

PAW 1765

Chapter 1765

Dong Xuebing said, "Why should I give them money?"

Fang Wenping squinted and added, "So this is what your police chief says?"

"We're doing this for your good," Chief Zhu said confidently. "This isn't the first time something like this has happened, and it's never easy to handle. Just give them the money for now. Once they're gone, we'll have a police car take you to where your car is, and then you can leave."

Dong Xuebing asked, "And what about our money?"

Chief Zhu remained silent, thinking these two were clueless.

Return the money? The people outside surrounded the police station's entrance and were still expecting to get their money back.

From Chief Zhu's perspective, this was paying to avoid trouble, which was better than getting beaten up. There were more than fifty people outside, almost all holding some weapon. Considering that the two of them—one middle-aged woman and one skinny young man—were standing up to them, it was already fortunate that nothing had happened. But they still didn't appreciate it and wanted justice. How naive could they be? Chief Zhu had handled dozens of such conflicts between tourists and the local ethnic minorities. He had developed a method and experience for dealing with these situations. Tourists, after all, are just passing through in small numbers. Once they leave, they're gone. But the local minorities live here permanently, and they can't be provoked. Naturally, he chose to sacrifice the tourists' interests. It was the logical approach.

Chief Zhu said, "A thousand RMB isn't much, right? Judging by your attire, you're not short of money." He just wanted to wrap this up quickly so they could go home for dinner. Otherwise, who knew how long they'd be stuck here?

Fang Wenping responded, "Who told you we don't care about a thousand RMB? What can a thousand RMB do? It can buy me ten meals or a lot of daily necessities. Why would I spend it on a bracelet worth only ten RMB? Damn it, I'd rather feed the money to dogs than give it to them!"

Chief Zhu's face darkened. These two are so ungrateful. Do they think they're somebody? Can't they see what's happening? The people outside, armed with sticks, were about to break in, and these two were still stubborn. Just pay up, and the problem will be solved. There's no need to complicate things. Chief Zhu only thought of himself, not Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping. Even though they were victims this time, paying the money would resolve the issue, allowing him and his officers to go home. As for whether Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping lost money or what they thought of the situation, Chief Zhu didn't care. This was just how they handled things here.

The young officer who had previously clashed with Dong Xuebing sneered, "Chief Zhu already explained, and you're still stubborn, causing trouble. Let me tell you, our police station can protect you for a moment, but we can't protect you forever. If you don't pay them, they won't let this go. We've seen this kind of thing many times. How long do you think you can hold out?"

Dong Xuebing, with a cold expression, retorted, "Who the hell needs your protection? There are criminals outside, and instead of arresting them, you're staring us down—the victims! Get lost! Do you think I'm going to back down? You have no idea who I am! This is the first time I've seen victims being told to compromise with criminals. What a joke! Maybe you've handled things this way before, always bullying the weak, but let me tell you something: I, Dong Xuebing, have never been afraid of anyone!"

The police officers exchanged glances, thinking Dong Xuebing was bluffing. It's no wonder they thought that. There were more than fifty people outside, all armed. It wasn't just a matter of one man and one woman; even if dozens of people came, they might not be able to take on the ethnic minority traders. These people had been through countless fights over the years. And here was one guy, talking tough? It was laughable.

None of them took Dong Xuebing seriously.

And indeed, Dong Xuebing didn't look like someone who could fight; he was just good at cursing. The police had seen plenty of people like him.

Chief Zhu frowned and asked the older officer, "Who is he?"

"I don't know, but he's been pretty aggressive since he got here," the older officer replied helplessly.

The younger officer whispered, "Just some tourists. From their accent, they sound like they're from Beijing. People from there are always arrogant; you can't talk sense to them."

Chief Zhu snorted, "Ingrates."

Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping couldn't hear what they were saying, but they could read the expressions on their faces.

Dong Xuebing immediately said, "I just want to ask you now, and it's the last time I'll ask: They're committing robbery, forcing sales, and extortion, and your solution is for us to give them money, even here in the police station. Is that your way of handling this?"

Chief Zhu asked him, "Then what do you want to do?"

Dong Xuebing replied, "I'm telling you, not a single penny."

This was becoming contentious, and the police officers were losing their patience. They'd never seen anyone as obstinate as this. Couldn't he see the situation he was in?

Fang Wenping also said, "So, you won't handle the people outside?"

The officers were in no mood to talk anymore. Even the chief had come down personally to mediate, and these two still didn't appreciate it. What else could they say?

Fang Wenping understood, "Alright if you can't handle it, we'll take care of it ourselves." After a pause, she turned to Dong Xuebing, "Xiao Dong."

Dong Xuebing nodded, "Yes?"

Fang Wenping called him over, and only the two could hear her as she pointed to the group outside, "What do you think?"

Dong Xuebing knew precisely what she was asking, and he smiled, "Piece of cake."

"Are you sure?" Fang Wenping asked, "There are over fifty people out there now. It looks like there are even more—about sixty. Can you handle it?"

Dong Xuebing felt underestimated and wasn't pleased. He pouted and said, "Didn't I tell you? Do you think I was bragging? It's not just sixty people—if I got serious, I could take on six hundred. And judging by the physical condition of that lot out there, I'll take your last name if I can't finish them off in five minutes. How's that?"

Fang Wenping said firmly, "Alright, I'll leave it to you."

Dong Xuebing chuckled, "I've been waiting for you to say that. Just watch—this is nothing. If I can't handle these people, I shouldn't be called Dong Xuebing."