

## PAW 1826

### Chapter 1826

#### County Committee Compound.

The rain was still pouring heavily.

After hanging up the phone, Dong Xuebing didn't say anything to them in the car. He blandly said, "Drive, take the quickest route, and get to the scene as soon as possible."

The driver immediately stepped on the gas.

Chang Lin glanced at Dong Xuebing but didn't ask anything, as he could probably guess the call's content without inquiring. It was likely a strict order to rescue the people and a political task. If anything went wrong, they would be held accountable. It was certainly the case; today was Dong Xuebing's first day back at work, and Zhang Dongfang had always maintained a good relationship with Secretary Qian from the Municipal Committee. Thus, Secretary Qian's call to Dong Xuebing was quite significant. Of course, it wouldn't have been inappropriate for them to call Dong Xuebing under normal circumstances, especially since this incident was no small matter—nearly a hundred teachers and students were involved, and they were all from key city schools. Many parents must be worried sick. The level of social concern regarding the students and children was greater than that for other matters, and the city likely wouldn't take it lightly.

Now, all the pressure fell on Jiaolin County. They weren't counting on the municipal rescue team to arrive before the afternoon; the road conditions were challenging. They had to rely on their rescue personnel and could only succeed—failure was not an option.

Ten minutes.

Half an hour.

After navigating through several twists and turns, the driver finally said, "It's just up ahead."

Dong Xuebing, who had been resting with his eyes closed, suddenly opened his eyes and looked ahead. He saw a few tourist buses parked at the foot of the mountain, where many people were

using umbrellas in the pouring rain. Looking further up, some rescue personnel wearing raincoats had already gone up the mountain.

The car stopped.

Dong Xuebing grabbed his umbrella and got out.

Not far ahead, people from the television station were filming.

A female reporter, wrapped in a raincoat and wiping the rain from her face, held a microphone and said, "We have now arrived at the foot of Qing'e Mountain. The rain shows no sign of letting up, and the rescue team has already gone up the mountain to search. We hope they can bring good news." After pausing, she turned the microphone aside and continued, "Now, County Mayor Zhang of Jiaolin County is beside me. County Mayor Zhang arrived at the scene shortly after the incident and personally commanded the rescue operation. County Mayor Zhang, everyone is very concerned about the missing children and teachers. Can you tell us how smoothly the search and rescue operation is progressing? How long will it take to find the children?"

Zhang Dongfang, also dressed in a raincoat, walked up to the camera without lifting his hat, making him somewhat unrecognizable. He stepped in front of the camera and said, "The conditions on the mountain are quite harsh. The most critical issue is that we cannot contact the missing teachers and students. The mountain is large; it will take at least until tomorrow or the day after to search for everything. But everyone can rest assured we will do our utmost in the rescue efforts. We hope the children and teachers have not gotten too lost on the mountain right now."

The chatter continued.

Zhang Dongfang kept speaking.

Meanwhile, reporters from the newspaper frequently took pictures, the flashes going off continuously.

Su Yan, seeing this, said, "Secretary Dong, I'll call the television station people over." With Zhang Dongfang's performance, Dong Xuebing seemed to have less presence.

However, Dong Xuebing scoffed, holding up his umbrella, and said, "There's no need for that uselessness. Get the person in charge of directing the fire brigade on site to come to me."

Su Yan went to call someone.

At that moment, the television station personnel also noticed Dong Xuebing and reporters from the newspaper hurriedly surrounded him.

“Secretary Dong!”

“Secretary Dong, about this incident—”

Everyone started to bombard him with questions.

Dong Xuebing impatiently waved his hand, “Everyone step aside. This is a rescue operation time. Don’t cause me any trouble. Where’s the fire chief? Why haven’t they arrived yet?” He pushed through the reporters and exited, leaving just a backdrop for the camera.

The reporters felt quite awkward.

Especially the television reporter and cameraman, who thought, “Damn, this is a live broadcast from the county television news channel.” They started sweating; it was their first time dealing with this new county party secretary. They didn’t expect him to have such a strong personality.

This segment went live.

They hoped it wouldn’t turn into a news disaster.

The female reporter quickly turned the camera back to the scene, worried something else might happen.

On the other side, the head of the fire brigade had already arrived, “Secretary.”

Dong Xuebing said, “Report on the rescue situation.”

Zhang Dongfang walked over at this time and bumped heads with Dong Xuebing.

“Understood.” The fire chief replied, “We have dispatched over thirty personnel for a full mountain search, along with other local rescue workers and volunteers—about fifty people. We’ve been searching for twenty minutes along the main mountain road in a dispersed manner. However, the communication from the top indicates that we still haven’t found the missing persons. Even the traces of where some students stopped have been washed away with the rain. We’ve only found some snack wrappers. The search area is being expanded around these locations, and we are fully engaged in the effort.”

“Is anyone there?”

“Can the people from City No. 1 High School hear me?”

“Is anyone there? Where are you?”

“Please respond if you can hear me!”

On the mountain, distant sounds were constantly echoing down, with rescue personnel using loudspeakers to call out. However, because the rain was so loud, even with the loudspeakers, their voices faded away into the air before traveling very far. Only people at the bottom could hear a little, while those on the mountain found it very difficult to hear, especially since the teachers and students who were lost wouldn’t just stand in the heavy rain; they would likely seek shelter in caves, making the search and rescue even more challenging.

Finding them is impossible.

Shouting goes unheard.

With lights, all you see are trees and fog; visibility is very low.

The rescue efforts were at a standstill, and they were forced to rely on a carpet search—the most basic method.

As seconds ticked away, Dong Xuebing couldn’t stay put any longer. He said nothing, picked up his umbrella, and led the team up the mountain to participate in the rescue personally.

Seeing this, Zhang Dongfang and several county officials followed him.

As they walked, Zhang Dongfang called out loudly, “Children! Children!”

Other officials quickly imitated him, shouting into the mountains.

Then, a group of reporters at the back followed suit, with cameras still down the mountain, all armed with cameras.

However, this large group of leaders didn’t seem like they were there to conduct a rescue; rather, they were there to conduct an inspection. They were doing nothing to aid the rescue efforts and adding to the chaos.

Dong Xuebing noticed this and wanted to drive the others away, but he couldn’t say it outright. Zhang Dongfang’s attitude was the most proactive, seemingly wanting to carry this political show all the way through. Dong Xuebing, however, had no interest in that at all. His mind was solely on the teachers and children—what could be done to rescue them? Continuing the search like this was not a solution; there were wild animals in the mountains, and they could not let the children spend the night without water or food. With this rain, the temperature in the air would drop sharply; if they delayed any longer, it would be disastrous.

What to do?

As Dong Xuebing ascended the mountain, he thought of the most feasible method: they should shout. Since they couldn’t find the missing people, they should let the children and teachers find them. However, general shouting was ineffective; the harsh terrain and heavy rain made it difficult for the students to hear.

At this moment, Dong Xuebing thought of his unique ability.

In the past, Dong Xuebing had already experimented with power accumulation during STOP, meaning that when time is frozen, if he attacks an object, both the force and the light will also remain static on the object's surface. If he continues to apply force and attack, when time resumes, the accumulated power will erupt in an instant.

Force is possible.

Light is possible.

Then sound should be possible, too.

But Dong Xuebing didn't use STOP because, while the force could be stored on the object, the sound didn't have an excellent way to be stored in such a state; it might not be effective. However, leveraging this principle, he thought of his ability to slow down time—SLOWER.

SLOWER slows down the speed of external time.

Conversely, it also accelerates everything in Dong Xuebing's perception of time.

Thus, to some extent, Dong Xuebing's voice frequency should significantly increase—several times, even tenfold or more.

Dong Xuebing had never dared to speak under the effect of SLOWER because he already knew that the frequency and pitch of sound would be different. Therefore, he wasn't clear about the specifics and had never experimented with it. In today's crisis, he couldn't afford to hesitate.

“Children!”

“We're here!”

“We've come to rescue you!”

His ears were filled with the noise of loudspeakers, chaotic and disorderly.

Dong Xuebing found it annoying and turned around, shouting, “Stop!”

Zhang Dongfang furrowed his brow, and everyone was puzzled, halting their cries.

Many rescue workers nearby didn't hear him, so Dong Xuebing shouted again, “Everyone stop shouting and be quiet! Let me try!”

You try it.

You try to shout.

What's the difference from shouting with others?

Zhang Dongfang and many officials and reporters didn't understand what Dong Xuebing meant. They thought, "Our shouting isn't working; how can yours be any better? Are you trying to show off politically?"

The mountains fell quiet at once.

After all, it was the county party secretary's order, and Su Yan, who was following behind, immediately handed his small loudspeaker to Dong Xuebing, "Secretary, the amplifier is on."

Dong Xuebing waved his hand, "No need for that."

The loudspeaker operated on electricity, and its frequency reception was probably limited. It wouldn't enhance the frequency Dong Xuebing was about to produce.

Ah.

No loudspeaker.

Then how will you shout?

Everyone was even more confused, and many rescue team members looked at Dong Xuebing, not understanding why he didn't want them to continue searching. What was this leader doing?

But the next moment, they understood.

And they understood it through a painful lesson.

Dong Xuebing looked toward the distant mountain peak, took a deep breath, activated SLOWER, opened his mouth wide, and shouted loudly into the distance, “Where are you?!”

It was an indescribable sound.

It was a sound that was almost beyond recognition for the ears.

Everyone within several hundred meters of Dong Xuebing screamed at this moment, covering their ears. Some, like Zhang Dongfang, even clutched their chests, nearly gasping for air and risking a heart attack.

Tinnitus.

Dizziness.

Many people immediately vomited.