

PAW 1871

Chapter 1871

An hour later.

The first floor of Fang Wenping's house.

In the hall, the creaking sofa finally stopped shaking. It felt like the whole sofa was falling apart. The decoration was not stable. Then, the rapid breathing of a man and a woman drowned out other sounds. After seven or eight heavy breaths, the sound of breathing eased slightly.

Another hour.

Counting last night, Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping struggled for about four hours. Dong Xuebing also admired himself, but what he admired more about himself was another thing. That is, he acted on impulse. He grabbed Fang Wenping's hair and used a position that Fang Wenping didn't like or even resisted most from beginning to end. Dong Xuebing did not let go of Old Fang's beautiful long hair from the beginning to the end. He kept holding it and pulling it back slightly without letting go. Now that the excitement had subsided, Dong Xuebing started to tremble a little. There is no way; this guy is nervous. He was too presumptuous and didn't know where he got such courage. Now that he thinks about it, he is afraid.

Shit.

Old Fang, please don't pick on me.

She will never let it off because of her bad temper.

Dong Xuebing glanced at Fang Wenping, who was lying panting under him, then coughed, quietly loosened the hair in his hands, then withdrew from her. He carefully got off the sofa and casually took out the paper towel on the coffee table and wiped it. He turned his head and handed a few to Fang Wenping.

Fang Wenping didn't answer immediately but held her head and gasped for a few seconds before grabbing the napkin and wiping it herself.

"Sister Fang," Dong Xuebing asked carefully.

Fang Wenping didn't even look at him, balled up the wet napkin and threw it away.

Seeing that the situation was not good, Dong Xuebing immediately said, "What, ahem, I'm going to take a shower first."

There is a bathroom and a bathroom on the first floor, but Dong Xuebing doesn't dare to stay on this floor anymore. He quickly went up to the second floor with three and two steps at a time. He went to Fang Wenping's bedroom and opened the bathroom door until the door was closed. Dong Xuebing, I breathed a sigh of relief and felt much safer. Then Dong Xuebing took a shower with an uneasy mind. While washing, he thought about how to deal with it for a while. Hey, I am the same. If people don't like that position, change it. Why are you pulling people's hair? Isn't this me committing suicide?

Who is Fang Wenping

That's the deputy governor

That is the same as the governor, whom everyone in the government sector fears.

The more Dong Xuebing thought about it, the more he felt too bold. What would he do when Old Fang recovered her strength and fought with him?

Not long after.

Dong Xuebing finished washing, hesitated for a few times, and went downstairs. When he reached the steps, he looked down and looked hard, hoping there would be no kitchen knives or anything flying over. As a result, Fang Wenping was still lying on the sofa, but she was not naked; she was wearing that white bathrobe, and some balled napkins were on the floor under the sofa. Fang Wenping didn't move when she heard Dong Xuebing coming downstairs. Dong Xuebing became more nervous instead. Silent pressure is the greatest.

No

It would be best if you took the initiative to admit your mistakes.

Dong Xuebing can also take it and put it down. It is his fault. There is nothing that cannot be admitted. "Sister Fang, I'm sorry just now. I'm sorry. I, hi, I couldn't help it. I don't know why... I hope you will forgive me and don't be so mean to me." Fang Wenping's hair is bulging now, like the arc pressed out after a shower and sleeping. It's a bit messy. It is obvious that Dong Xuebing has been pulling her hair for an hour, and sometimes he pulls hard. Seeing this, Dong Xuebing feels more guilty.

Fang Wenping glanced at him coldly and finally spoke, "I, Fang Wenping, have never had my hair pulled by anyone since I was a child."

Dong Xuebing's attitude was low: "My fault, my fault, it's all my fault. I'm young and inexperienced, so don't bother with me."

"Don't talk nonsense to me, kid," Fang Wenping said.

Dong Xuebing smiled bitterly, "How dare I talk nonsense? I'm admitting my mistake."

Fang Wenping turned over and sat up from the sofa, but her legs suddenly softened when she wanted to stand up, and she fell directly.

Dong Xuebing was startled and hugged her around the waist, "Be careful, be careful."

Fang Wenping looked very tired. Dong Xuebing felt her right leg was trembling slightly because they had done it too long. Unsurprisingly, Dong Xuebing has his special ability, which can reverse his body's time to restore his physical strength and even spirit, but Fang Wenping doesn't have it. Fighting for four hours in twelve hours is too much for anyone, and Fang Wenping's body and age are good enough that her legs are weak and trembling without collapse.

"You are not needed," Fang Wenping pushed him.

Dong Xuebing didn't listen, "Don't show off, okay? I'll carry you upstairs. You lie down and rest for a while."

"I can walk by myself. You go to the side." Fang Wenping was about to walk forward.

Dong Xuebing didn't say much, carrying Fang Wenping horizontally in front of his chest, "I'll carry you up; don't say anything." Then, he walked briskly to the stairs in two or three steps. He quickly climbed the steps holding Fang Wenping and didn't breathe.

Fang Wenping looked at him with a gloomy face, "You are physically strong enough."

Dong Xuebing said embarrassedly, "It's just that my physical fitness is better than that of ordinary people, but not much better." he remained modest.

In the bedroom.

Dong Xuebing gently put her in the quilt, "Do you want to shower?"

"Do you think I have the strength to do this?" Fang Wenping replied.

"Then you take a rest. Ahem, I'll lie down with you for a while." Dong Xuebing put on his autumn clothes after taking a shower. He didn't need to take off his clothes. He took off his shoes and got into bed. Then, he helped Fang Wenping smooth her hair and massage her shoulders. He had no choice as he had done the wrong thing. Ultimately, he brought her a cup of hot water and waited on her. "If you are outraged, you can pull my hair a few times too."

Fang Wenping ignored him, picked up the remote control, turned on the LCD TV on the wall opposite the bed, dialed a few channels, and watched the news.

Seeing this, Dong Xuebing knew this matter should not be as severe as he imagined. After confirming Fang Wenping's expression, Dong Xuebing lit a cigarette and smoked it on the bed. Seeing that the TV was talking about the investigation team of Baohong City again, Dong Xuebing made small talk: "Sister Fang, do you think some of the things I have handled after taking office are in place? Are there any problems? Is there anything else to pay attention to? You know me. My political wisdom has never been high, so I need you to advise me."

Fang Wenping said: "There is nothing to give advice. Make your own decision."

"Look at you, just give me some advice." Dong Xuebing pretended to be humble.

Fang Wenping frowned, and after a long pause, she said, "The impact of this investigation has not yet passed. You should be careful and be a good person."

Dong Xuebing spoke better than he sang, "Okay, I'll listen to you."

Fang Wenping seemed to know him very well, "Who else can you listen to except yourself?"

"That's right, that's why you are prejudiced against me. I'm quite humble." After making love, Dong Xuebing felt that Fang Wenping was much softer than her usual arrogant and strong appearance. In addition, she didn't seem to want to pursue pulling his hair, so Dong Xuebing spoke more casually.

The two talked casually.

Although the content of the conversation was not so interesting and harmonious, Dong Xuebing had already gotten used to this mode of getting along with Fang Wenping.

Finally, seeing that the atmosphere was good, Dong Xuebing moved his butt toward her and got close to her. He also inserted his hand from under her waist to pinch her beautiful butt. This was Dong Xuebing's habit. He liked to have something to do when he had nothing to do, just like people in Beijing liked to play with walnuts and jade. When they were free, they had something in their hands. Dong Xuebing was the same, and couldn't stay idle.

Fang Wenping frowned, "Are you done?"

"I am just touching, nothing else." Dong Xuebing knew that Fang Wenping had reached her limit. He could tell from her hoarse voice that he didn't want to torment her anymore.

Fang Wenping's expression was not friendly, but she said nothing else.

Dong Xuebing took a look and continued to play with her buttocks. It was so soft and comfortable in his hands. It was addictive. It also reminded Dong Xuebing of when he was with Fang Wenping. Old Fang's behavior last night and today surprised Dong Xuebing. He didn't expect Fang Wenping to be so cooperative. He could do whatever she wanted, even from behind, which was a posture she was not used to. After Dong Xuebing grabbed her hair, Fang Wenping didn't say anything. She didn't have the usual courage and bastard spirit of Old Fang at all. It was not her style. However, Dong Xuebing also understood that people can't just look at the surface. Everyone

has two sides of his personality. Without exception, Dong Xuebing coughed in his heart. He felt that Fang Wenping might be masochistic in her potential personality. Otherwise, why didn't she scream when he tormented her with other actions? She just gasped when she climaxed. When he grabbed her hair and tormented her from behind, Fang Wenping screamed and cried more than once with her very magnetic voice.

Of course, this is just Dong Xuebing's guess. Obviously, he must not tell Fang Wenping; otherwise, Fang will definitely turn against him. Her personality is exactly the same as Dong Xuebing's, and Dong Xuebing can also understand her very well. That is, she regards her face as more important than anything else.