

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 464

The woman's voice was soft and sweet.

Qin Jun nodded. "Yes, we do. Please come in."

As the woman came inside the clinic, a horrible stench followed her inside. Clearly, the smell was coming from her. Ye Wan'er furrowed her brows slightly.

The woman pulled off her sunglasses, revealing a pair of apologetic eyes. "I'm sorry. I might smell a little."

Ye Wan'er quickly shook her head and reassured her. "It's okay!"

Qin Jun took several sniffs and frowned as well. The smell truly was quite bad, but he was certain it was not because the woman was unhygienic. It was coming from her skin itself.

"Please have a seat."

When the woman took off her mask and hat, Qin Jun realized he was probably looking at a rare disease.

The woman's face was littered with acne and acne scars. She also had another kind of scarring, looking like scales across her face.

Standing off to the side, even Kong Fanlin was shocked. He had been a doctor for so many years, yet he had never, ever seen such a disease before. The level of scarring here was so serious he wondered if she had been badly burned.

The woman gave them a deeply apologetic look. "Sorry. I must have frightened you, didn't I?"

Kong Fanlin shook his head. "You're the patient and we're the doctors. We don't scare so easily. Master Qin, I'll take her pulse."

Taking an interest in the patient as well, he took the pulse of one of her wrists while Qin Jun took the other.

Several seconds later, Kong Fanlin released her hand and shook his head. "Your disease is congenital, isn't it?"

The woman nodded. "Yes."

A sympathetic look flashed through his eyes. Women were always conscious of their looks and beauty. For her to be born like this, she must have been teased and bullied relentlessly when she was younger.

The woman seemed unfazed by any of their reactions. She had likely been to plenty of doctors and had seen all kinds of reactions.

But Qin Jun was different.

Previously, whenever she went to see any doctors, their first reactions would always be shock or disgust. After that, they would adopt a friendly expression, pretending to be concerned for her.

She was long used to such false reactions. On the surface, the polite smile on her face never wavered. In reality, her heart had gone numb from all this disdain and fake platitudes.

Yet, for some reason, the man before her seemed different.

From the moment she came in, he had frowned, not in disgust but in a thoughtful way.

Others had been afraid of hurting her pride and had deliberately avoided the elephant in the room, but he had taken deep breaths of the terrible smell coming off of her.

Even now, when he was taking her pulse, he still had that deeply thoughtful look on his face as he knitted his brows heavily.

It had been a long time since she had been treated like a normal patient.

Five minutes passed and Qin Jun was still taking her pulse. Shifting slightly in impatience, Kong Fanlin resisted the urge to shout at the man. Just what other information could he get from her pulse?

This was obviously a case of a congenital skin disease that could not be cured. The only solution would be to get plastic surgery.

Finally, Qin Jun released her hand. He did not speak though, merely continued to mull over his thoughts.

Unable to hold back any longer, Kong Fanlin asked the woman, "Ma'am, have you ever considered plastic surgery?"

Although it may sound a little harsh, the truth of the matter was curing this disease would be immensely difficult. Not only that, even if they managed to cure her, she might still not end up looking much better. It would be easier to get plastic surgery done instead.

The woman smiled wryly as she replied, "I have. Unfortunately, my body's constitution is special in that I can't be anesthetized. Thus, I can't go under the knife. Besides, I can't undergo a skin graft."