

## PAW 1767

### Chapter 1767

Outside.

In the small courtyard of the police station.

Fang Wenping tried to move forward, but Dong Xuebing stopped her, concerned for her safety as a woman. He didn't let her go outside, keeping her in the hallway where it was safer. Dong Xuebing straightened his clothes, paying attention to his appearance, and then slowly stepped out of the hallway.

Many police officers followed him out. Although Director Zhu had told Dong Xuebing to handle things himself, they were still uneasy. If it were just a few ethnic minorities, it might be manageable, but there were fifty or sixty people, densely packed and almost filling the police station. The small courtyard of their station seemed to have no room left; looking around, it was all people, and then sticks, clubs, and hoes.

People not far outside were also watching the commotion.

"What's going on?"

"Why are there so many people?"

"It's the forced selling again, and it's those ethnic minorities."

"The street vendors have even come to the police station. It's outrageous."

"Who can manage them? They're so united, and they're minorities. The police station doesn't dare to deal with them. It's as if minorities are naturally superior to us, with college entrance exam bonuses and all sorts of special treatment. Now, they're not only getting away with breaking the law but are even bullying tourists. Who knows if they'll start targeting us Han people? It's infuriating. The Han people have a larger population. Why should we be bullied just because we're more? This is upside down. I don't understand what the police are thinking."

"That's right."

“But what can we do if they don’t do anything?”

“It’s impossible to live here with this. When Han people break the law, the police come glaring and scolding. But when minorities break the law, they act politely and respectfully. What’s going on? It’s not that I’m prejudiced against minorities, but it can’t be this unfair.”

Many locals were pointing and discussing the scene, even though they had seen similar situations. They were still outraged, indicating deep-seated ethnic tensions. People were upset with the minorities, and their dissatisfaction was evident. However, like the police, the locals felt intimidated by the close-knit minority groups and dared not intervene.

“Oh.”

“Someone is coming out.”

“Who’s that young man?”

“He’s the tourist who was a victim of force selling, and there’s a woman with him.”

“Hey, why is he coming out? Doesn’t he see all these people surrounding him? How dare the police station let him out alone?”

“I don’t know. Why is he coming out?”

“Just let the police handle them and pay money for the goods.”

The locals looked at Dong Xuebing with suspicion.

The ethnic minorities in the courtyard all focused on him, their eyes filled with hostility. Even though Dong Xuebing didn’t know why they were so enraged, he could tell from their expressions that they seemed ready to tear him apart. The few women among them looked especially fierce. Dong Xuebing smiled and stood in front of them without showing any concern.

The burly vendor didn't expect Dong Xuebing actually to come out alone. He paused, then pointed at Dong Xuebing with his chin and said, "Where's the money?"

Dong Xuebing smiled, "What money?"

"The money for my goods," the vendor insisted.

Dong Xuebing responded, "Where are your goods? Show them to me."

The vendor sneered, "Don't worry about where the goods are. Just give us the money first. One thousand RMB. Hand over the money, apologize, and we'll leave. We won't make things difficult for you."

\*\*Dong Xuebing said, "You're not even pretending to have the goods. You're just demanding money. Do you know what this is? This is robbery and extortion." Dong Xuebing was genuinely furious. Before, they had used an item as a cover, making Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping pay. Now, seeing that the police station wasn't taking action, these people had stopped pretending and were openly robbing them right in the police station. Looking at the discontented locals outside and the indifferent officers behind Dong Xuebing felt deep despair and was even more determined to settle scores with these people.

Trying to be tough,

You've picked the wrong person to mess with.

"No money?" The ethnic minorities were momentarily stunned.

"Extortion and robbery, stop talking nonsense," many people rushed forward, surrounding Dong Xuebing angrily.

Dong Xuebing remained calm, "Extorting me, and you still have this expression? I don't know where you get all this anger from. If anyone should be angry, it should be me, right?" Ignoring the people and sticks around him, Dong Xuebing stood there calmly and said, "I'm telling you right now, and I won't repeat myself. There is no money, and I won't give you any. You've already broken the law. If you obediently go to the police station and confess, I might let you go today as if nothing happened. But if you refuse to comply and keep insisting, don't blame me, Dong Xuebing."

He issued a firm warning.

The ethnic minorities were stunned, unable to believe their ears. Despite having surrounded Dong Xuebing with fifty or sixty people, it seemed they had misunderstood. Didn't they see the current situation? Were they asking them to confess and be punished? Were they joking? Didn't Dong Xuebing know his place in this situation? The whole scene was absurd.

The crowd erupted in chaos.

The outside crowd was also shocked.

No one expected that not only would the young man not bring money, but he also issued an ultimatum and came to demand justice.

Dong Xuebing looked at the crowd and continued, "If you—"

Before he could finish, the burly vendor swung a wooden stick without warning, a fierce expression on his face. With a heavy thud, he struck Dong Xuebing on the head. The blow was so severe that the wooden stick broke and fell to the ground.

The scene fell silent.

The crowd outside held their breath.

But Dong Xuebing just smiled, touched his head, and laughed chillingly.