Yang Beibei's intermittent sobbing lasted until noon, when it was interrupted by the ringing of a phone. "Love should be open and honest～ Don't pretend to last forever～ You should be kind～ Even if you lie to me, it's still warm～ Please be open and honest～ There's no perfect romance in the world～"

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"Love should be open and honest～ Don't pretend to last forever～ You should be…"

The phone rang for a long time before Yang Beibei finally answered. Li You's voice immediately came through from the other end: "Hey, honey, why did it take you so long to pick up?"

Yang Beibei knew it was Li You calling because she had glanced at the caller ID shortly after the phone started ringing. The reason she hesitated to answer was that she was afraid to face Li You at that moment—even just hearing his voice frightened her. She couldn't tell whether it was because of what Zhang Linsen had done to her in the bathroom last night or because of the photos and videos she had seen this morning of Li You with Jian Qing. Perhaps it was both.

Yang Beibei opened her mouth to speak, but no sound came out. On the second try, her hoarse voice emerged: "…I…I just woke up!"

Li You noticed something was off with Yang Beibei's voice and asked with concern, "Honey, what's wrong with your throat?"

"I might have caught a bit of a cold last night," Yang Beibei replied softly.

"You always tell me to take care of myself, but you should take care of yourself too!"

Faced with Li You's concern, Yang Beibei's tears fell involuntarily. Li You's voice continued: "Since you slept until now, I assume you've already asked for leave?"

"It's Saturday today!"

"Oh, right, right. Look at me, I've been so busy I've lost track of time."

After hesitating for a moment, Yang Beibei finally asked the question: "Husband, have you been busy these past few nights?"

"Yeah, I've been working overtime until eleven or twelve every night. It's been like this every day lately!" Li You didn't want Yang Beibei to worry or overthink things, so he told this well-intentioned lie. But to Yang Beibei's ears, it sounded like proof that Li You had been fooling around with Jian Qing at night.

Yang Beibei closed her eyes in disappointment. "Then...then you should make sure to rest more!"

Li You's gentle, caring voice came through again: "It's you, my wife! You're the one who should rest more! Oh, by the way, has Uncle Zhang left?"

Hearing Li You mention Zhang Linsen, Yang Beibei froze, her heart inexplicably racing. "He…he left! He left the day before yesterday!"

Since Yang Beibei's speech had been somewhat hesitant earlier and her voice was still a bit hoarse, Li You didn't notice anything unusual in her tone. "Alright, good that he's gone. I've been so busy I forgot about him. That's all then, I'll hang up now. You rest early, and I'll try to come back as soon as I can."

"Mm," Yang Beibei hung up the phone and once again buried her head in her hands, weeping. Her sobbing continued, rising and falling, until evening.

Zhang Linsen knocked on Yang Beibei's door with dinner in hand. "Thump~ thump~..." The door opened just after the second knock. Without acknowledging him, Yang Beibei took the dinner and slammed the door shut with a loud "Bang!~"

For the following week, the same routine repeated. Apart from catching a glimpse of Yang Beibei during the three daily meal deliveries, Zhang Linsen felt as if she had vanished from the house. Her room remained eerily silent. If not for those three brief sightings each day, he would have worried she might have done something drastic in her room.

During this time, Zhang Linsen had asked Yang Beibei if she had taken leave from work, but she ignored him. In fact, she hadn't spoken a single word to him throughout this period. However, since no one from her workplace had come looking for her, Zhang Linsen assumed she must have requested time off.

Three more days passed. Returning with dinner, Zhang Linsen passed by the bathroom in the living room and unexpectedly heard the sound of running water inside. With only him and Yang Beibei in the house—Li You being far away in Beijing—and himself currently outside, the person in the bathroom had to be Yang Beibei.

As early as the second day of delivering meals to Yang Beibei, Zhang Linsen had turned on the water pipes in her room's bathroom. So, if she wanted to shower, she could have easily done so in her own room. Yet here she was, showering in the living room bathroom—a bathroom she knew couldn't be locked.

A lecherous grin spread across Zhang Linsen's face as he pondered the situation. In a moment, he understood the reason behind her choice. His trademark lascivious smile returned to his lips. Placing the dinner he had bought on the floor, he quickly stripped off all his clothes in front of the bathroom door and reached out to push it open...

With a soft "Swish!~", the door opened.

Just as he thought!

Yang Beibei's behavior over the past few days had made Zhang Linsen lose hope. With Li You due to return in less than two weeks, he had almost decided to give up this opportunity, thinking there would be other chances in the future. But now, it seemed fortune had unexpectedly turned in his favor.

Involuntarily, Zhang Linsen's grin widened, his eyes growing darker with lust. Without further hesitation, he pulled the bathroom door open.

Inside, Yang Beibei stood completely naked under the shower. The showerhead emitted a gentle "puff-puff~" sound, releasing dozens of soft streams of water that cascaded over her hair, down her face, past her neck, over her breasts, across her abdomen, through her triangular area, and finally dripped onto the already slightly pooled floor with rhythmic "drip-drop!~" sounds.

Yang Beibei couldn't have missed Zhang Linsen's loud entrance, yet she appeared utterly composed, as if she had anticipated this. She remained calm and unperturbed by his actions, continuing to shower under the spray without even glancing in his direction.

Zhang Linsen closed the door behind him. His large, erect penis swayed with each step as he approached the completely naked Yang Beibei. Standing behind her, he fixed his gaze intently on her beautiful back. As he drew closer, he noticed Yang Beibei trembling slightly, almost imperceptibly. He knew that, deep down, she was still very nervous.

He squeezed some shower gel onto his hands and rubbed them together. "Beibei, let Daddy help you bathe!" Yang Beibei neither agreed nor refused, silently remaining under the showerhead. For Zhang Linsen, this was the best signal.

A pair of dark, calloused hands reached from behind Yang Beibei, passing under her armpits, and firmly grasped the snow-white, ample breasts in front, causing Yang Beibei to let out a moan: "Hah"

Zhang Linsen started off so rough, vigorously kneading Yang Beibei's two large "white rabbits," making them constantly change shape in his hands.

This time, Yang Beibei didn't hold back, moaning loudly along with Zhang Linsen's kneading: "Hah Hah Ah Oh Hah Mm Hah Oh Hah Ah Ah Mm Oh Hiss Ah Ah"

In a long, drawn-out moan of pleasure, Zhang Linsen pinched Yang Beibei's nipples and began to twist them: "Ah Hah Ah Hah Oh Ah Oh Oh Hah Ah Mm Oh Ah Ah" Yang Beibei's cries grew even louder than before, and she couldn't help but cover her mouth with her hand, trying to stifle the shamefully wanton sounds escaping her lips.

Zhang Linsen actually used much more force this time when twisting her nipples. He had hoped to bring Yang Beibei to another climax through nipple stimulation, but this time, she didn't reach climax—only trembling slightly. It seemed she needed more stimulation.

"Beibei, can you lie down on the floor? It'll make it easier for Daddy to bathe you!" Zhang Linsen stopped his movements, his lecherous voice whispering in Yang Beibei's ear.

Flushed, Yang Beibei didn't speak, only nodding twice with dazed eyes. With Zhang Linsen's help, she lay down on the slightly waterlogged floor. As her bottom touched the ground, Zhang Linsen's massive, erect penis swayed before her eyes, no more than twenty centimeters away, causing her to close her eyes and her breathing to grow heavier.

Once Yang Beibei was lying down, Zhang Linsen lifted her legs and gently stroked her long, slender thighs with his calloused fingertips. Every touch sent waves of tingling pleasure through Yang Beibei, making her hairs stand on end and goosebumps rise all over her body.

Zhang Linsen began greedily sniffing Yang Beibei's beautiful legs. The warmth of his breath against her goosebump-covered skin made her thighs twitch uncontrollably, as if trying to escape the sensation. The teasing, almost-there itchiness penetrated straight to her core.

A dark red, slick tongue traced a path from Yang Beibei's ankle all the way up to the root of her thigh. The trail of saliva left behind by the tongue made Yang Beibei feel somewhat uncomfortable, yet the warm, smooth sensation of the tongue also left her craving more.

Zhang Linsen gazed at the tender opening before him, which he had not seen in two years. At this moment, Yang Beibei's labia were slightly parted to either side, and her delicate pink vaginal entrance was adorned with glistening, translucent fluid. Zhang Linsen inhaled the scent emanating from the fluid—a fragrance of female hormones secreted by Yang Beibei—causing his erect member to twitch involuntarily, and a few drops of clear liquid seeped from its tip.

Zhang Linsen gripped Yang Beibei's ankles with both hands, bringing her long legs together before pushing them forward until her knees pressed against her own breasts. This fully exposed the honeyed entrance and tender rosebud of her private area, making her already pert buttocks appear even larger and more prominent.

Such a shameful posture made Yang Beibei look utterly wanton. This pose, never before revealed in front of Li You, caused Zhang Linsen's member to twitch several more times, hardening to the point of aching.

Yang Beibei felt Zhang Linsen's scorching gaze and knew this position was deeply shameful and lewd. Yet, with her legs firmly held by Zhang Linsen, she could not break free. Helpless, she allowed herself to be arranged in such a vulgar pose. But at this thought, a strange sensation surged within her, causing her vagina to secrete a fresh flow of fluid, which trickled down her perineum onto her delicate pink rosebud.

With a "gulp," Zhang Linsen swallowed hard. Parched with thirst, he extended his tongue to lick his lips before eagerly burying his face into Yang Beibei's private area. Opening his mouth, he enveloped her honeyed entrance, eliciting a long, pleasurable moan from Yang Beibei: "Ahhh!"

Zhang Linsen's mouth did not pause. He frantically sucked the sweet nectar flowing from Yang Beibei's vagina, his Adam's apple bobbing continuously as he swallowed every drop like precious ambrosia.

His frenzied sucking drove Yang Beibei into a series of wanton cries: "Hah Oh Don't There No Ah There Mmm It's so dirty there Don't Ah Mm-hmm Hahhhh That's where I pee Mmm-ahhh No Can't Ah-mm-ah"

As she cried out, Yang Beibei twisted her hips, trying to escape Zhang Linsen's mouth. This only ignited Zhang Linsen's desire to conquer. Without withdrawing his mouth from her honeyed entrance, he extended his tongue inside, teasing Yang Beibei's clitoris.

Yang Beibei had never experienced such intense stimulation. Instantly, she arched her back, threw her head back, and opened her mouth into a wide "O," releasing a cry of mingled agony and ecstasy: "Ah!!!"

This was followed by violent, full-body convulsions. Then, with a "squelch!" a stream of transparent fluid shot out, splashing across Zhang Linsen's face. The still-warm liquid dripped from his dark, gaunt cheeks onto Yang Beibei's snow-white, plump buttocks.

After the climax, Yang Beibei's face flushed crimson, her eyes unfocused as she gasped heavily for breath: "Hiss~ huff~ hiss~ huff~ hiss~ huff~ hiss~~ huff~~ hiss~~ huff~~ hiss~~ huff~~"

Zhang Linsen didn't wait for Yang Beibei to catch her breath. He stroked his rock-hard cock a few times, and with each stroke, more translucent fluid seeped from the tip, carrying a slight stickiness.

He grabbed Yang Beibei's ankles with his left hand, held his cock with his right, and knelt behind her buttocks. Using the head of his cock, he tapped against her clitoris, each tap producing a crisp "slap~" sound, immediately followed by Yang Beibei's moan: "Ah"

This continued for over a minute. Then Zhang Linsen shifted his hips back to make room for his massive cock. Holding it steady, he aimed the head directly at Yang Beibei's entrance.