

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 371

Feng Zhiping's attitude made everyone frustrated, including Qin Jun. Even Kong Fanlin felt annoyed by him.

"Who do you think you are? You are here to seek treatment! At least be polite and respectful about it! Our medical center will not treat a patient with a family member as unreasonable as you!"

Qin Jun shot a cold glare at Feng Zhiping with a darkened expression.

"I still have patients here to attend to. I don't have time to visit the patient at your home."

As he said this, Qin Jun continued to treat the vagrant in front of him.

Feng Zhiping furrowed his brows and exclaimed, "Do you know who my grandfather is?! How can you treat this beggar here when I'm asking you to go and take a look at my grandfather?"

Qin Jun snorted, "I don't care who you are. As long as you are in my medical center, you are no better than the others."

Feng Zhiping also let out a snort, "I gave you guys the perfect opportunity to shine, and yet you act so pretentiously!"

He turned around, kicked the door open, and stomped out.

Does he even know who the Feng family is? Many doctors fought for the chance to treat Old Master Feng since he was sick. How dare Qin Jun reject me? He was just another young man on the streets!

I would never step into such a trashy place if Wang Yishui hadn't recommend this chap to me!

Feng Zhiping arrived home in a furious state. As he returned, Feng Shuqiang asked worriedly "So? Did you manage to get the divine doctor here?"

The former scoffed, "I tried, but he said no. What kind of divine doctor is he anyway? Are you sure Uncle Wang is not mistaken? How could a man like that be regarded as a divine doctor?"

Feng Shuqiang shook his head helplessly. He had not much hope for the young man anyway since the world of Chinese medicine was dominated by older practitioners who were more experienced in diagnosis and treatment. What could a young, twenty-year-old man like Qin Jun do?

"Cough"

Old Master Feng let out a violent cough and started to retch again. This time, he was thoroughly dehydrated and only spat blood!

Furthermore, the blood was thick and coagulated. It was a nerve-wracking sight.

The few doctors at the side saw this and turned pale.

They quickly advised, "Mr. Feng, I'm sorry. If it was earlier, there would perhaps be a twenty percent chance of success. But now, I don't think there is even a one percent chance of succeeding. I can't do this operation for you. I'm sorry."

"Mr. Feng, I can't help either. I'm sorry."

After which, the two doctors packed their bags and started walking out of the place.

Feng Shuqiang was astonished at their behavior.

“Dr. Liu! Dr. Zhao! What are you guys doing!”

These two were the best doctors that they could get. If they left, who else could the Feng family find to treat Old Master Feng?

The two doctors cringed, “Mr. Feng, please don’t put us in a spot. We really can’t do anything more.”

The Feng family was indeed powerful and wealthy. If they succeeded in treating Old Master Feng, they would definitely be well-rewarded.

However, the condition-precedent was that the operation must succeed, and hence, they dared not proceed without full assurance that Old Master Feng would survive. Now, even if the legendary doctor, Hua Tuo was revived, he would not be able to do much about Old Master Feng’s condition either.

Feng Shuqiang looked utterly defeated. Were there no other options?

At this moment, a luxury car stopped outside the house. Wang Yishui got off the car and walked into the house in big strides. As his eyes landed on Old Master Feng who lay weak and motionless on the bed, his face turned as pale as a sheet.

“Shuqiang! Where is Doctor Qin?”

Feng Shuqiang cringed slightly at his question and his eyes darted towards his son, Feng Zhiping.

The latter scoffed, "You mean the so-called divine doctor? Hmph, he rejected my offer to come here! I can't order him around."