

PAW 1754

Chapter 1754

It was already past eleven.

The snow was gradually stopping.

At the pavilion at the top of the park hill, Dong Xuebing was still chatting with Fang Wenping, boasting about his past "glorious" deeds. While others might not be interested in Dong Xuebing's stories, Fang Wenping seemed to enjoy them. The two of them drank together and shared tales of their misdeeds. Fang Wenping eventually shared some of her exploits, which made Dong Xuebing laugh a few times. They felt a rare camaraderie, enjoying each other's company and having a lengthy conversation.

Liquor.

A beautiful woman.

Snowy weather.

Having given his coat to Fang Wenping, Dong Xuebing no longer felt cold, nor did he feel the previous reluctance. He thought it was quite enjoyable to spend the second day of the New Year sneaking into the park with Fang Wenping, chatting and shooting the breeze. He realized he had nothing else to do at home, so he wasn't hurrying to leave.

"There was another time when my plane crashed, and everyone thought I was dead. They even held my funeral. A few months later, I showed up and scared everyone. Have you ever heard of someone attending their funeral? You should have seen their faces—they were all scared stiff." Dong Xuebing laughed heartily, "Then since my position had been filled, they had no choice but to promote me."

"You've experienced a plane crash?" Fang Wenping looked at him.

Dong Xuebing chuckled, "Yeah, it was just bad luck, I guess."

Fang Wenping remarked, "You're not very old, but you've been through quite a lot. I heard about the earthquake incident, too."

Dong Xuebing sighed, "That's just the tip of the iceberg. I've been through so much since joining the system. I've had a series of unfortunate events, encountering everything imaginable and unimaginable."

Fang Wenping said calmly, "When I was younger, I had a troublesome incident. Our car was stopped by a group of farmers with shovels and hoes. They wanted to file a complaint and seemed ready to detain us if we didn't listen. One of our staff members was injured."

"And then?" Dong Xuebing asked.

"Then," Fang Wenping said, "I spent over half an hour cursing them out, one by one until they left."

Dong Xuebing laughed, having personally experienced Fang Wenping's temper. He knew her ability to curse was on par with his own. Despite her beauty and being a woman, she had a natural advantage in handling such situations. "That's because you're a woman. I had a similar situation and cursed people out, too, but I had to resort to force."

Fang Wenping asked curiously, "How many people can you handle?"

Dong Xuebing boasted, "Not to brag." Beijingers often start sentences like this, prefacing their statements with phrases like "not to criticize" or "not to brag," even though they mean precisely that. "Against ordinary people and petty thugs, I can easily handle a hundred. If they've had some training, fifty or sixty is no problem. You must have seen it before. Those guys bothering you near my alley the other day. I took care of them with just a punch and a kick. Those guys weren't even a warm-up for me, a piece of cake."

If it were someone else, they might not believe what Dong Xuebing was saying.

But Fang Wenping had heard about him and knew that while Dong Xuebing might exaggerate slightly and add a touch of artistic flair, he wasn't just bragging. This couldn't be fabricated; Dong Xuebing's past deeds were well-documented and verifiable. The way Beijingers speak sometimes mixes facts with a playful, boastful tone.

At this point, Fang Wenping finished the last sip of her drink.

Ring, ring, ring, Fang Wenping's phone rang loudly in the pavilion.

Her phone's volume was so high that Dong Xuebing instinctively looked around. He knew there might be park patrols. Even though it was the holiday season and unlikely anyone would be that diligent, you never know. It would be quite embarrassing if they got caught sneaking into the park and drinking late at night. Given their positions—Dong Xuebing being the ninth office director at the prefecture level and Fang Wenping being a Bureau Director leader at the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection—it would be a laughable situation if it got out.

They couldn't afford such embarrassment.

People would laugh their heads off.

Fang Wenping answered the call, "Hello, Second Brother, what's up?"

A middle-aged man's voice came from the other end, "Not at home? You're outside?"

"Yeah, just out for a walk," Fang Wenping said. "Do you need something?"

The man replied, "No, I just called to check. I didn't see you at home and wondered where you were this late. I just wanted to let you know. Come home for dinner tomorrow."

Fang Wenping acknowledged, "Got it." Pausing, she added, "By the way, Second Brother, I need to ask you something. Do you know Jiaolin County in Shaanxi?"

The man said, "Yes, why?"

Fang Wenping replied, "I have a friend who wants to transfer there as the county party secretary. Can you help arrange it by adjusting the current secretary?"

"Which friend?" the man asked.

"Just help me with it," Fang Wenping said.

"Adjusting it is possible, but I won't handle anything else," the man said.

"He's taken care of everything else. As long as there's a vacancy for him to fill, there won't be any problem," Fang Wenping said. "Just make sure this gets done."

The man said, "I'll check and get back to you as soon as possible."

A county party secretary isn't a minor position, but for someone of Fang Wenping and her family's stature, this kind of thing was a small favor. It's just a transfer, especially within their sphere of influence.

After hanging up, Fang Wenping said, "Alright, just wait for the news."

Dong Xuebing felt a surge of gratitude and excitement. Old Comrade Fang had come through for him today. Though she had initially only promised to help, now it was becoming a reality. A weight lifted off Dong Xuebing's chest, and he said, "Great, thank you so much."

Fang Wenping waved her hand dismissively.

Dong Xuebing felt that their relationship had significantly improved. Things were looking good.