

PAW 1778

Chapter 1778

Evening.

Shanbei Province.

After a whole day on edge, Dong Xuebing finally arrived at the provincial capital, thanks to Fang Wenping's driving. The car sped straight into the city without any hesitation. Dong Xuebing, however, had a rough time. He had planned to catch up on some sleep, but he didn't dare close his eyes even a moment during the journey.

It was already dark.

But it wasn't late yet, and the streets were still bustling with people.

In fact, with Fang Wenping's speed, they should have arrived in the provincial capital earlier in the afternoon. However, Fang Wenping took a few extra exits and drove around the area as if she were on a sightseeing tour. This detour took up much time and left Dong Xuebing feeling nauseous and almost car sick. But there was nothing he could say about it—he knew Fang Wenping well enough to realize that even if he complained, she wouldn't listen.

Finally, they arrived.

Finally, they can get some proper rest.

Dong Xuebing glanced around at the local culture and urban development. It was different from what he had imagined—not as bustling. He could even see mountains in the distance. What he did like, however, was that this place was an ancient capital with an intense cultural atmosphere and a pleasant architectural style. This suited Dong Xuebing's tastes, likely because he was born in Beijing. He had grown up in a similar environment and appreciated the cultural ambiance of Beijing and other parts of China. In contrast, he wasn't particularly interested in internationalized cities like Shanghai and Shenzhen. He found their pace too fast and somewhat superficial, which didn't align with his personality or ideal values.

He rolled down the car window, noticing the air was a bit dry.

Dong Xuebing turned his head and asked, "What's the plan now?"

Fang Wenping replied, "Find a place to rest. I'm tired."

Dong Xuebing thought to himself, Of course, you're tired. You've been driving so fast, even after getting off the highway. You must have been tense the whole time, and that's exhausting.

There was a hotel up ahead.

Fang Wenping drove the car over, and they entered the lobby.

"You go book the room and use your ID," Fang Wenping said matter-of-factly.

Dong Xuebing was puzzled. "Why should I use mine? I can only book my room. What about yours?"

Fang Wenping replied, "Book a suite, preferably with two bedrooms. It's inconvenient for me to show my ID. I still have several days before I officially take office. I came early to look around and see what the situation is like here. If people find out I'm already here, I won't be able to observe things properly."

Dong Xuebing glanced at her. Although Fang Wenping could be pretty tricky, she understood the situation more clearly than he did. Indeed, if her ID were registered, the public security department could track it. However, booking a suite meant they would have to share a room at night.

At the front desk.

Dong Xuebing asked, "Do you have a presidential suite?"

The staff member looked at him. "We don't have a presidential suite. We only have a large suite."

"What's a large suite?" Dong Xuebing inquired.

“It’s a family suite with two bedrooms,” the female staff member explained.

Dong Xuebing handed her his ID. “Alright, I’ll take that one. Book a room.”

“How many days would you like to stay?” the female staff member asked.

After considering it, Dong Xuebing decided to go the extra mile. “Let’s book it for ten days to start. You can charge it to my card,” he handed over his bank card.

After everything was settled, Dong Xuebing headed upstairs first. A moment later, Fang Wenping took the elevator and followed him up.

When she arrived, Dong Xuebing used the room key card to open the door. Upon entering, he found the environment lovely and well worth the price. As he walked further in, he noticed that while the bedroom and living room weren’t huge, they were nicely decorated with a cozy, warm atmosphere featuring warm color tones in the decor.

“You can have the master bedroom,” Dong Xuebing offered courteously. Well, it wasn’t just courtesy—there was no way he could let a vice governor stay in the secondary bedroom.

“How much did it cost?” Fang Wenping asked as she set down her things.

"What do you mean, how much?" Dong Xuebing asked, puzzled.

Fang Wenping replied, "The room fee. How much for ten days?"

Dong Xuebing waved it off, "How much could it be? Don’t worry about it; I’ll cover it." In reality, it wasn’t cheap. After all, the room was quite nice, probably the best in the hotel. Even though the cost of living here in the provincial capital couldn’t compare to Beijing, the prices weren’t much different—at most, it might be 20% cheaper. But Dong Xuebing didn’t care about that; he didn’t even think about the cost, so when Fang Wenping suddenly asked, it caught him off guard.

Fang Wenping looked at him, "I asked you how much."

Dong Xuebing replied helplessly, "Around seven or eight thousand for ten days, I think. I didn't pay much attention."

Fang Wenping then took a package from her bag, counted eight thousand yuan, and tossed it to him.

Dong Xuebing only took four thousand, "I'm staying here too, so I should cover half."

"How many days are you staying?" Fang Wenping frowned. "Aren't you leaving tomorrow?"

Sweat.

What do you mean, leaving tomorrow?

Are you kicking me out?

Dong Xuebing, half-amused and half-annoyed, said, "I still have a few days before I take office. There's no rush, right?"

"It's better to go early, get to know the situation and prepare in advance. This time, you're going as the top leader." Fang Wenping's words sounded like she was being considerate, but no matter how Dong Xuebing thought about it, it felt like she was urging him to leave.

What could he say?

Dong Xuebing said, "Alright, fine."

"By the way," Fang Wenping extended her hand, "Give me the car keys."

Dong Xuebing blinked in confusion, "Why?"

"Just hand them over," Fang Wenping demanded without further explanation.

Dong Xuebing reluctantly reached into his pocket and handed her the keys, "Are you going out?"

Fang Wenping took the keys and casually put them in her bag. "You don't need to drive tomorrow when you leave. Leave the car; I'll use it for six months."

"What did you say?" Dong Xuebing asked as if he hadn't heard correctly.

Fang Wenping replied, "It drives well. I'm borrowing it."

Dong Xuebing stared in disbelief, "Then what will I drive?"

"You'll get an official car once you take office. Driving a Land Rover is too flashy," Fang Wenping said calmly.

Dong Xuebing almost fainted. "And you driving it isn't flashy? What are you talking about? You'll also have an official car when you take office!"

Fang Wenping responded calmly, "It's settled."

"What do you mean, 'settled'?" Dong Xuebing said urgently. "This is practically robbery! And for six months? Who knows when that'll end? I drove here to have the car for convenience later, and now you're just taking it? What am I supposed to drive to work?"

Fang Wenping frowned, "There are long-distance buses here, direct routes so you won't get lost."

Dong Xuebing:

"Enough talk, time to sleep," Fang Wenping said as she walked straight into the bathroom. With a thud, the door closed—she was probably going to take a shower.

Dong Xuebing was left alone, slapping his forehead.

What is this? Seriously, what is this?

This Fang Wenping doesn't see me as an outsider, does she?