

PAW 1866

Chapter 1866

It was late at night and still like being at his own home. Dong Xuebing sat in the living room of Fang Wenping's house, blinking his not-very-big eyes. Apart from the sound of the TV, there was no noise at all. He was the only one left in the room, and he didn't know what to say anymore. Fang Wenping had left without a second thought. She said she was going to bed and didn't even care about him. What was this nonsense about waiting for his clothes to dry? Looking at their wet state, he'd probably have to wait until the middle of the night for them to dry. So, what, was he just going to sit there all night like a fool? Should he stay the night here?

You sure know how to do things, Sister Fang. Something.

At least find me some clothes.

Do you not have a suit or something I can wear? Even a women's suit would be fine. Women's dress pants don't have a gender distinction. What's wrong with me wearing those? If not, you could give me a hairdryer or an iron. I'll dry or iron them myself; it'll probably dry faster. But no, you don't care about anything. Just turn around and go to sleep. I wouldn't have come today if I had known this would happen.

Dong Xuebing sat there in a dilemma for several minutes.

In the end, he checked his clothes again. Thermal shirt, thermal pants, outer clothes, trousers, and, well, his underwear. That was too many clothes. Even if he used a hairdryer, they probably wouldn't dry until the early morning. Plus, Dong Xuebing didn't have the time to spend blowing hot air on his clothes with a little hairdryer. Was he not tired? It was getting late, so he decided not to leave. He'd sleep here for the night. After all, Fang Wenping's house had plenty of rooms. The living room alone had two guest rooms. He went to the bathroom to wash up. He didn't brush his teeth because he didn't find a new toothbrush, so he swished some toothpaste and washed his face a bit.

Guest room.

The one on the west side.

Dong Xuebing opened the door and saw a large bed. There was also a bookshelf and a nightstand, but nothing else. It was a guest room, so it wouldn't be too big. He kicked off his slippers and climbed into bed. He sniffed the bedding—it was clear no one had stayed here before. The bedding and everything were brand new, and it still smelled like it came straight from the factory, likely never aired or dried. Well, it would do.

He pulled the blanket over him and was about to sleep. In his mind, he was still thinking about Fang Wenping's curvaceous figure, especially how good she looked in those tight brown pants today. His mind was getting all worked up, with an intense desire to reach out and touch her. But what could he do? What kind of person was she? Dong Xuebing wasn't stupid enough to make a move, especially after what happened last time in the hotel. He had thought he might get a taste of Fang Wenping's charms, but she left suddenly, and Dong Xuebing was so embarrassed that he didn't dare to think about it again. He'd lose face if he made a move again and she rejected him. Moreover, he still didn't understand Fang Wenping's real intentions, so he didn't dare to act rashly. As for whether Fang Wenping was interested in him...

That was a question he didn't even need to ask. Of course, he was interested.

She was such a beautiful, powerful, precious, and temperamental woman, which only made Dong Xuebing more eager to conquer her. It would be strange if he weren't interested.

But...

Well, forget it.

Dong Xuebing rolled over, cutting off his train of thought. With a bit of alcohol still in his system, he just wanted to sleep quickly and leave early tomorrow. He didn't want anyone to see that he spent the night at Fang Wenping's place, or it would cause trouble for her. He understood this much, at least.

Five minutes.

Ten minutes.

The more he tried to sleep, the harder it was to fall asleep.

Sometimes, the more tired you are, the harder it is to sleep.

Dong Xuebing tossed and turned in bed, rolling to the left, lying flat, then turning to the right, but no matter what he did, sleep just wouldn't come. He was at his wit's end.

Ding ding ding.

In the darkness, the phone rang urgently.

Dong Xuebing was startled. He grabbed the phone and looked at it. It was another call from Fang Wenping. He answered, "Sister Fang, what's up?"

Fang Wenping's voice was calm, "Where are you?"

Dong Xuebing hesitated momentarily, "At your place... in the guest room."

"Not leaving?" Fang Wenping sounded slightly impatient.

"No." Dong Xuebing replied, "My clothes still aren't dry. I can't leave like this. Plus, it's too late, and no more buses are going to Jiaolinxian, so I'll stay here for the night. I'll leave early tomorrow, so don't worry. I won't bother you during your time off. When I leave, I'll close the door behind me. I won't disturb you."

Fang Wenping gave a faint "mm" sound. "That's best."

Dong Xuebing asked, "I'm going to sleep now. Is there anything else?"

There was a brief pause, then Fang Wenping's voice came again, more straightforward. "You're not asleep yet. Well, could you bring me a pillow from downstairs? This one's too soft. I don't like it. The ones in the guest room downstairs are the buckwheat ones. Bring one up for me. I don't feel like going down."

"Huh?" Dong Xuebing was speechless.

“That’s it.” Fang Wenping said, and the phone line went dead with a beep.

Dong Xuebing muttered under his breath, “Are you kidding me? Late at night, and I have to bring you a pillow? What’s going on with me today?” He wanted to complain, but as he thought about it, a sudden rush of unease hit him. It was already dark. Was this an indirect hint? Was she suggesting something? Was this some signal? Dong Xuebing quickly squashed the thought. After the hotel incident, he was being extra cautious. He didn’t want to jump to conclusions. If his expectations were too high, he’d only end up disappointed.

Let’s take the pillow up and see what happens.

Dong Xuebing slipped into his slippers and got out of bed without hesitating. He didn’t go to the other guest room to grab a pillow. Instead, he grabbed his pillow and held it in his arms, then quietly opened the door and stepped into the living room. He didn’t turn on any lights, making his way up the stairs in the dark. Thud, thud, thud, he climbed up to the second floor.

The master bedroom was on the left.

Dong Xuebing turned and walked to the door of Fang Wenping’s bedroom. He didn’t bother knocking since they had just spoken on the phone. He simply twisted the handle and pushed the door open.

The moonlight was still bright.

Inside, Fang Wenping was lying under the covers. Dong Xuebing could see her arm sticking out from the blanket. She was wearing a thermal shirt and pants, warm clothes in a flesh-colored tone.

Dong Xuebing whispered, “Here’s the pillow.”

Fang Wenping responded with a soft “oh” sound. “Put it on the bed.”

“Mm.” Dong Xuebing placed the pillow on the bed.

Fang Wenping took it, switched her pillow, then immediately lay back down, motionless, without saying anything more.

The room fell silent. There was no sound at all. At this point, Dong Xuebing hesitated. Seeing that Fang Wenping hadn't moved for a while, he thought, What's this about? What am I supposed to do now? Is this a hint? Does she want me to stay or leave? Should I go, or should I lie down too?