

## PAW 1789

Chapter 1789

At the Scene

More and more people gathered.

"What's going on?"

"Didn't you see when you just got here?"

"I didn't see. Hurry up and tell me what's happening. Why is it such a big deal?"

"Well, it's hard to explain. The police pretended not to see when the public was in trouble. That young man wanted to do the right thing but was stopped by the police. Not only did they stop him, but they also hit him with a baton. I saw it clearly; that hit was severe, a loud thud. Ultimately, the young man couldn't take it anymore and fought back to help the public. Previously, when the black car was overcharging and threatening people, the young man helped to handle it. He's a good person, very enthusiastic."

"Assaulting a police officer?"

"What kind of assault is that?"

"But it's tricky now."

"Yes, the black car driver knows the police station chief. Look, they all came together, even in a police car. Can't you tell what kind of treatment they're getting?"

"I thought so. Ugh, this is how society is now. There's no way around it."

"Yeah, if things are handled like this, who would dare to help others in the future?"

"Our county's police station has always had major issues, especially the Chengguan police station. It's a mess."

The onlookers weren't fools. After a few glances, they understood the situation. They started pointing and discussing among themselves. In their view, the young man might have been a bit impulsive and hit someone, but the main problem wasn't with him; it was with the black car and the police station. The police station's handling of the black car driver and his accomplice had major problems. After hearing Dong Xuebing's earlier words, many onlookers were furious. How can a police station arrest someone who's helping others instead of catching criminals? What kind of police station is this? Are you serving the people or the criminals?

Disgusting.

That was how many people felt.

But since the police had guns and held powerful positions, no one dared to speak out.

The black car driver glared coldly at Dong Xuebing, his eyes showing disdain and a hint of arrogance. The black car driver's assistant, who Su Yan had knocked down, was checked by medical personnel. After being told there was no serious injury, two sycophantic officers went over to help him up. They asked about his condition and the incident and took notes. The black car driver, who had been beaten and subdued by Dong Xuebing, was not expected to speak favorably. Although the police appeared to respect the public, the black car driver was not an ordinary citizen but a criminal who knew their station chief. Everyone knew this, but these two criminals received attention and concern from the police. In contrast, Dong Xuebing, who was helping others, and the other harmed citizens, received no inquiries or concerns. The police didn't understand the situation, only asking the black car driver and his accomplice. This attitude was infuriating. Although the police later made a symbolic effort to ask the public for their side of the story, when they heard the public speaking in Dong Xuebing's favor, they pretended not to listen.

The scene was under control.

At least, the police thought it was under control.

Hu Hanbin glanced around and then ignored everyone else. His phone rang, and he turned to answer it. He walked back towards the police car, leaving some officers behind to handle the issues, take statements, and pursue Dong Xuebing.

Dong Xuebing neither dodged nor flinched as the police approached. He was prepared to go with them to the station and wasn't about to avoid it. However, his words were far from polite. He

smiled, "I've already told the people who wanted to take me before. You might not have heard, so I'll repeat it and confirm it with you: Are you sure you want to take me back to the police station?"

Hu Hanbin, who was on the phone, heard this and, with a darkened face, turned around and signaled to the officer with the gun with a hand gesture.

The officer, understanding the signal, glared and said, "Enough with the nonsense. Get in the car."

Dong Xuebing enjoyed saying such provocative things and took pleasure in them, which is typical of someone from Beijing. Seeing this, he continued, "So it's confirmed then. Fine, but remember your attitude right now. I'm not too fond of your tone or way of handling things. Don't think you can intimidate people just because you have a gun."

The officer snorted, thinking that it was no wonder this person was always causing trouble; his mouth was just annoying. He was also getting angry. "Say that again?"

Dong Xuebing smiled and said, "If you're hard of hearing, I'll repeat it. I said pay attention to your behavior. You're a police officer, not some thug. There are so many people watching. If you want to make yourself look bad, fine, but don't tarnish the reputation of our neighboring county's police system. Do you hear me? Oh, why are you glaring? Still can't hear? How did you pass your medical check with such bad hearing? Let me repeat it." Even though Dong Xuebing had decided to go with them to the police station, he refused to lower his stance. That was just his nature. When he spoke, it felt like he was doing them a favor by going to the police station, not that he was being apprehended. If Dong Xuebing hadn't voluntarily decided to go, no one could have stopped him.

Hu Hanbin finished his call and became frustrated, seeing that they were still dragging their feet without taking Dong Xuebing away. "Arrest him. Stop talking and just put the handcuffs on."

Dong Xuebing had already injured two police officers, so putting him in handcuffs under these circumstances wasn't unreasonable.

Dong Xuebing smiled and said, "I said I would go with you to the police station. I don't believe I've broken any laws or done anything wrong. I'm cooperating with your investigation and giving you face. I won't wear handcuffs, though. I'm just giving you a heads-up. If you insist on putting handcuffs on me, go ahead and try, but you'll have to bear the consequences." He said this smilingly as if it was a trivial matter.

The police were furious. They had never seen someone so audaciously unrepentant after assaulting officers. Was this person so clueless or just plain stupid?

The onlookers also inhaled sharply. While Dong Xuebing's words were bold and impressive, they also seemed to stir up more trouble. Wasn't he adding to the mess with his attitude?

The officer looked at him and said, "I've noticed you talk a lot."

Dong Xuebing replied, "That's right. I've been like this since I was a kid and haven't changed. I don't have any other strengths, just a lot of talk."

The officer, now losing his patience, lifted his loaded gun and pointed it at Dong Xuebing, saying, "Put the handcuffs on him." He was careful not to point the gun directly at Dong Xuebing's head but slightly to the side. Dong Xuebing had already injured two officers and a civilian, so this reaction and action were within the bounds of procedure, as the officer could reasonably consider him a dangerous individual.

A nearby officer immediately pulled out handcuffs and approached Dong Xuebing to put them on him.

Dong Xuebing flicked his wrist slightly, and the officer who had grabbed his hand was sent stumbling backward by an invisible force. The officer took several steps back with an astonished look.

It was clear he was no ordinary person.

His skills were awe-inspiring.

In an instant, the atmosphere became tense again.

The senior officer tightened his grip on his gun, his face darkening as he said, "Try moving again."

The surrounding people were nervous, and some more timid bystanders moved far away, afraid of getting accidentally injured by a stray shot.

But Dong Xuebing seemed oblivious to the danger. He smiled at the officer and said, “You don’t know me well. Do you know what I like the most? I love it when someone points a gun at my head.” As he spoke, Dong Xuebing casually adjusted the gun in the officer’s hand, turning the barrel from the space to his forehead, holding it steady, and saying, “Go ahead, shoot. Hurry up.”

The senior officer was stunned, almost swearing in frustration.

The onlookers were also alarmed, astonished by Dong Xuebing’s audacity to be so unafraid of the gun.

Despite their years of experience, the officers had never encountered such a fearless troublemaker who wasn’t even intimidated by a gun.

Dong Xuebing’s bold move left the officers in a passive position because they couldn’t possibly fire their weapons. They couldn’t believe that despite the danger, this young man seemed unafraid of the gun going off by accident. What if it is discharged? But Dong Xuebing was genuinely fearless. He had been through countless battles in war zones and faced grenades, rocket launchers, and armored vehicles without flinching. A mere police handgun was nothing to him.

Holding the gun barrel against his forehead, Dong Xuebing smiled and said to the senior officer, “Shoot. Let me tell you, if you don’t pull the trigger today, you’ll be my grandson.” He had used this phrase before when he stormed a military compound, and it felt natural to use it again.

The senior officer’s face alternated between red and pale.

At that moment, a few officers, about five in total, couldn’t believe what was happening and rushed from different directions to subdue him and put handcuffs on him. The black car driver, seizing the chaos as an opportunity for revenge, also moved in, pretending to help. But they had underestimated entirely Dong Xuebing’s combat abilities. Dong Xuebing barely moved his legs and held the gun barrel with one hand. With just his right hand, he casually swung it left and right, and all the officers were forced to retreat, unable to get close to him or even clearly see his movements.

The opportunistic black car driver fared even worse. He thought he could use the chaos to take revenge but was quickly dealt with by Dong Xuebing, who landed a punch squarely in his face.

The black car driver was the only one who was sent flying.

“Ah!”