

PAW 1774

Chapter 1774

Nightfall.

Hotel.

Room 8603.

Fang Wenping, drinking wine, said, "What were you doing now?"

Dong Xuebing replied, "Checking the news, browsing the web."

"Why aren't you asleep?" Fang Wenping refilled her empty glass.

"I don't know what's wrong. I lay down but couldn't fall asleep. I might be a bit insomniac lately." Dong Xuebing took a sip of his drink. "Drinking a bit of wine is good for sleep."

Fang Wenping said, "You've fought so many people. Aren't you tired?"

"I am a bit tired, but it's nothing much," Dong Xuebing boasted.

Fang Wenping looked at him and said, "With your small frame, how come you're so good at fighting?"

"Practice makes perfect," Dong Xuebing replied.

Fang Wenping nodded, "Cheers."

"Cheers." Dong Xuebing clinked glasses with her.

Then, there was a period of silence in the room. Neither of them knew what to talk about. Their relationship was always complex. They were political rivals, having clashed for years over various issues, including Fang Shui-ling. Despite the help Fang Wenping had given Dong Xuebing with

his transfer, they were far from being friends. Besides, when Fang Wenping got drunk on the second night of the New Year, they hadn't had a normal conversation. Their relationship was just messy.

Two minutes later.

Fang Wenping finally frowned and said, "Find a topic."

"I'm trying," Dong Xuebing said with a wry smile. "How about movies? What have you been watching lately?"

"I don't usually watch movies, TV dramas, or entertainment shows," Fang Wenping said.

Dong Xuebing blinked, "Then how about talking about politics or the economic situation?"

Fang Wenping shifted her legs slightly and adjusted her position. "I don't want to discuss that outside of work."

Dong Xuebing said, "How about talking about wine? You love drinking. What's your favorite wine?"

Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping had similar temperaments, but their interests differed. He had hoped to lighten the mood with this topic, but Fang Wenping shut it down with a single sentence, "I don't want to talk about that."

Damn.

You're impossible to please.

What do you want to do if you don't want to talk about anything?

Dong Xuebing felt like he couldn't drink any more of his wine. It was boring; they had no common ground, and the wine didn't go down well.

Fang Wenping was drinking alone and doing quite well. As the wine went down, her skin seemed to grow more radiant, and with her current provocative sitting posture, she looked incredibly alluring.

This old hag.

What's she up to?

Could she be troubled about something?

Dong Xuebing couldn't help but ask, "Do you have something on your mind? If you do, say it. Please don't treat me like an outsider. If you have any thoughts, you can share them with me. You know I won't spread it around. I'll be a sounding board for you tonight. Feel free to unload."

Fang Wenping frowned and said, "Do you think I look like I have something on my mind?"

Dong Xuebing thought it was not a matter of whether she looked like it—she definitely had something on her mind. Otherwise, why would she come here to drink at night and not want to talk or chat? If she just wanted to drink alone, she could have done that elsewhere. And why did she come without a bra, just like this? It's making me uncomfortable and frustrated. What's with this old Fang tonight? Why is she so inexplicable?

However, although Dong Xuebing thought this, he couldn't say it out loud.

Dong Xuebing said, "I'm just curious. No other meaning."

They were not far apart, and Fang Wenping moved slightly on the sofa, causing the spring scene from her open bathrobe to ripple in front of Dong Xuebing's eyes. He couldn't help but look. It flashed a pale white glimpse, almost revealing her ample chest, which was not sagging.

Dong Xuebing felt a bit hot, so he took a big gulp of wine, which only made him feel hotter.

Damn it.

He had to endure it.

Then, there was another long silence.

After five minutes or ten, Dong Xuebing couldn't stand the atmosphere any longer and finally spoke up, "Uh, Director Fang, we need to leave early tomorrow morning. It's already one o'clock. If we stay up too late, we might not get up in the morning. Maybe it's better to stop drinking and rest. Staying up late isn't good for your skin and health."

Fang Wenping looked at him and asked, "Are you tired?"

"Mm, a bit." Dong Xuebing yawned symbolically to show he was tired, though, in reality, he wasn't at all. The glimpses of exposed skin kept him wide awake, making him feel more alert.

Fang Wenping said, "Oh, then you can go to sleep. I'll finish this drink."

Dong Xuebing said okay and went to the bathroom. Although he had already brushed his teeth, he brushed them again, and seeing that Fang Wenping hadn't left, he washed his face to kill time. The atmosphere in the room was too awkward; Dong Xuebing wanted to stay but didn't dare to.

After a while, Dong Xuebing came out of the bathroom and was slightly shocked to see Fang Wenping chugging the wine from the bottle.

One gulp.

Three gulps.

She drank very quickly.

Dong Xuebing was startled. "What are you doing?"

Fang Wenping swallowed and said, "Drinking."

"This isn't just drinking," Dong Xuebing said, genuinely puzzled by her behavior. "Stop drinking. You're going to get drunk. Don't you remember what happened last time you were drunk? You don't have that much tolerance."

Fang Wenping didn't listen and continued to pour the remaining wine down her throat. She put down the bottle, got off the sofa, and stood on the floor with her bare feet. She wobbled slightly, clearly a bit drunk.

Dong Xuebing was exasperated. "You should go to bed."

Fang Wenping nodded but walked over to the bed and lay on it.

Dong Xuebing was stunned. "This is my bed. Your room is next door."

Fang Wenping lay there unmoving without covering herself with a blanket. "Mm, I don't want to move."

"Damn it, should I help you over to your room? You need to get up," Dong Xuebing said, feeling speechless. "If you sleep here, where am I supposed to sleep?"

Fang Wenping replied casually, "Anywhere."

Huh?

Anywhere?

Dong Xuebing hadn't thought much before, but hearing this, he shivered and stared blankly at the disheveled Fang Wenping on the bed.

What does this mean?

Is she saying it's okay for me to sleep here too?

Or has she gotten so drunk that she doesn't know what she's saying or doing?