

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 714

The next morning, Tang Min woke up early and tidied up the house, making it spick and span. Lin Yueyao looked unwilling, but she helped.

The aunt got a few phone calls and hurriedly went downstairs to receive her guests.

The large group of people went upstairs in a rush. The few who walked in front were Tang Wen and his family.

It's been ten years since they last met. Tang Wen and his wife looked much older, but they were still dressed elegantly. Apparently, they were doing well financially.

"I'm telling you, Tang Min, it's been so many years already. Why don't you buy a villa? Don't you find this house small?"

As a matter of fact, Tang Min wasn't doing badly. Her family returned all that was rightfully hers. So, she was a business owner, and she owned a few retail outlets.

It was just that they were accustomed to this home and enjoyed keeping a low profile.

Tang Min laughed heartily. "I don't measure up to your standards. We are happy just to have a place to call home."

Qin Jun's maternal third uncle was Tang Wen, a distant relative and a few years older than his aunt Tang Min.

Tang Wen curled his lips in disagreement. "Oh, Min, you are wrong. A bigger house is more comfortable to live in. 'The size of a tank determines the size of the fish.' For people to thrive, a big house is necessary.

"Although my current house is not too big, it's a villa, measuring five hundred square-meters. It has its own yard, so it's convenient for gardening or even having guests.

"A home like yours has no accommodation for any guests to stay."

Tang Min smiled awkwardly. "Brother, I have arranged for you to stay in a hotel tonight."

Tang Wen looked disdainful. "Are there any decent hotels in this tiny city of Donghai? It's alright though, we'll just make do."

Tang Wen came from a provincial capital and so he had a sense of superiority living in a big city. Although the economy of Donghai was not much inferior compared to the provincial capital, in Tang Wen's view, they were small-town dwellers.

After sitting down, everyone exchanged a few simple greetings. They were all relatives from the provincial capital who had not met each other for many years. They talked about old times and discussed their children.

"Okay, let's go to the restaurant. We can talk while we are eating."

The house was rather small and with more than ten people; it felt crowded. Tang Min brought everyone downstairs after a simple greeting.

Qin Jun had a medium-sized bus ready.

After getting downstairs and seeing the small bus, Tang Wen sneered, "Don't tell me you're still taking buses to and from work? Maybe you can't afford to buy a car worth a million, but surely you can afford a Mercedes-Benz or BMW, can you not?"

Exasperated, Lin Yueyao rolled her eyes. "There are too many of us to get into one car."

Lin Yu was an executive of the Meng Group, and Tang Min was a small business owner. Although their family was not filthy rich, they were definitely well to do. Let alone a Mercedes-Benz or BMW. Even buying a Bentley was not a big problem.

The only reason was just that some people felt the need to show off.

Tang Wen glared at his niece. "Okay, let's sit down."

After getting on the bus, Tang Wen asked, "Jianqiang, what was the name of the hotel you booked for us in Sheng City last time?"

Tang Jianqiang, Tang Wen's son, was an elder cousin of both Qin Jun and Lin Yueyao. He was about thirty years of age.

"Dad, the last time I booked Bohao hotel, a seven-star establishment. I don't think Donghai has hotels of such high quality. It's just a small city. Don't expect too much."