

PAW 1860

Chapter 1860

Noon.

On Qingluan Mountain.

Dong Xuebing's rise to his current position was not without reason. He was determined and very stubborn; once he set his mind to something, he would see it through. This could be seen from his current attitude. Finding an ancient tomb buried underground in the vast mountains was almost impossible, but Dong Xuebing had been searching from morning until noon. He hadn't taken a break for four or five hours, digging wherever he went. Though he was drenched in sweat and mud, he still enjoyed it.

Hungry?

Endure it!

Dong Xuebing continued his search.

At that moment, Xie Huilan called.

Dong Xuebing looked at the phone, shook the dirt off his hands, and answered the call. "Huilan, what's up? Hurry up, I'm busy."

On the other end, Xie Huilan chuckled. "Is work more important than your sister Xie?"

Dong Xuebing laughed. "Alright, alright, you're important, you're important. How's the kid?"

"We're both doing fine, haha. But I'm quite worried about you. So, how is it? Now you realize being the boss isn't easy, huh?" Xie Huilan said.

Dong Xuebing snorted, "What's so hard about it? For me, is there anything difficult? I'm not boasting, but how many days has it been since I took office? I already have full control over the county's situation. County mayor, deputy secretary, none of that matches me."

Xie Huilan laughed. "You keep bragging; listen to you panting; you're exhausted after just a few days? I'm not criticizing you, but why didn't you stay in the discipline inspection commission? You had to run to the county and the Fang family's territory. What's wrong? Are you just looking for trouble? Now, feeling the pressure? I've told you before you never listen to me. Now you're getting a taste of it?"

Dong Xuebing was speechless. "I've got other things going on, not work fatigue. You don't believe me, do you? I told you, I've got everything under control. Do you not know what your husband is capable of? Don't give me that cold treatment. Let me tell you, in no time, I'll secure a deputy department-level position for you to see."

Xie Huilan replied, "Where is a deputy department-level position for someone twenty-six or seven years old? I'm still at the deputy section chief level at your age."

"You're you, and I'm me. Anyway, just wait and see." Dong Xuebing said casually to his wife. There was nothing he couldn't say to her. He knew many people didn't think highly of his reassignment, and many of his enemies were gloating. But this time, Dong Xuebing would show them through his actions.

After a few more words, the call ended.

Although Dong Xuebing and Huilan couldn't meet often, their phone calls never stopped. There was nothing much to discuss; he still had work to do.

By 12:30 PM, Dong Xuebing, having exerted too much energy without eating lunch, lost his footing and sat on the hillside. Only then did he feel tired. Panting, he wiped off his sweat, lit a cigarette, leaned against a tree, and slowly began smoking. It was painfully clear this search was so much more challenging than he had expected. The villagers could find it because of luck, but Dong Xuebing had initially thought it would be simpler. Now, it seemed this was not the case. Why hadn't the villagers found it decades ago? Why didn't they find it ten years ago? It was only discovered this year? It must have been a coincidence. Dong Xuebing had come with a clear purpose, and the chances were slim. Unless he spent several years searching Qingluan Mountain, he might have a better shot.

Dong Xuebing was persistent, but he wasn't a fool. After toiling all morning, he realized the situation clearly: there was no way to find the tomb. He could only wait for the villagers to find it. If it took a few months, then so be it. At least it was better than searching blindly himself. Dong Xuebing decided to stop because he was afraid his presence and other factors might influence the

future situation. When he was at the Discipline Inspection Commission, Dong Xuebing imagined that the villagers would eventually find the tomb, and Jiaolin County would become a district-level city. But now that he was here, this future had already been somewhat altered. If he continued digging on the mountain and got seen, it would significantly impact the future. If the situation changed later, Dong Xuebing would have no way to explain himself.

What if the tomb wasn't discovered?

Or if it wasn't found until years later?

Then Dong Xuebing's purpose for coming here would be ruined!

After thinking it over, Dong Xuebing, covered in dirt, dropped the tools, stubbed out his cigarette, and walked down the mountain along a small path. He decided not to influence the future situation further.

Today was a wasted trip.

Now, he was hungry, exhausted, and filthy.

He couldn't believe he'd spent all this time digging on such a vast mountain. Well, at least it was some exercise—he hadn't worked out in a while.

However, once he reached the foot of the mountain, Dong Xuebing encountered an annoying problem. There were very few taxis in this area because Qingluan Mountain wasn't a tourist destination like Qing'e Mountain, and the population was small. It was located in a distant suburb, so there were hardly any cars. Occasionally, he saw a few empty taxis, but when the drivers saw him covered in mud, they didn't dare stop and drove off, probably afraid of getting their cars dirty. Dong Xuebing was speechless and waited for a long time without being able to hail a taxi. He had no choice but to walk a long distance to a small, rundown bus station, intending to take a long-distance bus back. Given his appearance, he didn't want to call his driver, Xiao Wang, for a ride. He couldn't explain his current condition to Xiao Wang, and it would be too embarrassing.

Just as he was about to buy his ticket, his phone rang.

Dong Xuebing initially thought Su Yan was calling, but when he looked at the number, he was surprised to see it was Fang Wenping's.

Confused, Dong Xuebing answered. “Governor Fang?”

“Where are you?” Fang Wenping’s cold voice came through.

Dong Xuebing helplessly replied, “I’m outside. What’s up? Do you need something?”

Fang Wenping directly said, “Come to my house today. It’s my birthday. Xiao Ling comes to celebrate yearly, but I don’t know anyone now that I’ve been reassigned here. Come over!”

Dong Xuebing was taken aback. “It’s your birthday?”

“You don’t want to come?” Fang Wenping asked. “Fine, then!”

The phone immediately disconnected, not allowing Dong Xuebing to say anything.

Dong Xuebing couldn’t help but laugh bitterly, quickly dialing her back. After a long ring, she finally picked up. Hearing Fang Wenping say, “What?” Dong Xuebing immediately explained, “It’s not that I don’t want to come. I was just surprised. You know... cough cough, I’ll come over now. Can you send me your address?”

“Got it.” The call ended again.

Dong Xuebing shook his head in frustration. This old Fang was too dismissive of people. With her attitude, he couldn’t even tell her he needed to go home to change clothes first. He had no choice but to head over as he was.