

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 394

Wei Jianjun pulled a face and scoffed, “My boss? Who do you think you are? And who do you think my boss is? Is he someone you can tell to come and go as you please? Even I haven’t seen him in months! Quit blowing your own horn...”

“If you’re not going to call him, then I will.”

After Qin Jun finished, he fished out his phone and rang up Feng Shuqiang. He even left the phone on speaker and placed it on the table.

A great hush once again fell over the table for the umpteenth time. Everybody kept their ears wide open for the conversation that was about to happen. They were all eager to know if Qin Jun was telling the truth.

After a few seconds, the call went through.

“Hello, Mr. Qin?”

The moment he heard this voice, Wei Jianjun was stunned. Hey, this voice is rather familiar. Could it really be Director Feng?

“Is there some guy named Wei Jianjun who’s the assistant manager?”

“That’s right. Do you know him by any chance, Mr. Qin?”

“Haha, well, not really. He suspects that I stole the jewelry that I’m giving my friends.”

“What! That jerk! Where are you now, Mr. Qin? I’ll be right there!”

After Qin Jun informed him of their location, he promptly hung up the phone.

Looking at each other, everybody didn’t get the feeling that Qin Jun was blowing his own horn. After all, he had left the speaker on for all of them to hear. If it had been a fluke, his lie would have been exposed on the spot.

As Wei Jianjun’s brows knitted into a frown, he was still adamant that Qin Jun’s story was nothing but a sham.

“Was that all just an act you put together to try and fool others? Stop fighting it, Qin Jun. You’re going to get your sorry ass hauled off to jail.”

Soon, Feng Shuqiang burst into the room panting and wheezing.

Since one of his subordinates had offended Mr. Qin, he naturally dared not delay his arrival.

After all, Mr. Qin was a legendary doctor. The Old Master had instructed him to treat him with the utmost respect.

Has Wei Jianjun lost his mind? Who gave him the guts to offend Mr. Qin?

The moment his boss entered the restaurant, Wei Jianjun was completely dumbfounded. Hastily getting to his feet, he spoke in a trembling voice, “Director...Director Feng? What are you doing here?”

With a nasty scowl on his face, Feng Shuqiang strode over to him and slapped him across the face.

Smack! A red handprint instantly appeared on Wei Jianjun's cheeks.

"Why am I here? Why don't you f***ing tell me? How dare you offend Mr. Qin?"

Wei Jianjun was utterly confused. His boss had slapped the senses out of him.

"Director Feng, he...he said that he owns Feng Jewelry. I..."

Feng Shuqiang snorted, "And what's so hard to believe about that? The Donghai branch of Feng Jewelry has already been given to Mr. Qin. All of the paperwork for this transfer of ownership has been signed. I just haven't had the time to inform you guys. You really have some kind of a death wish!"

"Mr. Qin, I'm really sorry about this. This was entirely a mistake on my part. I'll inform the rest of the workers about their new boss the next chance I get."

Qin Jun replied, "That won't be necessary. At least this way, we'll be able to gauge our workers for who they really are."

"For example, people like him will only taint and smear our reputation."

Feng Shuqiang nodded his head. "I understand, Mr. Qin."

Feng Shuqiang whipped his head around and pointed at Wei Jianjun.

"You are now officially fired from Feng Group. You're on your own."

Wei Jianjun felt as though his world had started crumbling around him. Fired...

How long have I worked in Feng Jewelry before climbing to the position of assistant manager? How am I supposed to find another job with an annual salary of at least ten thousand?

I've just got the car and I'm still paying off the loans. And my house is still on the mortgage. If I lose my job, won't I lose both my car and house?

He dashed forward and sank to his knees in front of Feng Shuqiang.

"Director Feng! Director Feng, please give me another chance! It's all my fault! I know it now! It's all my fault!"

Feng Shuqiang maintained the cold and aloof expression on his face. "I am no longer the boss. There's no point in begging me."

Wei Jianjun immediately understood and shuffled over to Qin Jun using his knees.

"Please, Director Qin! Please give me another chance!"