

Yang Mei looked at the closed bedroom door and her mind was filled with thoughts of Li Zhiqiang's various mistreatments towards her. She felt both aggrieved and resentful.

She was a traditional woman. When she married Li Zhiqiang, she considered his stable job at a state-owned enterprise.

Moreover, he was a local, his parents were retired employees of a state-owned enterprise, with broad social connections and pensions, and they had several properties from house relocation. Her own parents were very satisfied.

However, after getting married, she discovered that Li Zhiqiang obeyed his parents in everything, spent his days eating, drinking, playing, and fishing when he had time.

So much so that after being married for several years, she remained alone, without even conceiving a child.

As they spent more time together, she found out that Li Zhiqiang was a typical bully at home.

He didn't dare to speak loudly outside but acted dominantly and chauvinistically at home towards her.

It seemed he could only find his masculine dignity in her.

During this half year of the great flood, his character had been magnified to infinity.

When the heavy rains started, everyone else rushed out to buy grain and food. Li Zhiqiang didn't go but urged her to go instead.

After a month, the flood became severe. Some people went out seeking rescue, while some began to consciously unite with neighbors.

But Li Zhiqiang only played games, watched anime, waited for food to be served to him, mocked those who bought houses on lower floors.

As the flood intensified, everyone was trapped at home.

The lower floors were submerged, the neighbors started to panic, and people's moral bearings began to crumble.

Li Zhiqiang became like a turtle hiding in its shell, only venting his dissatisfaction on her.

Only when the food at home was about to run out and they couldn't hold on any longer did Li Zhiqiang force her to go opposite to borrow food from Liang Yuan.

She borrowed a bag of rice the first time, but once she came back, Li Zhiqiang snatched the whole bag and hid it in the master bedroom.

Some leftover snacks at home were also taken away by Li Zhiqiang.

Each time she cooked, Li Zhiqiang would scoop out a handful of rice grains in a small bowl before she cooked.

The rice each time could only produce a thin layer of rice, which Li Zhiqiang would eat over half, leaving her a bit of the burnt remnants at the bottom pot.

She could only boil some water and soak the burnt remnants into rice porridge to eat.

And even that, Li Zhiqiang would occasionally come over and grab to drink.

Now, truly, there was no food left at home.

Li Zhiqiang was genuinely starving mad and forced her to borrow food from Liang Yuan.

The first and second times, Liang Yuan rejected.

Li Zhiqiang realized that it was not feasible to borrow food with empty talk, so he forced her to wear sexy clothes to borrow.

She felt deeply ashamed and truly disappointed with Li Zhiqiang.

However, this time, Li Zhiqiang even threatened to send her to Liu Erlong and his men.

This made her feel terrified and desperate!

Outside, the sky was dark, the rain never ceasing, pelting against the windows.

Yang Mei sat on the sofa, wiping her tears, silently weeping.

After a long time, a scent came from the master bedroom.

Yang Mei's stomach immediately growled. She turned to look at the master bedroom, swallowed her saliva, and got up to go to the bedroom door.

She gently knocked on the door: "Zhiqiang, you... what are you eating? Give me some, I'm so hungry..."

"Get lost, eat, eat, eat, that's all you know. Do you have any other use?"

Li Zhiqiang cursed roughly and then the sound of slurping soup came from inside the bedroom.

Yang Mei felt saliva continuously secreting, her stomach burning painfully, hunger tormenting her.

She recognized the smell was instant noodles.

She couldn't believe that in the home where there should be no food left, Li Zhiqiang had secretly kept a packet of instant noodles.

And yet he ate it all by himself.

"Zhiqiang, please, I'm really hungry, just a mouthful, even a sip of broth..."

Li Zhiqiang ignored her, instead sped up slurping the noodle broth.

No matter how much Yang Mei pleaded, he didn't open the door.

Finally, after ten minutes, the bedroom door opened.

Li Zhiqiang licked his lips, handed the noodle cup to Yang Mei, and said indifferently: "Still say I have no conscience?"

Yang Mei was delighted, hurriedly took the noodle cup, but as she looked down, her expression changed immediately.

In the noodle cup, there wasn't a single strand of noodle left, only some boiled water with a layer of oil and some scattered vegetable flakes.

"You...you didn't leave me anything?"

Li Zhiqiang immediately frowned and scolded: "What are you saying? Drink or not? If not, give it back!"

As he spoke, he snatched back the noodle cup and said: "There are so many oil flowers here, are you blind? This isn't called not leaving anything. If you don't drink, I'll keep it for the night as a midnight snack."

"I'll drink...I will..."

Already stomach-aching from hunger, Yang Mei hurriedly tried to take it back.

But it was too late, Li Zhiqiang had already snatched back the noodle cup and pushed her out.

Yang Mei, already weakened from hunger, was pushed to the ground.

Her large breasts trembled several times, catching Li Zhiqiang's attention as he cursed: "You've been starving for so long, yet these two haven't diminished. Are you hiding something to eat?"

Yang Mei didn't have the strength to argue, her face red with anger, wanting to curse him but didn't dare.

Li Zhiqiang smacked his lips. He was just saying, he knew if there was any food left at home.

"Let me tell you, you need to use your assets, Yang Mei. Now is not the same as half a year ago, even one mouthful of food can save a life."

"Don't stick to your old-fashioned thoughts, think of ways to get food back."

"That boy Liang has a sly interest in you. He used to sneak looks at you in the elevator."

"Now dress up nicely, speak softly to him, maybe he will pity you and give you food, he lent food last time, didn't he?"

"There's a first, and there's a second. You need to learn to use your advantages. What are those stockings for? Put on the black lace ones, try again."

Li Zhiqiang suggested to Yang Mei.

Yang Mei only felt a deep sense of humiliation, her man asking her to seduce to borrow food!

She felt both sad and indignant, yet helpless.

She knew clearly that since Li Zhiqiang could ask her to seduce for food, he would indeed dare to send her to Liu Erlong's men.

She lowered her head and began to cry. Li Zhiqiang put down the empty noodle cup and said: "Today, this is your soup. If you don't borrow food tomorrow, there won't even be soup. I'm leaving it to you, handle it."

He snorted coldly and turned back to the bedroom.

Yang Mei cried for a while, weakened from hunger and cried no more, only picking up the soup, sipping it slowly.

Her stomach warmed, feeling slightly better.

She leaned on the chair to stand up, glanced at the closed bedroom door, reluctantly moved to knock on it.

From inside came Li Zhiqiang's impatient voice: "What's the matter?"

"I...I need the stockings..."

Instantly, Li Zhiqiang ran over, opened the door with excitement on his face: "You finally figured it out?"

Yang Mei lowered her head, didn't speak.

Li Zhiqiang laughed, pulled her in: "Come, pick one, those stockings you bought are too conservative, I bought some model collections with many sexy outfits, pick one."

"This one, glossy black lace, and this one, white lace edge..."

Yang Mei stared blankly at Li Zhiqiang, her eyes from disappointment to despair, and finally turned indifferent...

This man only cared about food.