

## PAW 1758

### Chapter 1758

Several days later,

The news spread wider and wider.

The notorious Dong Xuebing from the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection was about to be dispatched to a small county in the west. This matter had become common knowledge among several oversight offices. Despite Dong Xuebing having been at the Central Commission for less than half a year, his name was well known. Everyone from the first to the tenth oversight office had heard of him and knew he had a significant background and wealth. He drove a top-of-the-line Land Rover with a Beijing license plate to work daily; no one else was like him. Unexpectedly, despite his recent promotion to Director of the Ninth Section, Second Division, he was being dispatched. Of course, many had also heard a rumor that Dong Xuebing had requested the transfer himself, but few believed it. No one would willingly downgrade themselves to the grassroots level; it didn't make sense. Therefore, many speculated that Dong Xuebing had offended some leaders or was involved in something that made him unpopular, resulting in this dispatch.

In no time, attitudes among colleagues changed.

For instance, when Dong Xuebing arrived at work today, many who used to greet him were less enthusiastic warmly. Even acquaintances from other departments who used to nod in passing now avoided him, pretending not to see him. Since no one knew whom Dong Xuebing had offended, avoiding contact seemed the safest course of action. After all, Dong Xuebing was leaving, but they still had to continue working in the same unit, so it was prudent to steer clear. Nobody knew what might happen next.

One person acted this way.

Then two people...

And the behavior spread.

The more colleagues kept their distance from Dong Xuebing, the more others believed that he had truly offended someone. They also started avoiding him to avoid trouble.

Dong Xuebing couldn't help but notice. Throughout his journey to work, he silently observed many things he had grown accustomed to, unsurprised and unchanged emotionally. It wasn't that he didn't hold grudges; instead, he had become accustomed to this kind of avoidance and hostility for more than half of his time in the system. He was used to being disliked; it was nothing new. This helped him develop solid psychological resilience. Despite how others treated him, Dong Xuebing still came to work with a cheerful demeanor. He had experienced too much to be swayed by such negative factors. He remained himself, regardless of others' attitudes.

Now you're avoiding me.

No problem. Eventually, you'll understand why I, Dong Xuebing, chose to go to Jiaolin County."

Second Division, Office Area.

Compared to others, Dong Xuebing's subordinates didn't avoid him. They all knew that Director Dong had requested this transfer himself. He had even pulled many strings and put much effort into securing it. It wasn't because he had offended anyone.

A few days later,

The news continued to spread.

Many senior officials and leaders at the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection were well aware of the situation. Although they couldn't openly discuss it due to their positions, they all understood clearly. For Dong Xuebing to offend someone and be dispatched from the Commission was akin to Zhu Weiye, the director of the Eighth Section, and many other leaders hearing about these rumors and almost bursting out laughing. Wasn't this like an international joke? Who was Dong Xuebing? He was the grandson of the Secretary of the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection, the top leader. Even if Dong Xuebing did want to offend someone, none of the main leaders at the Commission would willingly cross him. Everyone understood that blood ties were closer than any relationship, so the rumors among the staff were naturally baseless.

" Director Dong."

" Director Dong."

"Good morning."

Zhang Lili, Han Fei, and others greeted Dong Xuebing.

"Good morning," Dong Xuebing responded with a grunt. He asked, "Is everyone free this evening?"

"Definitely," Luo Haiting replied. "What about you?"

Zhang Lili and Han Fei nodded in agreement.

Seeing this, Dong Xuebing continued, "Alright, after work, let's go together. We must postpone any other dinner plans; tonight is on me. I'll treat everyone."

Han Fei quipped, "A farewell dinner?"

Dong Xuebing chuckled, "Just a meal. Nothing formal."

Han Fei stuck out her tongue, "Let us treat you instead."

"No need. We'll go to my courtyard house. It's spacious, and I've set up a barbecue grill with charcoal and meat ready. We won't go to a restaurant; we'll barbecue at home. It'll be enjoyable. By the way, does anyone here have dietary restrictions like not eating lamb or pork?"

"I eat everything," Luo Haiting laughed.

"I'm the same. No restrictions," Zhang Lili added.

"Great, let's go together after work." Dong Xuebing checked his watch, realizing it was time to return to work. "Okay then, back to work, everyone."

Although he hadn't explicitly called it a farewell dinner, combined with recent news, everyone had a good idea. This was likely Dong Xuebing's final meal with them before his transfer, which was expected to come soon. Thinking this, they all had mixed feelings. They hadn't wanted Dong Xuebing to leave; he was a rare and kind leader, and they had just begun to settle into a good working relationship. Who would want an unknown person to take over their Second Division?

However, they couldn't change anything and only wish Dong Xuebing well. Despite this, none of them believed Dong Xuebing's transfer was a good thing.

Dong Xuebing continued working.

Luo Haiting and the others went about their tasks.

In the late afternoon, around four o'clock, Dong Xuebing was summoned to Director Fang Wenping's office again. It seemed something was up.

Dong Xuebing went over and knocked on the door before entering.

"Close the door," Fang Wenping said without looking up.

Dong Xuebing complied, closing the door behind him and sitting in front of her.

"You wanted to see me, Director Fang?" Dong Xuebing asked.

Still not lifting her head, Fang Wenping continued to work on some documents, briskly writing on them. "Are you prepared to go down to the grassroots level?"

"I'm following the leadership's arrangement," Dong Xuebing replied.

Fang Wenping pressed, "I'm asking if you're truly prepared."

Dong Xuebing looked at her and answered, "Yes, I'm prepared."

Fang Wenping glanced at him and said, "Then I need to tell you something you don't know. Although I helped arrange this transfer to Jiaolin County, freeing up the Secretary position, I didn't disclose to those who helped me or my family who the candidate for that position would be. This kind of thing can't be kept secret naturally, and my family knows that I arranged your transfer. They've talked to me once, very puzzled and angry. If your transfer had been delayed, they would have blocked it. You should be clear about the longstanding conflicts between our families, not just for a year or two, but for generations. It isn't easy to reconcile. This time, I've faced pressure to get you through."

Dong Xuebing sincerely said, "I understand the pressure you're under. Thank you anyway."

"There's pressure, but whether it's big or not doesn't matter much. My family and even those who know me well know my temperament. I don't care how my family sees me." Fang Wenping put down what she was holding and looked at him. "I called you here to let you know. Going to Jiaolin County will face pressure from various levels, even from the city and provincial levels. My family's control in northern Shaanxi is deeper than you imagine. You, a member of the Xie family, daringly requested this transfer there. I admire your courage. You should know what you're up against."

Dong Xuebing shrugged. "I'll manage."

"Now, if you change your mind, there might still be time. Have you thought it through?"

"I've thought it through. Regardless of the environment over there, I must go down."

Pressure,

Obstacles,

Suppression.

These were things Dong Xuebing was more than familiar with. Every job he'd had was like this. He naturally understood that this upcoming assignment wouldn't be smooth sailing. But Dong Xuebing had that kind of temperament. Sometimes, the more challenges he faced, the more inexplicably excited and fired up he became. He had always been someone who thrived on challenges. It seemed almost subconscious; only challenges could make Dong Xuebing feel and recognize his value. He didn't have a trace of fear. Moreover, an opportunity was waiting for him there, a chance at a deputy bureau-level position. Unless he was foolish, even if it was dangerous or difficult, Dong Xuebing would give it his all. How would he know the outcome without trying?

Fang Wenping nodded. "Alright, I understand."

"Okay, tonight I'll treat you to dinner, Director Fang," Dong Xuebing asked her. "Just come to my house for a barbecue with some colleagues."

"No time. Close the door on your way out." Fang Wenping continued to focus on her documents.

Dong Xuebing smiled and didn't mind. He turned and went back to his office to continue working.

Half an hour, an hour, and two hours passed, and it was nearing the end of the workday. Dong Xuebing finished organizing his work documents and asked Han Fei to submit them upstairs. He was preparing to invite everyone to his home when Dong Xuebing's transfer order finally arrived.

Dong Xuebing was appointed Secretary of the Jiaolin County Committee of the Communist Party of China in northern Shaanxi Province.

Looking at the date of taking office, it was ten days later. Not too rushed; he could still celebrate the Lantern Festival here.