

PAW 1875

Chapter 1875

Evening...

Outside the restaurant, in the open space...

Meng Hanmei spoke into the phone, "What?"

The city official on the other end replied, "The British delegation isn't coming tonight. The banquet and everything can be canceled for now. When they come to stay at your place later, we'll discuss it then. As for the local entrepreneurs, wait for them too. If there's time in the evening, we can let them interact, but if the foreign guests don't have time, we can do it tomorrow. They still stay at your place, so it's not urgent."

Meng Hanmei was furious. "But we've already prepared everything! And now they're not coming?"

The city official paused. "The banquet arrangements should be canceled for now."

Meng Hanmei tried to hold on to her patience. "Leader, the entrepreneurs we invited have already arrived. The county party secretary, mayor, and other Party committee members and officials are all here, ready to welcome the foreign guests. But now, they say they're not coming? How do I explain this to my leadership?"

The city official said, "The foreign guests changed their minds suddenly. Maybe they were hungry and decided to eat in the city instead. So, the schedule had to be adjusted. This is an unexpected situation, and I can't do anything about it. The city didn't foresee this either. You need to understand that everyone is facing difficulties. The foreign guests' requests matter this time, and we must prioritize them. Please bear with us. You can also inform Secretary Dong and Mayor Zhang—don't wait any longer."

Meng Hanmei was furious.

The city official added, "So, let's leave it at that for now."

Dong Xuebing, who had overheard most of the conversation, walked over. "What's going on?"

"Secretary," Meng Hanmei immediately said, "The foreign guests changed their minds again. They said they're not coming for dinner tonight. They'll only come to stay at our place later."

Dong Xuebing's face immediately darkened. He stretched out his hand, "Give me the phone."

Meng Hanmei handed him the phone. "This is Deputy Director Niu from the city government office."

Dong Xuebing picked up the phone and didn't hold back, immediately venting his frustration. "So, Deputy Director Niu, we've been waiting for almost an hour, and now you tell us they're not coming?"

Niu was taken aback, frowning. "We didn't anticipate this situation either."

Dong Xuebing snapped, "You didn't anticipate it? Then why didn't you call us? You said 6 o'clock, and now what time is it? Can't you make a phone call? If you don't know how to use a phone, get someone who does! Where are your staff? What were they doing? Did they forget how to breathe? I can wait alone, but do you know how many people we have here? Mayor Zhang is over 50 and in bad health, and Secretary Wei is over 50, bringing his high blood pressure medication with him because he didn't even have time to take it before coming. Do you think we're all sitting around idle, just waiting for you? We invited all these entrepreneurs. Do you think they're all free, too? They're standing here in the cold, and you want us to keep waiting. I'll go to hell with you!"

Dong Xuebing erupted, cursing without any hesitation, not caring who he was speaking to—whether it was city or provincial officials.

The entrepreneurs behind him were stunned.

The county officials from Jiao Lin County stood there, wide-eyed.

But this wasn't the first time Dong Xuebing had exploded like this. He had yelled at city staff before, even in front of cameras, during the rescue operation in Qing'e Mountain. However, this time, the people he yelled at weren't some low-ranking rescue workers—they were senior city

government officials. The significance was completely different. And the county officials never imagined that Dong Xuebing would dare to boldly scold city officials.

"Damn it!"

"This is too intense!"

"You don't care about anyone, do you?"

Meng Hanmei quickly said, "Secretary, please calm down."

Zhang Dongfang also hurriedly stepped forward to try to persuade him, "Secretary Xuebing, please, let's talk calmly."

However, despite the words, everyone knew precisely why Dong Xuebing had exploded. Forget about him—who in the room wasn't furious? This situation was incredibly frustrating. First, they said the foreign delegation wouldn't arrive until the next day, but they showed up a day earlier. And they only informed them on the same day. They had also rushed to arrange food and accommodation for the foreign guests. But in the end, they were told they needed to change restaurants, and the guests didn't like this or that. Fine, they let that slide. They managed to find a new place, and everyone came to wait, but the foreigners decided not to come without warning. Not even the city's accompanying officials bothered to notify them. This situation was infuriating—it was clear they had no respect for the county at all.

"I'm cursing you!"

This was not the county secretary's fault.

Although Secretary Dong's language was harsh, it was clear why he had exploded. Everyone understood his frustration.

But Deputy Director Niu couldn't understand. He was furious when he heard that the county's secretary had dared to scold him. "Say that again!"

Dong Xuebing sneered. "Say it again? Sure, I'll say it again. Go to hell, did you hear me? Do you need me to say it louder?"

Meng Hanmei stepped forward to pull him back. "Secretary!"

Deputy Secretary Wei Zhi Xuan immediately said, "Secretary Dong!"

Deputy Director Niu growled on the phone, "You, Dong Xuebing, want to rebel? Do you believe I'll report you to the city's discipline inspection committee for this?"

Dong Xuebing scoffed, "Don't just report it to the city's discipline inspection. Report it to the provincial committee if you want. Go ahead and report it to the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection. Who are you trying to scare? I'm still going to curse you. You asked for it, Niu. Don't try to come at me with your tricks. If you want to report, go ahead and do it. We're all just waiting on you, and you didn't even bother to call us to say they're not coming? We had to call you for that? You don't think we matter. You don't respect us, so why should I respect you? You're just throwing your weight around with nothing but a feather."

Deputy Director Niu was furious. Though his rank wasn't as high as Dong Xuebing's, he was still a city official and had never been scolded so harshly by someone from a county before. He couldn't even imagine something like this happening and had no experience dealing with such a confrontation. He was used to pleasing leaders and handling situations diplomatically, not facing off with a county official like Dong Xuebing, who behaved like a complete rogue in the political scene. For a moment, he was utterly speechless, too stunned to respond.

Dong Xuebing, on the other hand, didn't care at all.

"What's the problem with cursing you? If you were standing before me right now, I'd kick you. What the hell is this? You think we're just here for your amusement?"

Dong Xuebing's outburst was a result of a long-standing accumulation of frustrations. The provincial government never liked him, and the city officials always looked down on him. Though there weren't many apparent incidents, their attitude was evident in all the small matters. No one had shown any basic respect for Dong Xuebing. One thing, two things, three things, all added up. It was no surprise that he finally lost his temper. He wasn't easy to deal with—he was like a dog with a short fuse, someone who would flip at any moment, and those who knew him understood that well.

"This time, I can't let it slide."

"You guys are asking for trouble. I never had any good impression of these foreigners. I never even wanted to host them in the first place. Now you're going back on your word and changing plans like this. I can tolerate a lot, but this? No way. If I don't stand up to you, you think I, Dong Xuebing, can be bullied?"

The call ended.

Dong Xuebing hung up the phone, tossing it back to Meng Hanmei. He then turned and waved his hand dismissively. "They're not coming. Let's go, we'll eat by ourselves." With that, he stormed ahead, being the first to enter the restaurant.

The others exchanged glances and followed him inside.

Inside, Dong Xuebing was still fuming. He shouted at the waiter, "All the dishes we ordered before, bring them out now." He then walked into the banquet hall.

Seeing that the county party secretary was still angry, no one dared to speak to him.

Even those who had a good relationship with Dong Xuebing, like Su Yan and Meng Hanmei, didn't dare approach him. They had slowly come to understand his temper, and at this point, nobody wanted to risk upsetting him further.

People gradually sat down in the small banquet hall, and the dishes were brought out individually.

After a while, Dong Xuebing's anger subsided a bit. When Su Yan refilled his glass, he nodded slightly and spoke to Zhang Dongfang, "Old Zhang, go over there." He motioned toward the entrepreneurs' tables.

The county officials were fine; everyone knew their roles, and Dong Xuebing, as the leader, didn't need to say much. But the entrepreneurs were a different matter—they had taken time out of their busy schedules to attend this so-called exchange meeting. They had given the county some face and were treated like this. It was inappropriate.

Zhang Dongfang understood and, holding his glass, went with Dong Xuebing.

When they reached the two tables with the entrepreneurs, Dong Xuebing raised his glass and said, "I'm sorry for today. It's a failure on our part. We didn't manage things well, and you all waited so long. On behalf of the county, I apologize."

Zhang Dongfang also raised his glass. "Sorry about this, everyone."

The entrepreneurs stood up in response. "Secretary Dong, County Mayor Zhang, we understand. This is not your fault. We know what's going on."

Others added, "Yes, there's no need to apologize."

One of them cursed, "Those damn foreigners, they have no respect."

"Exactly, those foreigners never took us seriously," another person agreed.