MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 582

Qin Jun believed that there was no such thing as an incurable disease in this world. If he really couldn't cure this disease, he would have no choice but to ask his Master for help.
But he hoped to be able to find a cure by himself first.

After Uncle Qin woke up, he and Cai Yan took a stroll around Qingmei Manor. Seeing that he was in a better mood, she said, "You take a good rest here. I'm going to work now."
Uncle Qin didn't say anything and just nodded his head in response.
Cai Yan still wanted to work even though Qin Jun was wealthy. If she didn't go out to work, she would be dependent on him for a living and she felt uneasy about this.
After exiting the manor, Long Yihui personally drove Cai Yan to work. Although she had declined his offer several times, he still insisted to drive her there. Upon reaching her workplace, he parked at the entrance.
Mr. Qin had instructed him to guard her round the clock. As for Uncle Qin, he was safely tucked away in Qingmei Manor, so his safety was guaranteed.
Long Yihui had to follow Cai Yan whenever she went to work to prevent unwanted incidents. If she were to bumped into the kind of moronic people that offended Mr. Qin and his uncle yesterday, he would definitely incite the wrath of Mr. Duan.

Cai Yan worked in an ordinary restaurant as a waitress. At night, she held another job as a massage therapist. Both these jobs gave her a monthly income of more than three thousand.

Even though she didn't have to support her parents and younger brother financially anymore, she still wanted to maintain her income, so she held on to both jobs.

As soon as she entered the restaurant, she changed into her uniform and started working. The morning passed very quickly and it was soon afternoon. Suddenly, a few aggressive looking men walked into the restaurant.

"Who here is called Cai Yan?" one of the men asked.

Cai Yan was stunned. "Me, I'm Cai Yan. Who are you people?" she replied.

The men sneered at her, "Your younger brother owes us money, so we are here to get the money back from you."

Cai Yan panicked and asked, "Who are you? Why would my brother owe you money?"

The leader of the group stood up and said, "My surname is Huang. This is the IOU signed by your brother. See?"

Cai Yan took a look at the IOU and her eyes widened.

"A hundred and fifty thousand! He actually owes you a hundred and fifty thousand!" she cried out.

Mr. Huang snorted, "One hundred and fifty thousand is only the principal. Including the interest, it would be more than that. Return us the money this instant!"

Cai Yan's face darkened as she said, "The money was borrowed by him. Go and get it from him!" Mr. Huang replied, "If he had money, do you think we would come looking for you? He said he is penniless and he doesn't have anything valuable in his house. He told us to ask you for the money." Cai Yan was stumped, "Why ask from me? I don't have money too." Mr. Huang then rolled up his sleeves and said, "You don't have money too? Don't blame us for being rude then!" Cai Yan took a few steps back in fear and her face turned pale white. Just as Mr. Huang was about to strike her, an icy voice behind him said, "What did you say you were going to do?" Mr. Huang turned around and got a huge shock. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Long. What are you doing in such a small restaurant?" he asked. As soon as Mr. Huang saw Long Yihui, his whole demeanor changed as a smile plastered itself onto his face and he bowed. Long Yihui said coldly, "Are you engaging in loan shark activities again?"

Mr. Huang answered with a miserable look, "Mr. Long, I need to put food on my own table too. Don't

worry, the interest is not high at all. I charge a very reasonable rate."

Long Yihui grabbed the IOU from him and took a look. Sure enough, the interest rate wasn't as high as actual loan shark rates and it was considered a regular loan. Nevertheless, the rate was still higher than what banks were charging. These rascals needed to survive after all, so such a business was tacitly permitted.

"The debt is waived," Long Yihui declared.