Before Zhang Linsen could thrust his hips forward, Yang Beibei mustered all her strength and struggled violently. Her feet broke free from the grip of Zhang Linsen's left hand, and she kicked him squarely in the chest, sending him stumbling backward until he landed on the floor with a thud. Propping herself up with her hands, Yang Beibei straightened her upper body and glared at Zhang Linsen. "Don't you dare put it in!"

Zhang Linsen feigned a pitiful expression. "But Beibei, look at how swollen Daddy is—it's really uncomfortable!"

"No!" Yang Beibei's tone left no room for negotiation.

"But Xiao You also stays outside..."

"Don't mention him!"

Zhang Linsen opened his mouth to say more, but Yang Beibei cut him off sharply. "Shut up and get out!" Realizing that Yang Beibei hadn't yet crossed that final psychological barrier, Zhang Linsen smirked lewdly and said, "Alright, alright, Daddy got carried away just now. Come on, let Daddy help you wash up again."

Yang Beibei slapped away the claw-like hand he extended toward her. Without a word, she stood up, put on the pajamas lying beside the sink, and headed straight back to her room.

"Dinner is by the door, Beibei. Remember to eat!" Zhang Linsen called out with feigned concern as he watched her retreating figure.

The night passed without incident.

The next day, Yang Beibei woke up early. After getting ready, she picked up her bag and prepared to leave for work. As soon as she opened the door, she saw Zhang Linsen standing there, about to knock. Seeing Yang Beibei impeccably dressed and made up, he froze for a split second before putting on an ingratiating smile. "Beibei, heading to work today?"

Ignoring his question, Yang Beibei shot him a glare. Zhang Linsen obediently stepped aside to let her pass. But as she walked past him, he seemed to remember something and quickly shoved breakfast into her hands. "Oh, right, Beibei! Take these steamed buns and soy milk. You can eat them on the way!"

Yang Beibei initially didn't want to accept it, but after a moment's hesitation, she took the breakfast, picked up her bag, and walked out the door. Unbeknownst to her, Zhang Linsen watched her leave with a lecherous, scheming look in his eyes—his mind already churning with new ideas.

For the next two days, Yang Beibei maintained her routine of leaving early and returning late for work, ignoring Zhang Linsen completely. Zhang Linsen, however, continued his obsequious behavior, waiting outside her door every morning to hand her breakfast and watch her leave. Since Yang Beibei no longer ate lunch or dinner at home, Zhang Linsen found it much more comfortable than before when he had to prepare three meals a day. After all, constantly trying to please a woman's "upper mouth" with varied dishes was quite a headache. If it were just about pleasing the "lower mouth," Old Zhang would have it all under control.

Saturday arrived, and Yang Beibei didn't have to go to work. She retreated to her room as she had done before, staying indoors all day while Zhang Linsen delivered her three meals to her door.

As evening fell, Zhang Linsen returned with dinner he had bought. Before he even reached the living room bathroom, he heard the faint sound of dripping water—a steady "drip, drip, drip." A surge of excitement shot through him. "Hehe, looks like the little wife is in the mood again!"

Just like last time, after placing dinner on the floor outside the bathroom door, he quickly stripped off all his clothes, his large cock standing erect. He pulled open the bathroom door and strode in, his meaty rod swaying as he walked.

Following the same routine as before, he was once again shut out at the last moment by Yang Beibei.

Having learned his lesson this time, Zhang Linsen knew what to say and what not to say. He didn't utter any inappropriate words. Instead, as soon as Yang Beibei refused, he put on a pitiful expression and said sadly, "Beibei, Daddy helped you bathe, and you enjoyed it, but Daddy is still feeling uncomfortable here!" As he spoke, he thrust his hips forward, swinging the massive object between his legs a few times.

The swaying meat rod inevitably caught Yang Beibei's attention. She quickly averted her gaze and whispered shyly, "You... you can... can do it yourself..."

"Using my own hand definitely isn't as comfortable as when Beibei helps Daddy!" Zhang Linsen interrupted Yang Beibei's words, his face full of grievance.

"I can't help you!" Yang Beibei's tone was firm and unwavering.

Zhang Linsen grinned and said, "It doesn't have to go inside. Can you help Daddy then?"

"Using... using... using my mouth or hands is also not allowed!" Though shy, Yang Beibei clearly refused. Zhang Linsen waved his hand dismissively, "No, no, I don't need you to use your hands or mouth."

Yang Beibei looked at Zhang Lin with confusion and shyness, "Then... then how do we do it?"

In a small bathroom, a beautiful young woman with a stunning appearance lay completely naked against the wall, her round and perky buttocks slightly arched backward. A short but sturdy old man held her slender waist, stood on tiptoe, and thrust his large meat rod rapidly into her triangular area. As the old man thrust his hips, colliding with the young woman's buttocks, crisp sounds of flesh hitting flesh echoed—"Slap! Slap! Slap! "

Accompanying the sounds were the young woman's seductive moans: "Ah Mm-hmm Ah Mm-ah You Ah Are you Almost done Ha-ah Faster Faster Mm-hmm Woo-ah Faster Mm-ah Ha-ah Are you done Ah"

"Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! "

"Almost there! Beibei, hold on a little longer, Daddy is almost done!" The old man gasped for breath as he answered, increasing the force of his thrusts against the young woman's buttocks.

Upon closer inspection, the old man's thick meat rod was only inserted between the young woman's thighs, while her honey pot was already overflowing with fluids. Her labia spread open on both sides, clinging tightly to the meat rod like suction cups.

It turned out the old man hadn't actually penetrated the young woman's body. Instead, he thrust between her thighs, deriving pleasure from this "thigh-fucking" method. This approach also greatly satisfied the young woman, as the rapidly thrusting thick meat rod stimulated her clitoris with each movement.

This young woman and old man were none other than Li You's wife, "Yang Beibei," and Li You's stepfather, "Zhang Linsen." From then on, without needing to exchange words, this father-in-law and daughter-in-law pair would appear in the bathroom every day, bathing together in this manner, their understanding unspoken.

During this time, Zhang Linsen also tried to interject or suggest moving to a setting outside the bathroom, but without exception, Yang Beibei rejected all of his proposals. So, Zhang Linsen decided to try out his new idea on Yang Beibei.

"Edging!"

Yes, Zhang Linsen began using the technique of "edging" on Yang Beibei. After all the bathing activities over this period, Zhang Linsen had become very familiar with Yang Beibei's body and could clearly sense when she was about to climax. Every time Yang Beibei was on the verge of reaching climax, he would suddenly stop and end the day's bathing session.

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Beijing, Manke Western Restaurant.

Li You handed a plate of sliced steak across the table. Tan Xiaorui extended her delicate hand and took the plate: "Thank you! How are things with Beibei lately?"

Li You began cutting his own steak: "Do you mean before or recently?"

"Recently, of course! Why even ask?" Tan Xiaorui used her fork to put a small piece of steak into her mouth.

Li You continued cutting his steak: "Recently... not so good."

"Because of your business trip?"

"Mhm. At first, she still called me, but lately she hasn't even been answering my calls. She occasionally replies to a few of my WeChat messages." Tan Xiaorui took a sip of red wine. "Don't even mention her being angry—I'm almost angry too! You came to Beijing over twenty days ago and only just told me? You're something else. Didn't want to see me, huh?"

"How would I dare! I've just been really busy!" Li You put a small piece of cut steak into his mouth. "So, Beibei being mad at you—you totally deserve it!"

"Mainly, this business trip was too sudden and too long. I didn't even expect it myself, so I don't blame her for being upset. I'll make it up to her properly when I get back." After saying this, Li You also took a sip of red wine.

"Her social circle isn't in Shanghai either. With you gone, she's all alone at home, with no one even to talk to." Tan Xiaorui continued eating her steak.

Li You nodded: "I know. So when I go back this time, I'll bring her some gifts and really make it up to her."

"Didn't you catch the meaning of what I just said?" Tan Xiaorui paused, looking at Li You's puzzled expression, and continued: "What I meant is, you two should have a child. With a child, her attention won't be entirely on you. You'll be able to focus better on your career, she'll be able to take care of the child at home, and your relationship will improve. It's all benefits and no downsides! Plus, I can be the aunt!"

Li You looked embarrassed: "You think I don't want to?"

"Do you have a problem?" Tan Xiaorui asked in surprise.

Li You shook his head: "We both had premarital checkups—what problem could there be? It's just not happening! What can I do?"

"How long ago were those checkups? No problem then doesn't mean no problem now. You should go get checked. I'll call my mom later and have her arrange it for you!" Tan Xiaorui said with a serious expression.

Li You waved his hands repeatedly: "No, no, no! Your mom is in cardiology—it's completely unrelated. Let's not trouble her with this!"

"How could it be unrelated? Don't you know it's easier to get things done when you know someone at the hospital? It's all within the same system—just a word from her."

"No, if I need a checkup, I'll go myself when I'm back in Shanghai!"

Tan Xiaorui seemed to understand something: "Oh~ I get it. You're scared of her!"

Li You denied it outright: "No, I'm not!"

Tan Xiaorui said dismissively, "It's normal for you to be afraid of her! I'm afraid of her too, and so is Beibei. The one who fears her the most is my dad, and now there's you. But as for you, I don't know your ranking in terms of fear yet, but it still doesn't change the fact that no one in our family isn't afraid of her!"

Li You noticed a man at the diagonal table who had been staring at them, but he remained composed and said, "It's normal for me to be afraid. After all, who wouldn't be afraid of their mother-in-law?"

Tan Xiaorui shook a finger. "No! Usually, a mother-in-law grows fonder of her son-in-law the more she sees him. So, your fear definitely isn't because of that. In fact, if you weren't afraid of her, you might not have become our family's son-in-law! Only outsiders aren't afraid of her—they only see her beauty. It's the family members who know how terrifying she can be!"

Li You nodded unconsciously. "You and Beibei really inherited her beauty."

"Then tell me, which of the three of us is the most beautiful?" Tan Xiaorui asked with a smile, posing this deadly question.

Li You, of course, knew how fatal it would be to answer incorrectly, so he fell silent for a moment.

"Pfft!" Tan Xiaorui laughed. "Alright, I won't tease you. We already know you wouldn't dare say it—it's definitely my mom who's the most beautiful! So, if Beibei ever asks you this question, just answer that way. After all, my mom's beauty is undeniable. Few dare to compare themselves to her in looks, including me and Beibei!"

"Beibei isn't like you—she wouldn't ask such a childish question! But if your dad is so afraid of her, how did they end up together?" Li You took a bite of steak and glanced again at the diagonal table.

Tan Xiaorui gave a meaningful look. "You mean to say, how did someone as ugly as my dad marry someone as beautiful as my mom, right?"

Li You was taken aback and quickly clarified, "That's what you said! I didn't say a single bad word about my father-in-law!"