

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 198

The next day, Qin Jun made a trip down to the clinic. There were a few patients around.

After all, this entire street was full of TCM practitioners. Customers were split among the numerous clinics, and many of the older customers remained loyal to a single clinic.

Of course, Qin Jun didn't care. He had opened this clinic with the sole purpose of treating whatever strange illnesses came his way and to benefit the populace. He didn't really care if he made money or not.

Before he had left the mountain, his master had left him a fortune so huge that he would never be able to finish spending it all in one lifetime.

Besides, his earnings from Xuanyuan Group were already enough for a normal person to lead an extravagant life.

Kong Fanlin's medical skills were top-tier, and there were few illnesses that he couldn't treat. Ye Wan'er had been learning quite a lot from him during this time, too.

When Qin Jun stepped into the clinic, he realized that in addition to Kong Fanlin and Ye Wan'er, there was another person standing by the door. It was Zheng Pinglong.

Zheng Pinglong was very bothered by his hidden illness, and had arrived very early to seek treatment.

Kong Fanlin had treated his illness according to the instructions left by Qin Jun. Zheng Pinglong's physical condition was great, and it would take less than half a month for the effects of the treatment to show up.

Zheng Pinglong felt extremely grateful indeed.

“Mr. Qin, I, the humble Zheng Pinglong, am willing to work here as a security guard from today onwards.”

Qin Jun had treated his illness, and it was a huge favor that he could never repay. Zheng Pinglong does not lack money, and he was quite tired of working for those clans. He would much rather remain in this store as a security guard. Besides, he would receive priority treatment for any sort of illness in the future. It was a win-win situation.

In addition, Zheng Pinglong had a feeling that there was something quite extraordinary about Qin Jun.

Other than his medical skills, he seemed to be well-versed in hand-to-hand combat as well.

Although Zheng Pinglong had never seen him fight, he could tell just from Qin Jun's gait and the way he skillfully dodged past others on the street that he wasn't an average individual.

Recalling what had happened the other day at the bar, Zheng Pinglong realized that Qin Jun had maintained his composure even when he was under threat.

At that time, Zheng Pinglong had thought that it was Qin Jun's superior medical skills that gave him that much courage.

But now that he thought about it, it was quite possible that Qin Jun was good at fighting, and his confidence came from the fact that he knew that Zheng Pinglong couldn't possibly hurt him.

Hence, Qin Jun's reason for not beating up Qi Xian himself was that he was simply too full of disdain for that man.

Zheng Pinglong's reverence towards Qin Jun had surged, and he was perfectly willing to come here and work for him.

Ye Wan'er stuck out her tongue and made a face at Qin Jun. their clinic was really filled with hidden gems.

A few days ago, Ye Wan'er had looked up Kong Fanlin's name on the internet. She had discovered that he wasn't an ordinary doctor at all—in fact, he had been awarded the status of Master of Traditional Chinese Medicine!

In the entire country, there were only slightly more than ten people who held that title. Kong Fanlin was one of them.

And yet a prominent doctor like him was working for Jun. Zheng Pinglong didn't look ordinary, and he was probably quite a powerful individual too.

In the end, Jun was the mightiest of them all.

Just as they were cleaning up the clinic and preparing to welcome the first customer, a couple staggered into the clinic.

Both of them were in their twenties. The man was casually dressed, but his clothes seemed expensive. The woman was glittering with jewels, and her entire outfit seemed to scream her nouveau riche status.

As they entered, the woman was clutching her stomach, her face as white as sheet.

“Master, my girlfriend's stomach hurts. Could you help us take a look?”

As soon as he spoke, the couple lifted their heads and gasped in shock.

“Ye Wan'er, is that really you?”

Ye Wan'er's face had frozen, and her expression seemed rather strange.

“Ding Mingliang, Zheng Xin?”

As soon as Zheng Xin saw Ye Wan'er, she began laughing maliciously.

“I say, what is the prettiest girl in our class doing here as a nurse? How the tables have turned—the time has finally come for you to serve me!”