

## PAW 1869

### Chapter 1869

The next day.

Sunday morning.

A crisp telephone ring rang in Fang Wenping's bedroom, ring, ring, ring, ring, waking Dong Xuebing up in his bed. Hearing it was his phone, he looked up in confusion. It was already daybreak, but the curtains were hung, so not all the light came in. The room was still dim, with only a few rays of warm morning sun squeezing in through the gaps in the curtains, casting a thin beam of light on the ground and the quilt.

The phone was found.

Dong Xuebing yawned and answered, "Hello."

"Secretary, it's me." It was Su Yan's voice.

Dong Xuebing said, "Oh," and closed his eyes, "What's the matter?"

Su Yan immediately said, "I'm sorry to disturb your rest. The main thing is that the higher-ups notified us of something on short notice, saying that a British delegation would visit our province on Monday. Baohong City is on the itinerary, and our Jiaolin County is also on the list. The city attaches great importance to it and asked us to do a good job welcoming them. I asked around, and it's not a purely political inspection. Most of the people who come are not from the British political circles. It may be an exchange, and they want to get some investment back from us. But because the people who come to exchange this time are from the Republic with British politicians, the issues involved are more complicated, so the higher-ups pay special attention to it." After a pause, Su Yan said, "County City Zhang is at work today. The county government wants to start preparing for the welcoming mission today. Do you think you can come back today? Without your order, we can't make a decision here." Su Yan knew that Dong Xuebing was sleeping, and he understood the sleepiness in his tone, so he made a long story short and explained all the information in one breath.

Dong Xuebing said: "It's uncertain today. I may not be able to go back during the day. There are some things here. I don't think this is urgent. Let's wait until Monday and discuss it on Monday."

Anyway, they are not here yet, right?" Dong Xuebing heard about this yesterday. He heard it from Fang Wenping's phone call with the secretary. Like Fang Wenping, he didn't care much about this matter.

Britain

Haha.

Dong Xuebing never had a good impression.

It is said that most people in Beijing are angry young people and are unprincipled angry young people. This is a bit derogatory, but tracing back to this, there are historical reasons. The Eight-Nation Alliance fought against Beijing, burning, killing, and looting, and one of the countries headed by the Eight-Nation Alliance was Britain. As a traditional, angry young man, Dong Xuebing, like Fang Wenping, has an instinctive rejection of these countries.

I can accept them.

But I hate them very much.

Probably this mentality.

Of course, this is just a historical and ethnic disgust. Dong Xuebing has no problem with ordinary people abroad.

Su Yan could also hear the lack of attention in Secretary Dong's tone, so he didn't say anything. Leaders naturally have their considerations, and he, as a secretary, didn't need to say anything. He said, "Okay, I'll tell them, Secretary, I won't disturb your rest."

Dong Xuebing said, "That's it. I'll sleep a little longer."

After hanging up the phone, Dong Xuebing threw it aside, turned around, and saw Fang Wenping beside him, also humming and turning over. Dong Xuebing whispered, "I woke you up."

Fang Wenping closed her eyes, continued sleeping, and said indifferently, "Yeah."

Looking at the watch, Dong Xuebing said, "It's just past eight o'clock. Sleep for another hour."

"Yeah." Fang Wenping covered her mouth and yawned lightly. Her hair was a little messy on her face. She was not wearing any clothes. Her smooth shoulders were exposed on the quilt. She looked very charming. At this time, Fang Wenping didn't look like a vice governor. She was just an ordinary, beautiful woman.

Dong Xuebing was jealous and couldn't help but move closer to her. After helping her to comb her long hair to the side simply, he kissed her chin and then held her sexy lips. Sister Fang's lower lip was relatively thick but not wide. It felt very soft and tender in the mouth. However, Fang Wenping didn't react when he kissed her at first. When Dong Xuebing wanted to kiss her again, Fang Wenping frowned and pushed him away impatiently.

"Get lost." Fang Wenping turned over and turned her back to him.

Seeing that she was so sleepy, Dong Xuebing didn't bother her. He also knew that Old Fang was exhausted yesterday. Dong Xuebing couldn't remember what time they got up. Anyway, Dong Xuebing knew that he had tormented Fang Wenping for at least two and a half hours with the help of Reverse. Well, maybe a little more. It was so earth-shattering and hot at that time. Who could remember the exact time? It must have been in the early morning when she went to bed. Calculating it, she hadn't slept for a few hours so far and played so hard, so it was obviously not enough sleep now. Fang Wenping Dong Xuebing was also very sleepy, but although he was tired and his arms and legs were sore, he felt very peaceful and comfortable. It might be related to the psychological level. He was tired and sleepy, but mentally, he was very excited. Not everyone can have a beautiful leader like Fang Wenping, who is in a high position. Dong Xuebing was comfortable yesterday.

Go to sleep.

Dong Xuebing hugged Fang Wenping from behind, put his hand on her fat buttocks, closed his eyes, and fell asleep.

Fang Wenping ignored him.

Half an hour

One hour

It was past nine o'clock, and the phone rang again.

This time, it was Fang Wenping's phone. She closed her eyes and reached out to touch the table, found the phone and answered it. "Hello, what's the matter? Why are you coming here? Hmm, Old Zhou, I told you long ago that this kind of thing is unpopular here. Forget it, you don't have to come. There is no need." Fang Wenping was annoyed as she spoke, "I have something to do here. It is not convenient to receive you. I haven't forgotten what you told me yesterday, and I will think about it, but if you want to do this, I don't care. Hmm, hang up."

The call was disconnected.

Dong Xuebing was also woken up, "Someone is coming."

Fang Wenping threw down her phone, "I pushed it away. Why are they coming? The gift-giving thing is not over yet. I think the atmosphere here is very problematic."

Dong Xuebing smiled and said, "It's the same everywhere. You used to work with the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection, and you didn't have a good reputation in Beijing, so no one dared to give you gifts. You just came here, and people don't know what kind of person you are or what kind of temper you have. Naturally, you have to follow the rules. Otherwise, if you don't show this courtesy, people fear you will pick on them and make things difficult for them."

Fang Wenping looked at him coldly, "I don't need you to tell me that. I know better than you do. How old are you? You have only been working in the system for a few years and are still talking to me about big principles."

Dong Xuebing said with a sweat, "Look at you, why are you so anxious? I'm just chatting casually, just talking casually." Facing such a stubborn guy, Dong Xuebing didn't have any temper. He just did that to him, so he didn't argue with Old Fang. He surrendered and said, "Okay, I was wrong. How dare I talk to you about reason? I have to listen to your teachings, right?" Fang Wenping said, "You should stop talking to me." Dong Xuebing said, "Okay, let's not talk about this. Tell me what you want to eat for breakfast. I'll cook for you today." Fang Wenping was not very energetic, "Whatever." Dong Xuebing smiled and said, "Then I'll make whatever I see in the refrigerator."

"It's all right. I'm not hungry now." Fang Wenping rubbed her shoulders tiredly and twisted her neck slightly. Her cervical spine made a creaking sound, which was wrong. Probably because he

was tired last night, the two of them did too many positions, Dong Xuebing just cared about his fun. Seeing that Fang Wenping had been very cooperative, he had to toss Fang Wenping in all the ways he liked. Otherwise, he didn't know if this opportunity would be in the future. At that time, how could he think of anything else? He also forgot Fang Wenping's age. Dong Xuebing was still very young. Twenty-six or seven years old was not too old. He was in good health and had a fast recovery ability, but Fang Wenping was not this age.

Dong Xuebing consciously pinched her shoulders at a glance, "I'll massage you."

Fang Wenping glanced at him but didn't refuse. She slowly moved her body, gave him her shoulder, and then picked up her phone to look at the remaining messages.

"Is the strength OK?"

"Yes."

"Is this spot alright?"

"A little to the left."

"Okay, here, right?"

Fang Wenping was not polite either. She fiddled with her phone expressionlessly. She was indifferent to Dong Xuebing's words and had no respect for him.

Dong Xuebing was used to it and didn't care. After massaging her shoulders, he massaged her waist. People of this age usually don't have good waists, so Dong Xuebing knew it without Fang Wenping telling him. But just massaging him wasn't fun. It was a bit boring. Fang Wenping was dealing with the information on her phone seriously. She was probably dealing with some work, so Dong Xuebing had to find something to do. So when he massaged her waist, Dong Xuebing quietly lifted the quilt covering the two of them little by little, looking at Fang Wenping's white buttocks, and pinched her thick buttocks from time to time when he pinched her waist. He stretched his feet and slid gently on Sister Fang's thighs several times.

Soft

It's not particularly tender, and the elasticity may be a little lacking, but the touch is good.

Dong Xuebing enjoyed it very much. He pressed his palm on her buttocks, and the buttocks meat could be squeezed out through the gaps between his fingers.

Fang Wenping seemed to be unaware and ignored him. She completely ignored Dong Xuebing's little movements, but her brows tightened.

Dong Xuebing didn't want to be too much. In fact, he still exerted a certain degree of psychological pressure on Fang Wenping. Family status, job level, and age all had reasons.