

## PAW 1793

Chapter 1793

Noon

Jiaolin County

Chengguan Police Station

Just past noon, several police cars drove into the small courtyard of the police station and stopped at the base of the office building. Given the severity of the case and the social impact and danger of assaulting police officers, the county bureau should have taken over this case. However, since the police station was the first to respond and had only recently notified the county bureau, which had yet to provide any updates, Dong Xuebing was brought directly to the police station.

Everyone in the car had been notably cautious on the way, fearing that Dong Xuebing might change his mind or act unusually, making him impossible to control. Fortunately, Dong Xuebing kept his word and walked with them obediently, showing no signs of abnormal behavior. This reassured Police Station Chief Hu Hanbin and the other officers.

The car stopped.

Everyone got out of the vehicle.

People in the office building, likely having received the news, immediately emerged from the hallway. Three or four officers and staff emerged, grim expressions as they watched the scene. Some carried batons and kept their hands near them as if ready for action at any moment.

At this point, Dong Xuebing stepped out of the car.

Many of those in the office building who saw Dong Xuebing for the first time were taken aback. They hadn't expected him to be so young, nor did they expect him to look so ordinary and harmless. His height, age, appearance, and demeanor were quite different from what they had imagined based on the reports they had heard.

"That's him?"

“No way.”

“He doesn’t look like it.”

“With that build, he could overturn a minibus? Come on!”

The newcomers were incredulous, blinking and staring at Dong Xuebing. However, when they saw the old officers who had returned, looking fearful and wary of Dong Xuebing, they exchanged glances and finally believed it.

It’s him.

But there’s nothing extraordinary about him.

In their line of work, dealing with people regularly, they were usually good at reading people, but this young man they had just brought back left them wholly puzzled. Moreover, thinking about the minibus incident, they found it hard to believe. In their view, no matter how strong someone was, it would only be a few hundred pounds of force, like lifting a barbell or breaking bricks with bare hands. But kicking a minibus and overturning it, especially while it was moving at high speed, was something they had never seen before and found it impossible to believe. Was that a foot or a rocket launcher?

Several people rushed over.

“Brother Zhang, you’re back,” said a young officer.

“Yeah, back,” said an old officer with good rapport, looking at him.

The young officer pointed at Dong Xuebing. “Is this the guy you were talking about?”

“Yes, it’s him,” said the old officer, looking at Dong Xuebing with a complicated expression.

“No way, he overturned the minibus?” The young officer asked, voicing his doubts.

“I know you don’t believe it,” the old officer said with a wry smile. “I’m still a bit stunned myself. But everyone saw it. There’s no mistake. He kicked the minibus with what seemed like a casual effort, and the next moment, the minibus was overturned and slid quite a distance.” The old officer shook his head and sighed. “I don’t know if he has martial arts training or what, but it’s exaggerated. You just heard about it, but you should have seen the scene. We were all stunned. For a full half-minute, no one said a word. Can you imagine?”

The young officer inhaled deeply: “It’s impossible.”

“So how did we capture him?” asked another officer.

The old officer looked at Dong Xuebing and whispered, “Don’t tell anyone, but if he hadn’t come with us willingly, with just our force, we couldn’t have captured him.”

“Willingly? Why?” the young officer asked, stunned.

The old officer shook his head. “I don’t know.”

At this point, Hu Hanbin said, “Prepare to take him to the interrogation room.”

“Got it, Chief Hu,” a few officers replied and approached Dong Xuebing.

Ironically, unlike their usual tasks, none dared to come within two meters of Dong Xuebing this time. They all kept their distance, standing on the outskirts and not even attempting to pull or drag him. They didn’t even dare to speak.

The atmosphere grew tense.

Hu Hanbin was exasperated and frustrated, but upon reflection, he knew it wasn’t entirely his subordinates’ fault. Dong Xuebing was indeed a formidable opponent. It wasn’t just them; anyone who saw Dong Xuebing kicking over a minibus would feel apprehensive. If a vehicle that heavy could be flipped, it’s easy to imagine what he could do to someone weighing around a hundred kilograms. Hu Hanbin felt anxious; why didn’t he ride back with Dong Xuebing?

The air was thick with tension.

Dong Xuebing, however, seemed indifferent, ignoring their attempts at communication. Instead, he looked around the police station and observed the surroundings as if on a sightseeing tour. It wasn't that Dong Xuebing was unperturbed, but rather that he had dealt with such situations so often that they had become routine. He was merely taking in the environment of Jiaolin County. He had come here early instead of reporting to the City's organization department for this reason—to see what a county was like. What was said online or in the news didn't count; seeing it firsthand was essential. This visit to the office location gave him a rough idea of the county he was about to work in. As for his evaluation, Dong Xuebing concluded it was average—neither good nor bad.

The environment, urban development, and even the locals' attire all gave Dong Xuebing the signal he had anticipated. It wasn't shocking.

Hu Hanbin said sternly: "To the interrogation room."

Dong Xuebing glanced at him and followed the officers to the room.

Second floor.

In a room.

When Dong Xuebing entered, he didn't bother with pleasantries. He sat down on a chair and placed his suitcase beside him.

Hu Hanbin entered, followed by several officers, all armed.

Dong Xuebing smiled and said, "Is all this necessary? I'm flattered by such a grand display."

Four officers, four guns. This was not the usual setup for interrogations at the police station, but Dong Xuebing was different. Hu Hanbin and the others knew his combat capabilities, so they took extra precautions. The effectiveness might be limited, and the guns might not be handy, but at least it provided some psychological comfort.

Hu Hanbin asked: "Name."

Dong Xuebing replied, “I forgot.”

“Gender?” Hu Hanbin's face darkened.

Dong Xuebing responded, “What do you think?”

“Age?” Hu Hanbin's expression grew darker.

Dong Xuebing smiled, “How old do you think I look?”

One of the nearby officers, mustering his courage, slammed the table and said, “You better be honest. Do you know where you are? This is the police station. Answer the questions properly!”

Dong Xuebing looked at him and said: “I don't think I'm the problem here.”

Hu Hanbin snapped: “If you don't think there's a problem, why did you come with us?”

Dong Xuebing smiled and replied, “I've already said I didn't come here to be interrogated by you. I came here to get an explanation and to understand what was going on. If there are problems, they aren't my fault. If you had any sense, you'd know what kind of person the illegal cab driver is—exploiting ordinary people. I acted in self-defense. Your police came at me without distinguishing right from wrong, ignoring the testimony of the witnesses. The illegal cab driver robbed ordinary people and then attacked me. I was defending myself. I didn't see anything wrong. I was targeting those two people who brought it upon themselves. They deserved it. And later, when the illegal cab driver tried to run me over with his car—you saw that too. Can't you see who the real victim is? It's me. It's the ordinary people. But you keep holding me while letting the real criminals go. You even laugh and chat with them. You bring one car after another and question me. I want to ask you—what's your point? What's your aim?”

Hu Hanbin slammed the table again: “Still arguing and talking back, huh?”

Dong Xuebing smiled and said, “When I talk, there's no reason. When criminals talk, you think they're right. What kind of police are you? I don't believe you can't even distinguish right from wrong. It means you don't want to make a judgment at all and want to blame me, right? I have a principle: if others are polite to me, I'll be polite to them. If they're not polite, why should I give

you face?” Dong Xuebing paused and laughed, “You don’t need to play these tricks with me. Slamming the table? Who are you trying to scare? Maybe it works on others, but don’t waste your time with me.”

Hu Hanbin and the others realized that although this person was young, he was very seasoned in handling situations.

In the Beijing dialect, this person is called an “old tough guy.”

Hu Hanbin was furious. “So you’re not cooperating with the investigation?”

Dong Xuebing saw it was about time, so he leisurely took out his wallet, tossed his ID towards them, and said, “Name, age, and origin—check it yourself.” Dong Xuebing’s demeanor was more nonchalant than that of the officers who were trying to handle the case; he didn’t even bother to speak further.

Hu Hanbin looked at the ID.

Dong Xuebing.

From Beijing.

No wonder he’s such a troublemaker.