

PAW 1867

Chapter 1867

Late at night..

Fang Wenping's room.

Dong Xuebing was troubled with that place alone. The door closed automatically. Only two people were in the room: a man and a woman. Coupled with the faint moonlight pouring in from the window, this scene was too familiar. It was the scene when Fang Wenping came to Dong Xuebing's hotel room in the middle of the night and drank too much on the way to take office. At that time, Fang Wenping was also lying on the bed alone, and then Dong Xuebing struggled with his thoughts alone beside the bed. The result at that time was that Dong Xuebing went to bed, touched her, and kissed her neck. Ultimately, Fang Wenping suddenly left without knowing why, which made it particularly embarrassing. Now facing the same choice again, Dong Xuebing must be depressed.

What?

Lie down or leave

If I leave, what if she hints that I should sleep here?

If I lie down, what if she turns around and leaves like last time?

Don't even mention Dong Xuebing's mood. It's so complicated. Such a beautiful woman is lying in bed defenseless, leaving Dong Xuebing to choose by the bed. It's almost killing him. The quilt that rises and falls on Sister Fang's chest with each breath and the unique faint fragrance of the mature woman's body in the room constantly stimulate Dong Xuebing's brain. He originally wanted to leave because he didn't want to lose face this time, but he took two steps and couldn't move forward.

Dong Xuebing decided to wait a little longer.

One second

Ten seconds

One minute

Fang Wenping still lay there motionless, with the same breathing rhythm as when she was awake. It was unlikely that she would fall asleep so quickly, but she didn't seem to care about Dong Xuebing. She didn't move; she was lying quietly in the quilt, very peaceful.

Dong Xuebing decided after seeing this. It's embarrassing; it's not the first time, anyway. If old Fang leaves again this time, then let him go. Anyway, it's not just Dong Xuebing who is embarrassed. Fang Wenping's will not look good. This is a two-sided thing, so there is no question of who is afraid of whom. Moreover, he is a grown man. Even if he is bullied, he will be bullied. If he succeeds, he will get a great bargain. Dong Xuebing forced himself to figure out the key links, and his heart was firm. Even if he saw Fang Wenping, it was not. It has been a long time since I've liked her. Dong Xuebing doesn't like Sister Fang's personality. He even hates her arrogant look. But Dong Xuebing is still very interested in other things about Fang Wenping, such as her appearance, temperament, figure, hobbies, cultural background, and style. The two have similar personalities, and Dong Xuebing is very fond of her in these aspects. The manifestation of a man's affection for a woman is often reflected in sexual desire. Anyway, Dong Xuebing is like this.

He struggled with himself for a long time, and the result must have been there long ago. When Dong Xuebing took the pillow upstairs, he probably decided his subconscious. He knew that this guy couldn't walk when he saw a woman. At this point, Dong Xuebing estimated that no matter how bad his mood was today, it was unlikely that he would decide to turn around and go downstairs. It was just a symbolic struggle.

I won't leave

I do love whoever I want.

Dong Xuebing turned around and walked to the door, confirmed that it was closed again, then walked to the window pulled it, and closed the curtains. Finally, he looked at Fang Wenping on the bed, took a breath, rubbed his hands nervously and apprehensively, and then strode up, quietly took off his slippers, pulled Fang Wenping's own autumn clothes and autumn pants, took off all the clothes, and threw them on a chair next to him. As for underwear, Dong Xuebing had washed his own, but it was not dry yet, and Fang Wenping could not give it to him, so he didn't wear it at all, which meant that he was now naked. Then Dong Xuebing felt a chill. There was no heating

now, so he could only rely on the air conditioner for heating, and the temperature was not very high. Dong Xuebing quickly stepped on the bed, slipped open Fang Wenping's quilt, and got in.

Warm.

The quilt was hot.

Dong Xuebing was surrounded by warmth. Knowing that it was Fang Wenping's body temperature and smelling her body fragrance, his face showed a comfortable expression. He was no longer shivering like when he had just taken off his clothes.

Then what

What to do next

Dong Xuebing blinked and looked to the side. Fang Wenping had her back to him, and he couldn't see her expression. Anyway, she didn't move. He didn't know if she was asleep or not. She didn't sleep just now, but it didn't mean she didn't sleep now after so long. He confirmed it a few more times, tilted his neck looked for a few times, and finally tentatively reached out his hand. The quilt was also bulging with Dong Xuebing's elbow. Dong Xuebing touched under the hot quilt, and the touch of the fabric was printed on the palm of his hand. It was the flesh-colored autumn clothes on Fang Wenping's waist.

But just as her hand fell, the phone rang quickly before she could warm it up. This ringtone was obviously from Fang Wenping.

Dong Xuebing was also guilty, and his hand trembled with fear, and he quickly pulled it back.

Fang Wenping finally moved, and the phone's light was on the bedside table on her side. She leaned over and took the phone, saying, "Hello, what's wrong?"

Her tone was very aggressive.

Behind her, Dong Xuebing knew that if the call was not from her secretary, it must be from her subordinate.

Sure enough, Dong Xuebing vaguely heard a female voice on the phone, a young female voice, most likely Fang Wenping's secretary, "Governor Fang, I just received a notice that a visiting team from the UK has come, and some of them may come to our province next Monday. It's not a visit, but maybe to have fun and take a look. The main leaders from the UK are still in Beijing. There should be some accompanying personnel. There may also be a certain degree of investment promotion. They want to attract investment from our side to their country. Isn't the visa process going to be simplified? Although the time has not been determined, it means this. The province also asked us to prepare for the reception." Fang Wenping was silent. The secretary said, "Governor Fang."

Fang Wenping spoke coldly, "Do you think this is important? Do you think it is necessary to disturb my rest?"

The female secretary groaned, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry too. I just got the news from above, so I wanted to tell you quickly."

Fang Wenping said stiffly, "I'll come on Monday."

"Yes, the plan is around Monday." The secretary said carefully.

Fang Wenping said bluntly, "Then let's discuss it on Monday. You have never been a secretary before and have no experience. I won't say anything to you. In the future, when you encounter such things, remember to look at the time and prioritize them. What needs to be reported immediately, and what can be delayed? This is called a secretary. This is your job responsibility. Otherwise, tell me everything the first time and ask for my opinion. Then what do I need a secretary to do? Isn't it enough for me to do it myself? I'll give you a month to adapt. If you still can't adapt to this job after a month, you'd better leave as soon as possible." After that, Fang Wenping hung up and threw the phone on the table.

At last, Dong Xuebing heard Fang Wenping's secretary crying. Old Fang criticized her. Dong Xuebing felt a little bit sorry. But when he thought about it, it was no wonder that Fang Wenping was angry. Dong Xuebing was also depressed. His hand touched Fang Wenping's waist. The phone call came, which wore away most of his resolute courage. Isn't this delaying things?

But there are also happy things.

Although Fang Wenping always answered and hung up the phone with Dong Xuebing, a big living person was breathing in the quilt behind her. Fang Wenping couldn't fail to notice it, but after putting down the phone, she lay on the pillow and continued to sleep in that position, as if she didn't notice Dong Xuebing's existence at all. This is already a very obvious signal, or the signal is too light. This is a very obvious attitude.

Thinking of this, Dong Xuebing's courage came up a little. He rubbed his hands under the quilt, exhaled, and reached out again, hugging Fang Wenping's waist from behind. This time, he hugged her tightly. He could feel the body temperature of Fang Wenping's autumn clothes under his palms, which was very comfortable. Because of the experience and things with the hotel, it was not the first time Dong Xuebing touched Sister Fang, so he did not stay for much. The next moment, he slowly slid his palm down and slid onto her fat buttocks. Fang Wenping's buttocks were very big, obviously bulging out more than the waist, and the hips were pronounced. The buttocks on the left side also entered Dong Xuebing's palm at once, smooth and soft.

Full.

Dong Xuebing felt very comfortable touching it and pinched it hard again.

But before he touched it a few more times, Fang Wenping suddenly moved, turned over, sat up, lifted the quilt, and stroked her long hair.

Dong Xuebing almost fainted and was speechless. What do you mean? Are you leaving again? But this is your bedroom. Where are you going? Dong Xuebing didn't know what she meant by sitting up suddenly. He thought that if Fang Wenping still couldn't do it, he could leave alone.

"Sister Fang," Dong Xuebing didn't dare leave the bed because he was naked. He just lay there and asked.

Fang Wenping didn't look at him. After combing her hair, she twisted her thighs and exited the bed. She stepped into slippers, strode to a cabinet, opened it, took out a bottle of wine, opened it, sat back on the bed, and then sat there alone and drank it.

Dong Xuebing coughed but didn't dare to urge her.