

PAW 1815

Chapter 1815

Su Family Residence.

In the living room.

After finishing his shower, Su Yan was still thinking about which colleague his mother had mentioned might have come to ask him for a favor. But the moment he saw the person, he was stunned.

It was Secretary Dong.

What was Secretary Dong doing here?

Su Yan had never expected Dong Xuebing to show up at his house.

“Ah, uh, yes, I just finished,” Su Yan stammered, quickly responding to Dong Xuebing’s question. He immediately felt tense and awkward. It couldn’t be helped; although Dong Xuebing wasn’t much older than him, possibly two or three years younger, he was still a county party secretary. For people like Su Yan, who had long struggled as a low-ranking official, all the attention, congratulations, and even flattery he received now were thanks to Dong Xuebing. Su Yan was deeply grateful to him.

Dong Xuebing smiled, “I hope I’m not interrupting.”

Su Yan hurriedly replied, “No, no, not at all. I just wasn’t prepared. Look at me. I should go change—this outfit is too casual.” The clothes Su Yan’s mother had given him were simple cotton pajamas, and he felt they were too informal to be around a leader. He wanted to change into something more appropriate.

But Dong Xuebing waved it off and kindly said, “There’s no need for all that formality. It’s my fault. I didn’t even give you a heads-up before coming over. I was passing by and got a little lost. I couldn’t seem to hail a taxi either, and when I realized I was near your place, I thought I’d drop by for a visit. I got your address from Director Meng.”

Su Yan felt relieved. He had thought it was something important, but Secretary Dong was just stopping by.

However, this exchange between Su Yan and Dong Xuebing completely bewildered Su's father and mother. Seeing how respectful their son was being, they hadn't quite grasped the situation yet.

"Secretary Dong?"

"Son, who's Secretary Dong?"

The couple instinctively asked.

Su Yan wiped his forehead nervously and quickly introduced them, "Dad, Mom, this is Secretary Dong."

Dong Xuebing, always polite, stood up with a smile and nodded, "I've already met Auntie and Uncle earlier."

"Please, you don't need to stand, sit, please sit." Su Yan hurriedly reached out to help him sit. Then he turned to his parents and added in a low voice, "This is Dong Xuebing, the new county party secretary."

Upon hearing this, Su's father released a startled "Ah," realizing that this was the newly appointed county party secretary.

Su's mother nearly fainted on the spot, her face pale, "Oh my, so you're Secretary Dong!"

Dong Xuebing chuckled, "Yes, that's me. I didn't have a chance to introduce myself earlier—sorry about that."

In truth, Dong Xuebing hadn't had a chance to introduce himself properly. When he first entered, the reception wasn't hot, and it wasn't exactly the right moment to announce, "I'm the county party secretary." Reflecting on it now, he thought it might have been better if he had introduced himself as Su Yan's supervisor immediately, which would have avoided Su's mother's embarrassment. But what was done was done, and Dong Xuebing wasn't upset. He understood

Su's mother's attitude and didn't take offense. Known for being protective of his subordinates, Dong Xuebing would not hold a grudge just because a parent didn't recognize his status.

Dong Xuebing didn't think much of the situation, but Su's mother had a different perspective.

Su's father gave his wife a fierce glare—what a blunder!

Su's mother saw her husband's look and felt embarrassed. Dong Xuebing was so young and didn't carry the typical authoritative air of a leader, so she jumped to conclusions. Still caught up in the joy of her son's promotion, she had assumed that the visitor was someone trying to curry favor with her son or asking him for help. Who would have thought this was the person who had promoted her son to the new county party secretary? She had made a complete fool of herself. Su's mother wished she could find a hole to crawl into.

Thinking someone had come to flatter them? It was her son who should be the one flattering Dong Xuebing!

Feeling flustered, Su's mother hurried to make amends, rushing to prepare tea. "I'll get some tea, I'll get some tea." Soon, she returned and placed a cup of tea on the table before Dong Xuebing. "Secretary Dong, look at me. I've been so neglectful, terribly neglectful. I didn't know it was you—that's why this whole mess happened. If I had known it was you, I would've thanked you properly when you arrived. This time, Xiaoyan's success is thanks to your care and for allowing him to show his abilities. You truly have a keen eye. Our whole family is deeply grateful to you."

Dong Xuebing smiled as he accepted the tea. "Auntie, you're too kind. There's no need for all that. I'm fine with just plain water and won't stay long—I need to head back soon."

But Su's mother insisted, "The water has gone cold. Drink something warm, drink something warm."

Seeing he couldn't refuse, Dong Xuebing said, "Alright, thank you."

"You're the one being too polite," Su's mother said carefully, glancing at him. "As for earlier, please don't take it to heart."

Dong Xuebing waved it off casually, “Oh, come on, what’s there to take to heart? You’ve been taking good care of me, offering me water and tea. I’m the one who should feel embarrassed for disturbing you so late.”

Su’s father quickly added, “You’re not disturbing us at all.”

“Yes, it’s still early,” Su’s mother echoed. “Let me make a few more dishes. You have to try my cooking, just a little something to eat. You can treat it as a late-night snack.”

Dong Xuebing chuckled, “Auntie, there’s no need.”

“Eat something, eat something,” Su’s mother said as she hurried off to the kitchen without waiting for his reply.

Seeing this, Su’s father followed suit, heading to the kitchen to wash some fruit for Dong Xuebing.

Watching this unfold, Su Yan realized precisely what had happened—his parents had neglected Secretary Dong. From how his mother acted, she must have treated him like someone asking for favors. Feeling extremely uneasy, Su Yan said nervously, “Secretary Dong, about my parents just now...”

Dong Xuebing waved his hand dismissively, “It’s nothing. Tell them not to fuss over it—I’ve already eaten and am quite full.”

Su Yan replied, “Let my mom cook, it’s fine.”

Dong Xuebing glanced toward the kitchen, realizing it was pointless to argue further. He sighed inwardly and gave in, deciding to eat a little. After all, with the family being so enthusiastic, refusing might make them feel like he had taken offense. Amused at the situation, he thought I should have called before coming over.