

PAW 1661

Chapter 1661

At night.

After nine o'clock.

It was getting late, but Dong Xuebing inexplicably led Sister Luo into the northern room, sidestepping into his main bedroom on the west side.

Inside the room.

As soon as the door closed, the atmosphere suddenly became tense.

Dong Xuebing didn't know what to do. He busied himself, saying, "Let me brew you another cup of tea. Would you like black tea, green tea, or floral tea? We have some at home, but there's not much variety in floral tea, so black or green tea would be better." His home had many teas, but not all types were available.

Sister Luo sat on the edge of the bed. "Any is fine."

"Don't be shy, pick one," Dong Xuebing said.

"Then green tea," Sister Luo said with a smile.

"Got it," Dong Xuebing replied, reaching for the tea.

Sister Luo watched as he brewed the tea. "Your house is huge. Can it accommodate more than ten people?"

"More or less. It might be crowded with over ten people, but seven or eight should be fine. There's enough beds for everyone," Dong Xuebing said, handing her the water.

"Thank you," Sister Luo said, sipping the tea.

Watching her sexy lips with lipstick, Dong Xuebing swallowed and took a big sip of tea, his mind wavering.

What should he do?

Should he make a move?

If he did, would it be appropriate?

Dong Xuebing was caught in a dilemma.

Sister Luo didn't say anything more; she just held the teacup and drank tea.

As time passed, Dong Xuebing didn't know what to do. Jumping on her would be too abrupt. After all, they had always been ambiguous, never openly discussing anything. Besides, she was married, and he didn't know if she would agree. But if he didn't make a move, all the previous efforts would be in vain, and the frustration he felt from being unable to release his emotions due to Fang Wenping's irritation would continue to build. He was almost going crazy.

To make a move or not?

That was the question.

Dong Xuebing was so annoyed that he finished a cup of tea, which usually took half an hour, in just a few minutes and had to brew another cup.

"You should rest tomorrow, too," Sister Luo said.

"Sunday tomorrow, so yes, I'll rest," Dong Xuebing replied.

Sister Luo nodded. "Last time, you said you'd bring me around Beijing."

"Definitely," Dong Xuebing said. "No problem. Where would you like to go?"

"Anywhere is fine. I will go wherever you arrange," Sister Luo said with a smile, putting down her teacup. She glanced at the clock on the wall; it wasn't too far from ten o'clock.

Ring, ring, ring.

The phone rang again.

Sister Luo frowned when she saw it and moved away, standing at the door with her back to Dong Xuebing, answering the phone. "Hello, what's up? Mm, mm. She was finished eating, ready to go back to the hotel. Alright, stop being so wishy-washy. I know what time it is. Okay."

The call ended.

Dong Xuebing asked, "Your husband?"

"Yeah, asking again. He's always worried," Sister Luo said helplessly, shaking her head. She put her high heels back on and sat down again, her long skirt rustling as it fell.

Seeing that she seemed ready to leave and was answering the phone while looking at the time, Dong Xuebing couldn't bear it anymore. If he hadn't taken some action, Sister Luo would have left to go back to the hotel. So he gritted his teeth, decided, and sat beside Sister Luo. With a reach of his hand, he hugged her waist from behind. The movement was not big, and the force was light, but the hand on Sister Luo's waist pinched several times.

Sister Luo's body stiffened.

Because he was behind her at an angle, Dong Xuebing couldn't see her expression. He glanced up and leaned over, lowering his head to kiss her ear.

One stroke.

Two strokes.

Three strokes.

His hand slowly slid down, touching Sister Luo's leg.

Sister Luo's legs were plump and soft, with a rich feeling. Although they were separated by a skirt, touching them was very pleasant, smooth as silk.

Sister Luo remained still, her expression unknown.

Dong Xuebing gradually became unsatisfied. Since he had already moved, there was no need to hold back. His hand continued to explore, almost bending down to touch her ankle through the black stockings and high heels. However, that wasn't his intention. Dong Xuebing's goal was to lift her skirt. With a hook of his hand, he grabbed Sister Luo's skirt and slowly flipped it up. The black

stockings wrapped around Sister Luo's thighs gradually came into view, with almost nothing covering her ample thighs, fully exposed in front of Dong Xuebing, causing his heart to race.

Her figure was perfect.

Old Luo's body was indeed alluring.

Dong Xuebing's hand slid up and down on her thighs, covered with black stockings, lingering on her thighs for more than ten seconds.

After a moment, Dong Xuebing leaned down and whispered in Sister Luo's ear, "Sister Luo, don't leave tonight."

Sister Luo turned slightly and whispered, "Is everything alright here?"

"Everything's fine," Dong Xuebing said eagerly. "No one will come tonight, and I'm the only one living here. You can leave tomorrow, and we can tour Beijing together."

Sister Luo responded, "Oh, I'll take a bath. I've been out all day for a meeting and haven't had time to shower."

"Okay," Dong Xuebing said, pointing outside. "The bathroom is in the east room, and there's hot water. Do you want me to show you?"

"No need. You go to sleep first. I'll find it," Sister Luo said as she got up, straightening out the wrinkled skirt that Dong Xuebing had touched. She smoothed down her blouse before slowly walking out. Her face remained relatively calm, showing no signs of anything unusual.

Seeing Sister Luo leave the room and close the door, Dong Xuebing thought she might have found an excuse to leave. He leaned back on the bed, pulled back the curtains to look outside, and sure enough, Sister Luo entered the east room and locked the door with a click. Soon after, the sound of running water from the shower came out. Dong Xuebing was excited, feeling restless and impatient. The more he thought about it, the more he itched. Finally, he had to strip off his clothes and climb into the bed, burying himself under the covers, leaning against the wall, and waiting for Sister Luo.

Five minutes.

Ten minutes.

Twenty minutes.

The sound of the door opening.

Dong Xuebing suddenly became alert but didn't bother to cover himself; he just looked over.

The footsteps approached closer and closer. In a short while, the door to the northern room was opened from the outside, followed by the door to the master bedroom inside. However, instead of Sister Luo's figure, there was a fragrant smell, a mixture of shampoo and shower gel, very pleasant. Then, Sister Luo, wearing only a bath towel, entered the room from the outside, putting her underwear and stockings on the chair in a straightforward manner, bending over to neatly fold her bra and panties, and placing them on the chair.

Dong Xuebing glanced at her movements, and his heartbeat accelerated even more.

Then Sister Luo said, "Where will I sleep?"

Dong Xuebing coughed. "You can sleep here. The bed is big enough."

"Oh." Sister Luo expressed no surprise, just said a flat "Oh. Your bathroom water temperature is quite hot."

"Yeah," Dong Xuebing responded.

"By the way, quite a bit of water splashed on the floor when I was bathing, and I couldn't find the light switch. I didn't have time to clean it up. Is it okay?" Sister Luo asked.

"It's okay, don't worry about it. It'll dry by tomorrow," Dong Xuebing immediately said.

Luo Haiting walked to the bedside in slippers, sat down, glanced at the clock, took out her phone, silenced it, and then, without saying anything to Dong Xuebing, Sister Luo gently climbed into bed, pulled the edge of the blanket, and lay flat on the pillow, her emotions stable.

Dong Xuebing didn't have the same psychological resilience as Sister Luo. He didn't expect Sister Luo to agree to stay here without saying anything, let alone share a bed with him without batting an eye. Dong Xuebing couldn't help but take a deep breath, feeling unsettled.

"Sister Luo."

"Mm."

"Could you move in a bit?"

"Oh, sure."

As Sister Luo's warm body got closer under the covers, Dong Xuebing could already feel the warmth. When her smooth thigh touched Dong Xuebing's knee, without a word, Dong Xuebing turned to the side and immediately hugged Sister Luo, eagerly pulling off her bath towel.

Sister Luo didn't say a word and reached out to turn off the lamp at the bedside.

The room suddenly went dark, and Dong Xuebing's eyes took a while to adjust to the darkness. He then took action again in the moonlight.

"Your figure is perfect," Dong Xuebing complimented as he touched.

Sister Luo chuckled, "It can't compare to your wife. I am aging."

"No way," Dong Xuebing said. "You're not old compared to people your age, especially with such good maintenance."

Sister Luo smiled, "Really?"

"Really," Dong Xuebing said, unable to think of any more compliments.

After tossing around and chatting, they still didn't get to the main topic but kept skirting around it. Dong Xuebing glanced at the clock and realized it was almost time. In his heart, he didn't have any intention of delaying further. Sister Luo's behavior already indicated her stance.

What to do?

Just go for it.

Dong Xuebing stopped being polite. His mood had been bad all day, but now, with Sister Luo here, he couldn't help but lose control. Turning over, he pulled down the blanket covering Sister Luo.

Moonlight filtered in softly.

Sister Luo's eyes met Dong Xuebing's.

Sister Luo didn't make any moves either. She just turned her head and looked to the other side.

So, Dong Xuebing didn't hesitate anymore. He pushed Sister Luo's motionless thigh aside and began to take advantage of her.

"Ah..."

"Ah..."

Sister Luo breathed heavily.

Perhaps because of the psychological advantage, Dong Xuebing, who had always been polite to women, wasn't as gentle with Sister Luo. Instead, he was somewhat rough, sometimes even slapping Sister Luo's thighs, leaving red marks. But Sister Luo kept covering her face, turning her head to the side, and remained silent the whole time.

That night, Dong Xuebing finally satisfied his cravings.

Chapter 1662

The next day...

Sunday morning.

Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring.

Dong Xuebing was awakened by Luo Haiting's phone ringing. Opening his eyes, he saw that Sister Luo had already woken up at some point and turned on her phone.

At this moment, Luo Haiting, with her back facing Dong Xuebing, wrapped in a blanket, answered the phone while holding her phone, "Hello? Yeah, yeah, I arrived at the hotel at ten o'clock yesterday and turned off my phone. It ran out of battery. I just charged it this morning. After I got back, I was too tired and had a bit to drink, so I didn't get around to charging it. Are you not done yet? Yeah, I know, take care of the child. Give him more meat. He's growing. I'm fine here, you don't need to worry about me. I'm well aware of the situation."

The call ended.

Luo Haiting put down her phone and rolled over.

Dong Xuebing happened to meet her gaze, sleepy-eyed, "What time is it?"

"Are you awake, Xuebing?" Luo Haiting looked at her watch. "It's just after seven, still early."

Dong Xuebing lazily stretched, feeling comfortable all over. "You're up early enough. Huh, want to sleep a bit longer?"

"I won't sleep anymore." Luo Haiting smiled. "I wake up at this time every day, and it's a habit."

"Then I'll sleep a bit longer." Dong Xuebing yawned. "I really can't keep my eyes open."

Luo Haiting responded with an "Mm" and pulled the blanket over him, covering his feet that had peeked out from under the covers.

Sister Luo's body was fully exposed when she got up like this, and Dong Xuebing, who was still feeling sleepy, took a glance. He immediately became more alert because he first saw several red nail marks on Luo Haiting's waist and buttocks. Looking further down, he noticed more, especially a full handprint on her lower back, particularly red, like the kind of injury from a martial arts novel. Dong Xuebing was startled and let out a surprised sound.

"What's wrong?" Luo Haiting blinked.

Dong Xuebing felt embarrassed. "These red marks on your body..."

Luo Haiting looked down and said, "It's okay; my skin sometimes isn't very good. It's related to the season, and sometimes the marks are quite obvious if I'm touched. Don't worry; they should be gone by this afternoon." She then demonstrated by lightly pinching her arm, and within a few seconds, the area turned visibly red.

But Dong Xuebing still felt guilty. He knew those marks were all caused by his actions last night. Upon waking up and his emotions subsiding, he realized his behavior from last night was excessive. He had always respected Sister Luo, even using the polite form of address. Perhaps it was the language habits of people from Beijing, or more likely, it was out of respect, especially for female comrades. So, realizing how he had acted recklessly and without restraint towards Luo Haiting last night, Dong Xuebing felt somewhat unable to face her, feeling embarrassed.

"Sorry, Sister Luo," Dong Xuebing, no longer feeling sleepy, said. I really didn't mean to; it's just that I couldn't control my emotions."

Luo Haiting was very tolerant and smiled, "It's okay."

"Let me see." Dong Xuebing crawled over and looked at the swollen areas on her body. Some were due to her skin, but some were definitely because Dong Xuebing had been too rough. The difference between the redness from an allergy and the redness from being hit hard was completely different. Sister Luo had marks all over her body. "Blame me, blame me, I'm sorry. Um, let's go to the pharmacy later and get some medicine. Don't let your husband see it. Then later..."

Luo Haiting said, "It's not serious. It will go away on its own. I will only go back on Monday; in the worst-case scenario, I will return on Tuesday. My husband won't see it."

Dong Xuebing looked at her and said, "It's still quite uncomfortable. Last night, my mood wasn't good, and I argued with a woman. Then, I had a bit to drink, so I asked you to stay. I, um, it's all my fault." He touched the swollen areas on Sister Luo's body, feeling very sorry.

Luo Haiting smiled lightly, "It's okay. Sister also noticed that you weren't in a good mood yesterday. I'll stay with you overnight if I have to. You've helped me a lot before, haha. Pinching me a few times doesn't matter."

Dong Xuebing said awkwardly, "You're teasing me."

Luo Haiting said, "I am not teasing you, just kidding." She casually picked up the bra she had put on the chair last night and began to put it on with her hands behind her back.

Dong Xuebing sat up on the bed. "Forget it, I won't sleep either."

"You sleep. I'll go make some breakfast." Luo Haiting put on her bra, showing her fair legs as she began to put on her panties one by one.

Originally, Dong Xuebing also wanted to get up, but when he saw Sister Luo dressing, with her voluptuous body half covered and half exposed, he immediately changed his mind. Without thinking, he reflexively reached out and pinched Luo Haiting's wrist as she put on her black stockings, grabbing hold of the stockings as well.

"Um," Luo Haiting looked at him suspiciously.

Dong Xuebing cleared his throat and pulled her closer.

Luo Haiting seemed to understand. "Now?"

Dong Xuebing grunted and said, "Anyway, it's still early. Let's get up later. We still have time for breakfast and everything else."

Luo Haiting glanced at him. As she removed the stockings, she started to take off the clothes she had just put on one by one. Then she pressed her plump body against the bedboard, making a slight creaking sound.

As soon as she lay down, Dong Xuebing in the bed crawled over, straddling Luo Haiting.

Luo Haiting glanced at him and smiled, "Be gentler this time. I cannot handle you like this. Don't hit me again. The handprint from last night will disappear tomorrow, but with new ones, it's uncertain. If my husband sees it, I won't be able to explain. He's always worried about me, watching me closely every day, and he can think up all sorts of things."

Dong Xuebing said, "Then I'll be gentler."

"Okay." Luo Haiting was already lying down.

This time, Dong Xuebing was gentler and especially careful. He tasted Sister Luo again, feeling good. Her body was still enticing despite her age, especially as a married woman. Dong Xuebing had never seduced a married woman before, so morally, he felt a sense of guilt, but it also felt different, each with its own merits. Anyway, he was having a great time.

Morning.

Before nine o'clock.

To avoid suspicion, Dong Xuebing came out of the quadrangle first and looked around the alley to see if there were any acquaintances. Then he got into his Land Rover and called Sister Luo. After a moment, Sister Luo's figure appeared in the rearview mirror.

Both got into the car.

"Where to?" Dong Xuebing asked.

Luo Haiting straightened her long skirt and fastened her seatbelt. "Haha, you're the local. Today, I will listen to you. Let's stroll around; don't delay your work. You can be busy with your work in the afternoon, and I can go anywhere alone."

Dong Xuebing didn't agree. "How can that be? We agreed that I would take you around Beijing. I'm not busy, and I have nothing to do all day. Let me think, um, there's not much to see. You've probably been to all the famous tourist spots. Let's go to Wangfujing pedestrian street and walk around the mall..."

"Okay." Luo Haiting nodded.

"Alright, let's go." Dong Xuebing stepped on the gas, and music filled the car. Today, his mood was in stark contrast to yesterday's; he felt relaxed, carefree, and extremely comfortable. All the negative emotions were vented to Sister Luo.

Wangfujing.

The car parked outside, and the two entered the pedestrian street without any particular destination, just walking around aimlessly.

Of course, Dong Xuebing and Luo Haiting didn't show any intimate gestures outside. They didn't hold hands or link arms; even when walking together, they maintained some distance between their shoulders. After all, this was Beijing, a place with considerable fame and popularity. Dong Xuebing feared running into acquaintances, which would be awkward if they were seen together. Luo Haiting probably also had considerations, being a married woman. She was very mindful of these things.

"Thinking of bringing anything back?" Dong Xuebing asked as they walked through a mall. "I think local specialties are not necessary. They might not taste good, and unless you plan to give them as gifts, there's no need to buy them. They're heavy and inconvenient to carry."

Luo Haiting chuckled. "You're right. Last time, I brought some local specialties back from a business trip, but they were too heavy. After carrying them back, my arms hurt for a whole week. It was awful."

Dong Xuebing laughed. "I think it's better to buy some clothes for yourself. It's lighter and easier. Also, you can buy some small items or clothes for your son and husband. Then..." Dong Xuebing knew that Sister Luo's family wasn't wealthy. Even though she was a deputy department-level cadre, her salary wasn't high, and there were still many expenses with a son and a family to support. Over the years, although Dong Xuebing often saw Sister Luo changing clothes and dressing up, he never saw her wear any expensive brand names. They were all everyday brands or clothes she bought from roadside stalls. So he said, "And then, you just pick whatever you like, don't worry about the price. Today, it's all on me. Whatever you fancy, we'll buy it."

Upon hearing this, Luo Haiting waved her hand with a smile. "Forget it. How could I spend your money? What's the big deal? You've already helped me so much. If it weren't for you, I'd still be working in the small business office in the county. How could I have my position today?"

Dong Xuebing said, "Come on, there's no need to be so polite with me."

Luo Haiting insisted, "No, really, let's look for something cheap."

Ignoring her, Dong Xuebing dragged her to the storefronts of some first-line brands.

Chapter 1663

Morning.

Around ten o'clock.

Wangfujing Mall.

Dong Xuebing took Luo Haiting forward all the way, entering several counters selling top brands. Regardless of what Luo said, he pushed her in. Firstly, he wanted to take Luo Haiting shopping. His old subordinate had always been especially good to him, and since she came to the capital, Dong

Xuebing naturally wanted to treat her well. Secondly, last night, Luo Haiting let him do whatever he wanted, let him have his way, and even let him slap her. She ended up with a face full of palm prints. Dong Xuebing felt it was inappropriate and wanted to make it up to her.

"No need, Xuebing."

"Just go in and take a look."

"They are quite expensive; forget it."

"Just take a look; it won't cost anything."

"Okay then, just a look. I won't buy anything."

Luo Haiting was pushed in by Dong Xuebing, looking quite funny.

When the salesperson saw someone coming in, she came up to greet them. Dong Xuebing didn't let her introduce anything; they just said to look around casually and let her do her own thing. The salesperson nodded and said if they needed anything, they could call her, then left to continue tallying at the front desk.

Luo Haiting started browsing around.

Dong Xuebing followed behind, also looking around aimlessly. "How is it?"

"It's okay, nothing special," Luo Haiting said, continuing to walk forward.

Hearing her say this, Dong Xuebing thought she found it average. But when he saw the amazing expression on Luo Haiting's face when she glanced at the clothes, he realized Luo Haiting was probably kidding. She must liked the clothes here but didn't want to spend money, so she didn't tell the truth. In Dong Xuebing's view, Luo was quite vain. Of course, this vanity wasn't a derogatory term, but a pursuit and attitude towards life. You could tell from her dressing style; it was quite flashy and eye-catching, probably a way to attract attention or a liking for compliments. So Luo Haiting should like these top brands.

One piece, three pieces, five pieces, Luo Haiting, looked slowly.

Dong Xuebing also stopped looking at clothes and instead stared at Luo Haiting's eyes and expression, seeing which clothes she liked or otherwise she wouldn't say.

Long skirts, dresses, knee-length skirts.

It was almost the end of autumn, almost winter, but Luo Haiting still loved looking at these clothes. Only skirts seemed to highlight her figure.

About twenty minutes later.

Luo Haiting finished shopping. "Nothing interesting, let's go, Xuebing."

However, Dong Xuebing didn't move but called the salesperson over and pointed to a long skirt Luo had been looking at for quite some time and a matching top that had caught her eye earlier. "Check these two sizes, and let my sister try them on."

Luo Haiting was stunned and hurriedly said, "No need, Xuebing."

"No, listen to me, try them on, and then we'll talk," Dong Xuebing insisted, regardless.

The salesperson looked a bit dubious, but when she saw Dong Xuebing's outfit, her eyes lit up. When she saw the Patek Philippe watch on his hand, she became more polite. Without saying anything, she went to the back to get the clothes. In no time, she brought the clothes to Luo Haiting.

Under Dong Xuebing's strong suggestion, Luo Haiting could only grit her teeth and try them on.

Two minutes later, she came out of the dressing room. Dong Xuebing looked at the coming-out Luo Haiting and couldn't help but brighten up. Wow, she looks really good. Before, when Luo Haiting bought clothes, she only looked for styles and colors that were nice, mainly flashy, and eye-catching. But today, the outfit she chose was bright and colorful and added a touch of elegance. It looked more expensive than her previous flashy clothes.

Luo Haiting seemed quite satisfied and smiled, "Is it okay?"

"It's great, absolutely great." Dong Xuebing didn't even ask for her opinion; he just decided, "Let's go with this outfit; pack it up for us."

The salesperson smiled and said, "Sure."

But Luo Haiting asked, "How much is it in total?"

The salesperson calmly replied, "Total is seventy-eight thousand eight hundred."

Luo Haiting couldn't help but be startled, obviously not expecting it to be so expensive. There were no price tags on the clothes earlier. She only knew they were expensive but didn't know the exact amount.

However, Dong Xuebing didn't hesitate and said, "Let's pay by card."

After settling the bill, Dong Xuebing held the set of clothes in his hands.

As they walked out, Luo Haiting said, "It's too expensive. I can't accept this. Please don't, Xuebing. Sister will pay you back later." She could afford seventy-eight thousand.

Dong Xuebing said, "Come on, don't be so polite with me. I earned this money from winning the lottery, and you know it. I've been worried about having nowhere to spend it."

Luo Haiting sighed, "But still..."

"That's it. Stop talking about it." Dong Xuebing said, "Once I, Dong Xuebing, say something, I won't take it back. You should buy something else."

Luo Haiting sighed, "You don't have to. I know you have money, but your money is yours. What does it have to do with Sister? Asking you to buy something, especially something so expensive, is inappropriate."

"Today, I have to buy you something." Dong Xuebing said firmly, then pushed her to the next store, which was also a high-end store, but it only sold high-heeled shoes.

Fifty thousand.

Ninety thousand.

One hundred and thirty thousand.

This time, Luo Haiting refused to look, standing still inside the store. It was obvious she didn't want Dong Xuebing to spend money on her.

But Dong Xuebing took matters into his own hands, picking out pairs of shoes himself. The more resistant Luo Haiting was, the more Dong Xuebing wanted to buy her something. In the end, Dong Xuebing chose a pair of coffee-colored high-heeled shoes that he felt suited Luo Haiting's temperament. He directly asked for Luo Haiting's shoe size. When she didn't say, Dong Xuebing wanted to take off her high-heeled shoes to check, but Luo Haiting had no choice but to tell him her shoe size. They paid by card, and the shoe box soon appeared in Dong Xuebing's hands.

"I'll hold it for you." Dong Xuebing said, "Take a look at other things, let's buy something for your child too."

Mobile phones.

Handbags.

Perfume.

Leather wallets.

When they finally left the mall, Dong Xuebing was almost covered in various sizes of brand-name packages, attracting sidelong glances from passersby.

Even Luo Haiting's hands were almost full, "Why did you buy so much?"

Dong Xuebing smiled, "As long as you're happy, it's fine. Besides, it's just some light stuff, not heavy."

"What will I say when we go back?" Luo Haiting worried about this, "I can't afford it with my salary."

Dong Xuebing thought for a moment, "You can say they're imitations or say you came to Beijing on a business trip to help out, and your company gave you a lot of bonuses, so you used the bonuses to buy them."

Luo Haiting smiled helplessly, "Well, then thank you."

Chapter 1664

The next day.

Monday morning.

Dong Xuebing was still enjoying his sleep when his phone started buzzing, startling him awake. He blinked and looked at the bright phone screen beside his pillow, took a breath, yawned, and reached out to answer.

It was a call from Zhang Dongliang.

"Hello, Director Dong," Zhang Dongliang said cautiously, "I hope I didn't disturb your rest."

"It's already past seven," Dong Xuebing checked the time, "I should be up by now. What's up?"

Zhang Dongliang hesitated, "It's about the event organized by the Discipline Inspection Commission today. They've been mentioning it in meetings these past few days. If everything goes as planned, they should be visiting our office this morning. Director Yin attended a meeting the day before yesterday, but I heard it didn't concern our department. They won't be visiting the Eighth Division for inspection or communication. They'll probably visit the Discipline Inspection

Commission's press room and then come to our office. Director Yin said we should continue working as usual, but he asked me to inform everyone to come in earlier today, to avoid being late."

"Okay, got it," Dong Xuebing replied.

Notifying everyone not to be late was probably just a formality. Dong Xuebing knew Zhang Dongliang was saying it tactfully. Generally, on important days like this, no one would be late. But others saw Dong Xuebing as an oddball, so the leaders were probably worried and had someone inform him just in case.

Ah.

Look at this reputation of mine.

Zhang Dongliang asked, "Do you have any other instructions, Director Dong? If not, I'll..."

"Oh," Dong Xuebing was about to hang up but remembered something, "By the way, Dongliang, do you know anyone from the driver's team? Anyone will do. If someone's available today, give me a call."

Zhang Dongliang was puzzled, "Do you need a car?"

Dong Xuebing didn't dodge the question: "You just need to send a friend. It's not far, just to Hebei Province."

Zhang Dongliang didn't question further. Although, according to procedures, only leaders could use the official car and driver for official business, there weren't always official matters to attend to. So, most of the time, there was a certain degree of private use of the official car. This was unavoidable in any government department. Zhang Dongliang didn't see any problem with it. Even the Discipline Inspection Commission would consider it a trivial matter. If leaders didn't have this kind of authority, what kind of leaders would they be? "Okay, no problem. I'm already at the office. I'll go to the driver's team and see who's available. I'll send you the driver's number later."

"Okay, thanks." Dong Xuebing said, "I appreciate it."

"You're welcome, I'll go now." Zhang Dongliang hung up.

Dong Xuebing lingered for a while before sluggishly getting out of bed to brush his teeth and wash up.

Zhang Dongliang was efficient and attentive. Ten minutes later, he sent Dong Xuebing a phone number labeled "Old Han."

Dong Xuebing took a look and immediately called Luo Haiting.

"Hey, Xuebing," came Luo Haiting's laughter.

"Sister Luo," Dong Xuebing said, "Are you returning today?"

"I am. There's nothing to do here anyway," Luo Haiting replied.

Sister Luo came on an emergency mission this time, and the government car from Fenzhou City brought her here. However, since Fenzhou City was also short on vehicles, being not so affluent, the car had already returned that day. So, if Sister Luo wanted to leave, she would have to contact the Fenzhou City Discipline Inspection Commission to arrange another car, which might take some time and be troublesome. Dong Xuebing decided to take care of it so she would avoid taking a long-

distance bus back home. "Okay, don't bother contacting your unit for a car. It's too much trouble. I've arranged it for you here. I'll give you a number. The driver's name is Old Han."

Luo Haiting exclaimed, "Look at you being so considerate. You don't have to, don't bother."

Dong Xuebing said, "It's no trouble at all; it's just a small matter. When the time comes, you can call this number to have the driver pick you up and take you back."

Luo Haiting replied, "You've bought so many things for me, and now you're arranging a car for her. It's not appropriate. If you keep being so courteous, I might not come next time, hehe."

"Don't say that," Dong Xuebing chuckled, "Next time, I won't be so polite. Alright, this time, listen to me. Quickly, remember the number."

"Okay, got it," Luo Haiting agreed.

After saying goodbye, Dong Xuebing added, "Have a safe trip, and keep in touch."

Luo Haiting whispered, "If you come to Fenzhou City for business someday, give me a call in advance." She said this in a low voice, sounding quite ambiguous.

Dong Xuebing cleared his throat, "Hmm, alright."

After hanging up the phone, Dong Xuebing hummed a little tune and headed to work.

It was past eight o'clock.

At the unit's compound.

As Dong Xuebing drove his Land Rover in, he saw many people bustling about in the courtyard—some were hanging banners, and others were tidying up. The Central Commission for Discipline Inspection has established friendly relations with anti-corruption agencies in over 80 countries and regions. This event was organized by the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection and invited 24 politicians, think tank scholars, and veteran journalists from 24 countries in Asia, Africa, Europe, and America to visit the commission's office, inspect the Party's disciplinary inspection organs, and learn about the Party's efforts in anti-corruption and building integrity. So, when faced with such visits, everywhere had to be busy "putting on a show." Even the Commission for Discipline Inspection was no exception. Of course, this temporary act of putting on a show could also be called a sign of respect for foreign guests.

In short, everyone was busy preparing for the morning's visit.

Dong Xuebing seemed indifferent, as it had little to do with his Second Office. He casually parked the car downstairs and took his time.

At this moment, the director of the Second Section, Yin Cheng'an, walked over from the other side, holding a notebook. Seeing Dong Xuebing, Yin Cheng'an immediately said, "Director Dong, you're here."

Dong Xuebing smiled, "Director Yin, good morning."

"Good morning to you, too," Yin Cheng'an said quickly, "You came just in time. I won't be going upstairs. There's another meeting waiting for me over there. Could you tell everyone that the foreign dignitaries, inspectors, and media personnel are expected to arrive around ten o'clock? There isn't

much time left, so ask everyone to be alert. If there's nothing urgent, stay in the office. Don't go downstairs. Various departments have strict requirements. I'll leave first."

Dong Xuebing nodded, "Got it, you go ahead."

"Alright, I'll leave this to you then," Yin Cheng'an said, quickly walking towards another office building in the distance. As the leader, he was busier than others.

Almost everyone took this Open Day event very seriously. There was no choice—the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection was expecting many media outlets, including Xinhua News Agency, Youth Daily, People's Daily, and more, and it involved foreign dignitaries, making it even more sensitive. It had to be taken seriously. So, every person had a serious and urgent atmosphere, more serious than usual.

Of course, Dong Xuebing was an exception.

This guy had no idea what urgency was. Since he had fun with Sister Luo, he had been hanging onto a relaxed attitude.

Upstairs.

Second Office's office area.

As soon as Dong Xuebing stepped in, he saw that almost everyone was already there. Counting, not one person was missing—they had all arrived very early.

"Director Dong."

"Good morning, Director Dong."

Han Jing and He Zhou both greeted him busily.

Dong Xuebing smiled faintly, "Good morning." He paused for a moment, his expression slightly serious. He gently clapped his hands to attract everyone's attention. "Director Yin has gone to a meeting, so let me say a few words." Seeing Zhang Dongliang and Sun Zhaobang slowly standing up from their chairs as a sign of respect, Dong Xuebing pressed his hand, "Sit down. There's no need to be so formal. Today's open day and everyone knows about it. Be alert, work seriously, and don't slack off. Although it wasn't mentioned above that there will be an inspection of our Eighth Division, with so many journalists coming this time, someone might be passing by our door. If they capture photos of us playing games or chatting, our Second Division will become famous. Nobody wants to see that happen, so let's all be more cautious."

"Yes."

"Understood."

Everyone responded.

If Director Yin said this, it would be fine, but Dong Xuebing, who had just fought in the unit, felt awkward saying it himself. This wasn't his leadership style. His leadership style had always been gentle and considerate. Even though his position had changed to the strict Central Commission for Discipline Inspection, Dong Xuebing's leadership style hadn't changed. Anyone who had worked under him knew that Dong Xuebing took care of his subordinates almost better than anyone else. So, he laughed again at the end, "I also know that there isn't much work for us here, and everything that needs to be done has been done. If you want to play games or chat on QQ, go ahead. But when

you hear footsteps outside, minimize them quickly. It's a test of your reaction time, but after working in the government for many years, I believe everyone has already honed their reaction speed. Don't think I don't know you're playing games during work hours."

Han Fei chuckled.

He Zhou and Sun Zhaobang laughed too, feeling a bit embarrassed.

"Well, that's it. Get back to work." Dong Xuebing waved his hand and went into his office. Suddenly, he turned back and said, "Who wants tea leaves? Come to my office to get them."

"I want, I want," Han Fei immediately called out.

He Zhou chuckled, "You're not polite at all."

"Why be polite with Director Dong? We're all close here. I'll help you guys get some, too. Director Dong's tea leaves must be good quality," Han Fei said as she followed him into the office.

After a few days of getting used to each other, Dong Xuebing couldn't be low-key. But his relationship with his subordinates and colleagues was getting better and better.

It's a good sign.

Chapter 1665

Morning.

A little past nine.

Formal work hours have begun.

Dong Xuebing washed the tea set, brewed a few cups, and busied himself in his office for a while. Director Yin wasn't around, so the work here could only be managed by him. Dong Xuebing made a few phone calls to the Provincial Discipline Inspection Departments in Jiangnan Province and the provinces responsible for the Second Division, instructing them to track and learn from the open day at the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection. He also instructed them to convey relevant directives in the internal party newspaper. It was just about discussing some details; the general direction had already been decided, and personnel from various departments would attend meetings at the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection this Saturday.

Five minutes... ten minutes passed, and there was a knock on the door.

Dong Xuebing looked up. "Please come in."

"Director Dong," Zhang Dongliang entered. "The people have arrived."

"Where have they reached our side?" Dong Xuebing asked.

Zhang Dongliang replied, "Not yet. They've just arrived at the press conference hall and are inspecting. They'll probably come to our side around eleven o'clock."

Dong Xuebing nodded. "Okay, let everyone be alert."

"Got it." Zhang Dongliang excused himself and left.

After a while, Dong Xuebing received a call from Yin Cheng'an about this matter. Yin Cheng'an repeatedly reminded Dong Xuebing not to let any problems occur. Dong Xuebing naturally

understood. He wasn't new to working in government offices. He had more experience dealing with leadership inspections and media personnel than others. After all, Dong Xuebing didn't climb up through internal promotions within the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection or other ministries. He had worked in many grassroots counties and cities, where work was much more complicated than here. Dong Xuebing was probably the only one with so much grassroots experience in the Second office. People like Han Fei and He Zhou probably hadn't worked at the grassroots level. Inspections there were real inspections. Even if there were problems during inspections at the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection, there probably wouldn't be any media coverage. The tasks and missions here only required reporting good news without mentioning any problems, which were political tasks. The Central Commission for Discipline Inspection represented the country's image, so their pressure wouldn't be as complex as at the grassroots level even with such an important inspection.

It was almost noon.

The inspection team arrived a bit late, almost at lunchtime.

They couldn't wait for them, so they still had to eat. The cafeteria was already open. So when it hit noon, Dong Xuebing walked out of his office. "Let's go, it's time for lunch."

They all put down what they were doing, took their meal cards, and went downstairs with Dong Xuebing.

The inspection team members didn't know which office building they went to. Anyway, they didn't see anyone outside, just journalists scattered around, and some foreigners with cameras busy taking photos everywhere. Some blonde female journalists also caught Dong Xuebing's attention, and he couldn't help but take a second look. This exotic atmosphere had its charm for him.

"There are a lot of people here," He Zhou said.

Han Fei, unusually serious, said, "Let's walk properly, stand tall. Don't let them take any photos that would affect our image. That would be embarrassing, especially if it spread overseas."

Dong Xuebing chuckled, not as tense as they were.

Second cafeteria.

They entered one after another.

Since Zhang Dongliang had the lowest rank, he immediately told Dong Xuebing, "Director Dong, you go ahead and sit. Let me know what you want, and I'll get it for you."

Dong Xuebing waved his hand. "No need, I'll do it myself. Thanks anyway."

Zhang Dongliang continued, "Don't be polite with me about these small matters."

Dong Xuebing still didn't let him go. Firstly, he didn't like to trouble others; if he could do something himself, he preferred to. He liked to be hands-on. Secondly, Dong Xuebing saw many unfamiliar faces in the cafeteria, some wearing press badges around their necks, some foreigners, and some with cameras hanging around them. They were probably all here for the open day. Dong Xuebing didn't feel comfortable letting others help him get food, as it might not look good if someone saw it.

In line.

Everyone started serving themselves.

But suddenly, Dong Xuebing saw a familiar figure on the side, causing his pupils to contract, and his expression didn't look too good.

It was Fang Wenping.

That old woman from the Fang family.

Fang Wenping, who was also queuing up on the other side, seemed to have noticed. She turned her head slightly and saw Dong Xuebing. Her expression also turned sour, and her gaze turned cold.

Old enemies meet.

They both disliked each other.

Fang Wenping was not as gorgeously dressed as on Saturday, but wore plain professional attire today. Dong Xuebing didn't expect to run into her in the cafeteria. He wanted to kick her. For some reason, Dong Xuebing usually had manners, especially towards women, especially towards beautiful women, but Fang Wenping was an exception. Dong Xuebing felt irritated whenever he saw her; he couldn't stand her.

Neither of them acknowledged each other.

After serving their food, Dong Xuebing carried his tray to find a place. Today, there were many people, including many outsiders, and the cafeteria was crowded, with people rubbing shoulders with each other.

Suddenly, Han Fei found a seat and called, "Director Dong, He Zhou, Zhao Bang, come over here quickly." After speaking, she sat down and occupied the space.

Dong Xuebing looked over and walked towards them.

But at this moment, Fang Wenping also walked up from the opposite direction, seeming to want to go in the opposite direction. Many people were around, so they had to walk with their bodies turned sideways. As a result, Fang Wenping and Dong Xuebing ended up facing each other again. Enemies meeting was particularly awkward. However, neither of them gave way to let the other pass. The result was that they ended up shoulder-to-shoulder, and in their collision, both their trays flew out of their hands and fell to the ground.

Clang!

Clatter!

The trays they were holding fell to the ground.

People around them turned their heads one after another, making way for the spilled food, avoiding the two of them.

Originally, no one paid much attention. Such collisions were inevitable, especially with so many people here today for the open day. But they didn't know that Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping had just fought a couple of days ago. The Fang family and the Xie family were arch-enemies among arch-enemies.

At that moment, Fang Wenping got angry. "Are you blind?" she cursed.

Dong Xuebing wasn't one to hold back, either. Hearing her, he narrowed his eyes. "Are you blind? Are you deliberately walking like that?"

They started arguing again.

Obscenities and dirty words flew everywhere.

The people from the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection around them were all dumbfounded. They looked at Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping in shock and bewilderment.

What's going on?

This can't be happening!

Chapter 1666

Cafeteria.

The sound of arguing continued.

Dong Xuebing shouted, "Why did you bump into me?"

"Who the hell bumped into who?" Fang Wenping cursed rudely.

"I was walking normally, and you just bumped into me. What's your intention?" Dong Xuebing said coldly. "Are you looking for trouble? I, Dong Xuebing, am not afraid of trouble."

Fang Wenping pointed to the ground. "You little brat, pick up the tray for me."

"I am telling you too," Dong Xuebing pointed to the dropped tray and food on the ground, "Make me another serving. You bumped into someone and didn't even apologize. Who do you think you are?"

Fang Wenping retorted coldly, "I should be saying that to you. How dare you speak to me like that?"

Dong Xuebing didn't back down. "Sorry, it's just my habit of speaking. Unlike some female comrade who opens her mouth is full of foul language."

Fang Wenping replied matter-of-factly, "I'm cursing at you. What about it?"

"Hey, you're challenging me, huh?" Dong Xuebing pointed at her. "Say it again."

Fang Wenping took a big step forward, almost pressing her face against Dong Xuebing's. "I'm cursing at you, you little brat. Watch your impudent attitude."

Originally, the cafeteria was bustling with people serving food, with hundreds of people making quite a bit of noise even without speaking. But at this moment, the second cafeteria strangely fell silent. Everyone around was speechless, staring at Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping arguing. Some were sweating, some were terrified, and some were almost spitting blood. No one could have imagined that Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping, leaders of the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection, would suddenly start cursing each other over a trivial matter in the cafeteria.

You two are leaders!

Today is the open day of the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection!

There are foreign journalists and domestic media workers inside!

At this time, in this situation, in this environment, anyone with a bit of common sense wouldn't do such a thing. Two leaders of the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection cursing each other in the cafeteria over a trivial matter without any grace—this is the overall quality of the officials of the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection. Thinking that this might appear in the news and that foreign media might report it, many people in the cafeteria felt dizzy. They slapped their foreheads and covered their eyes.

What kind of behavior is this?

What kind of behavior is this?

If this incident were to be exposed, they would lose face nationally—no, internationally. It's too conspicuous.

Not to mention the people from the Discipline Inspection Commission, some journalists present at the scene were also dumbfounded.

Journalists from several domestic newspapers and TV stations stared blankly at the two of them, their minds almost unable to keep up. Several foreign journalists with blonde hair were also stunned. Some of them understood Mandarin. Listening to the unbearable curses, some female journalists even blushed.

What's going on here?

At this moment, they felt like they were not at the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection for inspection and interviews but in the cafeteria of a construction site in the suburbs.

Things happened too quickly.

Many people had just barely reacted.

As a result, Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping had already exchanged more than a dozen curses.

There were also many leading cadres in the second cafeteria. If it had been a normal day, they might not have been so nervous, but today was different. If something happened on the open day, no one could escape responsibility. So, several cadres hurriedly rushed up and tried to intervene.

"Oh my."

"Stop fighting."

"Director Fang, Director Dong, calm down."

Over there, Han Fei and He Zhou stood dumbfoundedly, bewildered, holding their food. As they regained their senses, everyone from the Second Division rushed over in a panic. Zhang Dongliang was the most anxious and worried, stumbling in haste and falling flat on his face. However, he knew the situation was urgent and didn't bother to dust himself off. He staggered to his feet and ran to Dong Xuebing's side.

Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping were still yelling at each other, and they were so close that flecks of spit flew onto each other's faces. But for the sake of their dignity, neither backed down, and they kept moving closer. If they were lovers, this scene would have looked like they were about to kiss, but with the addition of their expressions and voices, it was more like a scene where they could start fighting at any moment.

He Zhou was the first to arrive and grabbed Dong Xuebing's arm. "Director Dong, calm down, let's go back first."

Dong Xuebing glared. "Why should I calm down? She bumped into me, and she's still trying to justify herself."

He Zhou was sweating. "Come on, calm down."

Han Fei also grabbed Dong Xuebing's other arm. "Director Dong, what are you doing? Stop fighting. Today is the open day, and the journalists are all here. You told us this morning to be mindful of our image. Give me some face."

On the other side, several officials also tried to restrain Fang Wenping. An older comrade hurriedly said, "Xiao Fang, what are you doing?"

"Calm down, both of you," a middle-aged woman also came up, fearing that Fang Wenping would do something impulsive, and grabbed her hand.

"Old Chen, Old Zhang, this is none of your business. Step aside," Fang Wenping didn't give anyone any face. "I must settle scores with this little brat today."

Dong Xuebing sneered. "Settle scores? Let me see how you settle them."

"Director Dong," Han Fei was anxious, "What are you doing? Everyone is watching. Let's calm down and stop fighting."

Zhang Dongliang hurriedly said, "Harmony is precious, harmony is precious."

A nearby cadre advised, "It's not a big deal. Calm down."

But Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping still didn't listen and were at each other's throats.

At this moment, everyone could roughly tell that the deep-seated enmity between the two was not caused by today's incident of the lunchbox being knocked over. Director Fang and the newly arrived Director Dong must have had irreconcilable conflicts long before today. It was a matter of combining old scores and new grievances, leading to the current situation.

Finally, this commotion attracted a slightly heavyweight figure, Secretary Wu, the Deputy Secretary of the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection.

"Secretary Wu."

"Secretary Wu, you're here."

"Please, Secretary Wu, try to persuade them. They won't listen to anyone."

Secretary Wu came in upon hearing the shouting from outside. He was also extremely angry when he saw Fang Wenping and Dong Xuebing inside and heard the foul language from their mouths. His mustache bristled with anger, and he pointed at them without saying a word. After a moment, he calmed down and shouted, "Stop it!" Then he strode over. The old man didn't know what else to say.

Fang Wenping glanced over there.

Dong Xuebing also looked in the direction of Secretary Wu.

The scene suddenly quieted down a bit. Both of them had finished cursing each other; their throats were almost hoarse, and they were both panting heavily.

Secretary Wu pointed at the two of them and said only one sentence, "Come to my office now," then turned and walked away.

During this blank period, He Zhou signaled to Sun Zhaobang and Zhang Dongliang, who understood. They quickly pulled Dong Xuebing away.

Outside.

Han Fei was anxious. "Director Dong, what's wrong?"

Dong Xuebing was still angry. "This woman doesn't even know her own surname and thinks I'm a pushover. She's blind."

He Zhou sighed. "Lower your voice, don't let people hear."

"What if they hear?" Dong Xuebing retorted. "I'm cursing her."

Sun Zhaobang, afraid that Director Dong didn't understand the situation, kindly reminded him, "Director Fang is the head of the First Supervision Office and had personally sent her husband to prison. She's known for being ruthless in the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection. And Director Fang's father is in the State Council."

"I know who her father is," Dong Xuebing said.

Sun Zhaobang replied, "Knowing that, you still curse at her?"

Seeing Director Dong's attitude, He Zhou, Han Fei, and the others didn't bother to advise him anymore. They knew that Director Dong wouldn't listen. That's just his temper.

At this moment, someone hurried over from a distance. It was the head of the Second Office, Yin Cheng'an.

Yin Cheng'an's face was anxious. Someone had called him and told him what had happened. "What are you guys doing? How come you're still fighting?"

Han Fei coughed. "This matter..."

But Dong Xuebing interrupted, "Director Yin, this is my personal conduct. If something happens, I will take full responsibility. It has nothing to do with everyone else."

Yin Cheng'an was angry. "Can you bear the consequences? This is the open day. Those journalists are here. If someone reports this, you'll be out of a job."

Han Fei's face changed. She had helped Dong Xuebing before and naturally didn't want him to get into trouble. "It shouldn't be that bad. This interview is a political task. There should still be room for discussion. The higher-ups don't want things to escalate."

"But what if?" Yin Cheng'an said, "What if it gets out? And with so many people here, how can you keep it under wraps?"

Dong Xuebing, however, had an indifferent expression. "If it gets out, it gets out. If I have to leave, I'll leave. That woman deserves to be cursed."

No grace.

No leadership demeanor.

The current Dong Xuebing was just a complete scoundrel. It hadn't been long since he changed his ways, but now he had reverted to his old working style.

Those who knew Dong Xuebing understood that this was the real him.

After hearing Dong Xuebing's words, Yin Cheng'an, Han Fei, He Zhou, and the others were speechless for a while.

Chapter 1667

In the courtyard.

Han Fei asked, "So what do we do now?"

He Zhou said, "Secretary Wu asked Director Dong to go to his office."

"Sigh, just wait for the leadership's punishment," Yin Cheng'an sighed.

Dong Xuebing said to them, "Sorry to trouble you all, I'll go first."

Yin Cheng'an reminded him, "Be more polite, try to admit fault as much as possible, and don't act like you did earlier. Although this incident had a very bad impact, there may still be room for maneuvering. It mainly depends on the attitude of the leadership and how they handle it. Director Dong, remember that." Although he didn't know who was backing Dong Xuebing, he knew he had some background and wasn't insignificant, so there might still be some chance.

Dong Xuebing just nodded without saying anything and walked away.

Just as he took a few steps, his phone rang.

Dong Xuebing glanced at it and saw that it was his mother-in-law, Han Jing, calling. He couldn't help but feel a headache. After a moment's thought, he answered reluctantly, "Mom."

"What's going on?" Han Fei shouted.

Dong Xuebing could argue with Fang Wenping and ignore Yin Cheng'an's authority, but he dared not argue with his mother-in-law. "Mom, you heard about it?"

Han Fei said angrily, "With such a big incident, how could Mom not know?"

Dong Xuebing sighed, "It's just a minor disagreement, Mom, don't worry about it. It's nothing."

"I'm puzzled. How did you end up fighting with Fang Wenping?" Han Jing said, "She's a nasty woman from the Fang family, famous for her bad temper. Well, your reputation isn't much better than hers. You two are equally matched, so don't blame each other."

"I'll handle it," Dong Xuebing said.

"How will you handle it? Even your fourth grandpa wouldn't be able to handle it," Han Jing said bitterly, "Ordinary matters are one thing. I don't want to criticize you, but this is the open day of the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection, with so many foreign journalists present. You, you don't let me rest assured."

Dong Xuebing apologized, "I'm sorry, Mom."

Even after hanging up the phone, Dong Xuebing didn't tell Han Jing why he had such a big conflict with Fang Wenping, because they hadn't told the family about the matter concerning Xie Ran and

Fang Shuling, and Dong Xuebing didn't want to bring it up. He concealed the events of the past few days.

But as soon as he took a few steps forward, his phone rang again. This time, it was an unfamiliar number.

"Hello, who is this?" Dong Xuebing said.

"Brother Dong, it's me, Fang Shuling," a soft female voice said.

"Oh, Xiaoling, what's the matter?" Dong Xuebing said indifferently.

Fang Shuling said, "It's my fault that cause you to argue with my aunt."

Dong Xuebing continued walking, "This has nothing to do with you. This is between the two of us. You don't need to blame yourself."

Fang Shuling hurriedly said, "Actually, my aunt is quite nice. She's not as irritable as others see her. I practically grew up with her when I was a child. She always treated me like her own daughter, spoiling me and being very good to me. You two must have some misunderstanding. Let me call my aunt..."

"No need, there's no misunderstanding in this matter," Dong Xuebing said.

"Brother Dong," Fang Shuling's voice was almost crying.

"I can't settle things with Fang Wenping. This matter isn't over yet. Don't worry about it," Dong Xuebing said.

Fang Shuling hurriedly said, "Then let me apologize to my aunt on behalf of her. I'm sorry. You..."

"There's nothing to apologize for. Let's leave it at that," Dong Xuebing was determined. He hung up the phone directly. It wasn't that he was angry with Fang Shuling, but he was a straightforward person. He isn't in the mood to discuss this matter with others.

On the other end.

After Dong Xuebing hung up the phone on Fang Shuling, she felt distressed for a few seconds, then hurriedly called her aunt. "Auntie, what are you doing?"

On the other end of the phone, Fang Wenping said, "What am I doing?"

"Why are you fighting with Brother Dong again?" Fang Shuling was also angry.

Fang Wenping chuckled, "This little bastard owes me a scolding. Xiao Ling, don't worry about this matter. Focus on your studies."

"But he is Brother Ran's brother-in-law. How can I not care?" Fang Shuling said.

"I'm still your aunt," Fang Wenping said impatiently, "Are you being disloyal?"

Fang Shuling's eyes turned red. "I'm not, but you and Brother Dong shouldn't be like this. I've heard Brother Ran say that Brother Dong is a good person. He has almost risked his life over ten times to save ordinary people. I believe a person who is willing to sacrifice himself to save others who are unrelated cannot be bad. You should know more about Brother Dong's background than me, so why can't you..."

Fang Wenping said, "I don't care what he's done. I don't like him."

Fang Shuling suddenly had nothing to say. She suddenly felt that her aunt and Brother Dong were too alike, both are hooligans and unreasonable.

Who was right and who was wrong seemed to be meaningless.

Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping seemed the same; they were just finding fault with each other.

These were two people with similar personalities and temperaments, but often, the more similar they were, the more irreconcilable their conflicts became.

At the office.

The news spread quickly.

With hundreds of people watching, the news spread rapidly.

"Hey, did you hear?"

"Hear what?"

"Hey, Old Xu, don't you know? The head of the First Office, Fang Wenping, and the director of the Eighth Office, Dong Xuebing, fought and exchanged insults in the cafeteria."

"No way. How is that possible?"

"So many people witnessed it. Why would I lie to you?"

"This time it's a big deal."

The matter was so sensational that it caused a stir.

Within ten minutes, almost everyone at the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection knew about it, and even some foreign dignitaries who had come to inspect heard about it from the translators. Many people's first reaction was disbelief, unable to believe such a thing could happen.

But many people were not too surprised, just amazed.

They weren't surprised because they knew what kind of people Fang Wenping and Dong Xuebing were.

Fang Wenping, a woman who could personally send her husband to prison, was a veteran of the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection with a big reputation. Almost everyone knew her, and coupled with her deep background, she was a presence that no one dared to provoke in the unit. Everyone knew she was a tough woman. Under her influence, the First Office had not dared to oppose her for many years.

The new leader, Dong Xuebing, was also a rascal, daring to collide with colleagues' cars and fight with colleagues right under the leadership's noses.

Two troublemakers.

Two thugs.

This time, when they collided, some people felt that no matter what they did, they wouldn't be surprised.

Chapter 1668

Noon.

In the compound of the office.

Outside a main building, in front of an office.

Dong Xuebing received several calls along the way, not only from Fang Shuling, but even from Xie Ran. Dong Xuebing knew why they were so anxious. The relationship between the Xie and Fang families of the previous generation was already very bad. If Dong Xuebing quarreled with Fang Wenping again, the enmity between the two families would intensify. Xie Ran and Fang Shuling's prospects together would also become more uncertain. After all, marriage was not just a matter between two individuals but mainly between two families, and the adjustment and overlapping interests of two families, especially powerful families like the Xie and Fang families. So when they heard that Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping were fighting again, Xie Ran and the others naturally couldn't help but care. They were the least willing to see this situation.

"Brother-in-law..."

"Enough, Xiao Ran."

"Can you give me face?"

"Go about your business. I know what to do."

"Oh, I don't know what to say about you and Aunt Fang."

"This is between us, and it shouldn't affect your relationship with Xiaoling. You two don't need to feel awkward in the middle. It has nothing to do with you."

"But..."

"The leader is looking for me, that's it."

Dong Xuebing hung up the phone and looked at the office door ahead, lightly knocking a few times.

Only to hear a not-so-pleasant voice from inside, "The door's not locked, come in."

Dong Xuebing pushed the door open and saw Secretary Wu behind the desk. He had been delayed by several phone calls and arrived a bit late, but who would have thought that Fang Wenping hadn't arrived either? So Dong Xuebing didn't explain anything and just waited expressionlessly for the leader to scold him.

Secretary Wu, however, didn't say a word. He just gestured to the chair opposite, then lowered his head to flip through the phone book and make phone calls.

Dong Xuebing sat down.

Secretary Wu said, "Old Chen, it's me, um, you already know about this matter. We didn't handle it internally, so don't report it, okay? Just inform the young reporters who came today. Yeah." Then, another call, "Xiao Zhou, I, um, just now, be careful about what happened. Don't let our newspaper's reporters write about it, okay? It's just a small internal matter, yeah, this is Open Day, so cooperate."

Knock, knock, knock.

The sound of knocking on the door rang again.

Secretary Wu said impatiently, "Come in."

Fang Wenping's figure walked into the office. After closing the door, she glanced at Dong Xuebing on the chair, her eyes cold, and sat down opposite the desk without courtesy.

However, Secretary Wu didn't have time to pay attention to the two of them. He was eager to deal with the incident's aftermath, still making phone calls. "Director Liu, how's it going over there? Um, have you explained everything? Okay, what's the reaction of the reporters? Um, um, I don't want verbal promises. This matter must not be leaked out at all. Keep it internal, digest it ourselves, and don't let the media get involved. Um, I don't care what methods you use. You must minimize the impact of this matter, especially those foreign media workers. I've just informed several domestic newspapers and media outlets, mainly foreign media and dignitaries. I handle their work personally and can't afford any problems. Okay, I'm waiting for your message, that's it for now."

Seven or eight consecutive calls.

Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping sat there waiting.

About twenty minutes later, Secretary Wu finally put down his phone and sighed. He was nearly sixty years old, and this ordeal had exhausted him. He took a sip of water from his cup and then finally looked at the two protagonists in front of him, who seemed indifferent as if they didn't care at all. Secretary Wu's beard trembled angrily, and he couldn't help but slam the table.

Bang!

Dong Xuebing looked over.

Fang Wenping also raised her eyes.

"Look at the trouble you've caused for the organization," Secretary Wu said angrily. "I don't understand what you two are up to."

Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping remained silent.

Secretary Wu banged the table and said to Fang Wenping, "Xiao Fang, you're also an old comrade of our Commission for Discipline Inspection. You've been working in the organization for many years, and the organization trusts you. That's why you've been entrusted with an important position as the head of the First Supervision Office. But look at you, what are you doing? Tell me, what are you trying to do? Arguing with your colleagues in public, especially when there are so many domestic and foreign journalists around on Open Day, don't you look at the bigger picture? I'm asking you! Don't you have any sense of the bigger picture?"

Fang Wenping shrugged indifferently. It seemed that she had a good relationship with Secretary Wu, or this was just her usual manner of speaking. "You know my way of working. This is my personality. I can't stand any nonsense. When I see a problem, I have to speak up. I can't change it for a lifetime. I don't think I'm primarily responsible for this matter. Someone intentionally bumped into me and even ruined the meal I just bought. Do I still have to pretend not to know and deal with the other party with a smile? Is it my problem?"

Secretary Wu pointed at her. "Look at your attitude."

Fang Wenping remained unyielding. "This has always been my attitude. You've known me for years. I don't care how this is handled, but admitting my mistake is impossible. I don't think I did anything wrong. Someone deserved to be scolded, so I scolded him. What's wrong with that?"

Dong Xuebing chuckled. "Yes, indeed, someone deserved to be scolded."

Fang Wenping looked at him. "At least you know it yourself."

"It's you who have the self-awareness," Dong Xuebing retorted.

Secretary Wu closed his eyes, his anger even more evident. He slammed the table fiercely. "What are you doing? Be serious! You're in my office, and you're still like this. Do you two still respect me as the Secretary? Do you two still have any party principles? What kind of behavior is this? One is the head of the First Supervision Office, and the other is a deputy director of the Eighth Supervision Office. Both of you are leading cadres of our Commission for Discipline Inspection, setting an example for the subordinates. But what are you doing? You two are setting a bad example. Do you not feel ashamed?"

Dong Xuebing said, "Secretary Wu, about this matter..."

Secretary Wu rudely interrupted, "And you, Xiao Dong, although you've only been at the Commission for Discipline Inspection for one or two months, I've already read your file. I've heard about your work ability a long time ago. When you were at the grassroots, you had a good reputation. You've saved people more than once, even risking your life several times. You've never backed down. That's why we value you and have high expectations of you. We all believe you can be a supervisor because you have the ability and the character. But now, how do you treat the trust of the organization? Arguing with other leading cadres, shouting at a female colleague..."

Dong Xuebing argued. "I don't think there should be different standards based on gender. Just because she's a female comrade, does that mean she can recklessly bump into people and act arrogantly? And Secretary Wu, you can ask the people who were there then. It wasn't me who started the verbal altercation. Some people just started cursing, so how could I not retort? Do they think I'm easy to bully? I'm sorry, I have a bad temper, but I'm not a pushover."

Secretary Wu pointed at him. "You're still unrepentant after cursing someone."

Dong Xuebing remained firm. "I cursed those who deserved it. I don't think I did anything wrong. Of course, I apologize for causing trouble for the organization and giving the leaders trouble. I didn't do it intentionally; I was just pushed to my limit."

Fang Wenping sneered, "What a convenient excuse."

Dong Xuebing looked at her. "You started cursing at me first. We're both cadres. What kind of professionalism do you have? If you hadn't started cursing at me, why would I argue with a female comrade like you?"

Fang Wenping chuckled, "You're trying to play the blame game. If you didn't bump into me and cause my plate fell to the ground, would I start cursing you?"

"I don't understand how you passed the organization's assessment," Dong Xuebing said, looking at her. "You bumped into my shoulder, but you won't admit it."

"Which eye of yours saw that?" Fang Wenping retorted.

"I saw it with both eyes," Dong Xuebing replied.

Fang Wenping laughed, "Then let me give you some advice. Get yourself some glasses."

Dong Xuebing retorted, "And I'll give you some advice, too: Fix your bad breath and stop using such foul language."

The two refrained from directly insulting each other in the leader's office, but the atmosphere remained tense. The exchange of words turned from insults to sarcasm, once again igniting the tension between them.

They were like a powder keg, ready to explode at any moment.

Listening to their back-and-forth, Secretary Wu didn't even have the energy to slam the table anymore. He took a few deep breaths, feeling exasperated. There was nothing he could do.

One was a rogue.

The other was a jerk.

How did these two end up together?

As the Secretary, even if he spoke, they wouldn't listen. Secretary Wu was well aware of Fang Wenping's and Dong Xuebing's backgrounds—one from the Fang family and the other from the Xie family. He knew about the longstanding feud between the two families and understood that this matter was difficult to handle. Criticizing them without them listening or handling them too harshly would lead to objections from both families. So, he was at a loss. The mess was now thrown onto his lap.

If possible, Secretary Wu really wanted to remove Fang Wenping and Dong Xuebing from the Commission for Discipline Inspection and let them cause trouble wherever they pleased.

But he couldn't.

He would wait for instructions from above. These two had powerful backgrounds, and he couldn't control them even if he wanted to.

Chapter 1669

It was half past twelve.

Inside Secretary Wu's office.

Ring, ring, ring, the phone on the desk rang.

Secretary Wu ignored Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping. He was angry and didn't know what to do with these two troublemakers. He didn't want to speak to them and just answered the phone, "Hello, yes, yes, everything's been arranged. How did the discussion go? Is everything going smoothly now? Good, that's good. Keep the impact to a minimum and ensure all the media work is done well. Yes, just to be safe, keep an eye on this matter. I'll come over in an hour. As for the work with the foreign dignitaries, I'll handle it. Don't worry about it. The main thing is not to leak anything to the media."

After hanging up the phone, Secretary Wu felt relieved. The news he received was positive, and both domestic and international media were being cooperative. There didn't seem to be any intention to report on the incident. This exchange and inspection were mainly a formality, with the

tone already set to be positive and cooperative. After taking a sip of tea, Secretary Wu glanced at the two before him. He thought Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping would at least be concerned about the serious consequences of their altercation, but to his surprise, they seemed indifferent.

Dong Xuebing was busy playing with his phone, while Fang Wenping was seemingly unfazed, working on some documents.

Neither of them cared whether the matter could be resolved smoothly. They just went about their business as if nothing had happened.

Secretary Wu was speechless for a moment. He slammed his teacup onto the table, making a loud noise that caught the attention of the two. Then, he said sternly, "Thanks to Director Zhang and other comrades' efforts, the situation has been more or less contained. But let me tell you, you two have caused a lot of trouble for everyone. Although the impact has been somewhat minimized, this matter is far from over. I'll ask you one last time. If you recognize your mistakes and the adverse effects you've caused to the Commission for Discipline Inspection, then submit a self-criticism letter and apologize to each other. Otherwise, don't blame me for not warning you."

Fang Wenping glanced at Dong Xuebing and laughed, "Apologize? Impossible."

"Impossible," Dong Xuebing added. "I can write a self-criticism letter, but I won't apologize to her or anyone else."

Secretary Wu: "....."

These two stubborn heads, there's no way to deal with them.

Secretary Wu waved his hand angrily, "Then go back and wait for my instructions. Leave now." He couldn't stand to look at these two troublemakers any longer.

Fang Wenping stood up and left directly.

Dong Xuebing also straightened his clothes and left.

"Hey."

"Look, that's Director Fang."

"Uh, and behind her is Director Dong."

"I wonder what punishment they'll get."

"It probably won't be too light, but who knows? I heard both of them have connections."

"How did it come to this? Sigh, it's better to maintain harmony."

"It depends on the person. Director Fang and Director Dong have such personalities that anyone would find it difficult to maintain harmony. They're both stubborn, and when two stubborn leaders clash, it's a miracle that they don't come to blows."

"Sigh. Indeed."

Afternoon.

Dong Xuebing returned to the Second Supervisory office area.

As soon as he entered, many people in the Second Supervisory office stood up.

" Director Dong."

"How did it go?"

"What did Secretary Wu say?"

Han Fei and He Zhou were both very concerned about him.

Dong Xuebing replied casually, "The media side should be taken care of. There shouldn't be any problems."

"Did they say anything about the punishment for you?" Han Fei asked.

Dong Xuebing shook his head. "He didn't say anything. All right, everyone, get back to work. We have an inspection in the afternoon. Let's stay focused." With that, he returned to his office.

Punishment?

Let it be.

It's not a big deal.

Dong Xuebing was not someone who didn't know his limits. But the scene in the cafeteria earlier forced him to lose his temper. He couldn't swallow that insult, so he wouldn't have any objections even if he received punishment. He had mentally prepared himself for this when he was berating Fang Wenping.

Knock, knock.

There was a knock on the door.

Just as Dong Xuebing entered, Han Fei followed him, holding a lunch box. "Director Dong, I know you haven't eaten yet. I brought you some food."

Dong Xuebing was hungry and smiled, "Thank you, that's very kind of you."

"No problem." Han Fei placed the meal down, hesitated momentarily, then left without saying anything.

Dong Xuebing dug into his delicious meal. He knew everyone was worried about him, but he wasn't concerned. Huilan's Fourth Grandpa was the head of the Commission for Discipline Inspection,. His punishment wouldn't be too severe.

Around two o'clock in the afternoon.

Dong Xuebing received a call from Director Yin Cheng'an, asking him to come over.

"Director Yin, you wanted to see me?" Dong Xuebing entered the room.

"The punishment has been decided," Yin Cheng'an glanced at him. He had just received the message above and informed me directly, "You've been given an administrative warning. This means a deduction in salary, but it won't affect anything else. You must also reflect on your actions and return to work once you acknowledge your mistake. It's not a complete suspension. Did you have a dispute with Director Fang and Secretary Wu again? How many times have I reminded you to apologize proactively?"

Dong Xuebing wasn't concerned about this, though. Instead, he asked, "What about Fang Wenping?"

"She received the same punishment as you, an administrative warning and reflection at home," Yin Cheng'an replied.

Dong Xuebing felt balanced now. He knew this was a way of giving them both a slap on the wrist without being too harsh.

"Will it be implemented today?" Dong Xuebing asked.

Yin Cheng'an nodded, "Yes, it will be implemented today."

"In that case, I'll hand over my work." Dong Xuebing appeared calm. After leaving, he briefed everyone on his tasks, explaining that he might not return for a while. Then, he returned to his office, packed up his things, and left.

Everyone then began discussing Dong Xuebing's punishment.

"Director Dong."

"You..."

"Why don't you admit your mistake and write a self-criticism? Maybe..."

Dong Xuebing waved, "Thank you for your concern, but it's not a suspension. It's okay. I'll be back in a month or so. Take care, everyone."

This time, it's another long vacation. Hmm, what should I do during this time?

Chapter 1670

A few days later.

Saturday morning.

Houhai, quadrangle courtyard.

Dong Xuebing had been on leave for almost a week now. His unit hadn't notified him to return to work, and Dong Xuebing hadn't bothered to call them either. He spent these days at home watching movies and TV shows, sometimes driving out to try some well-reviewed restaurants. He considered it a vacation since he had nothing else to do. While Xie Huilan was busy, Qu Yunxuan didn't have time, and Geng Yuehua and Yu Meixia were also occupied. With nowhere else to go, Dong Xuebing just lingered at home, treating it as an extended break.

Today was no different.

Dong Xuebing had moved his computer to the courtyard, plugged it in, propped his legs on the stone table, and started watching a movie while soaking up the sun.

Sipping on tea.

Watching the movie.

Cracking sunflower seeds.

Dong Xuebing was quite content. There was no indication that he had been sent home to reflect by his superiors. Enjoying his leisure time, one might even think he had been granted leave for some

notable achievement. He didn't feel remorse for any mistakes he might have made or any punishment he might have received. In Dong Xuebing's view, it was just a matter of time before he returned to work. He felt quite good thinking about it, especially knowing that Fang Wenping, a higher-ranking official, was also at home reflecting. Dong Xuebing felt like he had come out on top.

Ring, ring, ring.

A call came in.

Dong Xuebing didn't bother to pause the movie. Seeing that it was a call from his colleague Han Fei, he answered it directly.

"Hello, Xiao Han," Dong Xuebing greeted.

Han Fei heard the sound on the other end. "Are you busy, Director Dong?"

"What could I be busy with?" Dong Xuebing chuckled. "Just watching movies at home."

"Oh. Can you recommend a good movie for me?" Han Fei was quite casual.

Dong Xuebing replied, "Detective Chinatown is pretty good. If you're into chick flicks, you can also watch Tiny Times."

"Ah, I envy you. You're just resting at home. I have to work on weekends these days. It's tiring. I want to take a month off," Han Fei sighed.

Dong Xuebing chuckled and joked, "What's there to envy? If you make a mistake, hit someone, or curse at someone, they'll give you a break."

Han Fei also laughed at the joke. "Hehe. I don't have your courage."

"Do you need something, Xiao Han? If you do, tell me," Dong Xuebing asked.

Han Fei hesitated momentarily and said, "Well, there's something. I heard some news today, but I am unsure if it's reliable. I asked my dad, but he couldn't explain clearly either. It's not just me; He Zhou and Zhao Bang also heard about it. Many people in our unit are discussing it today."

"What's the news?" Dong Xuebing asked curiously.

Han Fei lowered her voice. "Our Commission for Discipline Inspection is going to establish new departments, and there may be some adjustments and changes to the existing departments."

"Establishing new departments?" Dong Xuebing was surprised.

"Yeah, that's what they're saying," Han Fei confirmed.

Dong Xuebing wondered, "We already have twenty-seven internal departments. How can they add more?"

"They're saying it's to strengthen the frontline anti-corruption efforts, so they want to establish new departments. Of course, there's been no official announcement from the leadership yet. It's just what everyone is saying. I don't know if it's true, but there must be some truth since it's being talked about so much. Maybe some people with insider information or family members know about the policies approved by the central government in advance. If it's true that they want to strengthen the frontline anti-corruption efforts, then it must refer to our first to eighth supervision offices. The Commission for Discipline Inspection only has eight direct supervision offices for case

investigation. The other departments, even the ones handling case reviews, are not considered direct. So, everyone is speculating that there might be adjustments to our eight supervision offices," Han Fei explained.

Dong Xuebing furrowed his brow. "I haven't heard about this. Is everyone saying the same thing?"

"Yeah, everyone's saying the same thing. Director Yin didn't refute it either, but he's unsure about the details. I thought you might have some information," Han Fei said.

Dong Xuebing chuckled. "Still calling him Director Yin. No sense of hierarchy. Well, I don't know about this. I'm not as informed as you. I'll ask around later."

Han Fei grinned. "If you find out, you have to tell me first."

"Sure, no problem," Dong Xuebing said helplessly. "But even if there are restructurings, it shouldn't affect us much."

Han Fei blinked. "I understand, but you never know. If they establish new departments, leadership positions will open up, and then, hehe..."

Dong Xuebing laughed. "I didn't realize you were such a fan of officialdom."

Han Fei snorted. "Of course, who doesn't want to climb the ranks and make money? I've been at the deputy section chief level for over a year, and there's been no progress. I'm getting impatient."

Dong Xuebing shook his head with a smile. "You're already a deputy section chief at your age. That's quite fast."

Han Fei rolled her eyes. "But you're even faster. You're already a division chief. We're almost the same age. Isn't that a bit too much? People die trying to compare themselves to others."

Dong Xuebing thought she didn't treat him like an outsider, daring to say anything. So, he adopted a threatening tone like the leaders do. "Alright, stop thinking about it so much. Don't listen to rumors. We don't know if they're reliable. If it's confirmed, the leadership will notify us. Just focus on your work."

"Got it," Han Fei replied.

"That's it for now. Get back to your work," Dong Xuebing said before hanging up.

Little did he know that as soon as he hung up, Lan Xuewen from the Petitions Office called.

"Old Lan," Dong Xuebing answered. "Taking a break today?"

"No, working overtime. Are you at home?" Lan Xuewen asked.

"Yeah, the leaders told me to reflect at home. Any issues?" Dong Xuebing inquired.

"I heard that there might be some changes to the internal departments of our unit. Do you have any information? How will it affect our Petitions Office?" Lan Xuewen paused for a moment, then chuckled bitterly. "I'm just afraid our department might merge again, and I'll lose my position."

"You're still worried about your position?" Dong Xuebing laughed.

"It's hard to say. Nothing's certain," Lan Xuewen said. "My department has just started to settle down. I don't want any more changes."

"I'm not sure either. I just heard about it a few minutes ago from a colleague. I was watching a movie at home, so I wouldn't have known if nobody had told me. I'll ask around later. But even if there are changes, it probably won't affect the Petitions Office. Any other department can't replace the nature of your work," Dong Xuebing reassured.

"I hope so. That's what I'm hoping for, too." Lan Xuewen sighed. "Alright, I won't disturb your rest anymore. Let me know if you hear anything."

"Sure, if I find out, I'll let you know," Dong Xuebing replied.

"Thanks a lot," Lan Xuewen said.

Of course, Lan Xuewen knew that Dong Xuebing could inquire about such news. It wasn't just because his father-in-law was a member of the Politburo. With such a significant change, especially within the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection, the proposal must go through a Politburo meeting. Moreover, the Xie family also had a grandfather who was a member of the Politburo Standing Committee and the Secretary of the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection. If Dong Xuebing couldn't find out, then the news was probably just a false rumor.

People were feeling uneasy and restless. This was the current situation in the unit.

Although Dong Xuebing wasn't physically present at the unit, he could sense a hint of the atmosphere from the two phone calls. It wasn't surprising. If the news were true, it would indeed be a big deal. The main reason for the concern was the magnitude of the changes. Adding some departments and merging others would naturally make people uneasy. What if they were in one of the departments slated for adjustment? It was hard to predict what might happen.

Change was the theme of society. Unfortunately, most adults didn't like change because it meant uncertainty and instability, which unsettlingly agitated them.

He decided to ask around. But whom should he ask?

After some thought, Dong Xuebing decided to call his mother-in-law. The phone rang twice before she picked up.

Conversely, Han Jing seemed to be talking to someone else. "Look, he says he has nowhere to go. Let me find a place for you guys."

Dong Xuebing greeted, "Mom."

"Mom's here, hehe," Han Jing said. "Your call came at the right time. Your aunts are here with me. They want to play mahjong, but we're short of one person and don't have a place to play. How about you invite us to your place? The courtyard in Houhai, right? Your aunts want to see it. Is that convenient for you?"

Dong Xuebing exclaimed, "How could it not be convenient? If Mom wants to come, I'll welcome you with open arms anytime. You didn't come the last time I invited you. I've been eagerly waiting for you."

"My son-in-law is so sweet," Han Jing said to the person on the other end of the line. Laughter from two women could be heard in the background.

Dong Xuebing said, "I'll come pick you all up."

"No need, we have a driver. Just give Mom the address," Han Jing said.

"Okay, I'll text it to your phone. Will you come over now?" Dong Xuebing asked.

"Yes, we'll come now. We'll have lunch at your place. Last time, Xiao Ran and Xiao Jing praised your cooking skills non-stop. This time, let Mom taste it," Han Jing said with a smile.

"Sure, no problem. I'll go buy groceries," Dong Xuebing said. "Oh, by the way, we don't have mahjong at home. I'll buy a set on my way back."

Han Jing agreed with an "okay" before adding, "You called just to ask about the changes in the internal departments of the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection, right? You're quite well-informed. Anyway, Mom will tell you about it later when she arrives."

With that, she ended the call.