

PAW 1772

Chapter 1772

"Xiao Yang.

Xiao Li.

Xiao Sun.

Such terms of address are usually used when there is a significant difference in social status or age. However, even if Fang Wenping is a few years older than Deputy Director Yang, the age difference shouldn't be as much as ten years. At most, it would be a couple of years. Yet here she is, calling someone a Deputy director of a provincial department 'Xiao Yang'.

"..."

"Uh..."

"This..."

The crowd below was in shock.

But even more astonishing was that Deputy Director Yang, upon hearing this, only gave a wry smile. He didn't get angry. Instead, he approached her and said, "How could I not care about this? The main issues were the distance and the poor road conditions. I rushed as fast as I could to get here. Look at the sweat on my clothes." He even wiped his sweat to prove his point for her to see. "See? It's not that I wasn't attentive."

Fang Wenping waved her hand impatiently, "Stop with the excuses. Get the problem solved quickly." It was clear that the two were very well acquainted and seemed to be long-time friends.

"Alright, I'll get someone on it." Deputy Director Yang turned his face stern and spoke to Deputy Director Cheng, "Old Cheng, didn't you say you'd handle this before I arrived? It's been so long, and nothing has been done yet?"

Deputy Director Cheng replied, "We're handling it as fast as possible."

“Get the people under control immediately,” Deputy Director Yang ordered. “Arrest the ones involved in the forced buying and selling, as well as those inciting trouble inside.”

Director Zhu, feeling guilty, said, “The people were just sent to the hospital. They’re all quite seriously injured.”

“The hospital?” Deputy Director Yang noticed the blood and broken sticks on the ground for the first time.

Fang Wenping said, “Hurry up, I’m waiting to go to bed.”

The term “Xiao Yang” was already quite shocking, but Deputy Director Yang’s next words were even more startling. “Don’t worry. Since you, Governor Fang, instructed me, how could I be negligent?”

Governor.

Governor Fang.

This statement was like a thunderclap.

Director Zhu and the officers at the station were stunned.

“What the heck... so this person is a provincial governor?”

No wonder the response to the forced buying and selling was so uncompromising. It turns out this woman is a provincial leader.

Deputy Director Cheng, who had just arrived, gasped. He now understood why someone dared to call Deputy Director Yang ‘Xiao Yang’ and why Deputy Director Yang came here personally. The young person he had spoken about earlier also had an extraordinary background. No wonder their conversation was so impolite. They didn’t regard him, a mere Deputy Bureau Director level, as significant. Realizing this, Deputy Director Cheng was no longer angry. Instead, he was afraid that they might hold a grudge against him.

The situation changed too quickly.

This was an outcome nobody had expected.

The ethnic minority group outside was also stunned. They hadn't anticipated that the people they had just surrounded and were about to beat up had such high status.

"Oh no."

"What now?"

"What do we do?"

The troublemakers were panicking.

It was clear that many members of the ethnic minority group, realizing the gravity of the situation, were slowly retreating. It seemed they were planning to flee.

Dong Xuebing glanced over but chose to ignore them. The key culprits had already been subdued—some were in ambulances, and others were being taken to the hospital. As long as they couldn't escape, Dong Xuebing wasn't planning to chase them down to the end. His goal was to get an explanation; he was in the right, and they couldn't just turn black into white. If they wanted to argue, he was ready for a fight.

At this point, Director Zhu dared not glare at Dong Xuebing. He backed down and quickly instructed his subordinates, "Hurry up and manage the people being sent to the hospital. Keep them under surveillance; none of them can escape."

Dong Xuebing said, "Didn't you just say you were short on police force?"

Director Zhu hesitated, "Comrade, it might have been..."

"Stop with the 'Comrade' already," Dong Xuebing cut him off. "If you had handled this properly, there wouldn't have been any issues. Ethnic minority problems are always tricky, no matter where

you are. We know that. If you had calmly talked to us, we could have understood. But instead, you took a biased stance right away. How is that working?”

Director Zhu wiped the sweat from his forehead, “You’re right. We were negligent.”

“Negligence is a dereliction of duty,” Dong Xuebing said. “Fortunately, I was here today. If it were just Governor Fang, would you have taken responsibility if something went wrong?” Dong Xuebing still remembered the earlier incident and was now reprimanding them.

Director Zhu said, “I’m sorry. We were at fault.” He then turned to Fang Wenping, “Governor Fang, I sincerely apologize for the inconvenience. We’ll follow up and handle this seriously and not let any criminals escape.”

Fang Wenping ignored him.

Deputy Director Cheng took over. “There’s no need for your police station to be involved. The city will handle this as a case study and crack down on it.” He then looked at Deputy Director Yang and asked, “What do you think?”

Deputy Director Yang nodded.

With that, the situation was quickly resolved.

Once things were settled, Deputy Director Yang turned to Fang Wenping, “Sister Fang, are you injured?”

“With Xiao Dong here, they couldn’t hurt me.” Fang Wenping said calmly.

Deputy Director Yang looked at Dong Xuebing, unsure who he was, only knowing he had been quite impressive earlier. “I heard you blocked sixty people on your own?” He didn’t believe it at first, thinking it was an exaggeration.

Dong Xuebing replied, “If I hadn’t, would you have relied on the people from the police station?”

Deputy Director Yang gave him a deep look. “Who are you?”

Fang Wenping introduced him, “You should have heard of Dong Xuebing from Beijing.”

Deputy Director Yang was stunned, “The one who made a stir at the National Security Bureau?”

“That’s me,” Dong Xuebing said, shaking his hand. “I’m surprised to hear that Deputy Director Yang knows of me.”

“I used to work in Beijing too. I’ve not only heard of you but have long admired your reputation,” Deputy Director Yang’s attitude softened, and he smiled. “I just heard someone report that someone blocked sixty people and took down twenty or thirty. I didn’t believe it. I thought, who could have such combat capability? It turns out it was you. Now I believe it.” He knew Dong Xuebing’s background was on par with Fang Wenping’s and understood the situation better.