

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 200

As Kong Fanlin was preparing the medicine, Zheng Xin grabbed hold of Ding Mingliang's arm and said, "Ye Wan'er, I bet you didn't expect that Mingliang would be doing so well in life. He is now the assistant manager of his company's charity department for the South China region. He earns hundreds of thousands a year now. Do you regret rejecting him all those years ago?"

Ding Mingliang puffed out his chest, a look of amusement on his face.

When Ye Wan'er had rejected him years ago, she had done it very cruelly indeed.

In the past, he had been a regular guy, and Ye Wan'er had been the young mistress of a wealthy family. She had been way out of his league indeed.

But now that their situations were reversed. It was time to renegotiate who was the low-class one and who was the elite one between them.

Ye Wan'er maintained a cold expression on her face. "I don't regret it at all. I don't like him anyway."

Zheng Xin snorted. "You just won't admit defeat, will you? You know that he's married to me now, and that he's way out of your league. Why can't you just admit that you regret your decision all those years ago?"

"Whatever, it's all in the past. There's no point in bringing it up now. Anyway, I'm living a great life now, and that's all you need to know."

"Oh, by the way, Darling, the seafood yesterday was delicious. I remember that they gave us a voucher when we left. Why don't we give it to Wan'er so she can go have a taste?"

Ding Mingliang laughed. “Darling, that voucher requires you to spend at least two thousand before they deduct a quarter from your total bill. How can a normal person like her spend more than a thousand on a meal? It would probably cost them an arm or a leg.”

Zheng Xin pretended that she had just realized this. “Oh, is that so? It's my fault for not being considerate enough. You're right, spending more than a thousand on one meal alone is quite extravagant for people like them. It's practically the monthly income of a normal household—you can't ask them to spend all of it on one meal, can you? Ha ha...”

The two of them were chattering back and forth. It was really annoying—to think that someone could brag so much about eating seafood!

Kong Fanlin finished preparing the medicine and passed it to them. Rather impatiently, he said, “Take this according to the prescription. You'll see results in a day.”

Ding Mingliang quickly said, “Master, please prescribe some good-quality medicine for my darling. Money isn't a problem—it's my wife's intestinal health that's most important here.”

As he spoke, Ding Mingliang took out a wad of cash and placed it on the counter. It was worth around a thousand.

“Here's the money for the treatment. As for the extra, please keep it as a tip.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Ding Mingliang helped Zheng Xin out of the clinic. Both of them were giggling happily.

Kong Fanlin was quite speechless. Rolling his eyes, he muttered, “What's wrong with them? To think that they bragged so much about eating some seafood.”

Even a respected TCM master like him had been annoyed half to death by those two individuals.

Ye Wan'er rolled her eyes too. She couldn't stand people like them.

Qin Jun smiled. "Don't worry. It's best to see these people as nothing but a joke."

"However, I do think that seafood sounds great. Wan'er, do you want to have seafood for lunch?"

Ye Wan'er nodded. "Sure, it's all up to you."

Qin Jun looked at Kong Fanlin and Zheng Pinglong. "Want to come along?"

Kong Fanlin shook his head. "No thanks. I have no wish to be a third wheel."

Zheng Pinglong shook his head and declined the offer too.

In the end, Qin Jun and Ye Wan'er ate lunch together.

Taking out his phone, he looked through a bunch of restaurants before settling for a lunchtime booking at a restaurant with a three Michelin stars.

After coming out from Xuanyuan Clinic, Zheng Xin felt very refreshed indeed. Her stomach didn't hurt anymore—even though she hadn't taken any medicine, just the experience of mocking Ye Wan'er alone had taken her mind of the pain.

What a loser. Ye Wan'er had been better than her at everything in the past, but what did that matter now that Zheng Xin had become the wife of a rich family, and Ye Wan'er had become an ordinary person?

Zheng Xin felt happier the more she thought about it. “Darling, do you want to splurge a little to celebrate?”

Ding Mingliang smiled. “Sure, what do you feel like eating?”

Zheng Xin pulled out her phone and glanced through it for a while. “Darling, we haven't been to this Michelin-star restaurant yet. Why don't we go there for lunch?”