

## MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 602

Upon hearing this, Ye Xuanyuan's eyes bulged. "This isn't going to work again. Do you have any idea how much of my Golden Snake Wine you've drunk behind my back? Do you have no shame?"

Qin Jun's wealth by itself was enough to rival a country's, let alone Ye Xuanyuan's. His master's wealth was beyond the average person's wildest imaginations.

Who would have thought that this extremely wealthy pair would kick up such a fuss over just a sip of wine?

But Ye Xuanyuan's wine certainly wasn't the average kind. He had personally raised the golden snakes used to make the wine. It typically took about twenty years just to brew a gourd of wine. Back then, Ye Xuanyuan had saved up two gourds for future consumption. Alas, they were then all stolen and drunk by Qin Jun.

After a brief squabble, Qin Jun suddenly said, "Master, why don't you make a trip down to Donghai with me? All the juniors miss you very much."

Glancing hesitantly at Qin Jun, Ye Xuanyuan eventually nodded his head.

"Alright, I'll go in a couple of days. After all, your body's going to need a few days to recuperate."

Uncle Qin was pretty much alright. Qin Jun, on the other hand, would take longer to recover.

Both of them were like vessels for water. Uncle Qin was more like a cup. Although he was empty, it didn't take much to fill him up.

Qin Jun, on the other hand, was an enormous vat. Even Ye Xuanyuan would need some time before he could heal Qin Jun fully.

The uncle-nephew duo settled down in the village. They spent the next few days planting vegetables and rearing cows together with Ye Xuanyuan. It was as though Qin Jun had turned back the clock ten years and he was suddenly leading the recluse life once again.

Donghai underwent several world-shattering changes during those few days.

The moment word got out that Shu Jinlie and Hua Cheng were dead, both families were outraged. They went all the way to the bottom of Mount Qingmei to investigate. Yet, they failed to discover Qin Jun's and Uncle Qin's corpses.

Old Master Shu glanced at the peak of Mount Qingmei and then at the wreckage of the Range Rover.

"Humph," he snorted, "Looks like those Qin scum were taken away by wolves."

After tumbling down such a high slope and getting hit by a car, how could they possibly still be alive?

Old Master Hua agreed, "Although our families paid an enormous price this time, the Qin family has been completely annihilated."

Shu Chengguo nodded. "Looks like Donghai is still our turf after all."

This was the harsh reality of wealthy families like theirs. Both men had just lost their sons. Yet, all they cared about at that very moment was the influence their families exercised over Donghai.

Subsequently, Shu Chengguo and the others drove to Xuanyuan Clinic. Upon seeing the closed doors, he sneered, "Wreck the place."

Qin Jun finally made a full recovery after a week.

Ye Xuanyuan felt a pang of pain in his heart as he stared into his now empty gourd. There wasn't even much Golden Snake Wine to begin with. The punk drank it all!

Staring at Uncle Qin who was memorizing some TCM scriptures under a tree, Ye Xuanyuan shook his head exasperatedly.

“Learning TCM is certainly going to be a challenge for him at his age.”

In the past seven days, Ye Xuanyuan had uncovered Uncle Qin's talents for TCM and wanted to make the latter his disciple.

Qin Jun had originally assumed the title of his last disciple. Logically, he wouldn't be accepting any more. However, he couldn't resist the temptation upon seeing an individual as talented as Uncle Qin.

And after finding out that all of Qin Jun's skills were taught by this old man, Uncle Qin naturally wanted Ye Xuanyuan to be his teacher as well.

Even though Uncle Qin had regained his memories, it had been ten years after all. Now, he had neither connections nor money. There was no way he could pull off all those things he had done back in the day.

If he really wanted the Qin family to return to its former glory, he was going to have to arm himself with a unique skill set.

He couldn't rely on his nephew forever.