

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 75

Ye Long did not want to rain on Qin Jun's parade since he was so enthusiastic.

Of course, what Ye Long did not expect was Qin Jun's plan - to reclaim the factory without the need of spending a single cent.

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When he got home, Qin Jun called Meng Wengang. Meng Wengang promised Qin Jun he would prepare one hundred million cash flow in three days to invest in Da Long Factory.

A few millions in debt might spell death for a tiny factory, but to Meng Wengang's Meng Group, it was just an ordinary amount of investment capital.

"Oh yes, Senior, I have a gift for you, it's from Lin Yueyao. She wanted me to pass it to you. Let me know when you're free so I can have it delivered to you?"

Qin Jun was surprised, "Does it come in a blue box?"

"Yes."

"Okay, you keep it first. Pass it to me when we meet."

The gift Lin Yueyao prepared was the cookies she made. Qin Jun had tasted them before, so there was no point for Meng Wengang to specially make a trip to meet him.

Of course, he did not know that there was also a birthday invitation in the box.

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The next morning, a man and a woman dressed in a formal suit stood outside of Ye Long's residence and knocked on the door.

“Hello, we are from the Donghai Bank. We are here to remind you that you're the new corporate representative of Da Long Factory. The factory owes the bank thirty-two million worth of loan, and you must settle this within the next seven days, or we will lodge a police report.”

Ye Long's expression changed upon hearing this. He did not expect the Ye family to act so quickly and get everything done overnight.

“You've made a mistake. I have nothing to do with the factory. I'm also not aware of the changes done to the corporate representative title, I wasn't even there.”

The bank representatives said, “We're not in the position to comment on what you've told us. We're only here to notify you of the bank's decision.”

They handed a document over to Ye Long and left.

Ye Long's face turned pale after receiving the notification letter.

Thirty-two million! Ye Peng had the guts to apply for such a huge loan from the bank!

Wang Mei was also feeling frustrated, “What should we do now, Ye? Should I just sell off my shares at the Heshun Restaurant?”

Ye Long shook his head, "The shares were a gift to you, you have no rights to sell them. Moreover, even if you had sold off all your shares, the amount of money is still not enough to cover the loan."

The Ye family is just ruthless!

Qin Jun walked over, saw the document and smiled, "That's very fast of them. Uncle Ye, do you want to check out the factory now?"

Ye Long sighed. There was nothing he could do, and he could only take one step at a time. He was of course not as optimistic as Qin Jun.

If going to jail could end this misery, Ye Long might just have to accept his fate.

Fortunately, Wang Mei had Heshun Restaurant, so she could take care of their daughter while he was gone. Besides, with Jun around to look after them, he could serve his jail sentence in peace.

He was relieved after going through the scenarios in his mind, and was ready to face his fate.

"Come on, let's go and check it out."

Qin Jun and Ye Long hailed a cab and headed towards Da Long Factory.

They arrived at Da Long Factory in just a short while. Since there were ongoing projects, the workers were still involved in the operations.

The security at the entrance stopped the two of them from entering.

“Stop right there, who are you looking for?”

Ye Long frowned, “Feng, don't you remember me?”

Feng Kun sneered, “Mr. Ye? Of course, I know who you are, but it doesn't matter. I'm now performing my duty as the security guard. Unauthorized personnel are not allowed to trespass this property.”

Ye Long was the one who took Feng Kun in to work in the factory. At that time, Feng Kun was begging for food on the street. Ye Long took pity on him and offered him this position, and even provided him with meals and accommodation.

If it wasn't for Ye Long, Feng Kun would have died of hunger. Yet now, this man had completely changed after all these years.