

MADAM'S IDENTITIES SHOCKS THE ENTIRE CITY AGAIN Chapter 939

“... What?”

The other party leaned toward him, his eyes bright as if he had vented his anger. He asked in a refreshed tone, “Is her name QN?”

A few professors from the Medical Association were puzzled and asked, “Teacher Qin, what are you talking about? What Instagram? What QN? Tell us clearly.”

“Am I not asking Professor Shen?” The person chuckled and patted his stomach, muttering to himself, “I think this is her. Isn’t Qiao Nian’s name QN? It must be her!”

“What on earth is it? So what if it’s her?”

“Yes, what’s going on? Tell us clearly.”

Seeing that many people were curious about what he said, the middle-aged man smiled and showed them his phone. “Look.”

Everyone gathered around and looked down.

There was a new status update with over 10,000 likes. It was sent half an hour ago.

[QN: [Picture]]

“What’s wrong with just one picture?” The first person did not understand. He looked up and asked with a puzzled expression.

“Don’t be anxious. I’ll magnify it for you.” The chubby man opened the photo and enlarged it.

It was a ranking.

It was the ranking for this year’s medical competition. There were only two people on it, the first and second place.

1st place: Qiao Nian, Qing University’s Traditional Medicine Faculty, 97 points.

2nd place: Qi Lanyin, international participant, 63 points.

Qi Lanyin’s final results were barely passable, with 63 points.

There was no nonsense in that comment. It was just a picture, but it made everyone who had seen it recognize two big words—Arrogance!

This post was definitely an eye for an eye. It was as if it was rubbing Qi Lanyin and overseas medicine on the ground.

Shen Yugui didn't expect Qiao Nian to post it, especially when he saw the words "Traditional Medicine Faculty" on the photo. As a man, his eyes felt a little hot for the first time, and he almost couldn't control his emotions.

He turned away and took a deep breath.

This was the first time in so many years that he saw hope in the Chinese Medicine Faculty!

In his eyes, the hope of the Chinese Medicine Faculty was sitting lazily in her seat and eating hot pot.

Zhang Yang was indeed a native of Beijing. The hotpot restaurant he had recommended had a spicy and authentic taste, and the dishes were fresh and varied.

Qiao Nian ate to her heart's content. Her back was drenched in sweat, but she hadn't eaten spicy food for more than a week. She felt very good now that she had finally come out to eat hot pot.

She had just finished cooking the beef when a piece of cooked tripe was placed in her bowl.

Qiao Nian looked up and saw that the man sitting beside her had calmly picked up a piece of new beef with the chopsticks and placed it in the pot to boil.

Seeing that she was looking at him, Ye Wangchuan said calmly, "It's too hot. Let it cool down for a while before eating."

Qiao Nian was silent for a moment before her phone on the table lit up.

She put down her chopsticks and picked it up.

Qin Si had called seven or eight people over, but they were all as nervous as quails in front of them. They shrunk their necks and trembled in fear. When Qin Si and Zhang Yang were talking, they could liven up the atmosphere with one or two sentences. When Ye Wangchuan moved, they seemed to be frightened and did not dare to say a word.

Qin Si felt a headache coming, but he didn't know how to break the dry atmosphere.

He had called them over to liven up the atmosphere and celebrate.

In the end, a group of fools came.

Damn, all of them were sitting upright like primary school students in class as they watched Sister Qiao eat. Were they crazy?!