

## PAW 1891

### Chapter 1891

The courtyard fell into complete silence.

Everyone who needed to leave had left.

Dong Xuebing watched the city disciplinary committee's car drive away. Then, seeing the curious government employees still lingering around, he shouted, "What are you all still looking at? Get back to work!"

At his words, the crowd quickly dispersed.

Chang Lin wanted to step up and ask something, "Secretary..."

Meng Hanmei, too, was eager for answers, as many things were still unclear to them.

But Dong Xuebing wasn't planning to explain anything. He said, "Go back to your work."

Hearing this, Chang Lin, Meng Hanmei, and the others didn't press further and returned to their duties.

Dong Xuebing returned to his office, closed the door, and didn't even call his secretary in. He sat behind his desk, sipping tea. It wasn't that he didn't want to talk; it was just that he hadn't fully processed what had happened. Why did Fang Wenping show up, and, more importantly, why did she help him out in such a tough, decisive manner? It was beyond his expectations. He was genuinely surprised by how much face she gave him.

Just a while ago, the two argued over this issue during a phone call. Fang Wenping had even scolded him for it. And yet, here she was, changing her stance completely. Dong Xuebing couldn't have imagined it.

Fang Wenping.

Her intervention kept running through Dong Xuebing's mind, and the more he thought about it, the more moved he felt. Fang Wenping had helped him out of a tight spot this time. Before she arrived, Dong Xuebing had already braced himself for the worst—preparing for possible disciplinary action, even a demotion or transfer. He couldn't think of any way to escape this predicament. He was even worried that the upcoming county-wide promotion review might take a bad turn for him. But Fang Wenping showed up and swiftly resolved everything. Dong Xuebing couldn't help but feel a deep sense of gratitude. He even felt embarrassed, recalling how he had argued with her on the phone and might have even cursed her. Yet, despite that, she had driven from the province to clean up his mess. Thinking about it, Dong Xuebing blushed a little.

Old Fang is quite something.

That car loan was worth it.

After pondering for a while, Dong Xuebing decided to give Fang Wenping a call. The phone rang twice before connecting. "Hello, Sister Fang."

Fang Wenping responded with a slight "Hmm" and asked, "What is it?"

Clearing his throat awkwardly, Dong Xuebing said, "Well, about earlier... My attitude wasn't great. Don't take it to heart, okay? You know how I am—quick-tempered and blunt."

Fang Wenping cut him off, "I'm driving back to the province. Get to the point."

Dong Xuebing cleared his throat again, "In any case, thank you so much for today. I'll treat you to a meal next time. Let me know what you want to eat, or maybe I can buy you something."

Fang Wenping replied impatiently, "Is that all?"

Dong Xuebing chuckled bitterly, "I just wanted to thank you. You helped me out this time."

"You don't need to thank me. I was dropping off some clothes for Qianqian. I happened to pass by and said a few words. No need to make a big deal of it," Fang Wenping said casually.

Dong Xuebing didn't take her words at face value, knowing well that she had likely made a special trip to help him, even putting her work aside to rush over. How could he not understand

this? However, because Fang Wenping intervened, Dong Xuebing also worried about her. This was why he initially hesitated to seek her help; after all, the Fang and Xie families had always been arch-rivals. Dong Xuebing hesitantly said, "I was just concerned that it might cause trouble for you, given the historical feud between our families, you know..."

Fang Wenping coldly retorted, "Do you think I need you to worry about my matters?"

"That's not what I meant. I just—" Dong Xuebing started to say.

Fang Wenping cut him off, saying, "Alright, enough. I'm not here to chat. Make sure you send over Qianqian's clothes. They're all this year's new styles. Tell her they're from Aunt Fang. That's it."

"Sure, sure. I'll have them shipped out today by express courier," Dong Xuebing responded quickly, but before he could say more, Fang Wenping hung up. He set the phone down, slightly exasperated but also amused. Today's events had given him a deeper understanding of Fang Wenping, and it felt like their relationship had suddenly become much closer. If Fang Wenping were ever in trouble, Dong Xuebing knew he would undoubtedly help her—he was just that kind of person. But what surprised him was that when he was the one in trouble, Fang Wenping had also stepped in to help. No wonder people called them "the she-devil" and "the rogue." Their personalities were similar; even their ways of thinking and acting were alike. This similarity gave Dong Xuebing a natural rapport with her despite their frequent arguments and shouting matches. It was a kind of unspoken understanding.

Dong Xuebing then called in his secretary, Su Yan.

He handed Su Yan a few bags of clothes and quickly scribbled down an address: "Xiao Su, arrange for these to be sent by courier to this address."

Su Yan nodded, "Got it, Secretary."

"And then call in Director Meng for me," Dong Xuebing added.

"Will do," Su Yan replied and left.

A few moments later, Meng Hanmei entered the office. "Secretary, you wanted to see me?"

“Take a seat, Director Meng,” Dong Xuebing gestured for her to sit down. “We still don’t know what kind of disciplinary action might come from the city’s disciplinary committee, but one thing is clear: this incident has left the city officials unhappy with us. There’s no need to hide this fact; everyone is aware.” He was right. Even if the city doesn’t punish Dong Xuebing this time, the future is uncertain despite the city officials’ reluctance to confront Fang Wenping directly due to her status. After all, Fang Wenping was only a deputy provincial governor and didn’t directly oversee Baohong City. The saying “a distant official is not as effective as a local one” is applied here. The city’s officials might give Fang Wenping face once, but who knows what will happen next time? “So, I need you to inform everyone to keep a low profile. Handle everything smoothly and avoid causing any issues.”

Meng Hanmei immediately replied, “Understood.”

In her heart, though, Meng Hanmei couldn’t help but smile wryly. Most of the county’s troubles usually stemmed from Dong Xuebing himself. If he stayed out of trouble, it was unlikely anyone else would stir things up. However, what intrigued her the most was Fang Wenping’s involvement. It wasn’t just her; other county leaders like Zhang Dongfang, Wei Zhixuan, Chang Lin, and Sun Changzhi were equally taken aback. They had no idea about Dong Xuebing’s connection with Fang Wenping. It was so unexpected; not even a hint had been given before. It seemed they didn’t know each other, yet Dong Xuebing suddenly appeared to be part of Fang Wenping’s faction. The shift was so rapid it caught everyone off guard.

From this angle, Meng Hanmei was pleased. The cadres aligned with Dong Xuebing were also happy because, first, their secretary had escaped disciplinary action and didn’t have to worry about being transferred. Second, with a supporter at the provincial level, their work would be much easier, and they’d have more confidence in their actions. On the other hand, Zhang Dongfang and his faction were not as thrilled. They were glad the issue was resolved since they, too, disliked the attitudes of those foreign guests. However, seeing Dong Xuebing now linked with Fang Wenping made them feel a sense of crisis.

Dong Xuebing was already a wild and unrestrained character.

Now, with a powerful provincial leader backing him—

How could anyone stop him? With this support, Dong Xuebing might turn everything upside down.

At this moment, Zhang Dongfang was sitting in his office with a gloomy expression, feeling immense pressure. Although he didn't have the same aggressive ambition as the younger cadres, he still harbored a strong desire to advance, especially since he was nearing retirement. He had long set his sights on the position of county party secretary. Initially, the city had practically promised this position to him, but then suddenly, Dong Xuebing was parachuted in, snatching it away from him. And now, it seemed this position was slipping even further from Zhang Dongfang's grasp. It was no wonder he felt so upset.

A powerful backer.

Strong work capabilities.

Still young.

Who could possibly block the political ascent of someone like this?

Zhang Dongfang sank into deep thought. He wasn't the only one; many people were left speechless. Fang Wenping's outburst significantly changed the dynamics; it was a major turning point.

For example, Deputy Director Niu from the city government office was practically ready to jump up and curse.

"Director Niu, the provincial government has canceled the foreign guests' exchange activities and all related reception tasks. The province has decided they are not welcome."

"What? And what about the investigation in Jiaolin County?"

"The city's disciplinary committee members have all returned."

Hearing this, Deputy Director Niu almost smashed something in frustration. Damn it, he had worked hard for the past couple of days, attending to the foreign guests' every need, managing their meals and accommodations. And why? To fulfill the tasks the provincial and city governments assigned and to make a good impression on the city leaders. The provincial government just canceled everything on a whim, making all his efforts over the past two days completely pointless. He had endured the scolding and cold stares in Jiaolin County for nothing, and to top it off, Dong Xuebing didn't even receive a punishment.

The foreign guests were equally displeased. Upon hearing that all exchange activities in the province were canceled and no one would handle their accommodations, they were furious. Their translator even went to the city government to rage, but it was useless. No one there was willing to deal with them anymore. It wasn't that the city officials were ignoring them entirely. Still, they intentionally left them out in the cold, following the provincial government's orders to give these guests a "cold reception."

Bad impression?

That was not their concern. If the sky fell, there were provincial leaders to bear it. Their only job was to follow the provincial orders, and nothing else mattered.

The translator's complaints had no effect.

By that afternoon, seeing the situation, the foreign guests angrily packed up and left the boundaries of Shaanbei Province.

The situation was unpleasant for all parties involved, but at this point, the matter was considered resolved. Even if it left a bitter taste, this was the outcome. Those hoping to see Dong Xuebing suffer were left disappointed—no one got what they wanted.