

PAW 1864

Chapter 1864

Province.

It was 4 PM.

Fang family, bathroom.

Dong Xuebing raised his arm and sniffed the scent of his autumn clothes. It had a bit of laundry detergent smell, a little of the disinfectant ball smell from the cupboard, and mostly the feminine fragrance from Fang Wenping. Though not overly strong, it was pleasant and comforting to the senses. It smelled particularly lovely. Since no one was around, Dong Xuebing took several deep breaths, feeling satisfied. He then found a few hangers to hang his clothes up in the bathroom and opened the door.

“Sister Fang.”

“Hmm?”

“Do we have a dryer?”

“This is the north. What do you think?”

“If not, it’s fine. I’m just worried the clothes won’t dry.”

In the south, dryers are used more often because of the higher humidity, making it harder for clothes to dry. Even if they’re dried, they might have a musty smell. The air is drier in the north, so there’s no concern about that. Even in winter, if clothes aren’t hung outside to freeze, they’ll dry indoors without that damp smell. So, dryers are less commonly used in the north.

One piece.

Two pieces.

Dong Xuebing ended up hanging his clothes on a small balcony on the first floor. Of course, he didn't dare hang his underwear out there on its own. He tucked it inside his shirt to ensure it wasn't too obvious. It would be harder to dry that way, but at least it kept a bit of dignity; otherwise, it would be too casual.

After caring for his clothes, Dong Xuebing looked at Fang Wenping, sitting on the sofa reading the newspaper. "Sister Fang, I didn't notice clothes in the washing machine, so I washed them together. Your clothes are..."

Fang Wenping glanced at him. "What clothes?"

Dong Xuebing hesitated. "Well, clothes... You know." He didn't want to say "underwear" outright.

Fang Wenping seemed to recall and frowned. She stood up and walked toward the bathroom. "Don't worry about it." A moment later, she came out holding a clothes hanger with her beige-colored underwear on it. But instead of hanging it on the first floor, she went upstairs, apparently to hang it on the balcony on the second floor, and returned after a while.

Downstairs, Dong Xuebing, wearing Fang Wenping's autumn clothes, kept fidgeting with his hands and feet. It was uncomfortable wearing someone else's clothes, especially a woman's clothes, without an outer layer to cover them. He felt a bit awkward but couldn't find any pajamas or outerwear to wear, so he decided just to move on. He picked up the gift he had just bought and hoped to change the topic.

When Fang Wenping came down, Dong Xuebing handed her a box. "For you. Happy birthday, I wish you good health and continued success."

Fang Wenping said, "Oh," took the box, and threw it onto the table.

Dong Xuebing sighed, "Please open it and see if you like it."

Fang Wenping furrowed her brows but reluctantly opened the box. Her movements were full of impatience, which made Dong Xuebing feel awkward. When she opened the box, a watch appeared. Fang Wenping, being knowledgeable, immediately recognized it. "Omega."

Women from wealthy families like hers were usually well-off, and they shared some common traits: they were lazy, high-strung, and well-traveled. These three characteristics were typical of women with such backgrounds, and they were exactly like Dong Xuebing's wife, Xie Huilan.

Dong Xuebing explained, "Yes, it's an Omega. I passed by the store and thought it looked nice. I felt it would suit you, so I bought it. I had them adjust the strap. Try it on."

Fang Wenping asked, "How much was it?"

"Ah, not much." Dong Xuebing didn't answer.

Fang Wenping tried it on. It fits just right, and this watch might suit her style better than her Cartier.

Dong Xuebing eagerly asked, "What do you think?"

"It's okay." Fang Wenping answered casually.

Dong Xuebing didn't take it to heart, knowing this was just her personality. He looked at her, feeling that Old Fang was probably satisfied with the gift, or she wouldn't have kept it on without taking it off immediately. Dong Xuebing also thought his taste was pretty good. "You didn't want a cake, said you didn't want to eat that, so I didn't buy one. How are you celebrating your birthday? What does Xiao Ling usually do for your birthday? What are we having for dinner tonight?"

Fang Wenping suddenly invited him over, catching Dong Xuebing off guard. At least she could've given him a heads-up! But no, she didn't mention it beforehand and unexpectedly had him come over to celebrate her birthday. Dong Xuebing didn't know what to do.

"What are we eating tonight?" Fang Wenping repeated.

Dong Xuebing blinked. "Yeah, what are we eating?"

Fang Wenping casually replied, "What you're going to cook. Didn't you buy groceries? Just make whatever you're good at."

Dong Xuebing was stunned. “Huh, I’m cooking?”

Fang Wenping said, “What did you think I invited you here for?”

Dong Xuebing was surprised. “Wait, you invited me here just to cook for you?”

Fang Wenping asked him, “Do you think I would cook?”

Dong Xuebing thought to himself, True, if I relied on you, we’d both starve tonight. But then he realized that they couldn’t go out to eat. Now that she was the vice-governor, it would be inconvenient to be seen by others. Dong Xuebing understood. A Deputy governor is already a high-ranking official; people will recognize her wherever she goes. She’s frequently on TV. This time, Fang Wenping didn’t want to spend her birthday with others but wanted to be with Dong Xuebing, someone familiar. If they went out and got recognized, it wouldn’t be appropriate.

Well, since it’s her birthday, I won’t argue.

Dong Xuebing was the type who could take or leave things with women, beautiful ones. “Alright, I’ll go see what I can cook. It’s getting late anyway. Is there anything you particularly like to eat?”

Fang Wenping replied indifferently, “I don’t mind.”

“Okay, I’ll figure it out then.” Dong Xuebing said.

Fang Wenping hummed in response and returned to reading the newspaper, showing no further interest in talking to Dong Xuebing.

It was clear from her attitude that it didn’t feel like she’d called Dong Xuebing over to celebrate her birthday. Fortunately, Dong Xuebing had long been used to Fang Wenping’s arrogance. She was an incredibly proud woman who only cared about herself and didn’t bother with others. Dong Xuebing had long seen through her, and things were a little better. In the past, just speaking to her would get him a cold shoulder.

She’s hard to please.

Dong Xuebing shook his head. He could only console himself and adjust his mindset. He walked slowly to the kitchen, opened the fridge, and started washing and chopping vegetables.