

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 682

Mr. Mao frowned upon hearing Duan Baodong's greeting.

That was his nickname when he just started his life on the streets. Now that he was a leader of his gang, everyone called him 'Mr. Mao' respectfully.

Those who addressed him as 'Mao' were already taught a lesson.

"How dare you f*****g call me?"

When Mr. Mao fixed his gaze upon the man in front of him, he was scared out of his wits.

He was sober instantly and broke into a cold sweat as if he were drenched in the rain.

"Mr. Duan!"

The man was none other than Duan Baodong!

When Mr. Mao came into the industry, he was still a little brat. If not for the mercy of Duan Baodong, he would have been dead already.

Duan Baodong soon became the leader. Mr. Mao relocated to this neighborhood as he didn't want to be a subordinate to the man. Eventually, as the latter's "business" and wealth grew, so did his arrogance.

It was indeed a shock for him to run into Mr. Duan!

Duan Baodong raised his hand and slapped him hard on the face. Despite turning pale from the embarrassment and pain, Mr. Mao never felt so sober in his entire life. He stood rigidly, not holding his throbbing cheek despite wanting to do so.

“Mr. Duan, please tell me what to do!”

Little Mao could only be in charge of the group of beggars. He could solve tiny problems, but he did not have the capacity to deal with ruthless guys such as Duan Baodong and Pei Liang.

Duan Baodong scoffed and turned to Qin Jun.

“What do you say, Mr. Qin?”

Qin Jun let loose a haughty laugh. “Since they think that breaking a leg can be more profitable, let’s give them what they want!”

Duan Baodong laughed, “Hear that, Mao?”

Little Mao had an awkward expression on his face. “Mr. Duan, how are they able to make a living if you are to break each of their legs?”

He tried to protect those men as they were working for him after all, hoping that they would be spared.

“Since you don’t seem to be willing, how about we break yours instead?”

Upon hearing the threat, Mr. Mao shivered uncontrollably. He had no choice but to agree to it.

“Alright! No problem! I’ll do it right away! Come, pin him down for me!”

In a split second, a few men rushed forward to hold down Mr. Liang.

Mr. Mao grabbed the wooden baton that Mr. Liang intended to break Qin Yaya’s leg with. He aimed at the latter’s knee before bringing the baton down.

He broke the bone with just a few hits.

Mr. Liang wailed in agony on the floor, his eyes rolled and his body convulsed horribly.

Qin Jun approached him and gave him a light stomp right at his ankle.

Crack!

A brief scream rang through the air before Mr. Liang blacked out.

Given Mr. Mao’s skills, Mr. Liang should get well in no time. However, the kick that Qin Jun added rendered him with no chance to make a full recovery. He would live with a limp forever.

He thinks that having a broken leg is more profitable, doesn’t he? In that case, I shall fulfil his wish.

The sight frightened Qin Yaya. She grabbed hold of Qin Jun’s arm and asked quietly, “Can you take me with you?”

Qin Jun nodded his head. “Alright, let’s get out of here. Break all their legs, don’t let any of them off.” He instructed Duan Baodong.

“Yes, Mr. Qin.”

Qin Jun already showed the thugs mercy by not doing it himself. He would have killed all of them if he weren't afraid the incident would scar his sister.