

PAW 1744

Chapter 1744

Mother-in-law said it.

Senior said it, too.

This matter is hopeless now.

Supporting Senior Xie out of the bathroom and settling him on the sofa, Dong Xuebing sighed inwardly when he saw them both engrossed in the Spring Festival Gala again. His mood wasn't great because Han Jing and Grandpa Xie had spoken. He had wanted to leverage the Xie family's connections, but now it seemed impossible. Dong Xuebing knew it wasn't that Grandpa Xie and his mother-in-law weren't looking out for him, but breaking such long-standing rules was beyond their capability. Dong Xuebing's request to be promoted to Deputy Bureau Director was too much, exceeding everyone's scope.

But Dong Xuebing wasn't a person who could stay put. If things continued like this, he would feel unsatisfied. He couldn't imagine spending another three or four years at the Commission for Discipline Inspection, where, although the authority was considerable, there were too many overlapping responsibilities and bureaucratic complexities. Dong Xuebing felt like a puppet there, with most decisions already made in meetings. Even as the head of a department, his role was mainly to execute, without much room to demonstrate his abilities or achieve personal satisfaction. That's why he was eager to be immediately promoted to Deputy Bureau Director.

And now...

His family had extinguished that idea in an instant.

When Grandpa Xie said it was impossible, it meant that through normal channels, it was impossible. Dong Xuebing trusted Senior Xie's judgment on this point.

But he didn't want it to be this way.

He didn't want to continue like this forever.

Another three or four years was too long for him to wait.

"Mom, are the dumplings ready?" Dong Xuebing asked.

Han Jing smiled, "They're ready. We're waiting to boil them at midnight."

Dong Xuebing nodded, "Then I'll be out of your hair. I'll go out for a walk."

"Is everything okay? Your lunch wine hasn't worn off yet," Han Jing asked with concern, assuming it wasn't about work. Many people consider Dong Xuebing's current job level very high, even absurd. The idea of Deputy Bureau Director he had mentioned before might be a passing aspiration or hope for this small official enthusiast. She didn't think Dong Xuebing intended to push for Deputy Bureau Director within the next six months. After all, everyone knew it was impossible.

Dong Xuebing pretended, "Yeah, still feeling a bit dizzy. I'll get some fresh air."

"Alright, go ahead. It's not even midnight yet. No rush," Han Jing replied.

Dong Xuebing opened the door and stepped out, "whoosh," the cold winter wind hit him, making him shiver. He tightened his coat and braved the cold air outside. The air was freezing, but Dong Xuebing's mind was clear. He had been pondering the feasibility of this matter repeatedly, but no matter how he thought about it, he couldn't find a glimmer of hope. In the past, when he gambled everything for a chance, at least there was still hope ahead. But now, thinking about it, there wasn't even a door to the Deputy Bureau Director position open for Dong Xuebing in the short term. After all, at this level, it would only get harder to move up. It wasn't the same work environment as before.

Deputy Bureau Director.

Deputy Bureau Director.

Dong Xuebing had never felt that reaching the deputy department level was so distant. He realized he had been too simplistic in setting such a goal.

Ring, ring, ring.

The phone rang.

Dong Xuebing checked and saw it was his wife's call, so he answered, "Huilan."

On the other end, Xie Huilan chuckled, "What's this about? I just sat down and thought of calling my mom to chat, but I hear you're already thinking about becoming a Deputy Bureau Director."

Dong Xuebing was already upset about this matter, and his tone reflected it, "I just mentioned it, just asking."

Xie Huilan chuckled, "Give it a rest. You're already worried about this? Give it a few more years. At least wait until you're thirty."

Dong Xuebing widened his eyes, "It's New Year's Day. Are you trying to annoy me?"

Xie Huilan said, "I'm just telling you, you need to be down-to-earth. Do you think it's that easy to become a Deputy Bureau Director at your level? Just mouthing off won't cut it. I was promoted to Deputy Bureau Director based on qualifications, achievements, and interpersonal relationships. By then, even I was thirty. Do you think you can beat me?"

Dong Xuebing retorted, "You think you can stop me? Let me tell you, I was promoted to deputy section chief faster than you!"

After a few more exchanges, Xie Huilan hung up with a laugh.

Feeling embarrassed by his wife's teasing, Dong Xuebing's determination surged. Damn it, he refused to believe there was no hope at all.

He couldn't accept it.

Even if there were no opportunities, he had to find them.

Standing at the doorway, Dong Xuebing noticed a large mailbox outside. A thought flashed through his mind. Regarding abilities, he wasn't much better than anyone else, even worse than

most. Dong Xuebing understood that his success had relied on his unique abilities. If conventional methods couldn't help him reach the Deputy Bureau Director level in the short term, his only hope lay in his unique abilities. This was what set him apart from everyone else in the system.

This was Dong Xuebing's trump card.

Why not give it a try?

Using his abilities, "BACK" was useless, "Stop" was meaningless, and other abilities were irrelevant in this context. Only "Forward," which moved time forward, could potentially help.

Approaching the mailbox, he opened it to find today's newspapers still inside, clearly untouched. Dong Xuebing flipped through them. They were mainstream newspapers. He nodded slightly, discarded the newspapers, closed the mailbox, and silently uttered, "Forward."

Unlike "Reverse," which reversed time by a second for each day, "Forward" inexplicably moved time forward by a minute. Dong Xuebing had always been reluctant to use "Forward" because it meant sacrificing the accumulated spare time he had saved over the months, but now it seemed unavoidable. Dong Xuebing hadn't used much of his accumulated time over the past year, so he had accumulated quite a surplus.