

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 681

Qin Jun gazed in his direction coldly. A chilly aura emanated from his eyes, causing the temperature around them to dip by a few degrees.

“I am talking to you, asshole! Who are you to stir a fight at my territory?”

Qin Jun laughed coldly. “Tell me then, who are you with?”

Mr. Liang snorted, “You dare ask me that? I work for Mr. Mao, you bastard. Hit me again and I swear that’s the last thing you’ll ever do!”

Mr. Mao?

Qin Jun was sure that he never heard of Mr. Mao. He must be some gangster of no absolute importance.

Qin Jun sneered, “Fine, I’ll give you a few minutes to summon your friends here. I can teach you all a lesson after that.”

After pondering for a while, he gave Duan Baodong a call to help him settle the fight.

He planned to teach the thugs a lesson himself, but he only met his sister for the first time that day. It wouldn’t leave a good impression on her if he fought them and things got violent.

A moment later, Duan Baodong and Long Yihui arrived along with sixty men in six respective vans, surrounding the bridge instantly.

Duan Baodong knew that there was a gang of street beggars here, but he never took the trouble to bother himself with them. It was an irksome industry that he did not wish to be involved in.

Furthermore, he couldn't kill them all at once.

Who will have thought that they are so fearless as to offend Mr. Qin? Nobody can save them now.

The beggars panicked upon seeing so many men.

"What shall we do, Mr. Liang?"

He snorted coldly, "There's no need to panic! We have a lot of men too, a fight will do us no harm! Call Mr. Mao and ask him to come at once!"

Duan Baodong walked to the under of the bridge. "Are you okay, Mr. Qin?"

Qin Jun nodded. "I'm fine, my sister is frightened."

Duan Baodong looked at the little girl beside Qin Jun. Then he turned around and glared daggers at Mr. Liang.

"You imbeciles! How dare you offend Mr. Qin?"

Since Mr. Liang was the one collecting money from other beggars, he was more of a scoundrel than anyone of them.

He let out a cold snort and pointed at Duan Baodong.

“You’re something, aren’t you? Who the hell are you? I’m with Mr. Mao and he’s going to be here anytime now. Believe it or not, I’ll get him to kill you!”

Duan Baodong’s lips twitched vigorously before they suddenly formed a smile.

“Very well! Show me what he’s got!”

The arrogance of these beggars angered Duan Baodong. He never would have thought that they were more tyrannical and outrageous than him.

The men were glowering at each other until a few vans skidded to a stop under the bridge two minutes later.

The newly arrived vans were more luxurious than Duan Baodong’s, which were used by his rookies.

Mr. Mao’s men drove Alpha vans that cost at least eight hundred thousand.

The corners of Duan Baodong’s mouth twitched again. That’s quite rich for a gang of beggars!

A tall and blonde man got off the van, walking flippantly and reeking of alcohol.

“Who the hell dares to cause trouble on my turf?”

“You’ve grown up, haven’t you, Mao?” Duan Baodong looked grim as he replied coldly.