

PAW 1760

Chapter 1760

The next day.

Morning, at home.

Although winter has passed in traditional terms and it's considered spring, the temperature is still very cold.

The weather has been like this for the past couple of years, with hardly any autumn or spring and longer winters and summers.

Dong Xuebing dismantled the second stove in the northern room, tidied up the courtyard, handed over the keys to the family courtyard, and finished packing his luggage. Nodding to himself, he took everything out one by one and stuffed them into the Land Rover he had just picked up from the dealership after servicing yesterday. After packing the trunk, he thought about anything he might have missed in the yard and grabbed a few everyday items. Since he was driving, he estimated it would take a day to get there, so he wasn't in a rush. There were still several days before he took up his new post, so Dong Xuebing planned to take his time. It was natural to prepare some daily necessities for emergencies on the road.

Half an hour later.

Dong Xuebing had everything sorted out. He had nearly finished yesterday, so today was much easier. Checking the time, it was ten o'clock.

Shall we go?

Hmm, let's go.

There's nothing else to do.

Dong Xuebing had already said goodbye to everyone he needed to. No one was left to contact, and he could leave anytime. Stretching lazily and glancing at his home, he closed all the windows and removed the bolts before leaving for his car.

Just returned a few days ago.

Goodbye, Beijing. I'm looking forward to coming back again.

This was Dong Xuebing's home, where he was born and raised. Naturally, he was reluctant to leave, but he had no choice this time. Even though he didn't want to leave, he had to because a person couldn't stand still. Dong Xuebing had to try to seize the opportunities in Shaanbei and the stage in Shaanbei. Dong Xuebing had a relaxed feeling typical of a Beijinger, but relaxation also came in degrees. It seemed to Dong Xuebing that the higher the official position, the more relaxed he would be.

Silently bidding farewell to his home, Dong Xuebing pretended to lament before slowly driving out of the alley, preparing to get on the highway.

Ring ring ring.

A call came in.

Looking at the number, Dong Xuebing sighed. It was unexpectedly a call from Fang Wenping. Dong Xuebing learned yesterday that Fang Wenping had also been transferred to Shaanbei. However, because of the complex relationship between them, sometimes warm and sometimes cold, Dong Xuebing couldn't quite figure it out. So he hadn't called to congratulate her on her promotion. After all, Fang Wenping would be a Deputy provincial governor, while Dong Xuebing was just a tiny county party secretary. Even if they were in the same province, it was too big a place with a city above them. So Dong Xuebing didn't pay much attention. Who would have thought Fang Wenping would call him first? After all, he hadn't contacted her to congratulate her. Dong Xuebing felt a bit embarrassed and coughed, thinking for a moment. It wouldn't be appropriate to ignore the call. After all, she had greatly helped him, and he owed her a big favor.

A few seconds later.

Dong Xuebing answered, "Hello, Director Fang."

Fang Wenping asked directly, "Where are you?"

"Uh, at my doorstep, getting ready to take up my new post," Dong Xuebing answered truthfully.

"I'm also going to Shaanbei," Fang Wenping said straightforwardly.

Dong Xuebing pretended to be ignorant, "Oh, why are you going to Shaanbei? Our Ninth Bureau doesn't cover the Shaanbei region."

"Haven't you heard?" Fang Wenping asked.

Dong Xuebing pretended convincingly, "No, what's going on?"

Fang Wenping said, "I've also been transferred to Shaanbei as the Deputy Provincial Governor."

"Wow?" Dong Xuebing exclaimed, "Congratulations, Director Fang—or should I say Governor Fang now? I always thought you would be promoted sooner. You've been with the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection for so many years, with such seniority. This time, you're definitely—"

Fang Wenping interrupted, "You don't need to flatter me."

Dong Xuebing, trying to continue flattering her, was abruptly cut off, "Uh."

Fang Wenping asked, "I'm calling to ask if you plan to drive to Shaanbei."

Dong Xuebing figured she must have heard about it, so he couldn't deny it, "Yes, I just got in the car and was about to head towards the highway. Why?"

"I'm leaving my post today, too. I'm tired of staying here. Come over to my place, pick me up, and we'll go to Shaanbei together," Fang Wenping suggested.

Dong Xuebing hesitated, "Now?"

"If you don't want to," Fang Wenping's tone turned serious.

"No, it's not that. Okay, sure," Dong Xuebing responded, "Where do you live now? I'll come pick you up."

"I'll send you the address in a moment," Fang Wenping replied.

"Alright," Dong Xuebing said reluctantly as he hung up.

It wasn't that he didn't want to drive Fang Wenping to Shaanbei; that was fine. The problem was Dong Xuebing wasn't mentally prepared for this sudden change. He had planned to leave immediately, so this disrupted his plans. He owed Fang Wenping a favor so that he would go along with it.

Ding ding ding.

A text message arrived.

Dong Xuebing looked at the address and drove over.

It was a small community in the northern part, probably within the Chaoyang District.

Dong Xuebing knew this was Fang Wenping's original home. He had only been to Fang Wenping's family courtyard before and hadn't visited here, so he spent some time figuring out the building. Finally finding the correct building, he exited the car, went up, and rang the doorbell.

Ding dong.

The door opened.

Fang Wenping, dressed in sportswear, opened the door, didn't even glance at him, and walked back inside, saying, "Close the door and find yourself a place to sit."

The room was a bit messy.

It had a sense of being hastily packed.

It was a three-bedroom apartment, quite spacious. Dong Xuebing casually glanced around and then noticed Fang Wenping inside, packing her luggage and stuffing some things into a suitcase. Upon closer inspection, he saw they were underwear and women's clothes. Dong Xuebing had sharp eyes, especially for such things. He instantly noticed several lace-edged bras—white, black, and even one that was purplish-red. He couldn't help but swallow hard, but Fang Wenping showed no intention of turning around, so he continued to steal a few more glances blatantly.

"Why didn't you take a plane?" Dong Xuebing asked.

Fang Wenping, still packing her things with her back turned, replied, "I get dizzy on planes. I only take them as a last resort."

"Oh, then why not take the train?" Dong Xuebing inquired.

Fang Wenping turned around, "If you don't want to take me along, you can leave now. Close the door, and no need to see me off."

"I didn't mean that. I was asking," Dong Xuebing said hastily, realizing he had rushed it.

Fang Wenping continued packing, explaining, "Trains are too stuffy, too crowded, and there's no high-speed rail connection there yet. It's slow, and I can't stand that environment either."

Dong Xuebing reflected for a moment and understood. "You're used to being pampered and can't endure hardships. You've been like this since you were little, living comfortably," Dong Xuebing could relate to such people because his wife, Xie Huilan, was similar—very particular and lazy. Many times, it had annoyed Dong Xuebing greatly. Fang Wenping also grew up in an environment similar to Xie Huilan's. She had never experienced hardships, which made them both very picky, scrutinizing almost everything.

"When should we leave?" Dong Xuebing asked.

"Don't you see I'm still packing? When I'm done," Fang Wenping replied bluntly, continuing to stuff things into her luggage.

Dong Xuebing glanced at her departing figure, said nothing, and went to sit in the living room. He poured himself a glass of water and drank it down.

Ten minutes, half an hour, an hour passed. Dong Xuebing turned on the TV, nearly dozing off. Fang Wenping still wasn't finished on her end—women always have more to do. Dong Xuebing checked the time; it was almost noon. Helpless, he realized they wouldn't be able to leave by noon. His stomach grumbled, and he had no choice but to rummage through the leftovers in the fridge in the kitchen, preparing a simple lunch. He didn't expect Fang Wenping to cook; he wouldn't rely on her for that.

"Food's ready," Dong Xuebing called out.

Fang Wenping turned her head, put down what she was doing, and came out without any courtesy. She sat at the table and started eating with chopsticks, not saying, "How did you manage to make food?"

Dong Xuebing initially maintained a decent attitude toward her, considering he owed her a favor. However, Fang Wenping's repeated attitude was starting to annoy him. Ignoring everything else, he ate his meal alone without engaging with her. After finishing, he didn't even wash the dishes; he watched TV. This was his temperament—if someone treated him well, he would reciprocate. But if they didn't give him a good face, Dong Xuebing wouldn't bother being polite either. Can you do a favor? So what? Should he lose his dignity?

Rubbish.

At this point, Fang Wenping finished her packing. "Done, let's go."

Dong Xuebing saw she was struggling with a heavy box from the bedroom. With a grunt, she dragged it out herself. Dong Xuebing scoffed inwardly but softened a bit. He looked over and extended a hand. Eventually, he took one of the heaviest boxes from her.

"Give it to me," Dong Xuebing insisted.

"No need," Fang Wenping replied.

"I said give it to me. You can't handle it," Dong Xuebing retorted, grabbing it and heading downstairs first.

Fang Wenping said nothing more. She closed her door and brought a lighter suitcase downstairs. Seeing Dong Xuebing open the trunk, she tossed her luggage inside and took the front passenger seat. She leaned back, closing her eyes to rest.

Dong Xuebing glanced at her, thinking, "You sure live a cushy life." He stepped on the gas and drove away.