

## PAW 1776

### Chapter 1776

Waist.

This is a very critical area for a woman.

When Dong Xuebing touched Fang Wenping's waist, he didn't get any reaction from her, but he felt reassured. He stopped hesitating and turned off the main light and the bedside lamp but left a small light on as he needed some visibility. Dong Xuebing took a deep breath to calm himself, deliberately took off his slippers, and slowly tested climbing onto the bed.

The bed creaked slightly.

He breathed heavily.

Fang Wenping remained still.

Dong Xuebing glanced at her and said, "You're pressing the blanket. Can you lift a bit? It's cold. Don't sleep like this; cover yourself with the blanket."

Fang Wenping didn't move.

"Director Fang," Dong Xuebing called.

Fang Wenping responded with a soft "mm" and impatiently shifted to the side, moving the blanket.

Dong Xuebing pulled the blanket, spread it out a bit, and covered her, then shamelessly lay down beside her.

One second, three seconds—still no movement.

Dong Xuebing felt more at ease, and his thoughts became harder to control. He felt that no matter how much he tried to breathe deeply, his heart kept pounding, and his throat felt dry. So he

impatiently pulled the blanket open again, especially on Fang Wenping's side. The blanket that was covering her chest was pulled down to her stomach, and his hand naturally slid down to her hipbone.

He pinched it.

Aside from the bone in the middle, it was all flesh.

This area was essentially her buttocks. Dong Xuebing's fingertips had sunk into Fang Wenping's plump rear, his fingers pressing in. Seeing that Fang Wenping remained unresponsive, Dong Xuebing continued to slide his hand back, pushing his palm into her covered buttocks. Although his hand was slightly restricted and congested due to being pressed by her rear, the sensation was pleasant. Her buttocks weren't very tight or bouncy, but the feeling of pinching into a sponge was quite enjoyable, with a unique charm.

Suddenly, Fang Wenping opened her eyes. She seemed somewhat drunk but also somewhat aware.

Seeing her eyes, Dong Xuebing felt a lot of pressure and instinctively pulled his hand away from her buttocks. After a brief hesitation, Dong Xuebing knew what to do and decided to act boldly. He leaned forward and lay directly on top of Fang Wenping, face to face. However, Dong Xuebing was positioned higher up and couldn't see her eyes or expressions. This was better. Dong Xuebing touched Fang Wenping's face and kissed her hair. She had just taken a bath, and her hair smelled of shampoo.

"Sister Fang."

"What?"

"Is it okay?"

"What do you mean, 'Is it okay?'"

After a brief exchange, Dong Xuebing answered Fang Wenping's question with action, sliding his hand down and slipping it into the opening of Fang Wenping's bathrobe at her chest.

Dong Xuebing asked again, "Is it okay?"

Fang Wenping, slightly drunk, glanced at him and said, “What do you think?”

“Uh, I think it’s okay,” Dong Xuebing replied, not worrying about it anymore, focusing on feeling what he was touching.

Then, he saw the bathrobe on Fang Wenping’s chest moving rhythmically, sometimes up and down, side to side, changing various patterns.

Fang Wenping’s expression remained the same as usual—arrogant and aloof. Even now, she seemed unaware of anyone else, her expression calm and silent.

Dong Xuebing didn’t care about her expression. At that moment, he felt an intense satisfaction, a kind of fulfillment that was nearly overwhelming. It wasn’t that he had a particular fondness for Fang Wenping herself; it was more about the added value and status she represented. She was about to become a vice-provincial level official, a senior member of the Fang family’s second generation, and the sworn enemy of the Xie family. Dong Xuebing’s sense of satisfaction was more due to the psychological impact of Fang Wenping’s high status on him. It could be seen as a sense of accomplishment. So, as Dong Xuebing touched Fang Wenping, he thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

For a full five minutes, Dong Xuebing didn’t withdraw his hand from her collar. Only when Fang Wenping turned over did he finally pull his hand out. His hand was warm, carrying the scent of Fang Wenping. Dong Xuebing couldn’t help but take a deep breath and leaned in to kiss her face.

Fang Wenping turned her head with a frown.

Dong Xuebing, sweating, could only kiss her neck.

Up close, Dong Xuebing could hear Fang Wenping’s breathing gradually speeding up. Hearing this, Dong Xuebing could no longer hold back. Gritting his teeth, he quickly took off his clothes and threw them on the floor, then mounted Fang Wenping and pulled open her sash.

The sash was undone with a swish, and the bathrobe slowly parted to the sides.

The beauty in front of Dong Xuebing was fully exposed. He took a deep breath, ready to proceed.

But at that moment, something unexpected happened. Fang Wenping said, "Wait." She frowned deeply and rubbed her forehead.

Dong Xuebing was frantic, "Wait for what?"

After a few seconds, Fang Wenping sat up, impatiently pushing Dong Xuebing away. Staggering slightly, she got out of bed and, without any pretense, slowly re-tied her bathrobe in front of Dong Xuebing, pulling the sash tight, and said, "Forget it, I'm going to sleep."

Dong Xuebing exclaimed, "Forget it?"

Fang Wenping, clearly feeling some effects of alcohol, wobbled a few steps, bumping into a chair but quickly adjusting her steps. Stumbling, she found her room card on the table and headed for the door. As she left, she said, "Leave at ten tomorrow."

Dong Xuebing asked, "What are you doing?"

Fang Wenping had already opened the door and walked out. The door slammed shut with a thud.

There was a subsequent thud from outside; Dong Xuebing wasn't sure if Fang Wenping had bumped into the wall.

Dong Xuebing sat on the bed, stunned and almost ready to jump up and curse. Fang Wenping, you're kidding me, right? You gave me this hint and came to my bed, and now you're pulling back before anything even happened. Are you trying to make me suffocate from frustration?

Dong Xuebing was utterly exasperated. How could someone be like this?

Indeed, she was a piece of work. Dong Xuebing was at a loss, unable to understand what was happening in Fang Wenping's mind.