

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 48

Chen Jiaojiao's face was covered in a mixture of her own mucus, tears and saliva. Qin Jun's slap had packed quite a punch.

Xu Feng's expression was icy-cold. Hitting his own woman in front of him was akin to asking for death.

“Are you tired of living?”

Xu Feng had lived as an overweight couch potato for too long, and he was too afraid to go up against Qin Jun in a fight. Even if he had the guts to beat Qin Jun up, Qin Jun had stolen Mr. Long's bank card and Mr. Long would have his men to settle this matter. Xu Feng did not dare to deal with him by himself.

“Just you wait!”

Xu Feng took out his phone and dialed a number. After a while, someone picked up.

“Mr. Long? It's me, Xu Feng.”

“I'm at the sales office over at the Public Square. Someone here has been apprehended for stealing your bank card. How would you like us to deal with him?”

“Yes, yes, yes, I'll be waiting for you right here. Don't worry, he can't escape!”

After he hung up, Xu Feng turned to Qin Jun, his expression livid and full of rage.

“Just you wait! You're done for. There's no way I'll let you walk out of this door perfectly fine today, or my surname isn't Xu!”

Ye Wan'er grabbed Qin Jun's arm and said softly, "Jun, what do we do?"

Qin Jun smiled plainly. "Let's just wait."

Although he had other bank cards that he could use, everything had happened too quickly. Now, it wouldn't hurt to wait for everything to sort itself out.

...

On the other end of the line, Long Yihui hung up the call. Duan Baodong asked, "What's going on?"

"Mr. Duan, Xu Feng has called to inform me that someone has stolen my bank card and tried to pay for their purchase with it at the sales office. I'll go and have a look."

Duan Baodong frowned. "Stole your bank card?"

After thinking for a while, something dawned on Duan Baodong. "It couldn't be that card we gifted Mr. Qin yesterday, could it?"

Long Yihui considered it. It was true that it would be quite impossible for anybody to get the opportunity to steal his bank card otherwise.

Duan Baodong sat up immediately. "This can't be it! I'm going down to the office myself."

He couldn't afford to neglect a highly skilled doctor like Qin Jun.

“Cough cough...” As soon as Duan Baodong sat up, his body was wracked with a series of coughs.

Long Yihui said immediately, “Mr. Duan, you're not well yet. Just rest at home and let me go instead. Don't worry, I'll definitely handle it well!”

“Alright, don't let Mr. Qin be mistreated!”

“Yes, Mr. Duan!”

Long Yihui put on his coat and ran out of the door.

After a few minutes, Long Yihui, clad in a black suit, turned up at the sales office, leaving a trail of dust in his wake.

Xu Feng and Chen Jiaojiao were still squatting at the same spot. Half of Chen Jiaojiao's face was still slightly swollen, and although some feeling was starting to return to her cheeks, it was a red-hot feeling of pain.

As soon as he saw Long Yihui enter, Xu Feng shot up from where he was on the floor and rushed forward to him, a pug-like smile hanging from his face.

“Mr. Long, you came!”

“It's them right there! This couple here stole your bank card and tried to use it here. I think they're tired of living!”

As soon as Long Yihui entered the door, he saw Qin Jun and Ye Wan'er standing in front of the apartment models.

In a flash, his face had darkened.

So, it really was Mr. Qin!

Before, they had used to pay others using Mr. Duan's card. Using his card did not require his personal signature, but it was different for Mr. Long's. A transaction of over 50 million using Mr. Long's card would require his signature.

Long Yihui had forgotten about this, and he only had himself to blame. If this incident led to unhappiness on Mr. Qin's part, he could die a thousand times over and still be unable to cleanse his guilt.

Xu Feng saw that support had showed up in the form of Long Yihui, and his expression turned arrogant again.

“Ha! This is Mr. Long himself. The card in your hands belongs to him! Aren't you going to come here and beg for his forgiveness? Stop standing there like an idiot—are the both of you waiting to die?”

Long Yihui completely disregarded Xu Feng's existence. Brushing past him, he walked right up to Qin Jun and bowed deeply, with an apologetic look on his face.

“Mr. Qin!”