

## PAW 1733

### Chapter 1733

In the morning.

In the office area.

"Ah," sighed Han Fei.

"We cannot let you work overtime." Luo Haiting said.

Zhang Lili also said, "No, this won't work."

Li Hong glanced at Dong Xuebing, "How should I say this?"

Dong Xuebing waved his hand. "Forget it. Go back in the afternoon, clean up well, have a good year, and I'll stay here."

Han Fei hurriedly said, "It's not appropriate."

Dong Xuebing smiled, "I have nothing to do when I go back. Just stay here. That's settled. Let's stop talking and let's work."

"Uh, Director Dong," Zhang Lili said.

Dong Xuebing didn't say anything more, shook his hand, and went back to his office.

As soon as the door closed, Zhang Lili sighed, "Director Dong still cares about his subordinates."

Luo Haiting glanced at her and said, "Director Dong has always been like this, even before. You may not know that when Director Dong and I were still working in the county, there were colleagues and people who had accidents and encountered natural disasters; Director Dong rushed up to save people without thinking. As a result, colleagues and people were rescued, but Director Dong was trapped in the bus by a landslide, and it took a long time for rescue vehicles to come and rescue him. If it had been a few minutes later, Director Dong might have been, alas." She

naturally wanted to speak well of Director Dong and set up Director Dong's noble style, but these words came from Luo Haiting's heart. That incident shocked many people, and Director Dong deserves the title of a good leader.

Han Fei said in surprise, "Is there such a thing?"

Luo Haiting nodded, "There are many more. During the earthquake, Director Dong also saved many people. At that time, the scene, don't mention it."

Zhang Lili sighed, "No wonder."

Li Hong, who didn't like to speak, was also moved by the words.

Indeed. There are not many leaders who can do this.

"Then," Li Hong pondered, "should I work overtime so Director Dong will not feel uncomfortable alone?"

"I actually have nothing to do with my family. I'm just preparing for the New Year's goods and arranging relatives' weddings so I can come," Zhang Lili said.

Luo Haiting still understands Director Dong, saying, "Director Dong said he is on duty. It's useless for others to change."

In the room.

Dong Xuebing was dealing with something. He was bored. When he went home, no one was there. Huilan, a City party committee secretary, was busy during the New Year's period. It was uncertain whether she could come back on the 30th. Sister Qu's family is even more so. Luan Xiaoping's place. Qianqian was sent back long ago, and the old man had to care for the children. Uncle Yang, a mayor, was also very busy. His mother followed Uncle Yang in socializing almost every day. He was too busy, so Dong Xuebing came back to rest. It was the same whether he worked overtime or not. Since Sister Large has something, she doesn't want to be on duty. It can only be Dong Xuebing. He has always felt sorry for his subordinates.

One hour

Two hours

In the blink of an eye. Noon has arrived.

Dong Xuebing came out of the office to prepare for lunch. Luo Haiting and Zhang Lili were also packing up. Seeing Director Dong, everyone felt a little embarrassed.

"Director Dong."

"How about I'll work overtime?"

Several people also volunteered.

Dong Xuebing smiled and waved his hand. "Forget it, have a good New Year. By the way, the New Year goods have been delivered. You can go and get them yourself, and bring some good ones for your family." Every year, the organization would distribute things. In addition to bonuses, they were nothing more than shopping cards, fish, meat, and green onions.

Han Fei had to say, "Then, thank you, Director Dong."

Zhang Lili said, "I'll visit you on the second day of the Lunar New Year. Are you going to be here?"

"I'll call you then," Dong Xuebing said. But regarding the New Year's visit, let me make it clear to all of you: no one is allowed to bring anything, not even fruits. Just your presence is enough. If you don't come, I won't hold it against you. Hehe, that's how it is. Working together is fate. I don't need those things. Old Luo should know that."

Luo Haiting nodded. Dong Xuebing never accepted gifts, and everyone knew that. As Dong Xuebing said, he genuinely didn't need them. Most people accept money gifts or to maintain relationships, but Dong Xuebing never required such things. As for relationships, when Dong Xuebing was working hard, he almost offended leaders from top to bottom. Officials and colleagues avoided Dong Xuebing, but what could they do? Dong Xuebing was promoted according to his merit. As for money, Dong Xuebing, a deputy director, was worth at least tens of

millions. He didn't regret the loss even when he hit millions of cars. He might create risks, but it was not worth the loss of life.

Dong Xuebing has always been like this: impossible to measure by the standards of other leaders or people. He never played by the rules.

People left one by one.

They all went home for the New Year's holiday.

Dong Xuebing went downstairs alone and saw Luo Haiting and Zhang Lili collecting things and getting shopping cards. Dong Xuebing casually wandered to the cafeteria. Today, the first and second cafeterias were closed, leaving only the third one open. With everyone gone home, few people were left in the office. Another reason was that the cafeteria chefs had all gone home for the holiday. After collecting their New Year goods, only a few scattered department clerks left in the office.

Inside the cafeteria, Dong Xuebing glanced around casually. It was filled with low-ranking cadres and ordinary staff members looking gloomy. Their moods were affected by having to work overtime. Dong Xuebing figured he was probably the only department head in the unit who stayed behind to work overtime.

"Director Fang."

"Oh, you haven't left yet?"

Voices came from behind, prompting Dong Xuebing to turn and see Fang Ping stepping into the cafeteria, accompanied by a few subordinates.

Fang Ping said lightly, "Finish your meal before leaving."

At this moment, someone else asked Dong Xuebing, "Director Dong, you haven't left either?"

Dong Xuebing smiled and replied, "I'm working overtime for a few days. There's no rush for me to go home."

"Oh, you're working overtime?" The young man looked at him in surprise. "What about your subordinates?"

Dong Xuebing gestured outside, saying, "I've let them all go home. Someone has to stay for the last shift."

The young man was speechless.

Others heard this and couldn't help but feel admiration. Despite the holiday, everyone else had left, but Dong Xuebing, a leader and department head, chose to stay behind alone, demonstrating his integrity.

Fang Ping glanced at Dong Xuebing more closely upon hearing this. After getting her meal, she turned her head and greeted Dong Xuebing, who was not far away, "Let's eat together."

Dong Xuebing was reluctant, but with so many people watching, he couldn't refuse Fang Ping. He had to sit with her at a table in the corner. Just a few days ago, they had argued fiercely in the cafeteria, but now, after two or three months had passed, they found themselves eating together again. Such is the unpredictability of life. The surrounding cadres blinked in surprise. They couldn't understand Dong Xuebing and Fang Ping's relationship. Dong Xuebing himself wasn't sure either.

On the table,

Fang Ping asked coldly, "How's Qianqian?"

Dong Xuebing ignored her sour expression and focused on his meal, "She's doing fine. Her mother is taking care of her."

"Hmm." Fang Ping casually took out a box and tossed it to Dong Xuebing. "Give this to Qianqian. It's from me."

Dong Xuebing was surprised. He thought she was surprisingly thoughtful. He quietly opened the box and peeked inside—it was a longevity lock, pure gold. This was quite expensive. He quickly

closed the lid, afraid of gossip since this was from the Discipline Inspection Commission. "This is too expensive."

Fang Ping remained silent and continued eating.

Dong Xuebing cleared his throat. "Alright, I'll thank you on Qianqian's behalf."

"No need for your thanks." Fang Ping finished her meal quickly and left.

Dong Xuebing shook his head and returned to his office. Sitting in his chair, he realized the entire office area was empty and quiet outside.

Another year passed.

Another year older.

He was twenty-seven this year, he thought. Time flew by.

At this moment, Dong Xuebing rarely felt a sense of peace. Many memories flashed through his mind, mixing with aspirations for the future. Every year-end, Dong Xuebing would prepare a summary report for work and his achievements and plans for the upcoming year. It had become a habit. Looking back at this year, Dong Xuebing was satisfied with his performance. Becoming a substantive division-level leader at twenty-six was something to be content about. But Dong Xuebing was never satisfied; reaching a milestone only made him think about the next. He always set new goals for himself—it was his driving force.

He had achieved the position of Division Chief.

And a substantive Division Chief at that.

But he couldn't just focus on the present; that wouldn't lead to progress. Dong Xuebing's sights were now set on the deputy bureau Director level, and he was determined to push himself further.

Yes.

Half a year.

He gave himself half a year.

Dong Xuebing wanted to see if he could secure a ticket to the deputy bureau director level within that time. He knew it was unlikely, but setting such challenges always excited him. He was not one to sit idle; the Second Division lacked meaningful work these days. Dong Xuebing always found something to occupy himself with. This goal was perfect for his current state.