

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 435

Xue Dalin resigned to his position. He might be a thug out there, but he could do nothing against his mother. In the end, he sat back down to have a meal with Qin Jun and everyone else.

He Nianying smiled awkwardly. "Sorry, Mr. Qin. My son isn't good at anything. The only thing he likes is sports. I hope you don't mind."

Qin Jun didn't mind. "That's great. Exercising is good for your health."

Xue Dalin pursed his lips. "Bro, you aren't that much older than me, but why are you sounding like my mom?"

He Nianying glared. "Who are you calling bro? You're such a rude boy! Call him Mr. Qin!"

Qin Jun smiled. "It's fine." He thought someone straightforward like Xue Dalin was interesting.

Xue Dalin felt disappointed to see Qin Jun looking so frail and nerdy. "I am not just exercising. It's Chinese Kungfu. Forget it. You won't understand it even if I explain it."

Qin Jun smiled. "Is that so? I do know a bit of Kungfu though."

He Nianying's eyes lit up, and she quieted down. Of course she knew Qin Jun practiced Kungfu. Their master's Kungfu was almost invincible. Her other senior, Wang Jinhai, managed to beat everyone in the military even though he only learned a fraction of it. Qin Jun had trained under their master for ten years, so he was vastly superior to Wang Jinhai.

Xue Dalin's interest was piqued. "Really? Alright, then let me show you some of my skills."

He proceeded to pick up a chopstick and held its base before he clenched his fist. Then he punched, and the sound of a crack was heard. The lone chopstick then broke into pieces without hitting anything.

Breaking a chopstick he holds in his hand with nothing but a punch, huh? This skill depended on the user's speed and energy to break the chopstick with an explosive strength at the end of the punch. Qin Jun knew Xue Dalin had some skills, and he must have trained a bit. Though it's child's play to me.

"Not bad." Xue Dalin was dejected to see Qin Jun looking so uninterested. He's a layman, huh? He then leaned back languidly and said nothing.

"You little..." He Nianying was disappointed that her son didn't take this chance. "It wasn't much, so I hope you don't mind, Mr. Qin."

Qin Jun didn't mind. "It's fine. Strengthening the body is a decent goal to work towards to."

Xue Dalin pursed his lips. He's not that much older than me, but he speaks like an old fogey.

Halfway through the meal, He Nianying suddenly said, "Ms. Wang, this is our first time meeting each other, so here's a gift. It's a necklace I got when I was overseas. I think it matches you."

Wang Dongxue fidgeted. "Oh, I can't take that."

Qin Jun smiled. "It's fine. Just give her the box of pickles your mom made."

Huh? Do you really think pickles are suitable as gifts? She just gave me a necklace! Why are you asking me to give her pickles?

He Nianying smiled. "Sure. I like homemade pickles." She then snapped her fingers, and a woman dressed in black came in.

"Li. Open my safe box upstairs and bring the red box to me."

"Yes, Ms. He."