it on, and let it run. The rest of the stockings and other clothes needed hand-washing, so Dong Xuebing rolled up his sleeves and washed them carefully, busying himself.

As time passed, it grew later and later.

By the time Dong Xuebing finished washing this pile of clothes, it was almost eleven o'clock.

He walked into the courtyard and hung the clothes one by one on the hemp rope beside the Chinese toon tree. He glanced at the bedroom in the north wing, where the light was still on. It seemed like Sister Zhang hadn't slept yet, but Dong Xuebing was feeling a bit tired. This day had worn him out. Since getting off the plane, he hadn't had a moment of rest. He absentmindedly grabbed a clean towel to wipe the water stains from his hands, then pushed the door to the north room.

"Sister Zhang, you're still not sleeping?" Dong Xuebing peeked in and saw Zhang Longjuan still watching TV. The room was filled with smoke, so he opened the door wider.

Zhang Longjuan didn't even look at him. "Hmm."

Dong Xuebing boasted, "Um, I washed the clothes you just took off, and there were also quite a few in the washing machine. They're all washed now."

Zhang Longjuan remained indifferent. "Hmm."

"Then you should rest early. It's late." Dong Xuebing yawned tiredly. "If you're fine, I'll sleep in the west room."

Zhang Longjuan glanced at him. "Turn off the TV."

"Okay." Dong Xuebing turned off the TV and the light, leaving only a bedside lamp on.  
"Goodnight, Sister Zhang."

Just as Dong Xuebing was about to leave, Zhang Longjuan called him back. "What's the rush? Didn't see that your sister's bed isn't even made, and the pillow needs fluffing."

She covered herself with the blanket.

She smoothed out her pillow.

Dong Xuebing had been at Sister Zhang's beck and call since the evening, feeling like he was being bossed around. He was getting impatient, especially when Sister Zhang continued to assign tasks before bedtime. Dong Xuebing finally felt a bit petty and couldn't be bothered anymore.

"Where's the mirror?" Zhang Longjuan reached out.

"You can get it yourself," Dong Xuebing said.

"Oh, in a hurry now?" Zhang Longjuan chuckled.

"I've already apologized. I didn't mean to, but look at how you're bossing me around," Dong Xuebing snapped. "I'm done serving you."

Zhang Longjuan glanced at him. "Throwing a tantrum, are we?"

"I haven't thrown a tantrum all day. I've never been bossed around like this before," Dong Xuebing retorted.

"Heh, I'd like to hear that. I've let you take advantage of me, so how will you serve me now?" Zhang Longjuan teased.

Dong Xuebing grumbled, "I've served you so much already. Whenever you ask for water, I bring it to you, even hot water freshly boiled. I light your cigarettes when you ask, and I even washed that pile of clothes in the washing machine. Isn't that enough? Even my mother never made me serve her like this. You keep giving me orders, but I just got off the plane today. I've been busy with you for six or seven hours this afternoon. I've been busy all day, with few minutes to rest. Now I'm telling you to rest, and you're still being picky and won't let me sleep."

Zhang Longjuan's expression wasn't as indifferent as before. She smiled and looked at him. "Oh, you're outraged now?"

Dong Xuebing wasn't angry with her; he liked her too much to be angry. He was venting a bit, but his face remained stern. "I won't get the mirror for you."

"Fine, if you're going to be angry, I'll go to sleep. I'm exhausted." Zhang Longjuan yawned deeply, then rolled over and faced the inside, leaving Dong Xuebing with her back. Then, a white arm reached out from under the blanket, clicked the switch, and the bedside lamp went out.

The room fell into darkness.

Inside, only the moonlight drifted gently.

Dong Xuebing stood in the room, feeling speechless. His anger was fake, and he hoped Sister Zhang would comfort him a bit or maybe soften up. But instead, she didn't say anything and went straight to sleep, not giving him any face. Dong Xuebing didn't know whether to leave or stay. If he left abruptly, their relationship might become tense. After all, Dong Xuebing was somewhat at fault

and didn't truly want to get angry with Sister Zhang. But if he stayed, he would have to continue serving her with a smile, and Dong Xuebing felt like he couldn't swallow his pride.

Should he go or stay?

Should he sleep or not?

Dong Xuebing was torn. He was already exhausted, and now dealing with Sister Zhang's ambiguous attitude only added to his confusion.

Annoyed.

Extremely annoyed.

When a person gets annoyed, their temper naturally worsens.

That's how Dong Xuebing felt at the moment. Unfortunately, Sister Zhang's actions were just adding fuel to the fire. Behind Zhang Longjuan's serene silhouette as she lay on the bed, suddenly, a light from her phone lit up. Zhang Longjuan's hand moved across the touchscreen, whether she was browsing Weibo or something else, occasionally laughing. The light from her phone flickered in the room, making Dong Xuebing even more frustrated.

You sure know how to enjoy yourself.

Oh, so I'm the one suffering?

For a moment, Dong Xuebing's stubbornness surged up. With a grunt, he unbuttoned his shirt and started removing his clothes.

One by one, three by three, five by five, until he took off his pants, too.

Dong Xuebing tossed all the clothes onto the armchair, glanced at the bed, then strode over. He took off his shoes, stepped onto the bed, bypassed Zhang Longjuan sleeping outside, and went straight to the innermost part of the bed, next to the wall. He lifted the double bedsheet and slipped inside.

Zhang Longjuan: "....."

The bed was warm, almost entirely with Sister Zhang's warmth, and a mature woman's fragrance was lingering in the air, a bit alluring.

Comfortable.

Dong Xuebing felt good, and his heart finally settled.

"Huh, what's this?" Zhang Longjuan looked at him with wide-open eyes. She stopped playing with her phone, and the light from the screen shone directly on Dong Xuebing's face.

With closed eyes, Dong Xuebing grumbled, "What else could it be? Sleeping."

A burst of air rushed toward him as Sister Zhang spoke again, every word hitting Dong Xuebing's face, "You don't even feel a bit guilty. Ha, sneaking into my bed. Are you trying to mess with me?"

Rolling his eyes, Dong Xuebing replied, "This is my bed."

Zhang Longjuan chuckled, "You're not polite."

"Why should I be polite to you? We've already... crossed that line. I don't need to be formal with you," Dong Xuebing said, realizing that being polite wouldn't solve the current situation. He opted

for a different approach. "I'm drained, Sister Zhang. Let's not talk about it tonight. Whether you sleep or not, it's up to you. I'm going to sleep first."

The light from the phone went out, too.

Sister Zhang's sensual voice sounded in the dark, "Still trying to play dumb with me? Ha, your sister knows how to play dumb even before you were born. Go on, sleep in the west room."

"Goodnight," Dong Xuebing ignored her and lay in her bed, feeling completely at ease.

Chapter 1609

Nightfall.

It was already eleven o'clock.

The birds were asleep, the neighbors were asleep, and the courtyard was quiet inside and outside.

Dong Xuebing, lying on the large double bed covered with a fragrant quilt, was still wrapped in a cool straw mat pillowcase. He was pretending to doze with his eyes closed.

"Are you getting up?" Sister Zhang asked.

"Not getting up." Dong Xuebing stayed put.

Zhang Longjuan chuckled, "Being stubborn, don't blame me for being rude."

Dong Xuebing was indifferent and never planned to leave, "Whether you're polite or not, I'm sleeping anyway."

After pausing in the darkness, Sister Zhang said, "Fine, if you're not getting up, I will sleep in the second room."

The second room was also the northern room of the courtyard, a small room separated from the main house, but because of its small size and the eaves of the west room blocking some light, it was not as comfortable to sleep in as the west room. As soon as Sister Zhang finished speaking, the wooden bed creaked, the quilt rustled as it was lifted, and the slippers underneath also moved slightly. Sister Zhang had gotten out of bed. Dong Xuebing was startled, opening his eyes to see Sister Zhang's flesh wrapped in a bath towel and her sexy figure close by.

One step.

Two steps.

Three steps.

Zhang Longjuan's legs still seemed uncomfortable, and she limped slowly toward the door. Several seconds passed, and she had only taken three steps.

Dong Xuebing softened at the sight. How could he still care about being stubborn? He hurriedly exclaimed and jumped out of bed wearing only his underwear, not even bothering to put on his shoes, quickly supporting Zhang Longjuan. "What are you doing? Look, look, look, why are you still leaving like this? You'll fall again. Hey, I was just joking; you took it seriously. Come back quickly. I was wrong."

Zhang Longjuan looked at him and smiled, "You know you're wrong."

"I know." Dong Xuebing helplessly said, "Go to sleep quickly. I'll go to the west room."

Sister Zhang always knows how to control him. Dong Xuebing, was being played in her hands.

The two returned to bed.

Dong Xuebing helped her lie down, "Rest."

"Haha, you still have a conscience." Zhang Longjuan tantalizingly stroked her long hair and shook it. Her body also lay flat, "Are you tired today?"

Dong Xuebing covered her with the quilt, "Not tired."

Sister Zhang smiled, "Didn't you just say you were tired to death?"

Dong Xuebing hesitated, "That's what should be said. You've helped me so much, and you even gave me such a good courtyard. I should serve you, and besides, you're so beautiful," he thought for a moment, and added an embellishment, "so young and beautiful, serving you is my honor."

Zhang Longjuan smiled and touched his face. "You've got a sweet tongue."

"Speaking the truth." Dong Xuebing bent down to put her shoes in order, "Then I'll leave. Call me if you need anything tonight."

Just as he was about to leave, Sister Zhang called him back from behind again. "Wait a minute." Seeing Dong Xuebing turning back, Zhang Longjuan smiled, "Seeing how sweet your mouth is," she said, patting the spot where Dong Xuebing had just laid down. "Come on, let's sleep."

Dong Xuebing let out a sigh.

Zhang Longjuan beckoned, "Come on."

Dong Xuebing sweated nervously, "Is this really okay, Sister Zhang?"

"Why talk nonsense? If I tell you to come up, just come up." Zhang Longjuan patted the bed again.

Dong Xuebing hesitated for a moment, then stepped forward. Afraid that Sister Zhang might change her mind, he quickly leaped onto the bed, grabbed a towel Sister Zhang had just used to wipe her hair, and wiped the dirt off his feet. It was the dirt he had picked up when he got out of bed without wearing shoes. He swiftly got under the covers after tossing the towel aside and pulling up the blanket. The familiar scent of a woman spread over him, and Dong Xuebing looked peaceful despite being at the mercy of this old fox's whims. After all the back and forth, it was finally time to rest.

The room fell silent.

Dong Xuebing glanced at the side. Sister Zhang had her back to him, and there was no glow from her phone. She was probably sleeping with her eyes closed. Dong Xuebing turned over and adjusted his posture, closing his eyes and breathing evenly, ready for a good night's sleep.

But after a while, Dong Xuebing found himself unable to sleep despite his efforts. It was as if lying there made him more awake. He couldn't help but laugh bitterly. When he was exhausted and wanted nothing more than to sleep deeply, he couldn't fall asleep now that he could. What a predicament. Dong Xuebing tossed and turned, unable to sleep, and his mind was mainly filled with images of Sister Zhang's face, her flirtatious demeanor lingering in his mind, itching at him.

Annoying.

Chaotic.

What was the situation now?

In traditional terms, although Dong Xuebing had only touched Sister Zhang for a few seconds today, he could be considered to have made a move on her. However, in the true sense, it didn't count as having her, and Zhang Longjuan's attitude was somewhat ambiguous and unclear. Dong Xuebing didn't know what she was thinking. Sometimes angry, sometimes laughing, sometimes scolding him, giving him sweet moments. Perhaps it was this uncertain relationship that kept Dong Xuebing awake. He wasn't someone who could easily let things go.

After a moment, Dong Xuebing decided he couldn't sleep. Instead, he turned over to face Sister Zhang's back, blinked, and cautiously moved closer to her.

A little bit.

And a little more.

Dong Xuebing got closer, almost able to smell the fragrance of Sister Zhang's hair. He took a deep breath; it smelled good and felt somewhat calmer. He lifted his head slightly to look at her profile. Sister Zhang's eyes were closed, but even in sleep, her face seemed to carry an alluring and tempting smile like a seductive enchantress.

"Sister Zhang."

No response.

"Are you asleep?"

Still no response.

Dong Xuebing's courage grew. They were already sharing the same bed under the same blanket. As he got closer, the warmth emanating from Sister Zhang's body enveloped him, warming his arms and chest. It felt so good. His desire for Sister Zhang's body increased even more. Sister Zhang was naturally alluring, and Dong Xuebing had been thinking about her for a long time. Now, this unclear relationship made him feel conflicted. He wanted to see if he could taste the sweetness of this old fox.

Dong Xuebing, with his unchanged lust, reached out quietly from under the blanket, slowly sliding his hand over Sister Zhang's smooth shoulder. His fingertips gently touched the bath towel wrapped around her body. Dong Xuebing continued to explore downwards bravely. With a soft touch, he encountered the towel-wrapped deep crevice of her body. The soft flesh engulfed two fingers. Undeterred, he went further down, gradually sliding along the towel covering Sister Zhang's chest until he slipped inside.

Sister Zhang's figure was too voluptuous, and the towel was tight. Now, with an additional hand inside, there was a sudden loosening at the top of the towel wrapped around her back.

The towel slipped off.

Sister Zhang's body bounced out from inside.

Dong Xuebing was startled and quickly stopped, observing Zhang Longjuan's reaction. Sister Zhang seemed to still be sound asleep, without any movement. This undoubtedly encouraged Dong Xuebing, allowing him to become even more reckless. He explored around under the covers, enjoying the warmth.

Soft.

Smooth.

Dong Xuebing was ecstatic.

Just as he was indulging, without any warning, a woman's voice sounded in front of him, "Hehe, you're quite enjoying yourself, huh? Having fun?"

It was Zhang Longjuan.

Sister Zhang was awake.

No, instead, she had never been asleep.

Dong Xuebing coughed, "It's alright."

Zhang Longjuan chuckled, "With my hot figure, you're just going to say 'it's alright' after playing around for so long?"

"No." Dong Xuebing blushed, feeling embarrassed. "It's not just alright, uh, it's quite good. Your figure is perfect, unmatched by anyone else." After praising her for a few more words, Dong Xuebing's hand still rested on Sister Zhang's thigh, unsure whether to take it away or leave it there.

"That's more like it." Zhang Longjuan smiled satisfactorily, finally turning her head and staring at Dong Xuebing's eyes. She chuckled, "Have you been thinking about your Sister Zhang for a long time?"

Dong Xuebing honestly murmured in agreement.

"Then I'm still quite charming, huh? The old sword is still sharp, just like in the day." Zhang Longjuan shamelessly boasted, "Back when we were in school, you had no idea how many people were chasing after me, one after another. That scene was something else. It seems that even now, my charm hasn't diminished."

Dong Xuebing agreed, "Yes, you don't know how sexy you are."

"I love hearing that," Zhang Longjuan pinched his face playfully, saying, "You said you were tired. Why aren't you sleeping in the middle of the night?"

Dong Xuebing smiled bitterly, "I just can't fall asleep."

Zhang Longjuan proudly said, "Well, with me, such a sensational and sexy woman, lying beside you, it's strange if you can sleep."

Dong Xuebing: ??

"Hehe, what's with that expression?" Zhang Longjuan looked at him.

Dong Xuebing quickly said, "Nothing, uh, I just think what you said makes sense."

Seeing that Sister Zhang had no objection, Dong Xuebing tried sliding his hand over her thigh again, feeling the warmth and softness.

Zhang Longjuan's eyes lit up with a smile, "Feels good?"

Dong Xuebing nodded, "Mhm."

"Come closer, lie flat." Sister Zhang instructed.

"Why?" Dong Xuebing asked.

"Just lie down when I tell you to; there is no need for so much nonsense." Zhang Longjuan sat up from under the covers, and the blanket slipped off her smooth body, but she didn't try to cover herself up. Very open-minded.

Dong Xuebing complied and lay down.

Zhang Longjuan smiled, "Tonight, your Sister Zhang will let you have some real fun."

Chapter 1610

Hmm.

Satisfying.

What satisfaction?

Dong Xuebing in the room didn't quite understand, but subconsciously, he lay flat on the bed, facing the ceiling, as Zhang Longjuan had suggested.

"Sister Zhang, what are you doing?" Dong Xuebing asked.

"Take off your clothes," Zhang Longjuan looked at him.

"Oh, I've already taken them off," Dong Xuebing also looked at her.

Zhang Longjuan pulled his underwear, "Then what's this?"

Dong Xuebing suddenly understood something and became spirited, "Sure, sure, sure."

He took off his underwear and threw it aside in just a few moves, and then Dong Xuebing eagerly waited for her.

His eager look amused Zhang Longjuan, who chuckled and casually patted his head, "Look how anxious you are."

Dong Xuebing explained, "No."

Zhang Longjuan smiled, "Ready?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm ready," Dong Xuebing said.

"Hehe, then Sister Zhang can sit up now."

Zhang Longjuan stood up gracefully, her long legs straddling Dong Xuebing, but she didn't sit on his legs. Instead, her plump buttocks pressed against Dong Xuebing's stomach. Zhang Longjuan was quite tall, almost as tall as Dong Xuebing, belonging to the mature and sexy type of woman, naturally not lightweight. As soon as she sat down, Dong Xuebing coughed, clearly feeling



uncomfortable under her weight. His face showed a mix of pain and amusement, feeling both agony and joy.

"What are you doing?" Dong Xuebing struggled to speak.

"Am I too heavy, Sister Zhang?" Zhang Longjuan teased, pinching his nose, "With your physique, do you even think you can handle me?"

Dong Xuebing chuckled, "Let's wait and see."

Zhang Longjuan tossed her curly hair, "I'm waiting for you."

Dong Xuebing firmly held her soft waist with both hands, intending to move her buttocks down. He couldn't stand it anymore. She had seduced him too much.

But Zhang Longjuan immediately opened his hands, sat on him, and looked down at Dong Xuebing, "Wait a minute, why so impatient? I have to say a few words to you first. Hehe, tonight, these 150 pounds are all yours. Later, you can do whatever you want and satisfy yourself however you like. But, well. It's something you get for free. I've told you before that I don't plan to get married, at least not now. But I'm getting to that age, and my maternal side is growing. I've been liking kids more and more lately. It's interesting to think about having one. So, I am not playing around with you for nothing. No matter how hard you work, you must give me a child. That's your mission, let's be clear about it in advance."

Dong Xuebing exclaimed, "A child?"

Zhang Longjuan smiled, "I know you're in the system, but having another child might have some impact. Don't worry about it. If you don't mention it, I won't mention it, and no one will know. Later, if someone asks about the child's father, I will keep quiet. Any other questions?"

Dong Xuebing wiped his sweat, "You're quite old, maybe..."

Zhang Longjuan chuckled, "Even fifty-year-old women can have successful childbirth. Why wouldn't I be able to? Even if it's a bit difficult, isn't your expertise there? It'll all depend on you when the time comes."

Dong Xuebing wiped his sweat again, "So, when would you want to have the child?"

"I'll think about it again. At the latest, I'll give you an answer within a year. It might even happen suddenly in the next two months. Just be mentally prepared. If you think it's okay, then you can have your way with me today. There might be opportunities for your little one to play in the future. But if you can't agree to my request, then stop thinking about it and go sleep in the west room," Zhang Longjuan said lightly.

Children.

Children.

Dong Xuebing already had two: Xiao Qianqian and Xiao Zhongzhong, a boy and a girl. It could be said that he was already fulfilled. Initially, he didn't plan on having any more. But after hearing Zhang Longjuan say that Dong Xuebing was touched. His feelings for Zhang Longjuan were no longer just simple affection. Of course, he wanted Zhang Longjuan to be happy, to see her smiling. Since she wanted a child so much and Dong Xuebing had unintentionally taken advantage of her earlier, he couldn't refuse.

He couldn't say no.

With such an important matter, Dong Xuebing had no crooked thoughts. He seriously considered it for a long time, even lit a cigarette.

Zhang Longjuan just sat on him, waiting patiently.

After a few minutes, Dong Xuebing finally made up his mind: "Sister Zhang, um, could you please not sit on my stomach? It's uncomfortable."

Zhang Longjuan ignored him, "Have you made up your mind?"

Dong Xuebing hesitated, "Yes, I've made up my mind. I'll do my best, as you said. If you want the child, just let me know in advance, and I'll do my best."

Zhang Longjuan corrected him, "It's not about doing your best. It's about mustering the effort. Don't take it on if you're not up to the task. But if you do, you have to take full responsibility for me. You must give me a son. Well, if it turns out to be a daughter, we'll talk. Alright?"

Dong Xuebing nodded, "Alright."

"Then it's up to you in the future," Zhang Longjuan smiled.

Dong Xuebing didn't think it would be a problem. Zhang Longjuan was still in her thirties in the afternoon, so even though she was considered an older mother, it should be fine.

The topic shifted.

Dong Xuebing's mind also wandered elsewhere, forgetting everything else.

Suddenly, Dong Xuebing felt his stomach lighten, and the plump buttocks lifted. He sighed in relief, but before he could say anything, his thigh was suddenly pressed down by a beautiful buttock.

Dong Xuebing was caught off guard, his face showing a bewildered expression. He hadn't expected Zhang Longjuan to be bold, coming on to him so suddenly without warning.

Zhang Longjuan chuckled as she smoothed her hair from bottom to top, "You brat, how do I feel?"

"Good, um, it's good," Dong Xuebing could only respond briefly. He could hardly speak anymore. That taste was better left unsaid.

To be with a woman of the same age.

Or to be with a woman almost twenty years older.

The psychological feeling was different and very stimulating.

Zhang Longjuan was very proactive, showing no signs of first-time shyness, leaving Dong Xuebing feeling