

## PAW 1773

### Chapter 1773

Looking at the watch.

It was already past ten at night.

The scene had mostly cleared up. The crowd had dispersed, the injured were under control, and the ethnic minorities involved mainly had returned to their homes. With Deputy Director Yang's instructions, the situation was quickly resolved and handled, and everything was settled.

Afterward, Deputy Director Yang said, "Sister Fang, do you think this handling is okay?"

Fang Wenping calmly replied, "You handle your matters. No need to ask me."

"Alright then," Deputy Director Yang checked the time, "Wow, it's so late. Sister Fang, this incident is on me. I didn't provide proper protection for you. If I had known you were coming, I would have arranged for a car escort. Fortunately, nothing happened to you. Otherwise, I would be in serious trouble. It's in my jurisdiction, so I feel quite embarrassed. Let me treat you and Xiao Dong to a meal to help you relax."

Fang Wenping said, "No need for that."

"Yes, it's necessary. I rarely see you, so I can't just let you leave like this. That would be too impolite," Deputy Director Yang said with a smile.

Fang Wenping hesitated, "Alright then, but I'll invite you."

Deputy Director Yang said, "You're scolding me now. That won't do."

"It's decided then. You've come all the way here and been so helpful. It's only right to treat you to a meal," Fang Wenping said firmly. "Don't argue. If you keep insisting, I won't go."

Deputy Director Yang smiled wryly, "Okay, let's go. Get in my car."

Dong Xuebing said, "Let's head to the square first, Director Yang. My car is parked over there."

Deputy Director Yang agreed and instructed the driver, "Go to the small square."

After Dong Xuebing and Fang Wenping got into his car, Deputy Director Yang took a few steps back, called someone, and instructed one of his subordinates. He also asked them to arrange a meal for the city bureau colleagues, ensuring that they didn't feel neglected, especially since Deputy Director Yang called them. Even if they weren't qualified to dine with Fang Wenping, it was important not to ignore them. It was already quite late, and even if it was overtime, they should be compensated. Only after arranging everything did Deputy Director Yang get into his car.

At the small square.

When the car stopped, Dong Xuebing got out to retrieve his vehicle.

The square was now completely deserted. It was unclear whether it was the late hour or if the ethnic minority vendors had heard some news, but the entire street was empty, a stark contrast to the earlier bustling scene. Only a few scattered pedestrians were visible. After a quick look, Dong Xuebing got into his Land Rover and flashed his headlights twice to signal Deputy Director Yang's car, which then led the way. The Audi was in front, driving at a slow pace. Dong Xuebing pressed the gas pedal to catch up, estimating they were heading towards a restaurant or hotel.

Ah, what a day.

But with the tension eased, Dong Xuebing yawned several times, feeling quite tired. He was looking forward to a good night's sleep.

After dinner.

It was already 11:30.

Dong Xuebing wasn't very familiar with Deputy Director Yang, so there wasn't much conversation. The meal was mostly polite chatter.

Deputy Director Yang said, "It's getting late. I'm heading back now. Sister Fang, when are you leaving? Spend a few more days here. I'll arrange for someone..."

“Forget it,” Fang Wenping said. “We’ll leave tomorrow morning.”

Deputy Director Yang responded warmly, “In such a hurry? I would take a few days off to show you around.”

Fang Wenping looked at him and said, “You have enough to deal with. There's no need for that. It's fine; you should head back early. I'm sorry for the trouble today.”

Deputy Director Yang smiled, “You're too polite. You've taken good care of me before. This isn't a trouble at all. It's only right.”

Fang Wenping nodded, “I'll settle the bill. Don't worry about it.”

Deputy Director Yang knew her temperament and didn't argue, “Alright then.”

Dong Xuebing, feeling very tired, asked, “Are rooms still available at the hotel?”

“Yes, I had someone book them earlier. The key cards are at the front desk—two business rooms. The hotels here aren't great, so we have to make do,” Deputy Director Yang had thoughtfully arranged everything, likely having been well cared for by Fang Wenping's family in the past.

Soon, Deputy Director Yang left.

Fang Wenping and Dong Xuebing took the key cards and went upstairs.

“We'll leave at eight in the morning,” Fang Wenping said briefly before opening her door and entering.

“Alright, I'll be ready by seven,” Dong Xuebing started to say, but the door was already closed, leaving him speechless as he entered his room.

Damn old hag.

Forget it, don't mind her.

The room wasn't large, but it did have a computer.

Dong Xuebing stretched lazily, took a hot shower, put on the hotel bathrobe, and comfortably snuggled into the bed. It felt warm and cozy. He turned over and prepared to sleep, exhausted from the day.

But after ten or thirty minutes, Dong Xuebing could not sleep. Sometimes, the more one wants to sleep, the harder it is to fall asleep. He had been quite tired earlier, but now, as he lay in bed, he was wide awake. Dong Xuebing sighed in frustration. Working with the discipline inspection committee for the past six months had been too leisurely, and he had developed a habit of insomnia. In the past, when he worked at the grassroots level, he was always exhausted and would fall asleep as soon as he got home. Of course, today might differ due to other factors—mainly the upcoming appointment as the county party secretary. Being the top leader of a county was a first for him; he had only ever led smaller departments before, so it was inevitable to feel some mental excitement.

Unable to sleep, he decided to use the computer.

In the middle of the night, Dong Xuebing, wrapped in his bathrobe, sat at the computer, browsed the news, and did some preliminary research on the neighboring county he was about to go to. He had started this work recently, but it wasn't significant yet. The information he found was mostly superficial; some things could only be understood through firsthand experience.

While Dong Xuebing was idly dealing with his insomnia, he suddenly heard faint footsteps outside, which seemed to stop at his door.

Knock, knock, knock.

Someone was knocking.

Dong Xuebing checked the time. At this hour, hotel staff usually wouldn't disturb guests. He had encountered such situations before and assumed it was another service request. He called out, "No service needed."

Service?

Dong Xuebing had frequently encountered such situations while traveling or staying at hotels, often receiving little cards slid under the door. He responded without waiting for further questions.

But then, a female voice came from outside.

“Service my ass. Open the door!”

Sweat.

It was Fang Wenping.

Only Fang Wenping could curse in such a standard Beijing dialect in this situation.

"Uh, wait a minute, I'll be right there," Dong Xuebing said awkwardly. He cleared his throat and quickly tightened his robe. He wasn't wearing anything underneath, and it was too late to put on clothes, so he adjusted his bathrobe to look tidier. As he reached the door, he suddenly realized the time. Wasn't Fang Wenping supposed to be going to bed and leaving at eight in the morning? Why was she coming over so late? Did something happen with the injured at the hospital or with the ethnic minority group?

Dong Xuebing opened the door, and was taken aback to see Fang Wenping dressed in a hotel bathrobe. Dong Xuebing was relatively thin, and the robe looked loose on him. However, Fang Wenping looked perfectly fitted in hers, as if it had been custom-tailored for her body. The belt was tied neatly.

"Is something wrong?" Dong Xuebing asked.

Fang Wenping walked into the room, "What could be wrong?"

Dong Xuebing said, "If nothing's wrong, why are you here?"

Fang Wenping's voice was deep, "I couldn't sleep, so I came over for a walk. Is that okay?"

"Sure, sure," Dong Xuebing said helplessly, closing the door. Only then did he notice the liquor bottle in Fang Wenping's hand. "Oh, you brought alcohol."

Fang Wenping casually sat on the small sofa, "It's from home. Have a drink with me."

Dong Xuebing thought she didn't even ask if he was sleeping. She really didn't treat him as an outsider, but it just so happened that he was having trouble sleeping, too. "Alright."

Fang Wenping instructed, "Glasses."

"Coming," Dong Xuebing said, fetching two glasses.

Fang Wenping poured the liquor, took a big sip from her glass, and then shook her hair, which smelled shampoo. She naturally took off her slippers, folded her legs, and sat on the sofa in a position that resembled a mermaid. The split in her bathrobe exposed her smooth, full thighs, and her small, white feet rested quietly on the sofa—very calm and refined.

Dong Xuebing swallowed hard, pulled out a chair from behind the computer desk, and sat opposite her. He sipped his drink but couldn't help but steal glances at her. The bathrobe was loose, and with her semi-reclining position, the robe gaped slightly at the neck, revealing a deep cleavage.

Bare.

No underwear.

Fang Wenping lifted her glass, "Drink up."

"Ah, yes, drinking," Dong Xuebing said quickly, taking another sip.

Dong Xuebing was already feeling a bit tipsy. What was going on? When did Fang Wenping become so charming and seductive? It wasn't her style at all.

He thought, You and I both know each other well enough. You're not fooling anyone with this seductive act.

Dong Xuebing couldn't quite understand the situation. But with such a beautiful woman accompanying him for a drink, he certainly wouldn't drive her away. Although she was a bit older, she had a certain charm.