

PAW 1751

Chapter 1751

It was already dark.

The time was quite late.

But because it was Chinese New Year, some crackling firecrackers were outside, deafening from morning till night. The festive atmosphere of the New Year had not ceased. Given this situation, the firecrackers wouldn't stop until one or two in the morning. During the New Year, everyone liked setting off firecrackers, though this year's displays seemed noticeably lighter due to economic crises or other factors.

"Dudududududu."

Fang Ping hurried down the stairs.

Seeing her move so quickly, Dong Xuebing's heart was tense, afraid she might trip and fall. Despite Dong Xuebing and Fang Ping usually not getting along, he stuck close to her in times like these. Dong Xuebing wasn't the type to revel in others' misfortune; after all, he had helped Fang Ping when she got drunk that one time, bringing her back to his place and even helping her change and wash her clothes. Dong Xuebing was like that, sharp-tongued but tender-hearted, perhaps similar to Fang Ping in some ways. Though they often clashed on the surface, when it came down to it, Dong Xuebing would always step up, like when he helped Fang Ping in that fight.

"Director Fang."

"Hurry up."

"Ah, take it easy."

"Where's the car?"

"Right downstairs. Otherwise, let's go back. It's late."

"Are we going for a stroll or getting this unlocked? Are you still acting like a man?"

"I'm just looking out for you because you've had too much to drink."

"I haven't had that much. Why so much nonsense?"

"Wait for me. Oh, here it is. Be careful; the ground's slippery."

When Dong Xuebing unlocked the Land Rover, Fang Ping pulled open the door and sat in the passenger seat. Dong Xuebing sighed inwardly, got into the driver's seat and closed the door with a thud. Seeing some colleagues and familiar faces in the courtyard, Dong Xuebing felt embarrassed to linger, especially at this late hour. So, he just drove the car out without saying much.

Outside.

On the road.

Fang Ping creaked open the bottle of whisky she had brought home. Without any mixers and with a high alcohol content, she gulped down a big mouthful. Finally, she let out a belch.

Dong Xuebing was startled and quickly grabbed the bottle. "What are you doing? Why are you drinking again? Alright, that's enough."

Fang Ping tried to grab it back. "Give it to me."

"I won't give it to you. Stop drinking," Dong Xuebing said sternly.

"I asked you to give it to me," Fang Ping retorted. "Who do you think you are to control me?"

"I'm not trying to control you. I'm looking out for you. What's the point of drinking alone like this during the New Year?"

"You're right, there's no point," Fang Ping glanced at him. "Then drink with me."

Dong Xuebing hesitated.

"If you're not drinking, give it to me," Fang Ping reached out again.

"Alright, alright, I'll drink. Just stop drinking yourself," Dong Xuebing said, picking up the bottle and taking a big gulp. He had a strong tolerance for alcohol, and this amount wouldn't affect him much, make him a bit dizzy, but not enough to cause an accident while driving.

The car continued on its way.

Seeing Dong Xuebing gulp down so much, Fang Ping seemed satisfied. Leaning back in her seat, she breathed a sigh of relief. "Look at you, skinny and weak, but you still show some manly spirit when it counts."

Dong Xuebing didn't like hearing it. "What do you mean 'when it counts'? I'm capable in everyday situations, too."

"Why are you driving so slowly?" Fang Ping pointed ahead. "Go faster."

Dong Xuebing sighed. "It's snowing heavily. The roads are slippery. It's safer to go slower."

"I told you to speed up, so just do it. Why so much talk? Keep going."

"Where are we going?" Dong Xuebing asked. "You need to give me a destination."

"Anywhere will do. Let's find a park. Yes, isn't there Taoranting Park up ahead on this road?" Fang Ping suggested.

Dong Xuebing shook his head. "It's late, the park is closed."

"Even if it's closed, let's go," Fang Ping insisted unreasonably.

Dong Xuebing was at a loss with her. Women were unreasonable enough, and a drunk woman was even more so. There was just no way to deal with it.

"Alright."

"Go faster."

"I'm going as fast as I can. We're almost there."

Around 9:40 PM.

The Land Rover stopped near the east gate of Taoranting Park.

During the day, this place was bustling due to the traditional Temple Fair, which had recently relocated from Liuli Factory to Taoranting Park. Naturally, many visitors were there during the day for the fair. But at night, especially at this hour, no soul was around. Even the staff had gone home. Who would stay here on New Year's Eve? Though the lights were on inside, the park was deserted.

Fang Ping was carefree as she got out of the car and waved. "Let's go in."

Dong Xuebing chuckled. "They've already closed. How do you plan to get in?"

"Isn't there a fence over there?" Fang Ping knew the area well and pointed in that direction. "Let's climb over that fence."

Dong Xuebing asked, "Are you sure you can climb over?"

Ignoring him, Fang Ping walked straight toward the fence.

Dong Xuebing had no choice but to follow. "It's all snow; be careful, it's slippery."

Though Fang Ping was dressed elegantly in a fur coat and white pants, she wore sexy black high heels. Walking on thick snow like this, she couldn't help but slip and struggle to maintain her balance. Dong Xuebing quickly grabbed her left arm, steadying her with her fur coat. He couldn't help but think, "Why do I always end up dealing with her whenever she drinks too much? What did I do to deserve this?"

They reached the fence.

It was quite high, about a person's height.

Fang Ping was determined, grasping the fence and preparing to climb over.

Dong Xuebing was alarmed. "Wait, wait! Come down. Let me go over it first, and then I'll help you. Hey, come down first."

Fang Ping frowned but didn't move.

Dong Xuebing found it a bit amusing. Fang Ping now seemed just like a child, which was quite adorable. He glanced up, grabbed the fence, and effortlessly scaled it, jumping onto the grass inside the park. Then he told Fang Ping, "Alright, try coming over now. I'll help you."

Fang Ping reached out and began to climb.

As Dong Xuebing had anticipated, she struggled. This guy had no idea how to climb over a fence. Fang Ping was different from him; she came from a well-off family, pampered since childhood, and being a woman didn't help her agility either. Climbing over this fence was beyond her capability; her movements were clumsy.

Dong Xuebing had to reach through the fence to help her. "Careful, careful. Step on my arm, that's it, step up."

He managed to lift Fang Ping.

But once she was up there, another problem arose—Fang Ping couldn't get down.

Dong Xuebing slapped his forehead and sighed. With snow falling heavily on his head, he leaned over and reached up to assist her from below.

"I'm coming down," Fang Ping said.

"Go slow," Dong Xuebing hurriedly cautioned.

But Fang Ping didn't heed his advice; she leaned forward and almost fell. Dong Xuebing was afraid she might hurt herself, so he quickly grabbed her, managing to hold onto her shoulder with his left hand. However, his right hand landed on something soft and thick—Fang Ping's chest. Despite her fur coat, she seemed to be wearing nothing underneath, and he could feel how soft and warm it was.

Dong Xuebing's face flushed immediately. "Uh..."

But Fang Ping didn't seem to react. She hung there, stuck on the fence, neither up nor down. As she slipped inadvertently, it seemed like she might fall.

Startled, Dong Xuebing acted without thinking. He immediately lifted her, pulling her legs carefully to prevent her pants from catching on the fence. He managed to catch Fang Ping's heavy body as it fell, but even with his muscular physique, his feet were jarred by the impact, causing him to grimace in pain. Handling a plump woman in her forties like Fang Ping was no easy task, especially over a two-meter fence. After a moment, Dong Xuebing caught his breath, feeling the warmth and softness of Fang Ping's body beneath him amidst the cold snow, an oddly comfortable sensation despite the circumstances.

Fragrant and smooth.

Hmm, it's quite a pleasant feeling overall.

Well, except for the fact that she was a bit heavy.

Dong Xuebing coughed awkwardly when Fang Ping glanced at him. He gently set her down; he couldn't carry her any longer.

Brushing off the snow from her clothes, Fang Ping bent down and picked up the bottle of whisky. "Let's go, let's sit inside."

Dong Xuebing muttered to himself about the trouble they could get into if caught. "The park is closed."

"It's quiet with fewer people. Look, the environment is nice, and the lights are still on," Fang Ping remarked casually, seemingly unconcerned.

Behind the east gate was a hill, a pathless one.

They could only climb up, trudging through the snow. Dong Xuebing continued to assist her, braving the heavy snowfall. They slowly made their way up the not-so-high hill. Dong Xuebing couldn't help but wonder what kind of karma he had created to end up in such a situation today. All he wanted was to sleep peacefully at home.