

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 204

Zheng Xin voice was very loud and was aimed at the table next to theirs. Shouldn't she be able to afford what that peasant, Ye Wan'er, could afford?

Ding Mingliang's brows contorted into a frown. However, he didn't stop her. After all, with a minimum spending of twenty thousand, it'll be a total waste of money if they order too little. Although the lobster and foie gras was expensive, they were only a couple hundred per plate tops.

After the waiter heard her, he asked, "Miss, are you sure? The guests at table number 3 ordered a lot. I think the two of you might not be able to finish."

Snorting coldly, she replied nonchalantly, "If we can't finish, then so be it. We can always throw away the leftovers."

The waiter pouted his lips in exasperation. But since the customer had said so, he could only do as he was told.

Ignoring the two idiots at the next table, Qin Jun and Ye Wan'er proceeded to have quite a lovely dinner. After all, the restaurant had three Michelin stars. Their food was absolutely scrumptious.

At the other table, Zheng Xin and Ding Mingliang were also happily chomping down on their food.

"Darling, this champagne is just delicious. Have some more."

After taking a few sips, Ding Mingliang also felt that it tasted good. Bringing the bottle up to his eyes, he realised that the words were mostly in English. Unable to understand anything, he put it back down.

After they were done, Qin Jun beckoned for the waiter to come over so that they could settle the bill.

“Hi Sir, you've spent a total of two hundred and thirty thousand.”

Nodding indifferently, Qin Jun proceeded to hand the waiter his card.

However, at the other table, Ding Mingliang and Zheng Xin were completely flabbergasted.

Two hundred and thirty thousand?

They spent two hundred and thirty thousand on a meal? Did they ate an entire Audi?

How could a peasant like Ye Wan'er afford a meal like that?

At that moment, Ding Mingliang's face had turned completely aghast. Right now, his main concern wasn't how Ye Wan'er was going to foot the bill. His main concern was how Zheng Xin and him were going to cough up this kind of money!

They hadn't ordered anything from the start. All they told the waiter was to serve them twice the portions of everything table number 3 had ordered.

But the dishes shouldn't have been that expensive. Even the most expensive lobster was only a few hundred. He had clearly seen the price on the menu.

“Waiter!” Ding Mingliang called the waiter

“Can you help me check how much our bill is?” he asked softly.

The waiter proceeded to hand him the bill. “Hi, Sir. You've spent a total of four hundred and sixty thousand.”

Upon hearing the price, Ding Mingliang nearly fainted!

Over four hundred thousand!

How was that even possible?

Opening up the menu again, the expression on his face suddenly changed drastically.

The champagne was two hundred thousand! Two bottles of it were four hundred thousand!

How were those two bottles of liquor so expensive?

Furthermore, the bottles had already been opened. They couldn't return them even if they wanted to.

Ding Mingliang's face turned as pale as a sheet. No wonder the champagne was so delicious. Twenty thousand a bottle! How could they not be?

Noticing the sour expression on his face, Zheng Xin asked, “Darling, what's wrong?”

He immediately felt a surge of anger swell up in his chest. What's wrong? You've got the f***ing cheek to ask what's wrong?

Right now, it was all he could do to fight down the urge to slap her right across the face. She had to go and show off in front of Ye Wan'er! Now they had splurged enough money for the down payment of a house on a meal!

As the thoughts raced through his mind, he eventually forced himself to quell the anger and calm down.

Four hundred thousand was more than what he could earn in half a year.

“Darling, continue on with your meal first. I've got to go to the washroom.”

After he finished, Ding Mingliang put on his coat and started walking away. When he was passing by the door, he pretended to pick up a call.

“Hello? Oh, Director Zhang. Hang on, the signal here isn't very good. Let me go out before we continue.”

After he made his escape, he hastily hailed a cab and fled the scene.

Back in the restaurant, there was still a lot of food left on Zheng Xin's table. She had been eating for a very long time and could stomach no more. Furthermore, she had also taken enough pictures. Now, she was feeling quite puzzled.

Why hasn't Ding Mingliang come back?