

## MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 739

Yuan Shaoqiang was wounded all over. His scalp numbed at the sight of the needle piercing Chen Dihao's forehead. However, he still put on a brave front.

"You son of a bitch! Who do you think you're messing with? If you have the guts, just kill me! I don't believe..."

Whoosh!

Before Yuan Shaoqiang could finish his sentence, Qin Jun waved his right hand and a flash of the silver needle was seen briefly before it pierced into the gap between Yuan Shaoqiang's eyebrows.

Puff!

Blood spurted out from his forehead as he rolled his eyes back and died on the spot.

Lei Hong was inwardly shocked and went up to check his pulse. As expected, not a hint of life left.

Seeing the silver needle that was pierced in between the brows, Lei Hong's pupils shrank as she felt a trace of fear.

Mr. Qin is unexpectedly powerful!

She once questioned Quan before about the hospital incident. He had said that Qin Jun grabbed the barrel of the gun with his bare hands and bent it out of shape.

It was obvious that Qin Jun was not an ordinary person, and he definitely wasn't just an ordinary doctor.

After seeing Qin Jun's actions today, Lei Hong was even more certain. He had killed a person by throwing a silver needle through the air from a distance.

The speed, strength and accuracy of this technique far exceeded that of a pistol.

To a man like him, killing someone else was a piece of cake.

After witnessing Yuan Shaoqiang's death, Chen Dihao was even more frightened than before. His legs turned to jelly and he nearly could not get up.

Lei Hong spat, "Chen Dihao, have you seen clearly now? If you even had half the inkling of betraying Mr. Qin, you would end up worse than this."

Chen Dihao was nodding his head furiously. He had thought that the little bump that Qin Jun made in between his brows earlier was nothing serious.

In fact, he had thought that it could just be a regular bump. He had wanted to get a few Chinese medicine doctors to look at it instead, thinking it would be fine.

But after witnessing Qin Jun's needle soared and killed Yuan Shaoqing, he realized he should not be provoking him any further.

Qin Jun walked toward Chen Dihao and looked at the hand that was nailed onto the tea table.

He held Chen Dihao's wrist down with his left hand and removed the dagger with his right hand.

Pfft!

Chen Dihao gritted his teeth, expecting pain, but he could only feel the coldness of the blade leaving him.

If one looked closer near where Qin Jun was holding down his wrist, a silver needle that acted like local anesthesia was inserted in between his index finger and middle finger.

The dagger had penetrated the back of the hand and damaged some arteries. Once it was removed, profuse bleeding would ensue.

However, Chen Dihao barely felt anything when Qin Jun removed the dagger.

The latter then used a few silver needles to seal the bleeding arteries.

“Go and get yourself bandaged up, there should be no problem.”

Chen Dihao quickly got up and said respectfully, “Many thanks Mr Qin, and many thanks Hong!”

Lei Hong was nodding for a bit and then glanced at Jiang Nana, asking, “Mr. Qin, what about her?”

Jiang Nana went pale instantly as she took a few steps back in horror.

“P-Please, don’t kill me. Linlin, save me!”

Zhu Linlin frowned for a moment and thought to herself that Jiang Nana was her best friend. Although she had been dragged into this incident today, there was still a lot of sentiment from all the years they spent together.

Zhu Linlin wrapped her arms around Qin Jun's arm and said, "Qin Jun, how about we let her go?"

Qin Jun nodded his head and said, "Get out of here."

Jiang Nana bolted. She would never forget today's bloody incident.