

PAW 1681

Chapter 1681

The next day...

Morning.

In the courtyard.

Several sparrows chirped and chattered on the Chinese toon tree. The branches swayed, casting shadows on the window of the north courtyard, shining into the bed inside.

A flicker.

A sway.

Dong Xuebing was awakened by the shadows swaying on his eyelids. He yawned sleepily, rubbed his eyes, glanced at the window, and then looked at the clock on the wall. It was just past eight o'clock. Since he wasn't working lately, he slept a little longer. Dong Xuebing closed his eyes again, rolled over, and adjusted to a more comfortable position, ready to sleep for another hour.

Huh?

What's so soft?

What's between my legs?

Dong Xuebing suddenly felt something soft and warm as he moved his leg. Then, he heard a woman's voice.

"Mmm."

"Ah."

"Hoo."

Dong Xuebing instantly woke up, wide-eyed and dumbfounded. He realized his leg was resting on Fang Wenping's thigh, wrapped in her stockings. Then, he noticed the deep cleavage of her chest. Dong Xuebing was shocked, quickly pulled his leg back, and reacted momentarily. Finally, he remembered the situation and how he had helped her back to his place last night. He couldn't believe he was sleeping like this.

Fang Wenping also woke up, slowly opened her eyes, and looked at Dong Xuebing with a sleepy expression.

Fang Wenping's drowsiness faded instantly, and her expression changed slightly. "Dong Xuebing." Then she looked around and sat up from the bed.

Dong Xuebing didn't get up; he was still lying there. He didn't care.

Fang Wenping, her body already stripped bare, but there was nothing she could do, glared at him. "Where is this?"

"My home," Dong Xuebing replied indifferently, pulling the blanket over himself and preparing to go back to sleep.

Fang Wenping's face darkened. "How did I end up in your home?"

Dong Xuebing snorted. "You tell me."

Fang Wenping's voice turned cold. "You tricked me, you bastard."

Dong Xuebing almost spat blood, suddenly flipping over from the bed, annoyed. "What are you talking about? Am I in the mood to play games? You were boasting about your drinking prowess last night, challenging me at the KTV, but you couldn't handle more than a bottle. You lay on the sofa like a dead fish and vomited all over me. Damn it, just thinking about it makes me angry. I tried calling your niece, but her phone was off the whole time. I had to bring you back to my place. Did you think I wanted to? You vomited all over me, making me sick. I can't stand that smell."

Fang Wenping touched her stockings and thought for a moment after listening. Then, she recalled, "You took off my clothes."

"I did," Dong Xuebing said confidently.

"Did I ask you to?" Fang Wenping retorted coldly.

Dong Xuebing was also annoyed. Getting off the bed, he threw her sweater and skirt back to her. "Fine, wear them. If you're so great, wear them. I kindly found you a place to stay, but you're picky. Did you think I wanted to bring you back? I would rather throw you out on the street."

Holding her clothes, Fang Wenping frowned in disgust and threw them back, clearly not wanting to smell the vomit. "Stop yelling at me. I want to know why, with so many rooms in your courtyard, you had to sleep in the same bed as me."

Dong Xuebing glared at her. "This is my house. I sleep wherever I want."

Fang Wenping stared into his eyes. "You just want to take advantage of me, don't you?"

"Taking advantage of you?" Dong Xuebing chuckled. "You crack me up. I'm full and don't need to take advantage of you. You're hilarious."

The two of them started arguing again, exchanging insults back and forth.

In the end, Dong Xuebing waved his hand. "I don't want to talk to you anymore. Wake up and leave. I need to go back to sleep. I can't be bothered with you."

Fang Wenping sneered, "Do you think I enjoy talking to you?" With that, she got out of bed, half-naked, and put on her high heels. But when she saw her dirty clothes, she frowned. She turned to Dong Xuebing and ordered, "Find me some clothes."

Dong Xuebing replied, "There are none."

"Xie Huilan's clothes will do," Fang Wenping insisted.

"I said there are none. There are only my clothes in the house," Dong Xuebing said firmly.

Fang Wenping's expression changed. "You're doing this on purpose, aren't you?"

Dong Xuebing sat up. "My wife has never lived here. Where would I get her clothes? The clothes in the closet are all I have. Find your own."

After saying that, Dong Xuebing couldn't help but notice Fang Wenping's almost half-naked body. His eyes couldn't help but sweep over her thighs wrapped in black stockings and her deep cleavage. It was too tempting.

Fang Wenping took a deep breath, too irritated to argue with him anymore. She approached the closet and rudely opened it to find some clothes. She tried on a pair of pants and a shirt belonging to Dong Xuebing, but they were too small for her, especially around the waist. She couldn't even button them up.

Fang Wenping became annoyed. "Buy me some clothes."

"In the early morning? Where would I find a store open?" Dong Xuebing retorted. "You're treating me like a servant. Let me tell you, I served you well last night, giving you water and wiping your clothes. Don't take advantage of me, Fang Wenping. If you don't have clothes, stay naked. I don't care."

Fang Wenping stood there with a cold expression. "Then how do I leave naked? Fine, I don't care. As a widow, I don't mind being embarrassed. It's not me who loses face."

Dong Xuebing smirked. "As a man, I don't mind either."

"Alright, you said it," Fang Wenping said with a smile as she walked out.

But just then, there was a sudden sound from the courtyard door, as if someone had pushed it open from outside. Dong Xuebing suddenly remembered that he hadn't locked the door when he returned last night; he had just pushed it closed.

"Brother-in-law."

"Brother Dong."

"Are you awake?"

It was Xie Ran and Fang Shuiling's voices.

Their footsteps were getting closer and closer, and in a flash, they had reached the entrance of the north courtyard.

Dong Xuebing was startled, his face turning pale. "Oh no, why are they here?"

Fang Wenping's face didn't look any better. She glanced at her half-naked body and said darkly, "You're just asking for trouble."

Chapter 1682

In the northern house.

Inside the master bedroom.

Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping both tensed up.

Bickering is one thing, and arguing is another. If it were just the two of them, it wouldn't matter much; they've gotten used to fighting after all these days. But now, Fang Shuiling and Xie Ran have come, which completely changes everything. Even Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping, who have been at each other's throats since they met, had to change their expressions drastically, unable to afford to bicker anymore. The situation was embarrassing—if Fang Shuiling and Xie Ran saw them,

it would be a huge deal. No matter how hard they tried to explain, it would be impossible to clear their names.

Why?

Isn't it obvious?

Dong Xuebing was dressed in pajamas, while Fang Wenping was in an even more compromising situation. She had lost both her clothes and skirt, leaving her in nothing but pure white underwear and black pantyhose.

And that was it.

No other clothes.

Not to mention that they were in the same room early in the morning.

Given this scenario, no matter how many mouths they had, they could not explain it.

The two had slept in the same room, on the same bed, with their clothes in such disarray. Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping knew they had both just drunkenly crashed and slept at opposite ends of the bed without anything happening. But how could they explain that to anyone else? Who would believe it? So when they heard the footsteps and voices of Xie Ran and Fang Shuiling approaching, Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping didn't dare to move. One was Dong Xuebing's wife's younger brother, and the other was Fang Wenping's niece. They absolutely could not let them see the current scene. No one could see this.

Otherwise, it would be chaos.

Complete and utter chaos.

At this moment, the sounds outside were already very close.

"Brother-in-law isn't up yet," Xie Ran's voice came.

"Brother Dong, are you at home?" Fang Shuiling asked at the door.

Dong Xuebing wanted to tell them he wasn't home—or rather, he wanted to keep quiet so they would think he wasn't home. But Xie Ran's words foiled his plan.

"He must be. When we came out yesterday, I locked the door. It's still unlocked now. We just pushed it open. I forgot," Xie Ran said.

"Oh, he's probably sleeping," Fang Shuiling said.

"Yeah, let's call him a couple more times," Xie Ran said. "Brother-in-law!"

Dong Xuebing felt his heart pounding and whispered to Fang Wenping, "What should we do? Say something."

Fang Wenping's face was dark with anger, but she tried to keep her voice down. "How would I know? Did you lock the door?"

Dong Xuebing hesitated. "It seems like I didn't."

Fang Wenping's eyes narrowed. "Why didn't you lock the door?"

"I was drunk last night, and you were throwing up and tossing around. How could I remember to lock the door? And you blame me?" Dong Xuebing retorted.

Fang Wenping took a deep breath. "Lock it now."

"It's too late. Our door makes a sound when it's locked. If we lock it now, they'll hear it, and we can't pretend no one's home," Dong Xuebing said anxiously.

Fang Wenping gritted her teeth. "You need to figure something out."

Dong Xuebing wiped his sweat. "I don't know what to do."

Fang Wenping was frustrated. "You have to figure it out. I can't afford to be seen like this."

"Just now, you said you weren't afraid of being seen by anyone," Dong Xuebing muttered.

Fang Wenping's anger flared even more, and she spoke in a low voice. "That's because I can't let my niece see me like this no matter what."

"I know. Let me think," Dong Xuebing said, feeling pressured.

"Hurry up," Fang Wenping said, massaging her temples as she sat on the bed.

In front of Dong Xuebing, Fang Wenping has been flaunting her semi-naked body without reservation, swaying gracefully. Dong Xuebing watched her chest waves, and she wrapped black stockings on her thick thighs and ample buttocks, feeling even more confused in his mind, with no room for thought. Just as they anxiously looked toward the door, someone suddenly knocked.

"Brother-in-law, are you awake?" It was Xie Ran's voice, getting closer.

"He's not here," Fang Shuiling said.

"That can't be," Xie Ran replied. "My brother-in-law is a heavy sleeper. He probably didn't hear us calling him."

Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping dared not speak, afraid that the slightest movement would be heard from outside.

"Brother-in-law, it's me, Xie Ran. Open the door," Xie Ran's voice continued.

The door wasn't locked. Dong Xuebing felt his face turn green with fear. Fang Wenping quickly covered herself with the blanket and glanced under the bed.

"Brother-in-law, I'm opening the door," Xie Ran roared.

Fang Wenping kicked Dong Xuebing's leg hard and glared at him.

Dong Xuebing knew he couldn't pretend to be asleep any longer. "Wait, wait, don't come in. I'm not dressed."

"Oh, okay," Xie Ran responded. "You've been called for a while."

"Sorry, I drank too much last night and overslept," Dong Xuebing said, trying to come up with excuses.

"Alright, we'll wait for you in the living room," Xie Ran said, loosening his grip on the door handle.

Dong Xuebing couldn't help but ask, "Why are you here so early in the morning?"

"We came to apologize formally," Xie Ran explained. "We had something urgent last night, and our phones died. We didn't even say goodbye when we left."

Dong Xuebing sighed in frustration. "You're fooling no one."

Xie Ran coughed. "Well, it's all my fault."

"No, it's me," Fang Shuiling interjected. "Brother Dong, it was my idea, and now I regret it."

"No, it was my idea," Xie Ran argued.

"It was me," Fang Shuiling insisted.

Dong Xuebing grew impatient. "Alright, alright, just go back."

Xie Ran disagreed. "No, we have to apologize to you formally. And we brought something for you. If you don't forgive us, we won't leave."

Dong Xuebing was speechless. "I forgive you, I forgive you. Now please leave."

"It's okay, take your time getting dressed. We'll wait," Xie Ran insisted, still not leaving.

Dong Xuebing had no other choice. He looked at the door that could be pushed open at any moment, feeling extremely anxious.

Fang Wenping opened the bedsheet and pointed under the bed.

Dong Xuebing understood and nodded quietly. He walked over to Fang Wenping and whispered in her ear, "You go hide under the bed. I'll go out and deal with them, try to get them to leave as soon as possible. This situation is a mess."

Fang Wenping leaned close to his ear and whispered, "You'll pay for this later."

Her warm breath tickled Dong Xuebing's ear, making him shiver involuntarily. "Hurry, go in."

Outside, there was silence.

Inside the room, the two of them hurriedly acted.

Especially Fang Wenping, who looked quite messy at the moment.

Although Fang Wenping had a bit of a temper, she still had the demeanor of a lady from a prestigious family. However, at this moment, she was crawling under the bed with all her might, looking extremely undignified. But Dong Xuebing didn't have the luxury to cancel her actions. The situation was urgent, and it would be disastrous if Xie Ran and Fang Shuiling saw them. Dong

Xuebing was anxious, so he urged her on, pushing her towards the bed and even squatting down to help her get under.

The courtyard furniture was old, some dating back to the Qing Dynasty, and made of rosewood and pear wood. The bed, for example, was large and wide, but its structure differed from that of modern furniture. For instance, a ledge around the edge of the bed created a small and low space underneath. Fang Wenping had a full figure, and her large buttocks couldn't fit in easily.

However, with two people waiting outside, they had no choice but to make it work. Dong Xuebing pushed her shoulders forcefully, pressing down on her bra straps. He didn't care about her comfort. He just pushed her upper body in. But her buttocks were still stuck. Fang Wenping couldn't move on her own, so Dong Xuebing, without hesitation, pushed her lower body down, holding her plump buttocks in his hands, feeling the smooth texture of her black stockings and the lines of her panties. He pushed down with force.

Once.

Twice.

Thrice.

The bed suddenly moved.

With a whoosh, Fang Wenping's buttocks and lower body finally went in.

Dong Xuebing was drenched in sweat. He dared not look under the bed at Fang Wenping's cold and stern gaze. He stood up and took a deep breath.

Chapter 1683

Indoors.

Everything's settled.

After pushing Fang Wenping under the bed, Dong Xuebing felt a slight relief in his heart. He was much more relaxed now, so he went to open the door.

However, suddenly, there was a weight on his foot.

Dong Xuebing felt someone grabbing his ankle. When he took a step, he almost stumbled and nearly cursed out loud.

"What are you doing?" Dong Xuebing crouched down and whispered.

Fang Wenping's tone was even more aggressive than his. "My clothes."

Dong Xuebing slapped his forehead, realizing it just now. "I almost forgot."

"If my niece sees you helping me, you won't get away with it," Fang Wenping threatened.

Dong Xuebing clicked his tongue but went over to get Fang Wenping's dress and sweater from the chair. After looking around, he decided to toss them under the bed. It seemed like the safest place. He kicked her high heels under the bed as well. Once again, standing up, Dong Xuebing couldn't understand how things had turned out this way. They were enemies, but now they were working together. He shrugged it off, deciding to deal with the two outside before thinking further.

"Are you feeling better?" Xie Ran asked.

Dong Xuebing brushed off the dirt from his clothes. "I am fine now."

But before Dong Xuebing could react, Xie Ran pushed the door open, followed by Fang Shuiling. Dong Xuebing almost kicked them out of reflex. He had intended to take them outside, but unexpectedly, they barged into the room without asking.

Dong Xuebing was surprised. "Didn't I say to talk outside?"

Xie Ran didn't listen. "Sorry to disturb your rest."

Fang Shuiling also had something in her hand, which she placed on the table. "Brother Dong, we brought you some fruits and stuff. Sorry about yesterday."

Dong Xuebing asked, "Whose idea was it?"

"Mine," Xie Ran hurried to answer.

"It's mine," Fang Shuiling also said.

Dong Xuebing waved his hand dismissively. "I don't even want to talk about it. You two just threw me and Fang Wenping together without turning on the phone. I can't believe you, thinking that singing a few songs could solve everything."

Xie Ran helped Dong Xuebing to sit on the bed. "Brother-in-law, don't be angry. It's all my fault."

Fang Shuiling blinked and also sat on the bed. "Brother Dong, did you guys sing again after we left yesterday?"

"What songs could we sing? We left as soon as you did," Dong Xuebing retorted.

"Oh," Fang Shuiling continued, "By the way, why can't I reach my Aunt on the phone? I've been trying to call her, but no one answers at her place."

Dong Xuebing was about to speak but then hesitated. Changing his tone, he said, "How would I know where she went?"

Fang Shuiling started to worry. "I hope nothing's wrong. I'll try calling again." With that, she took out her phone.

Dong Xuebing suddenly jolted. He vaguely heard some phone ringing in his sleep this morning, but he was still half-asleep and didn't pay much attention. However, upon hearing Fang Shuiling's words, he realized that the unfamiliar ringtone was probably from Fang Wenping's phone. Her phone was on, and Dong Xuebing quickly remembered that he had thrown her bag under the bed earlier. If the phone rang there, it would expose everything. Dong Xuebing quickly reached out to stop Fang Shuiling. "Don't call, don't call. Um, you know, your Aunt drank too much yesterday, so I just sent her back to the residential area. She probably hasn't woken up yet. You can call again at noon."

"I'm worried," Fang Shuiling said anxiously.

Dong Xuebing clicked his tongue and said, "What's there to worry about? Your aunt is forty years old. She should be able to take care of herself."

Fang Shuiling blinked but still dialed the number. "I'll just make one more call to check."

Dong Xuebing became extremely anxious. "Hey, I already told you your aunt is fine, she—"

Then, there was a slight click under the bed, which was not very noticeable.

Next, Fang Shuiling put down her phone, puzzled. "Why did it suddenly lose service?"

Dong Xuebing suddenly understood what the noise under the bed was about. Fang Wenping had heard their conversation. If the phone were switched off, there would be a music shutdown, exposing them. So, she directly opened the phone's back cover and removed the battery to prevent it from ringing. Thus, calling now resulted in a "not in service area" prompt. Phew, this old Fang was quite clever, scaring me for a moment.

But the noise under the bed made Xie Ran exclaim, "What's that sound?"

"Oh," Dong Xuebing pretended to be clueless. "What sound?"

Xie Ran looked down and said, "Brother-in-law, do you have mice at home? Why is there a sound under the bed, like rustling? I heard it just now."

At this, Fang Shuiling screamed, "Mice!"

Xie Ran quickly grabbed her hand. "It's okay, it's okay, I'm here."

Dong Xuebing stammered, "Uh, yeah, there are mice. It's been a few days. It's okay, ignore them. I'm not afraid of these things anyway."

Xie Ran shook his head. "That won't do. I'll chase them out and kill them for you."

Upon hearing this, Fang Shuiling immediately backed away, standing near the door.

But Dong Xuebing hurriedly grabbed Xie Ran. "What are you doing? It's no big deal, just mice."

"They're annoying. Don't worry, leave it to me," Xie Ran boasted. "I have mice in the residential area where I live. I've already killed two." It was evident that Xie Ran was trying hard to show off, probably because he knew he had angered Dong Xuebing with last night's incident.

But Dong Xuebing didn't dare let him look under the bed. After all, Fang Wenping was there, half-naked.

And killing mice?

That would be disastrous.

Dong Xuebing became even more anxious. "You don't need to worry. I'll handle it later."

"But you're still worried," Xie Ran said, getting up from the bed and squatting. "Leave it to me."

"No, no need," Dong Xuebing was sweating bullets. Seeing him about to lift the bedsheet, Dong Xuebing was terrified and quickly pressed it back down. "Look, you've frightened Xiao Ling. Just forget about it. Once she leaves, I'll deal with it. Get up quickly and have some tea."

Xie Ran's shoes were already touching under the bed, and from Dong Xuebing's perspective, he could almost see a black stocking. His shoes almost kicked Fang Wenping's thigh.

At Dong Xuebing's words, Xie Ran glanced at his girlfriend, thought for a moment, and stood up. "Alright."

Fang Shuiling was on the verge of tears. Women are always a little afraid of mice. "Let's, let's go to the outer room."

Of course, Dong Xuebing was eager for that. "Yes, let's go to the outer room. I'll make some tea for you." With that, he quickly pulled Xie Ran out of the living room.

Phew.

That was too close.

Chapter 1684

Outside.

In the living room.

It was already past seven in the morning.

Fang Shuiling hurriedly ran out from the inner room, with Xie Ran closely following behind, holding her hand to comfort his startled girlfriend as they sat on the chairs.

"I'm afraid of rats," Fang Shuiling breathed out with lingering fear.

"I know, it's okay now, it's okay," Xie Ran patted her hand.

"I should put some rat poison under the bed," Fang Shuiling suggested.

Xie Ran agreed, "Yeah, the downside of living in a bungalow is too many rats and pests. If it weren't for my brother-in-law stopping me, I would've killed it right then and there."

Kill it?

Who are you going to kill?

Dong Xuebing could guarantee that if Xie Ran had just lifted the bedsheet and seen what was underneath, the one who would be dead now would be Xie Ran.

Dong Xuebing was the last one to come out of the inner room. Just before closing the door, he glanced in the direction under the bed, then stepped out and securely shut the door. He breathed a sigh of relief; the danger signal had been temporarily lifted, but it still wasn't safe. With Fang Wenping constantly under the bed, it was like a ticking time bomb. There was a risk of explosion at any moment. The key was to get Xie Ran and Fang Shuiling to leave as soon as possible. If they didn't leave, Dong Xuebing wouldn't be able to settle down here.

"What tea would you like?" Dong Xuebing asked.

"No need. Plain water is fine. We poured ourselves some just now," Xie Ran declined politely. Don't bother, brother-in-law. Oh, we haven't had breakfast."

"We'll have some," Fang Shuiling said. "Brother Dong just woke up, he probably hasn't eaten. I'll go make some."

As soon as he heard that, Dong Xuebing felt annoyed and immediately stopped her. "No need; I'm not hungry."

Fang Shuiling smiled, "Don't be polite. I'll make breakfast quickly."

"I don't feel hungry. I drank too much yesterday and still feel dizzy now. I don't want to eat at all," Dong Xuebing paused and added, "I just want to go back to sleep."

That was a clear hint to leave.

Dong Xuebing wished they would leave now.

But Xie Ran pretended not to hear. "Brother-in-law, I know you're still angry. We had good intentions. We didn't want you and Aunt Fang to fight. It's not good; you two are colleagues in the same unit. It's unnecessary."

Dong Xuebing looked at him. "You've seen everything that happened. You all know. Did I want to argue with her? I've never cursed at her first. Isn't it her who always starts picking on me? She's stepping all over me. I could tolerate her jokes, but I won't tolerate them anymore. I know what's going on. You two should go back now. Let me sleep a bit longer."

Xie Ran clicked his tongue. "Brother-in-law."

"Go back, go back," Dong Xuebing waved his hand.

But Xie Ran didn't leave. "You're usually so courteous, polite, and respectful. Aunt Fang is just a female comrade. Why are you—"

"I'm polite to different people differently," Dong Xuebing interrupted.

Fang Shuiling also looked at him expectantly. "Brother Dong."

Bringing up old stories, the three of them bickered for quite some time.

Dong Xuebing's mind was not here at all. He didn't listen to much of what they said. Half of his attention was still under the bed in the inner room, on edge. After more than ten minutes of talking, seeing that Xie Ran and Fang Shuiling didn't want to leave until this matter was cleared up, Dong Xuebing was extremely speechless. He tried to drive them away twice, but they still refused to move from their seats.

"Brother-in-law."

"Brother Dong."

The two of them started talking again.

Dong Xuebing was fed up, but he had no choice. He quickly waved his hand before they could speak again, "Alright, alright, I'm afraid of you now. Fine, I'll do as you say. I won't argue with Fang Wenping anymore or scold her. Even if she provokes me, I'll endure it. But I won't be nice to her. That's impossible. That's the most I can do."

Xie Ran laughed, "Brother-in-law is still generous."

Dong Xuebing pointed at him, "Don't flatter me."

Fang Shuiling also felt momentarily happy, "I knew Brother Dong is the most reasonable. I'll talk to my Aunt about it later. By the way, let me call my Aunt again. It's already this late. Why can't I reach her on her phone?" After saying this, she dialed again, "Unable to connect."

Xie Ran asked, "Is it out of battery?"

"It's not a battery issue. It should prompt if it's turned off. Right now, it says 'unable to connect,' it seems like there's no signal," Fang Shuiling said strangely. "But my Aunt's house usually has a good signal. Oh, I hope nothing has happened, Brother Dong. Did you send my Aunt back to the family compound?"

Dong Xuebing said, "Why don't you believe me?"

"Why are you saying that, Xiao Ling?" Xie Ran also glared at his girlfriend.

Fang Shuiling stuck out her tongue, "No, no, I'm just worried. Maybe my Aunt went out or to a bar in the middle of the night."

Xie Ran pondered, "If you're worried, I'll take you to your Aunt's family compound."

Fang Shuiling thought briefly, then nodded slightly, "Okay, I'll make a few more calls on the way."

"Brother-in-law, we'll leave now, not disturbing your rest anymore," Xie Ran stood up.

Fang Shuiling said, "Sorry, Brother Dong, I said the wrong thing earlier. Thank you for sending my aunt back yesterday."

"It's nothing. If I didn't send her, where else could I leave her? I don't like her, but I won't abandon her in a KTV," Dong Xuebing snorted. "One thing is one thing."

Fang Shuiling obediently said, "Thank you on behalf of my aunt."

"No need for her thanks," Dong Xuebing huffed. "If she doesn't appear in front of me less in the future, I'll be thanking the heavens. Okay, hurry up and go."

"We're leaving," Xie Ran said. "You go back to sleep."

Dong Xuebing escorted them out of the north room. "I won't be going out."

"You stay," Fang Shuiling said. "Don't come out."

After they spoke, Xie Ran and Fang Shuiling disappeared inside the courtyard.

Dong Xuebing said he wouldn't go out, but after they left, he still followed them up, leaning against the door and listening. After hearing the car driving away, he breathed a sigh of relief, quickly put the door bolt on the door frame, and locked the door with a click.

In the north room.

Dong Xuebing hurried back, opening the bedroom door.

Inside, it was quiet, with no sound coming from under the bed.

"Everyone's gone, and the door's locked," Dong Xuebing said. "Come out."

With a rustle, a hand emerged from under the bed, pushing aside the sheets and crawling up. Fang Wenping's eyes glared coldly at Dong Xuebing from the dark, gloomy space, full of hostility.

Dong Xuebing frowned, "Don't look at me like that. Can I be blamed for this? Who knows why those two suddenly came over early in the morning."

Fang Wenping said in a deep voice, "I will settle this score with you."

"I haven't settled the score with you yet, and you're already coming to me," Dong Xuebing snorted. "Fine, let's settle it. I'm afraid of you, okay? Hurry up and come out."

Fang Wenping shifted her body, squeezing out.

Dong Xuebing ignored her and went back to drinking water, gulping down two big glasses. It had taken him a lot of effort to talk earlier, and now he was thirsty.

Thirty seconds passed.

One minute passed.

Turning around, Dong Xuebing saw that Fang Wenping still hadn't come out.

Dong Xuebing became extremely impatient, "Are you coming out?"

"I damn well need to get out too!" Fang Wenping was also angry, lying on the cold cement floor and staring at Dong Xuebing. She wriggled her body a few times, "Didn't you see that I'm stuck?" When she was pushed in by Dong Xuebing, her hips and abdomen were already stuck, and it was very difficult for Dong Xuebing to push her in. Now, it's even harder to get out. "What are you looking at? Come over and help me quickly. Pull me from the outside."

"You be polite, okay?"

"I can't be polite, hurry up."

"Okay, okay, okay, I'm impressed by you."

Dong Xuebing didn't bother to argue with her anymore. He slapped his forehead, went up, and squatted by the bed. With a low hand, he tried to pull Fang Wenping's arm.

Once.

Thrice.

Five times.

It was stuck very tightly.

Still couldn't get out.

Fang Wenping shouted, "Did you eat yet?"

"Just woke up, what am I supposed to eat? And you're complaining I'm not strong enough," Dong Xuebing sneered, "and you're talking about me."

Fang Wenping's eyes turned cold, "Say that again, punk."

Dong Xuebing remembered what he had just said to Fang Shuiling and the others, so he didn't argue with her anymore. "Fine, you hold in your stomach, I'll continue."

"Hurry up," Fang Wenping urged.

"Don't rush me. It'll be done soon," Dong Xuebing exerted force.

Amidst the argument, Dong Xuebing finally grabbed Fang Wenping's exposed thigh, forcibly peeled off her black stockings with one hand, and grabbed her bare waist with the other, pulling back fiercely. He finally pulled Fang Wenping's lower body out with a snap, leaving him sweating profusely.

Fang Wenping was also covered in sweat. After she struggled to get up from the ground, her embarrassed appearance made Dong Xuebing laugh, but then his eyes went straight again. The reason was simple—Fang Wenping was too dirty now, covered in dirt all over her body, face, and hair. After all, she had been lying under the bed for so long. Moreover, when her leg was rubbing against the bed, her black stockings tore in many places, such as the area above her white panties,

where two large holes had appeared, and also on her thighs, where the stockings were torn in several places.

Looks very tempting.

Let's not mention that appearance.

Dong Xuebing couldn't help but take a few more glances.

Fang Wenping noticed, and her gaze became colder.

"Ahem." Dong Xuebing felt embarrassed, pretended to shift his gaze elsewhere, and then found a towel from the cabinet to throw to her.

Fang Wenping took it and draped it over herself. Although it didn't cover all the exposed areas, it was passable. She then sat on the bed, seemingly not embarrassed about revealing so much in front of Dong Xuebing. There was not a trace of embarrassment on her face. Fang Wenping acted maturely, "My clothes, shoes, and bag are all under the bed. Help me get them out."

"Get them yourself."

"My waist hurts, I can't move."

"Fine, fine, fine."

Dong Xuebing was being kind to the end.

Chapter 1685

Bag.

Long skirt.

Sweater.

High heels.

Dong Xuebing struggled to bend over and fetched them from under the bed, tossing them onto the bed one by one before straightening up.

"Alright."

"Mm."

"Just 'mm'? No, thank you?"

"Do I owe you thanks, kid?"

"Fine, consider me unlucky today."

Dong Xuebing also sat on the bed, massaging his sore waist and shoulders. He had exerted a lot of effort pulling Fang Wenping out earlier. With Fang Wenping's not-so-slim weight and the force needed to extract her from under the bed, Dong Xuebing had nearly strained his waist. Moving his waist made creaking sounds, and his whole body felt uncomfortable.

Fang Wenping, however, didn't even glance at him. She tightened the towel around her body. Her legs, wrapped in torn stockings, couldn't be covered. She seemed indifferent, even crossing her legs in front of Dong Xuebing. She reached out for her phone, which had its battery removed earlier,

snapped it back in, and turned it on. But a call came in just as the phone powered on and the startup music finished playing.

Ring, ring, ring.

Fang Wenping turned her head, "Don't say anything."

"Got it," Dong Xuebing grunted.

Fang Wenping answered the call, "Hello, Xiaoling."

Indeed, it was Fang Shuiling calling, and Dong Xuebing could hear her excited voice from the phone next to him.

"Auntie, you finally answered," Fang Shuiling said.

Fang Wenping replied, "Just woke up. What's up, looking for me?"

Fang Shuiling said, "Nothing's wrong. I was just worried about you. Nobody answered the phone earlier, and it couldn't connect later."

Fang Wenping said, "Oh, the phone had some issues. I dropped it yesterday after drinking too much."

"As long as you're okay. You scared me. I was about to come to your family quarters to find you. I'm almost there, so should I come up?" Fang Shuiling asked.

Fang Wenping frowned, "Don't come."

Fang Shuiling asked suspiciously, "You're not at the family quarters?"

"I am still in bed. I don't want to get up." Fang Wenping glanced at Dong Xuebing and told her phone, "Listen, don't come over."

"Okay then." Fang Shuiling paused for a moment. "By the way, Auntie, yesterday after you drank too much, Brother Ran's brother-in-law took you home. Did you know that?"

Fang Wenping said sternly, "I didn't know."

"It was Brother Dong who took you home." Fang Shuiling especially hoped the two of them could get along. "Look at how good Brother Dong is. Even though you scolded him, he still cared about you when something happened. He didn't leave you alone. Brother Dong is that kind of person, tough on the outside but soft on the inside. He's kind to people. Just get to know him. Besides, you're of a certain age now. Why bother arguing with Brother Dong? You're the elder. Auntie, listen to me. Don't be like that with Brother Dong in the future. You two should communicate well."

Fang Wenping said coldly, "What do I have to communicate with him?"

Dong Xuebing didn't like hearing that. He rolled his eyes at her. "You think I want to communicate with you?"

"But Brother Dong went to great lengths to take you home. Don't you remember his kindness?"

Fang Shuiling coaxed, "Auntie if you're like this, I won't like you in the future."

Fang Wenping snorted, "You little brat, always up to something. I haven't settled the score with you about yesterday yet, and you still have the nerve."

"Oh, I'm doing this for your good. You always do things for my good, so I do it for your good, too. This time, I'm doing it for your good. You have to promise me not to quarrel with Brother Dong in the future. Your quarrels make us all uncomfortable. Isn't that right, Auntie? Let's leave it at that, okay? I won't come over. You get some rest."

"This girl," Fang Wenping chuckled helplessly.

"Can you promise me?" Fang Shuiling persisted.

Fang Wenping smiled, "Then promise me with your aunt's words. Your aunt forgives and forgets, won't bother with Dong Xuebing anymore. Hurry up."

There was a sound of agreement from the other end of the phone, "Okay."

"Good girl." Fang Wenping also responded with affection in her voice. "Go busy yourself. Auntie is going to bed. Oh, and stay away from Xie Ran. Do you know the people from the Xie family aren't good? Don't let that little scoundrel take advantage of you. That's it."

"Auntie."

"Hang up."

The call ended.

Fang Wenping dropped the phone, and the affectionate expression on her face instantly disappeared, replaced by a cold and icy expression as she looked at Dong Xuebing.

Dong Xuebing glanced at her. "What?"

"Get me some clothes," Fang Wenping demanded.

"I told you I don't have any. Only my clothes are in the closet. You've seen them. Even if you wear them, they won't fit you. Well, you can wear pajamas," Dong Xuebing said.

Fang Wenping insisted, "You want me to walk around in pajamas?"

"I don't have any other clothes," Dong Xuebing shrugged. "It doesn't matter to me where you go. I'm tired. I'll sleep for a while. You can go wherever you want." With that, Dong Xuebing lay on the bed, pushing Fang Wenping's clothes and bag to the side. But just a few seconds after lying down, his feet were kicked, and he sat up angrily. "Why are you kicking me?"

Fang Wenping's expression was blank. "Where's the bathroom?"

"In the east room, the one south of the east room. The hot water is already on. Just turn it on," Dong Xuebing lay back down. However, Fang Wenping kicked him again soon after. "What now?"

Fang Wenping commanded, "I'm going to take a shower. Wash my clothes for me."

Dong Xuebing stared, "Why should I wash your clothes for you?"

"I've never washed them before, I don't know how," Fang Wenping said matter-of-factly.

Dong Xuebing didn't believe she had never washed clothes before. "I said you're getting too used to me. Last night, I took care of you for half the night. You even vomited on me, and I didn't ask you to wash my clothes. You don't treat me like an outsider. Are we that close?"

Fang Wenping was even more stubborn, "I twisted my waist and can't wash clothes."

"My waist hurts too," Dong Xuebing turned away, ignoring her.

After a while, Fang Wenping didn't say anything. Dong Xuebing secretly glanced over and saw Fang Wenping grimacing in pain as she walked out as if she had twisted her waist. Underneath the torn stockings, Fang Wenping's beautiful buttocks trembled as she left.

Dong Xuebing's heart softened as he looked at her. He glanced at the dirty clothes on the bed, slapped his forehead, and said to Fang Wenping's back, "Just these two pieces of clothing, right?"

Fang Wenping turned around, her face dark. "And underwear."

Dong Xuebing: "You don't mince words with me, do you?"

Chapter 1686

What else could he do but wash them?

Dong Xuebing regretted his moment of weakness, but he could do nothing now. After soaking for a while, he submerged his hands in the water, rubbed out the soap suds, and began washing Fang Wenping's clothes. These could have been washed in the washing machine, but Dong Xuebing never quite figured out how to use that thing, and besides, the washing machine was in the bathroom. Fang Wenping obviously wouldn't let him in there, so he had no choice but to wash them by hand.

One piece.

Two pieces.

Three pieces.

Her clothes were all washed.

Dong Xuebing washed the clothes he had been puked on by her last night, then cleaned Fang Wenping's high heels before calling it a day.

Finally done.

Dong Xuebing got up to leave.

But then, the bathroom door suddenly opened.

"Dong Xuebing," Fang Wenping called out from inside, sounding stern.

"Huh?" Dong Xuebing replied, not too pleased. "What's up?"

"Are the clothes washed?" Fang Wenping asked.

Dong Xuebing impatiently replied, "Yes, they're washed. I'll hang them out to dry in the afternoon."

Fang Wenping simply responded with an "Mm" and then unexpectedly stuck her hand out from the crack in the door. With a whoosh, she threw out a bra, which landed on the ground.

Dong Xuebing was taken aback. "What's this for?"

"Wash it," Fang Wenping ordered.

Dong Xuebing was speechless. "You want me to wash it?" He thought Fang Wenping was saying it earlier, but who would have thought she'd throw it out?

"And this too." Fang Wenping's hand extended again, and a pure white pair of panties flew out, followed by a torn pair of black stockings. "Wash them all."

Dong Xuebing widened his eyes. "How can I wash these stockings when they're so torn?"

"Throw away the stockings, but wash the rest," Fang Wenping said matter-of-factly, then closed the door with a bang as if she were talking to a maid.

Dong Xuebing was tempted to kick the door. He was fed up with her. Who does she think she is, ordering me to wash her clothes and acting all angry about it? I should have left her where she was yesterday, causing me so much trouble. This woman... I'll deal with her sooner or later. Dong Xuebing cursed inwardly as he walked up, then bent down to pick up the stockings Fang Wenping had thrown on the ground and tossed them into the nearby trash can. He then picked up her bra and panties, reluctantly sat back down in the same spot, and submerged her bra in the water. However, when he took a closer look, Dong Xuebing wickedly took her panties out of the water and turned them inside out to inspect. To mock her, he wanted to see how dirty they were, but to his disappointment, they were quite clean, just a little dusty on the outside, leaving Dong Xuebing feeling quite let down.

Wash them.

This woman...

Dong Xuebing continued to wash them, grumbling to himself as he worked. In the end, the wire from the bra scraped his hand, drawing blood. He quickly sucked on it to stop the bleeding.

Look at this mess.

It wasn't easy for me, my buddy.

After about twenty minutes, all the clothes were finally washed.

Dong Xuebing sighed, then took a few hangers and clothespins, hanging Fang Wenping's clothes one by one on the rope tied to the trunk of the toon tree. Bras, panties, all of them were hung up. After finishing this, Dong Xuebing sat in the yard with tea. He wasn't sleepy anymore after all that commotion. He leisurely drank tea and smoked, his eyes constantly glancing towards the east room.

The sound of water was still flowing.

Gushing, gushing.

Suddenly, the sound of water stopped, replaced by a rustling noise. The door opened, and a pair of white fleshy legs stepped out, wearing the purple slippers that Zhang Longjuan used to wear when she lived here. Following behind was Fang Wenping, her body slowly emerging. Droplets of water clung to her plump skin, wrapped in a white bath towel that Dong Xuebing had given her, covering her chest and thighs, but unable to conceal the cleavage squeezing out from the towel and almost all of her thighs.

Dong Xuebing glanced at her, then pretended to be indifferent and moved his gaze away. He sat there smoking with his legs crossed.

"Why are they hung here?" Fang Wenping frowned.

"What's wrong?" Dong Xuebing looked over and asked.

"My clothes," Fang Wenping's gaze lingered on her bra.

Dong Xuebing replied impatiently, "If I didn't hang them here, where else would I hang them? It's good enough that I washed them for you. You're still nitpicking. The wind in the yard will dry them quickly. They should be almost dry by the afternoon. If you dry them earlier, you can put them on and leave. I don't have dinner for you here."

Fang Wenping didn't know if it was because Dong Xuebing had washed her clothes for her, but surprisingly, she didn't argue with him and sat down with a black face.

Dong Xuebing looked at her.

Fang Wenping basked in the sun, leaned back, and even dozed off on the chair, looking very comfortable. Her legs were still crossed, and her fair thighs swayed before Dong Xuebing.

Five minutes.

Ten minutes.

The two of them sat there without moving.

Dong Xuebing was naturally restless, and he couldn't sit still anymore. He looked at the clock and saw it was not even nine o'clock. If he waited for her clothes to dry completely, it would take at least six more hours. The weather wasn't as hot as before. It was even quite cold in the morning and at night, considering it was already winter according to the solar terms. Dong Xuebing stamped out his cigarette butt, stood up, and walked around the yard with his hands behind his back. Later, his stomach grumbled, and he was really hungry. He had been working for half a day just now, so he went into the kitchen without caring about Fang Wenping.

Sit tight, will you? How awesome would it be if you could sit until the afternoon?

Dong Xuebing was distracted by Fang Wenping's thighs inside the kitchen, so he dared not look at them again. He came in to calm down and took his time cooking. He hummed a little tune while frying an egg, initially thinking about making it runny, but then remembered the recent bird flu. It was better to cook the chicken and eggs thoroughly for disinfection purposes. So he fried them until they were well done, then made a pot of egg drop soup. He rummaged through the fridge and found a French baguette and a pack of sausages. Dong Xuebing also put them in a frying pan and fried them. The sausage oil sizzled, making a sizzling sound that smelled fragrant.

Alright.

All done.

Dong Xuebing was very satisfied. He happily carried this hearty breakfast to the courtyard stone table and began eating with chopsticks.

Mmm, delicious.

Dong Xuebing was starving and ate heartily.

But as he ate, Dong Xuebing suddenly paused and looked up. He realized that there was suddenly someone sitting across from him. Fang Wenping, who had just been basking in the sun with her eyes closed, had somehow sat down without him noticing. She even picked up a piece of bread and elegantly ate it with the sausage. With a spoon in hand, Fang Wenping calmly scooped herself a bowl of egg drop soup.

"What are you doing?" Dong Xuebing exclaimed.

"Eating," Fang Wenping replied matter-of-factly.

Dong Xuebing was furious. "I made this for myself. Did I ask you to eat? It's not for you. If you want to eat, make your own or buy it."

Fang Wenping ignored him and continued eating calmly.

Dong Xuebing was exasperated. "Hey, save some for me!" he said, quickly reaching out to grab a piece of bread before it was all gone.

Before long, Fang Wenping finished eating. She gracefully wiped her mouth with a napkin and stood boldly, sitting back in the sun again, squinting her eyes. She looked so comfortable, like an emperor.

Dong Xuebing was even more annoyed. "You're not polite at all."

"What's the point of being polite?" Fang Wenping didn't even bother to open her eyes.

Dong Xuebing stared at her and said, "I washed your clothes, cooked for you, and even fed you water last night and carried you home. You're so calm about it."

Fang Wenping glanced at him and said, "I let you cook because I think highly of you."

Dong Xuebing sighed, "Then I should thank you for your praise. Should I kowtow to you?"

"There's no need for kowtowing," Fang Wenping said, crossing her legs. "Make some vegetarian dishes for me at noon. I've been eating too much meat these days, and I'm getting tired of it."

Dong Xuebing said, "Are you talking to me?"

"Is there anyone else in this room?" Fang Wenping replied.

Dong Xuebing didn't know what to say. "You're rude. Do you think I have nothing to do? I have to take care of you from start to finish. I have so many things to do. I don't know how many people want to invite me to dinner. If you're hungry, cook for yourself. I won't bother."

Fang Wenping frowned, "No one is coming today?"

Dong Xuebing hummed, "That's not necessarily true." He glanced at her body.

Fang Wenping sneered, "Let them come. I'm not afraid of anyone."

"Wow, you're boasting," Dong Xuebing retorted, "Just now, who was desperately trying to crawl under the bed? You almost wouldn't have made it out if I hadn't pulled you out from the outside."

Fang Wenping's face darkened, "Are you looking for a fight?"

"Who started it?" Dong Xuebing said, "You ate my breakfast. At least you could wash the dishes. But you, like an emperor, just lay there."

"I don't know how to wash dishes," Fang Wenping retorted.

Dong Xuebing sarcastically replied, "But you know how to eat."

Fang Wenping looked at him and said, "And I know how to scold people."

"I don't want to argue with you," Dong Xuebing said flatly, deciding to ignore her and go to the study to play games or watch movies. Talking to Fang Wenping meant he would live several years less.

Chapter 1687

Morning.

Around eleven.

In the study of the quadrangle courtyard, Dong Xuebing sat there watching a movie, completely ignoring the presence of Fang Wenping outside. He had no intention of paying attention to her.

After eating, he didn't wash the dishes.

He even asked me to cook lunch.

Why don't you go and die?

You've gotten used to this bad habit of yours.

Dong Xuebing had eaten quite a lot in the morning anyway, so he didn't plan to leave the room. He intended to watch movies until the afternoon. If that didn't work out, he could take another nap in the afternoon. He didn't want to communicate with Fang Wenping anymore. She was too infuriating. Her mindset was too domineering, making it impossible to communicate. Dong Xuebing wanted her clothes to dry quickly so he could kick Fang Wenping out sooner. He couldn't stand it anymore. Even his famously lazy wife, Xie Huilan, wasn't as picky as Fang Wenping. She made Dong Xuebing speechless. It would be fine even if they were relatives, but they weren't at all. They were hardly acquainted and had almost fought every time they met. That was roughly the extent of their relationship. She was even shameless enough to think so.

The movie was still playing.

Dong Xuebing hummed along as he watched, having seen through Fang Wenping's true colors. Even after washing her clothes and feeding her water, Dong Xuebing felt like he had gone mad. He decided not to bother with her anymore. Love was out of the question.

Soft-heartedness.

It's not possible anymore.

Dong Xuebing didn't want to deal with Fang Wenping, so she came looking for him instead.

Without warning, the study door creaked open from the outside, startling Dong Xuebing, who turned his head to look.

"What's up?" Dong Xuebing was annoyed.

Fang Wenping said coldly, "I'm hungry, so make some food."

Dong Xuebing replied neither warmly nor coldly, "Do you see me paying attention to you? If you're hungry, make it yourself."

"I don't know how to cook. Buy some vegetables. Let's have something light for lunch," said Fang Wenping, tightening the towel wrapped around her voluptuous body as she extended her hand.

"I already told you I'm not going to do anything," Dong Xuebing replied impatiently.

Fang Wenping looked at him coldly.

But Dong Xuebing didn't look at her and continued watching the movie. He lit a cigarette and took a few puffs, firmly drawing the line with Fang Wenping.

One second.

Two seconds.

Fang Wenping spoke again, "Where's the bathroom?"

"Go out and turn right. It's in the alley," Dong Xuebing replied irritably.

"Outside?" Fang Wenping frowned. "Don't you have a toilet in your courtyard?"

Dong Xuebing was speechless. "What era do you think it is? Nowadays, in quadrangle courtyards, there are no more outhouses like before. That's a thing of the past. Outhouses used to be outside, usually inconspicuously situated in the southwest corner. They were all pit latrines, so in the past, some people called "honey bucket men" would come to empty them. At that time, human waste could even be sold for money. But after liberation, they gradually underwent renovations. Almost all the outhouses in quadrangle courtyards were demolished because of the dense population. They were turned into houses that could be lived in, such as the area next to the southern room of Dong Xuebing's house, which was probably where the outhouse used to be. But now they're all gone. What era is it? Where are there still honey bucket men? Even if quadrangle courtyards have outhouses nowadays, they're probably individually built. Usually, the bathrooms are at the ends of the alleys, one at the mouth and one at the tail. It's also very convenient."

The door closed.

And Fang Wenping left.

Dong Xuebing suddenly came to his senses and slapped his forehead. He hurriedly followed out and said, "Wait, wait." After that, he went back to the room, took out his largest shirt, and handed it to her. "Put it on." Fang Wenping didn't have any clothes on inside, just wrapped in a towel, which wasn't tightly wrapped, making it a bit revealing. Dong Xuebing wasn't worried about her being cold; he was worried about her going dressed like that. If the neighbors or friends saw her, they might get the wrong idea. So he found a shirt for her to wear.

Fang Wenping took it and tried to put it on. However, she couldn't fit into it just like in the morning. Dong Xuebing's shirts were mostly slim-fit and too tight for Fang Wenping. The buttons on the chest couldn't be fastened, making it even tighter. However, at least it covered her shoulders. Fang Wenping unbuttoned the shirt and draped it over herself before walking out.

Dong Xuebing glanced at her from behind, ignored her, and returned to the study to continue watching his movie, thoroughly enjoying himself.

Five minutes passed.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

Dong Xuebing frowned, thinking it was Fang Wenping again. He thought, "Even if you go out, you can't lock the door. Why knock on it? Are you deliberately trying to annoy me?" With that, he turned off the movie and went out angrily. But when he opened the door, it wasn't Fang Wenping standing outside; it was the neighbor, Aunt Ci.

Dong Xuebing was surprised. "Aunt Ci, what's wrong?"

Aunt Ci was very anxious. "Just now, I saw a woman coming out of your house wrapped in a towel. Is she your friend?"

Dong Xuebing hesitated and made up a story. "Yes, she's an elder relative."

Aunt Ci hurriedly said, "Your relative is surrounded. You should go and see."

"What do you mean surrounded?" Dong Xuebing asked in surprise. "Where is she? What happened?"

"In the alley near the west entrance, near the restaurant. A few drunk men seemed to want to harass her, and she got into an argument with them. I saw her coming out of your house, so I thought she might be your aunt or something. I hurried back to tell you. I wanted to intervene, but they were all big guys, and I couldn't do anything." Aunt Ci explained.

Dong Xuebing's face darkened. "I see."

Aunt Ci continued quickly, "Don't worry. I'll call the police, and then I'll gather some people. Your aunt shouldn't suffer."

Dong Xuebing immediately said, "There's no need, Aunt Ci. I'll go."

"Don't be polite with Aunt Ci." Aunt Ci was very enthusiastic. "I know all the neighbors here. We will come over if you shout."

"Thank you, but it's not necessary. I'll go there now, and there's no need to call the police." Dong Xuebing said, walking towards the west entrance.

A hundred meters away.

Dong Xuebing could already hear cursing. When he focused, he saw four or five men surrounding Fang Wenping and shouting at her. There was another person next to them who seemed to be with them, but he didn't seem too drunk. He was the only one trying to persuade the others. Fang Wenping wasn't weak either. She wasn't afraid, standing there boldly and shouting louder than those men. However, there were four or five of them, and each one was overpowering her with their words, leaving Fang Wenping in a passive position.

"Old lady is quite bold," a man said.

Another person said, "Isn't she just a prostitute? What's so bold about her?"

The sober man hurriedly interjected, "Old Zhang, Old Sun, let's forget it."

"Forget what?" Old Sun's face flushed, his voice thick. "Dressed like that, if she's not a prostitute, then what is she? She even asked us about the price. She's pretending to be innocent with us."

The man said, "Come with us. How much for a night?"

Dong Xuebing immediately understood. Fang Wenping was too beautiful, with a great figure, and she went out wearing only a towel. Several drunk men mistook her for a prostitute. After all, most people living in the alleys of Beijing were outsiders, and many houses were rented out. It wasn't uncommon for prostitutes to live in some of them, so these men were too eager to surround Fang Wenping.

Fang Wenping was surrounded by them and looked very petite. Many people around were watching and gossiping, enjoying the spectacle.

Normally, Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping had a bad relationship, and he should have been eager to see her embarrassed. However, for some reason, Dong Xuebing suddenly felt very annoyed. Watching them harass Fang Wenping, he felt anger surging in his head. Even if this woman was a bit of a troublemaker, she was staying in my house today. She is my guest. Seeing how Fang Ran and Fang Shuiling looked, he might become relatives with Fang Wenping. What kind of meaning was it if even the woman who walked out of my house dared to be cursed at?

I'm giving you face.

I can curse her, but do you have the right to curse her?

Aunt Ci followed behind, "Xiao Dong, let's call the police and let the police handle it."

But Dong Xuebing waved his hand without looking back, staring at them. He strode up and didn't even curse or say a word. He kicked one of the middle-aged men nearest to him, and with a dull thud, the man flew out.

"Ah!"

"Brother Zhang!"

"Old Zhang!"

He fell heavily to the ground.

Old Zhang screamed in pain, seeming to have broken his waist.

Aunt Ci behind him was dumbfounded, and some neighbors who knew Dong Xuebing also stared wide-eyed. Damn, it's on now.

But this was Dong Xuebing's way of doing things.

"Damn it."

"You bastard."

"What the hell are you doing?"

Several other men saw the situation and rushed over.

Fang Wenping frowned but didn't say anything.

"Xiao Dong, be careful," an elderly neighbor finally realized that Dong Xuebing knew this woman and hurriedly reminded him. After all, there were several people on the other side.

But Dong Xuebing didn't care about these people. If his combat power were still being suppressed by them, Dong Xuebing wouldn't be able to live with himself. He couldn't afford to lose to these people.

Ah, what am I doing now?

Getting angry for his woman.

No, it shouldn't be called his woman. At most, it's called being angry for a woman.

Chapter 1688

Houhai.

At the west end of the alley.

This side is filled with small restaurants, all converted from flat-roofed houses and rented out. It's quite messy and dirty, and the people are also quite mixed. It's not as beautiful as the lakeside.

"Ah!"

"Beat him!"

"Ah, my leg!"

"Fight him!"

A fight broke out, five against one.

Originally, everyone thought the situation would be completely one-sided. After all, there was a big difference in numbers. But who knew the situation was really one-sided but not in favor of the larger group? Instead, Dong Xuebing single-handedly dominated the situation. Well, it's not a matter of advantage or disadvantage anymore. Dong Xuebing was practically "slaughtering" them. Despite the many people on the other side, they seemed powerless against Dong Xuebing. No one could withstand even a single blow from Dong Xuebing, and Dong Xuebing didn't even feel like he was exerting any effort. Under the stunned gazes of everyone around, it was as if Dong Xuebing could casually kick or raise his hand, and several people would go flying.

One.

Three.

Five.

They all fell to the ground, unable to get up, rolling in pain. Two of them even passed out directly, lying there motionless as if dead. Only one person was unharmed, the one who hadn't been drinking earlier. He had been trying to dissuade his companions all along. Dong Xuebing was also a person who could distinguish grievances clearly. Since it had nothing to do with him, Dong Xuebing didn't bother with him, ignoring him.

It probably only took a few seconds.

None of the five could stand up anymore.

The neighbors watching were all dumbfounded. They never expected that this new neighbor not only had a background but also such good fighting skills.

But Fang Wenping was not surprised at all. She probably knew Dong Xuebing's combat power early on and didn't think he would fail here.

Dong Xuebing asked, "Are you okay?"

"Mm." Fang Wenping responded indifferently.

"Let's go back." Dong Xuebing didn't even glance at the people on the ground anymore. He greeted a few familiar neighbors and returned as if he had done something insignificant. Well, for Dong Xuebing, beating up five people was indeed too insignificant to mention. He probably wouldn't

even dare to brag about it with his friends. It's like a billionaire suddenly making ten thousand dollars in the stock market one day. Would he dare to boast about it to others? It's too embarrassing for Dong Xuebing, too.

Everyone was very stunned.

Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping returned to the courtyard like this.

At the courtyard entrance, several old neighbors finally reacted and called out to Dong Xuebing, "Xiao Dong, what just happened?"

Fang Wenping had already entered the courtyard.

Dong Xuebing couldn't return, so he stopped and said to the neighbors, "Hey, it's what Aunt Ci told me. This is one of my relatives."

"Your aunt?" someone asked.

"Let's say it's my aunt." Dong Xuebing said.

"No wonder, hey, those people are indeed bastards," an old lady said.

Aunt Ci exclaimed, "Xiao Dong, you can fight. I never expected that."

Dong Xuebing smiled, "It's okay. I didn't care about those guys. They just got drunk and started acting like assholes, and they even implicated my relatives. It's asking for trouble. I didn't want to lower myself to their level. Otherwise, I would have broken their bones." After saying that, he glanced into the distance at the west end. Those people had already climbed up from the ground one after another. They were probably sober now, and their companions had awakened even the unconscious ones. Then, they looked at each other and glanced at Dong Xuebing's direction. In the end, no one said a word, and they all slunk away.

More than ten minutes passed.

The neighbors were still chatting with Dong Xuebing about recent events.

Dong Xuebing glanced at his watch. It was almost noon, so he said, "It's time for lunch. I'll head back first." Then he bid farewell and left.

In the courtyard.

Dong Xuebing closed the door behind him and sighed. Damn it, he had just decided to ignore Fang Wenping, but then he softened again. What a mess. Fang Wenping was a guest in his house, so it wasn't for others to harass her. It wasn't Fang Wenping's problem, but rather that those people didn't regard him, Dong Xuebing, seriously.

As he walked inside, he suddenly heard some noises from the kitchen, accompanied by a faint aroma.

Hmm.

Who's cooking?

Dong Xuebing was taken aback. He went in and looked at the kitchen, blinking as if he couldn't believe it, and walked over to take a peek inside.

Then, the door opened.

He almost bumped into it with his nose, which startled him.

As the door opened, Fang Wenping came out, holding two plates of vegetables. One plate contained stir-fried celery with tofu, and the other had bitter melon. All the ingredients were left in Dong Xuebing's fridge. Fang Wenping didn't even look at him; he just walked out and put the dishes on the table. She sat down, adjusted the bath towel wrapped around her body, and then, still in that commanding tone, said to Dong Xuebing, "Get chopsticks."

Dong Xuebing uttered a sound of surprise. "Okay."

He turned around, grabbed two chopsticks, and took two empty bowls. After coming out, he placed them on the stone table and awkwardly sat across from her.

Fang Wenping took the chopsticks and started eating.

Dong Xuebing was very surprised. "Didn't you say you can't cook?"

"Then don't eat." Fang Wenping retorted and continued eating.

Dong Xuebing snorted. "I treated you to breakfast. Why shouldn't I eat? This evens things out. Originally, it should have been you who cooked." He added some celery to his mouth, saying, "You said you can't cook. Isn't this something?"

Suddenly, Dong Xuebing's face changed slightly, almost spitting it out. In the end, he reluctantly swallowed it and said with a pained expression, "Okay, I take back what I said just now. You really can't cook."

Fang Wenping: "....."

Dong Xuebing sighed, "The appearance is okay, but why does it taste so bad? Did you forget to put oil in the stir-fry and add sugar instead?"

Fang Wenping coldly said, "Eat it or leave it."

Dong Xuebing tasted the other dish, which was slightly better than the celery but still not very tasty. He couldn't help feeling helpless. What to do? There were only a few ingredients left in the fridge. He had to eat it. So, he reluctantly ate, scraping the chopsticks against the bowl.

Fang Wenping cooked herself.

Well, just for this, he had to eat it. It wasn't easy to get her to do something. This could be considered as giving her a task.

Was it because he helped her out of trouble?

Dong Xuebing didn't know what Fang Wenping's attitude was.

Chapter 1689

Two weeks later.

This day.

Monday morning.

Dong Xuebing got up from the northern room of the quadrangle house a little after seven. He treated himself to a hearty breakfast and finished it all by himself. Dong Xuebing had been ordered

by his superiors to reflect at home for nearly a month. It had been quite a boring month, except for the incident with Fang Wenping. After that, Dong Xuebing had been idle at home, which was extremely dull. Fortunately, his boss called last night to inform him that he was officially returning to work today. Otherwise, Dong Xuebing might have gone crazy from staying home for so long.

Changing clothes.

Polishing shoes.

Combing his hair.

Dong Xuebing stood before the mirror for a long time, tidying himself up neatly. After checking his appearance, he nodded satisfactorily and glanced at his watch.

It was eight o'clock.

Time to go to work.

Oh, almost forgot something.

Dong Xuebing reluctantly walked to the closet door, bent down, and picked out a women's sweater from below. Shaking his head, he found an opaque bag to put it in. Then he left, driving towards his workplace. The sweater belonged to Fang Wenping. While at Dong Xuebing's house that day, she washed all her clothes. By the afternoon, her bra and panties had dried, and the long skirt was almost dry. Only the sweater, with its thicker fabric, was still damp. It looked like it wouldn't be completely dry even after a night. Fang Wenping picked out a jacket from Dong Xuebing's closet, the only thing she could wear. Although it felt odd when she put it on, it was better than nothing. After putting it on, Fang Wenping left without saying a word, leaving the sweater in Dong Xuebing's courtyard. She forgot to take it with her.

At the workplace.

It was almost time to start work, so quite a few people were around.

When Dong Xuebing's Land Rover arrived, many people glanced at him. Although Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping had caused a big commotion at the open day event, the incident passed almost a month ago, and the uproar gradually died. So, people just gave Dong Xuebing a few glances and didn't say much. Only a few people recalled the events of that day and briefly discussed Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping's sensational quarrel. Most people focused on the ongoing organizational reform of the Discipline Inspection Commission.

The car stopped.

Dong Xuebing got out of the car, but instead of going directly to his office building, he went to the First Supervision Room. He strode into the corridor.

This was Fang Wenping's department. Because of that incident, most people knew Dong Xuebing. They became alert when they saw him coming, even though Fang Wenping had a bad reputation and a somewhat domineering personality. However, she was still the head of the First Supervision Room, representing the department. So, although people looked at Dong Xuebing with unfriendly expressions, they didn't say anything.

"Is Director Fang here?" Dong Xuebing found a young female colleague and asked.

The woman glanced at Dong Xuebing, hesitated momentarily, and then said, "Director Fang is here, in the office."

"Thanks." Dong Xuebing went straight to the door of the director's office without knocking and pushed the door open, not bothering to be polite with Fang Wenping.

Inside the room.

Fang Wenping had probably arrived not long ago, as her bag was still on the desk. At the moment, she was bending over to fill the water at the water dispenser. Her shapely buttocks, wrapped in trousers, faced the direction of the door. The tight trousers emphasized the curves of her buttocks, but perhaps because she was wearing long johns or thermal pants, there were no visible lines of her underwear, which disappointed Dong Xuebing a bit. Nonetheless, he still took a few good looks.

Fang Wenping turned back with a stern face. "Don't you know how to knock?"

"No." Dong Xuebing tossed the bag onto the sofa. "Your clothes."

The water in the cup was filled, and Fang Wenping took a gentle sip before sitting back at her desk. She glanced at him and asked, "Is there anything else?"

Dong Xuebing reached out. "Where's my clothes?"

"What clothes?" Fang Wenping replied coldly.

"What clothes? My jacket!" Dong Xuebing retorted impatiently.

Fang Wenping's tone turned even colder. "I don't know. Threw them away."

"You threw away a jacket that cost over a thousand yuan?" Dong Xuebing was furious. "You're ungrateful. If I had known, I would have let you leave without it. Forget it. I don't want to waste my breath on you. But let me tell you, Fang Wenping, you owe me a favor."

Fang Wenping continued working with her head down. "Make sure to close the door when you leave."

Dong Xuebing snorted and turned to leave. As he exited, he slammed the door heavily, making a loud noise that startled many people in the corridor. They all looked at Dong Xuebing, but he didn't pay them attention. He walked out of the office building. He hadn't intended to ask Fang Wenping for his clothes back. A piece of clothing wasn't worth much, and he knew Fang Wenping's personality well enough to know she wouldn't bother bringing it over after washing it. What angered Dong Xuebing was Fang Wenping's attitude, which was extremely infuriating. She didn't appreciate his kindness at all. He regretted not kicking her onto the street that day, saving himself from her pickiness.

Outside the corridor.

Many people were heading inside, but Dong Xuebing walked past them without looking at anyone.

Suddenly, a voice outside called his name, "Xiao Dong."

Dong Xuebing looked over and saw Zhu Weiye, the director of the Eighth Supervision Room. Zhu Weiye helped Dong Xuebing with the incident involving Yang Zhen by suppressing the matter without punishing him. Dong Xuebing knew Zhu Weiye was aware of his background but still

appreciated his help. Compared to Fang Wenping, Zhu Weiye was much more mature and composed.

"Director Zhu," Dong Xuebing greeted him. "Good morning."

Zhu Weiye seemed to have just gotten out of the car, and his trouser legs were rolled up to his ankles, revealing his socks. He was adjusting his pants when he stood up and looked at Dong Xuebing. "I just ran into you. Come with me to my office. I have something to discuss with you."

"Sure," Dong Xuebing said.

Zhu Weiye walked ahead, greeting a few familiar colleagues along the way.

Dong Xuebing followed behind him as they went upstairs and entered Zhu Weiye's office.

"Pour yourself some water and sit wherever you like," Zhu Weiye said, putting his bag on the table and sitting down. He then began organizing some things, taking out a few items and arranging them. He didn't treat Dong Xuebing like an outsider and appeared quite casual.

However, Dong Xuebing wasn't as relaxed. He just sat on the guest sofa without moving, waiting for Zhu Weiye to speak. His attitude towards Fang Wenping was special because they had clashed before, tearing their faces apart. So, even though Fang Wenping was his superior, Dong Xuebing didn't have much respect for her. But Zhu Weiye was different. He was Dong Xuebing's direct superior and had helped him before, so Dong Xuebing naturally showed him respect. At least he would pretend to, as Dong Xuebing was well aware of the rules within the system.

About two minutes passed.

Zhu Weiye finished organizing and looked at Dong Xuebing. "What have you reflected on during this past month of self-reflection at home? Tell me."

Dong Xuebing replied solemnly, "I have realized my mistakes. I shouldn't have argued with Director Fang. I will correct it in the future." Dong Xuebing would never have said such words if it had been a month ago. He hadn't thought he was in the wrong at all. But now Dong Xuebing's mentality had changed. Firstly, he felt that his relationship with Fang Wenping was no longer purely antagonistic but had become subtle. He couldn't even explain it, so there was no need to clash with Fang Wenping for the rest of his life. Secondly, Dong Xuebing had heard about the reform of the Discipline Inspection Commission from his mother-in-law. His mind was already focused on promotion. Admitting his mistakes would naturally be more proactive. In Dong Xuebing's value system, everything was superficial, and only promotion was real.

Zhu Weiye nodded slightly in approval. "It's good that you recognize your mistakes. A good comrade can acknowledge and correct their mistakes."

Dong Xuebing pledged, "Rest assured, I won't make the same mistake again. In the future, I will work diligently and maintain good relationships with my colleagues."

Zhu Weiye smiled. "It's good to see you thinking like this. Well, I called you here for another matter. The Discipline Inspection Commission is going to undergo reform. You must have heard about it. Our Eighth Supervision Room may expand to become the Tenth Supervision Room. The new Ninth and Tenth Rooms will be established, and the overall plan has been finalized. Now, we need to adjust personnel. Since it's a new department, we must supplement it with capable cadres to lead the new departments. This will help expedite our work and stabilize the new department more

quickly. However, this also means that the original eight supervision rooms will face some personnel reductions as they support the new department."

Dong Xuebing listened quietly, his face unchanged, but his heart skipped a beat.

Zhu Weiye continued, "Yesterday, there was a meeting where the leadership separately discussed several department head candidates for the new Ninth and Tenth Rooms. After some consideration, I decided to recommend you. Although you're a bit impulsive in personality, your party principles are solid. Your previous files also demonstrate this. Putting the people's interests first is what I value most about you. Your workability goes without saying, and your files are impeccable. You're also young and ambitious. I think you're the most suitable candidate. What do you think?"

Dong Xuebing calmly replied, "I obey the organization's arrangements."

"Good," Zhu Weiye said, looking at him. "Although nothing is certain yet, you should prepare yourself."

Chapter 1690

Morning.

Before nine o'clock.

After leaving Director Zhu Weiye's office in the Eighth Inspection Supervisory Office, Dong Xuebing closed the door behind him, clenched his fist tightly, and was relieved. Although Director Zhu mentioned uncertainty, Dong Xuebing knew the matter had already been settled. Director Zhu was going through the formalities of routine conversation with him. With his mother-in-law revealing her connections and the Fourth Grand Uncle of Huilan being the secretary of the Discipline Inspection Commission, Dong Xuebing's nomination had already been sent up yesterday. So, there was no suspense in this matter. It was just announcing the appointment.

Finally settled.

What a joyous occasion.

Dong Xuebing felt this was the best news he had heard in months. He was only twenty-six years old, yet he was about to take on a substantive position at the department head level. Even people like Xie Huilan, who came from a prestigious family background, and Fang Wenping, who also came from a prestigious family, didn't achieve what Dong Xuebing had achieved at the age of twenty-six. Dong Xuebing had every reason to be proud of himself. A child from an ordinary family, from a background even less privileged than the average family, had reached this point. It was almost a miracle. In the past, no one would have ever imagined Dong Xuebing reaching his current position, not even Dong Xuebing himself. But step by step, Dong Xuebing had made it happen. Now, he felt a sense of accomplishment.

Substantive position.

Division Chief level.

Others might not dare dream of these positions in their lifetime, but Dong Xuebing was about to secure them in just four years. This was indeed a bit exaggerated.

The Eighth Supervisory Office.

Second Division office area.

When Dong Xuebing entered, it wasn't yet time to start work. Everyone in the office area was chatting and joking around. Perhaps such an atmosphere could exist only in their Eighth Supervisory Office, Second Division. The relationships among colleagues were excellent, without any barriers. Ultimately, this was thanks to Director Yin Cheng'an. Only such a kind person could cultivate such an atmosphere in the office. This kind of atmosphere was truly rare in an organization where interests and disputes were becoming increasingly severe.

"Ah."

" Director Dong."

"You're back."

Everyone was a bit surprised.

Dong Xuebing smiled. "I'm back. Starting today, I'm back in my official position."

Han Fei giggled. "Congratulations! You must treat us to dinner tonight."

"Hehe. It's not such a big deal. Why treat anyone?" Dong Xuebing chuckled. "Well, is Director Yin and Director Chen here?"

"Not yet," Sun Zhaobang replied with a smile.

Dong Xuebing originally wanted to report directly to Director Yin Cheng'an, but since he hadn't arrived yet, Dong Xuebing decided against it. Instead, he sat in the office and asked, "What are we talking about?"

Han Fei blinked. "Isn't it about the organizational reform? We've been discussing it for over half a month now. You must have heard about it. I heard that our Inspection Room will add two new departments, the Ninth and Tenth Offices. We're discussing personnel adjustments."

Dong Xuebing had told Han Fei about this, making her the first person he informed of the exact news. But at this moment, Han Fei pretended not to know, demonstrating some political savvy. Otherwise, if she were to say that Dong Xuebing was the first to tell her, it might cause some trouble. Others might think, "Why did you tell Han Fei but not us? Isn't that biased?" Han Fei was a good-looking female colleague, which could lead to further complications. Han Fei avoided this situation and handled it well. Despite her usual lively demeanor, she knew how to handle things. It hadn't been for nothing that she had worked in the agency for so many years.

Dong Xuebing nodded. "I've also heard about it."

He Zhou asked, "Director Dong, who do you think will be appointed as the directors of the Ninth and Tenth Offices?"

"Where would I know about that," Dong Xuebing said, "But it's either promoting a deputy director from one of the inspection rooms or transferring a director from elsewhere, then promoting the first deputy over there." A mature department might recruit from below or unrelated departments, but stability comes first for two newly established departments, especially in a place like the Discipline Inspection Commission. They would look for comrades with many years of experience in this field to lead them, particularly for the position of deputy director.

Han Fei asked, "Do you think our Eighth Room will be affected?"

"Who would be affected? It's unlikely," He Zhou said, "Our director definitely won't be."

Han Fei bit her lip. "I mean the Eighth Supervisory Office as a whole, like whether the personnel and departments below will be adjusted to raise a level."

Sun Zhaobang said, "There won't be many cases of raising a level. If there are adjustments, there will be ninety percent transfers to support the new departments."

He Zhou nodded. "But there's still a chance for you, Xiao Fei."

Han Fei rolled her eyes. "I wish! But nobody's looking for me, nobody's recommending me. Where's the chance?"

He Zhou looked at her. "If you were to go up, you'd only be a deputy Division Chief level inspector. Nothing more, even a deputy Division Chief from one of the lower departments, could barely suffice. But it's a bit risky. You've only been promoted to the Division Chief level for a few years. Furthermore, stability is the primary consideration when establishing new departments. In such a situation, they would usually appoint the head first and then consult the head's opinion to make adjustments within a certain range. Now, the director of the room and the department heads below haven't been decided yet so nobody will look for you."

Han Fei seemed quite anxious. "Sigh, they should hurry up and decide. This kind of uncertainty is annoying. I don't even know who to talk to right now."

Others were also very concerned about this reform.

In the late afternoon, amidst the atmosphere of close attention from everyone, the personnel adjustments for the main leaders of the Ninth Supervisory Inspection Office, the Tenth Supervisory Inspection Office Supervisory Inspection Office, and the two merged departments gradually came down. Of course, it was only the adjustments and appointments of the main leaders, including the Offices' director, deputy directors, and department heads. Other deputy positions and several inspectors and clerks were temporarily not appointed.

Zhu Wei notified Dong Xuebing over the phone.

Dong Xuebing was appointed the director of the Second Division's Ninth Supervisory Inspection Office of the Central Discipline Inspection Commission.

While the adjustments of others didn't stir much, Dong Xuebing's job adjustment caused quite a stir within the unit. Even many leaders of the Discipline Inspection Commission couldn't have predicted it.

It's just that Dong Xuebing is too young.

He just took office as a Deputy Division Chief level inspector. It's been only three or four months. He's taken a big leap to become the director of an Supervisory Inspection Office. If Dong Xuebing were to be promoted normally in the Eighth Supervisory Inspection Office, he must be the Deputy Chief of the Second Office before becoming the Chief.

There are several steps involved.

Not to mention that Dong Xuebing had previously been disciplined administratively and caused quite a lot of trouble.