

PAW 1750

Chapter 1750

In the evening, after dinner.

Han Fei indeed showed her thoughtfulness. Seeing that other guests were lingering and Dong Xuebing seemed to be checking the time frequently as if he had other plans for the evening, Han Fei stood up and coquettishly said, "Mom, I'm really tired. I'm going to bed."

Mrs. Han helplessly said, "It's only a bit early."

Han Fei pouted, "I'm going to bed anyway."

"This child," Mrs. Han chuckled and tapped her on the head. "Alright, go to sleep then."

Upon hearing this, the other guests promptly began to excuse themselves. "Well then, we'll leave first and let Xiao Fei rest. Hehe."

Han Fei insisted, "Uncle Liu, why don't you stay for a while longer? Don't mind me."

The middle-aged man smiled, "No, we should go. We'll visit another day. You rest well."

Han Fei glanced at Dong Xuebing and said mischievously, "Director Dong, you can't leave. There's some work stuff I need to discuss with you."

Dong Xuebing smiled, "Sure."

The guests gradually took their leave.

Han Fei made small talk with Dong Xuebing.

After everyone left, Han Fei returned to her room smiling, but it wasn't clear if she had gone to sleep.

Han Zhenghe could see through her, knowing her daughter's temperament well, so he chuckled. "Xuebing, have some more tea."

Dong Xuebing didn't refuse. "Sure."

Han Zhenghe sat down. "If there's something on your mind, just say it."

Dong Xuebing hesitated momentarily, then said, "It's a bit of a matter. I've been thinking of getting involved in Jiaolin County recently. I feel I'm not quite suited for the disciplinary work at the commission. I think grassroots work suits me better, but Jiaolin is in northern Shaanxi, which involves a significant move. Without approval and coordination from the Central Organization Department, it won't be easy for me to operate there. So, could you?"

"Jiaolin County?"

"Yes."

"Are there vacancies there?"

"Well, it seems not at the moment."

Han Zhenghe listened and nodded thoughtfully. He didn't press further. "If you've mentioned it, then there shouldn't be a problem on my end. But the premise is that there must be vacancies and a position available for you. You'd likely go there as either the County Party Secretary or the County Chief. If there are no vacancies, I can't do much."

"I'll contact them about that."

"Alright then, once you've sorted it out and there's a vacancy and carefully considered it, give me a call."

Dong Xuebing thanked him sincerely, "Thank you for this."

Han Zhenghe waved it off, "It's nothing big."

Han Zhenghe made it sound easy, but this kind of thing was a significant matter. It involved a cross-provincial transfer, and Dong Xuebing had only been promoted to Deputy Director of the Second Office a few months ago. It was even something that Secretary-General Xie Guobang might find tricky to handle. The complexity involved was evident, yet Han Zhenghe readily agreed. It was in recognition of the favor Han Fei had received in her recent promotion, a kind of reciprocation for Dong Xuebing. Such gestures were typical in their social circles.

Around eight o'clock,

Dong Xuebing left Han Zhenghe's home.

It was just before nine o'clock, and the snowfall had intensified. Dong Xuebing rolled down his car window slightly, feeling the cold touch of snowflakes on his face. Squinting against the flakes as he drove to the residential compound of the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection, he found it oddly comforting.

As he exited his car, he was greeted by familiar faces.

"Director Dong."

"You're back."

"Happy New Year."

Dong Xuebing smiled and exchanged greetings with them. He met a leader and arranged to visit them on a specified day.

Once everyone had left, Dong Xuebing cleared his throat. Instead of heading to his own apartment, he walked towards Fang Ping's building and went up to her floor.

Ding dong.

He pressed the doorbell.

But there was no answer for a while.

Was she not home?

He decided to call Fang Ping. The ringtone was audible through the door, indicating her phone was on the other side. Shortly after, someone picked up.

"Hello," came Fang Ping's groggy voice.

"Director Fang, I'm at your doorstep," Dong Xuebing said, lowering his voice as he had a favor to ask.

"My doorstep?" Fang Ping sounded surprised. "Wait." The call ended abruptly.

After five or six seconds, the door finally opened. Dong Xuebing was greeted not only by Fang Ping's blurry face but also by a strong smell of alcohol.

The alcohol was potent.

He couldn't tell how much she had drunk.

Dong Xuebing frowned. "Have you had a lot to drink? Did you go out for dinner tonight?"

"Who would want to have dinner with me, Fang Ping?" Her tongue seemed thick, and she didn't let him in, pointing a finger at him. "Wait here, I'm going out."

Dong Xuebing was taken aback. "Go out? Why?"

"To clear my head. I don't want to stay at home. It's boring." Fang Ping swayed a bit and returned inside to grab a bottle of alcohol, then headed out with Dong Xuebing in tow.

Dong Xuebing was speechless. "What are you doing?"

"Be my driver for a stroll," Fang Ping said matter-of-factly.

Dong Xuebing protested, "It's late, and it's snowing."

"We can go anywhere," Fang Ping sighed and stepped outside.

Dong Xuebing sighed inwardly, thinking she shouldn't have drunk so much. He closed the door behind her quickly and followed after her.