

PAW 1775

Chapter 1775

In the business room.

It was late at night in the middle of winter, and the room's heater wasn't turned up high, but Dong Xuebing was sweating profusely. It wasn't from drinking; he had barely had a drink, at most a cup and a half. The sweat was from being startled by Fang Wenping. He hadn't expected her to flop onto his bed like that. Moreover, the bathrobe on Fang Wenping's back and thighs was slightly wrinkled, with the robe almost flipped up to her rounded rear. She was still lying on her stomach, and from Dong Xuebing's angle, he could vaguely see a hint of black lace, and she was otherwise naked on top, wearing only underwear on the bottom.

What to do?

It wasn't appropriate to carry her back.

But if he didn't take her back, what about himself?

Dong Xuebing was at a loss. He hesitantly looked at Fang Wenping on the bed and gently nudged her, "Director Fang, Director Fang."

"Mmm." Fang Wenping responded softly.

Dong Xuebing said, "You drank too much."

Fang Wenping, with her eyes closed, replied faintly, "Mmm."

Dong Xuebing continued, "I told you not to drink so much, but you wouldn't listen. Look at you now. You can't handle your liquor. What are we going to do?"

Fang Wenping didn't respond but reached for a pillow from the side, placed it under her neck, and closed her eyes again and lying down.

"Really, can't get up?" Dong Xuebing asked.

Fang Wenping mumbled, "Sleep."

Feeling helpless, Dong Xuebing said, "Where's your room card? I'll go to your room and switch rooms."

Fang Wenping pondered momentarily, then drunkenly said, "In my pocket."

"Which pocket?" Dong Xuebing asked.

"Find it yourself," Fang Wenping replied.

Great, Dong Xuebing walked to the side, checked her pocket, pulled it open, and reached in, but found it empty. He then tried the other pocket but didn't find anything either. He did find something—Fang Wenping's leg. The bathrobe's pocket was lower, right in front of her thigh. Since she was lying on it, reaching into the pocket meant pressing against her thigh.

Soft and plump.

The sensation made Dong Xuebing shiver. It felt so lovely that even though he knew there was no room card, he deliberately fumbled a bit more.

A few seconds later.

"There's nothing here," Dong Xuebing said, pulling his hand out.

Fang Wenping murmured, "Then I don't know, must have forgotten to bring it out."

Sweat, how could you forget? You weren't even drunk when you left.

"So, where do I go?" This was a double bed room, not a twin room, and the sofa was small, leaving Dong Xuebing with no place to sleep. After thinking briefly, he said, "I'll call the front desk to open your door. If that doesn't work, I'll book another room, though I don't know if any are available. I can't go to bed; otherwise, with Fang Wenping's temper, she'll kill me when she sobers up. She's a woman and a leader, and Dong Xuebing can neither hit back nor argue."

Fang Wenping responded with her usual “Mmm.”

Dong Xuebing straightened up, walked to the desk, picked up the phone, and called the front desk. “Hello, a friend forgot her room card, room 8605. The card is still in the door, and the door is closed. Can you help us open it? I know... the person is with me, and I don’t know the ID number, but it starts with 220. The name is Fang Wenping—oh, the room wasn’t booked by us. Anyway, just come over and help us out.”

After hanging up, a service person arrived in about a minute.

Ding-dong.

Dong Xuebing opened the door.

The service staff immediately took out a card and said, “Here’s your friend’s room card.” Perhaps the boss or manager knew that the person who needed the room was a provincial leader, so they didn’t ask any questions and handed the card directly to Dong Xuebing without hesitation.

“Thanks,” Dong Xuebing said.

“Rest well. Good night,” the staff member said and left.

After closing the door, Dong Xuebing picked up his cigarettes and phone and said to Fang Wenping, “Director Fang, I’ll stay in the room next door.”

Fang Wenping responded with a soft “Oh.”

However, when Dong Xuebing turned around to grab his wallet and glanced back, he nearly stumbled. He saw an awkward sight: Fang Wenping had turned over. She was no longer lying on her stomach but had rolled onto the bed, now lying sideways with her head on the pillow. With her bathrobe already a bit loose and the belt half-open, her neckline had fallen open, almost exposing half of her upper body. Fang Wenping was naked on top.

Though Dong Xuebing had seen part of this earlier, it was now obvious. He was easily distracted by women, and this sight was overwhelming. His nose nearly bled, and his heart raced. In the past, Dong Xuebing's mind was particularly sharp during tense or exciting moments, often saving him in critical situations. Today was no different; he suddenly had a realization and kept thinking about it.

What was going on with Fang Wenping?

Dong Xuebing didn't know, but he was certain that Fang Wenping was not in a normal state. She had come to his door late at night, dragging him to drink, not chatting, and was now lying drunk on his bed without a room card.

Was this a hint?

A hint that he could do whatever he wanted with her?

Otherwise, why would she not bring the room card from the start? It seemed like she had no intention of leaving.

Dong Xuebing felt foolish for not realizing this sooner. Even though she was drunk, she wasn't like the last time she drank—back then, she had been entirely out of it. Now, she could still speak and had some coherence. Maybe she was still somewhat clear-headed. Dong Xuebing's late realization was not entirely his fault; Fang Wenping's personality and age caused a huge misunderstanding, making him not think along these lines. But now, it was just Dong Xuebing's speculation. He had never fully understood Fang Wenping's personality. She had always seemed to look down on him, and with their age difference, why would she give him such a hint? Perhaps she was impressed by his show of strength? But that didn't make sense; Fang Wenping was a formidable figure in the city, and who could genuinely intimidate her?

Confused and unable to understand, Dong Xuebing sweated all over.

You must hold on when the party and the organization test you, Dong Xuebing.

Talking to himself, Dong Xuebing, holding his wallet and phone in one hand and Fang Wenping's room card in the other, walked resolutely towards the door.

One step, two steps, three steps—then Dong Xuebing turned and walked back.

Looking at Fang Wenping on the bed, half-exposed, Dong Xuebing felt unable to move forward. He put down his wallet and cigarettes, hesitated momentarily, and tossed the room card onto the table. Then he slapped his forehead, took out a cigarette, sat on the sofa, and began to smoke.

He puffed out clouds of smoke.

After a while, the room was filled with the smell of smoke.

Dong Xuebing, while smoking, was internally conflicted and amused, struggling with himself. Should he go over to the bed? What if he was misinterpreting the situation? What if Fang Wenping had forgotten her room card and was genuinely drunk? If he went over and she kicked him off the bed, it wouldn't be a big deal physically—Dong Xuebing wasn't afraid of a scuffle. But the embarrassment would be immense. Fang Wenping was a vice-provincial governor, older than Xu Yan by a year or two, in her early forties. Misunderstanding and making a move on her would be incredibly humiliating, especially considering how much Dong Xuebing valued face.

But it would be just as bad to leave. If Fang Wenping's hint was genuine, walking away would mean rejecting her, which would be a slap in the face, especially since she was a woman.

The inner turmoil was intense.

What to do?

Dong Xuebing didn't mind the idea of getting into bed. From the first moment he saw Fang Wenping, he thought she was beautiful. Despite her temper, Fang Wenping was attractive and had a certain charm. Dong Xuebing had mingled with women of Xu Yan and Luo Haiting's age, so he wasn't uncomfortable with her age. The critical issue was not misinterpreting her signals—misreading them would make him look like a fool.

As he finished his third cigarette, Fang Wenping turned over and said, "Get me some water."

"Oh, right." Dong Xuebing quickly extinguished his cigarette and went to get the water, handing it to her and stealing another glance at her open neckline, unable to resist.

Fang Wenping half-sat up, drank the water, and then lay back down, this time on her back. The sheets covered most of her exposed body, making it less visible.

Dong Xuebing took a deep breath, realizing he could no longer waste time. He decided to test the waters. He looked at Fang Wenping on the bed, inhaled deeply, and approached, bending down. He didn't dare climb onto the bed but reached out and hesitated for a moment before grasping Fang Wenping's waist.

Fang Wenping made no sound.

She had just drunk water, so Dong Xuebing was sure she was awake. This reaction seemed like another signal to him.

His heart raced.

"Damn it, if I'm going to die, I'm going all in," he thought, steeling himself for what was to come.