

## PAW 1885

Chapter 1885

12:30 PM.

Lunch was served.

Dong Xuebing, holding his lunch box, greeted the few county leaders who were still in line with a smile, then leisurely returned to his temporary office. The food smelled even better after about twenty minutes of waiting in line. When he opened it, it turned out to be stir-fried pork with a side of vegetables and a portion of rice. Dong Xuebing's appetite instantly increased. He sat down, crossed his legs, and began to eat heartily.

The taste was average.

It was just mass-produced food, so it didn't have the flavor of stir-fried dishes made in a small pan.

But he wasn't picky and finished it all, even eating every grain of rice.

First, Dong Xuebing didn't like wasting food. Second, as the head of the county, his subordinates were watching every action and word, so he had to be mindful of many things.

He tossed the lunch box aside, wiped his mouth, and lit a cigarette.

Dong Xuebing leaned back in his office chair, feeling relaxed.

However, a phone call broke the calm. Ring ring, ring ring. His phone lit up with Fang Wenping's number. Dong Xuebing raised his eyebrows when he saw it. Old Fang rarely called him; whenever she did, it usually meant something troublesome. So, even though they had slept together just a few days ago, Dong Xuebing didn't feel like answering Fang Wenping's call, especially during work hours.

What could he do?

Answer it, of course. What else could he do?

Dong Xuebing picked up the phone and shut the door behind him, then answered, "Hello, Governor Fang, what's the matter?"

Maybe she wanted him to go somewhere or help her, like last time. Fang Wenping always had something for him to do.

But Fang Wenping's tone was completely different this time. Her voice was cold on the phone: "Did you cause trouble again?"

Dong Xuebing laughed, "What are you scolding me for? What trouble did I cause?"

Fang Wenping's voice was icy, "What do you mean, what trouble? Don't you think it's trouble when you're insulting people? You even dared to insult foreign guests—do you think you're untouchable now? I told you before after the issues in Jiao Lin County, everyone's eyes are on you. I told you to keep a low profile and avoid causing trouble, and you agreed. Now look what you've done! What's the point of showing off? Is it just because you think you're the big shot now? You can't stand the slightest bit of criticism? Don't you know that I'm directly in charge of the foreign guest reception work for the province? Do you know how much trouble you've caused me by not doing your job properly?"

Dong Xuebing rolled his eyes, "How was I supposed to know you were in charge of it?"

Fang Wenping fired back, "Didn't my secretary call you? Didn't you hear the phone call? Why would my secretary contact me if it wasn't my responsibility?"

At that moment, Dong Xuebing was lying beside her when he heard the call.

Dong Xuebing shrugged, "I didn't think much of it then. And even if it was your responsibility, I didn't do anything wrong. I didn't cause you any trouble."

Fang Wenping snapped, "Those foreigners have called me. Do you think that's not trouble? The provincial meeting today even mentioned it. And you say you didn't cause me any trouble?"

Dong Xuebing wasn't too happy either, "Hey, why are you getting so worked up? Aren't you just as annoyed by those foreigners as I am?" The fact that she referred to "those foreigners" indicated

her attitude, and Dong Xuebing knew that she was just like him—both were rebellious and frustrated.

Fang Wenping shot back, “Stop talking nonsense. Work is work. I know how to separate the two.”

“I can separate work from personal matters.” Dong Xuebing shot back, “Do you know the cause and process of the whole thing? Those bastards went back on their word two or three times, leaving us county people hanging. They treated us like we didn’t matter, didn’t even consider us. If I don’t scold them, who should I scold? I still have to suck up to them, beg them to come over and do some exchange work with us? To hell with them. The further they stay away, the better. I gave them enough face. I know my approach has flaws, but I don’t feel I did anything wrong. Sometimes, you need to use their tactics to deal with bad people. Let me be the bad guy, then. I’ll take care of them, and what? Who cares?”

Fang Wenping sneered, “Are you messing with me?”

Dong Xuebing confidently replied, “I’m just talking sense with you.”

“I’m the one talking sense here, not you,” Fang Wenping retorted, even more stubborn than him. She was a tough woman from a prominent family in Beijing, and that nickname wasn’t self-assigned.

Dong Xuebing wasn’t bothered by this, “Fine, I’ve scolded them; the foreigners are gone, and the matter is settled. There’s no point in saying anything more.”

Fang Wenping said, “Right, there’s no point in saying anything more. You’d better wait for your punishment.”

“Let them punish me,” Dong Xuebing replied nonchalantly. “I’ve been punished plenty of times over the years.” He spoke without care, “Administrative punishments, warnings, suspensions, even demotions—what haven’t I been through? It happens every couple of months. I’ve gotten used to it. I’d feel awkward if I go three months without a punishment.”

Fang Wenping had a foul temper, and so did Dong Xuebing.

Their conversation quickly escalated into an argument.

If it were any other deputy governor, Dong Xuebing would have never argued with them, but Fang Wenping was different. Though their relationship was still tense, they had slept together before. Their connection was more complicated than the usual superior-subordinate dynamic despite their differences. It was an awkward situation, so Dong Xuebing didn't hesitate to argue back, and once the argument heated up, he had no reservations about what he said.

They argued for a full three minutes.

Fang Wenping seemed to be getting angry, "Fine, you want to act like an asshole? Then we'll handle this officially."

Dong Xuebing scoffed, "Is the Provincial Disciplinary Committee going to investigate me now?"

Fang Wenping responded coldly, "No need for the Provincial Disciplinary Committee. There are plenty of people in the province who don't like you. I warned you when you came here, but you didn't listen. Don't blame me now. Do you think the leadership in Baohong City can't sense this? I got the news at noon. Your city's disciplinary committee is sending people to investigate. You can't function without a punishment, right? Fine, wait for the city's people to come after you."

After saying this, the phone on Fang Wenping's end went dead, and she hung up.

City officials were coming.

The city's disciplinary committee would investigate him.

Dong Xuebing's eyes narrowed. He knew that even though Fang Wenping had scolded him and was harsh, her side wouldn't be the ones investigating him. But the provincial level had more leaders, and with Baohong City's leaders, things could go differently.

Let them come, then.

He'd wait.