

PAW 1762

Chapter 1762

Evening.

On the street of a small county town.

Just because Fang Wenping had opened the bracelet packaging, she got into a heated argument with the burly vendor, shouting all around.

Vendor: "One hundred RMB!"

Fang Wenping: "What do you mean, one hundred?"

Vendor: "You opened it, and now you don't want to pay? Trying to cheat?"

Fang Wenping: "You can't just repackage it with double-sided tape and expect me to buy it."

Vendor: "I can't put it back, so you must buy it."

Fang Wenping: "Ha, this is force selling, huh?"

Vendor: "You better pay me one hundred RMB right now or face the consequences!"

Fang Wenping: "You say I should pay? I've never heard of having to pay just because I opened a plastic bag. Do you think you're selling medicine?"

Vendor: "Don't act all high and mighty with me."

Fang Wenping: "That's what I want to say to you."

Vendor: "Hey, you're not backing down, huh?"

The burly vendor stood up from his stall and glared at Fang Wenping.

But Fang Wenping was not easily intimidated. She was a seasoned woman who had dealt with countless tough situations and was not fazed by his threats. Her eyes turned cold as she shouted, “I’m telling you now, I’m not buying your stuff. The money is in my hands. If I want to buy, I’ll buy; if I don’t, I won’t. If you’re not happy, come and rob me. If you rob me, I’ll give you every cent from my wallet. Come on!” She continued, “Force selling, and you still think you’re in the right? What are you trying to do, scare me? I’ve seen worse. I’m not afraid of you.”

Vendor: “Fine, so you’ve met someone tough today.”

Dong Xuebing quickly walked up and stood beside Fang Wenping. Despite their earlier disagreements, Dong Xuebing was firmly on her side. The vendor's aggressive tactics had also gotten under his skin. Dong Xuebing didn’t say a word but stood by Fang Wenping, ready to act if necessary.

The vendor, dressed in traditional ethnic attire, did not act immediately. Instead, he pointed at Fang Wenping and then, without even glancing at Dong Xuebing, pulled out his phone and made a call, clearly ignoring Dong Xuebing. Meanwhile, many other vendors in traditional attire began to gather around, eyeing Fang Wenping with hostility. Some began shouting in a language Fang Wenping and Dong Xuebing didn’t understand, calling for more people to come.

Vendor (on the phone): “Hey, get some people over here.”

Other Person: “What’s going on?”

Vendor: “Someone’s opened the stuff and isn’t paying.”

Other Person: “Damn it, we’re on our way.”

Vendor: “Hurry up, let’s show them what’s what.”

After hanging up, the vendor stayed close to Fang Wenping, surrounded by others.

In this way, around seven or eight people surrounded them, with Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping in the middle. They looked around.

Dong Xuebing's face darkened. He couldn't stand seeing this kind of thing—force-selling and brazenly treating him like nothing.

Dong Xuebing: "Let me handle it."

Fang Wenping: "Let the police deal with it."

Dong Xuebing thought it over and agreed. Since they were here for official duties and it was best not to escalate the situation, it would be ideal if the police could handle it.

Fang Wenping picked up her phone and called the police.

The surrounding ethnic minority individuals watched but didn't interfere, glaring at them fiercely as if ready to pounce. They were sticking together.

Fang Wenping: "Hello, is this the police station?"

Police: "Yes."

Fang Wenping: "There's someone here engaged in force selling, and they've blocked us. Could you send someone from the station to handle this?"

Police: "What force selling? Just pay for it."

Fang Wenping: "The price is ten times more than it should be. Why should I pay?"

Police: "Fine, just wait then." The officer hung up before Fang Wenping could say more.

Fang Wenping told Dong Xuebing, "They should be on their way. What kind of attitude is that from the police?"

Dong Xuebing wasn't surprised, having worked in grassroots positions for many years and knowing the local way of doing things.

At this moment, the people called by the burly vendor had arrived. They could have been nearby merchants or relatives; dozens of people showed up either way. Some women came with children, and some middle-aged and young men were armed with sticks and hammers. They surrounded Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping with a fierce demeanor, glaring at them with hostility.

Crowd: “Who are they?”

Vendor: “It’s these two.”

Crowd Member: “Dare to defy us?”

Crowd Member: “Opened the stuff and now won’t pay.”

Crowd Member: “Do you think we’re easy to bully?”

Crowd Member: “Talking to you two, where are you looking? Look at me!”

The scene was chaotic. Dong Xuebing counted roughly forty-five people and frowned. How did so many people show up? The ethnic minorities here were sticking together. Dong Xuebing instinctively moved closer to Fang Wenping to protect her. This was something any man should do in such a situation.

But Fang Wenping pushed him aside and faced the crowd directly.

Fang Wenping: “So what now?”

Vendor: “So, are you going to pay or not?”

Woman with Child: “One hundred isn’t enough. Pay one thousand, or you’re not leaving.”

Middle-Aged Man with Stick: “You think you can break our stuff and not pay? Do you think we’re nothing?”

Dong Xuebing had seen arrogance before, but nothing like this. This wasn't a village; it was a county town. These ethnic minorities were openly robbing people. Dong Xuebing, used to dealing with such things, was furious. This was blatant robbery! How dare they? What gave them the right to be so lawless?

Crowd: "Pay up!"

Crowd: "Give us the money!"

Crowd: "What is this?"

Crowd: "Buy the bracelet, and we'll let it go, or you'll regret it."

Crowd: "Do you even know who you're dealing with? You come here to travel and act so arrogant?"

Dozens of people, led by the burly man, continued to shout at Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping. Many nearby tourists watched the commotion but quickly distanced themselves, seemingly not wanting to get involved. As for the Han Chinese vendors, they pretended not to see and continued with their business, perhaps accustomed to such force-selling incidents by now.

The crowd closed in tighter and tighter.

Dong Xuebing kept Fang Wenping behind him, his face darkening. Those who knew him could tell he was on the verge of exploding.

There were too many people, and they were all local ethnic minorities.

Fang Wenping likely felt that Dong Xuebing might be unable to handle so many people or that the situation was worsening. She turned to him and said, "Don't act rashly. Wait for the police."

Dong Xuebing remained silent, his eyes cold.

Finally, the sound of police sirens echoed.

The ethnic minority group didn't lower their weapons or sticks; instead, they just glanced at the approaching police cars but didn't move.

The cars stopped. Several police officers got out.

Officer: "What's going on?"

Officer: "What are you all doing?"

Officer: "Disperse, disperse."

The police began to disperse the crowd.

However, the ethnic minority group did not leave. They merely cleared a small path for the police to pass as if that was a significant concession. The police didn't say anything further and quickly made their way through the crowd to find Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping.

Lead Officer: "Who called the police?"

Fang Wenping stepped forward.

Lead Officer: "Alright, come with us to the station. We'll sort things out there."

The vendor was not happy. "They tore open my goods and won't pay. Nobody leaves until they do. Pay up first."

The lead officer replied calmly, "We'll handle the issue. Let's go to the station and discuss it there."

Fang Wenping said coldly, "They were engaged in force selling. What about them?"

The lead officer lowered his voice, "Hurry up and get in the police car. If anything happens, we won't be able to manage it. Get in the car first."

With that, the lead officer led the way out.

The other younger officers quickly pulled Fang Wenping and Dong Xuebing out of the crowd. They hurried them into the police car, which drove away swiftly.

Looking back, the ethnic minority group did not give up. They followed on foot, seemingly intent on accompanying them to the police station.