

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 318

Qin Jun smiled. "Anyone who has a certain degree of knowledge regarding calligraphy and painting would know about this painting. This painting, Travelers among Mountains and Streams, had been crowned as the best painting of the Northern Song Dynasty. It was eventually passed on to Qian Long."

"And I'm sure everyone is familiar with this emperor. He loved to leave his mark on the painting itself or the title. Sometimes, he even imprinted paintings with his imperial jade seal."

"And of course, the Travelers among Mountains and Streams didn't manage to escape this fate."

"This little line of words -- 'Northern Song Fan Zhongli Travelers among Mountains and Streams' -- was written by none other than Qian Long himself. Thus, the painting is indeed from the Northern Song Dynasty. But this sentence was from the Qing Dynasty instead."

"However, the handwriting of this sentence is exactly the same as that of all the other words. So what else could this be other than a counterfeit?"

There was an enormous time gap between these two dynasties. How could Qian Long's words and the original ones look as old as each other?

Obviously, the counterfeiter had been unaware of this when he was replicating the painting. He wrongly assumed that the handwriting for all the words had been from the same era.

It was safe to say that as far as counterfeits go, this was certainly a rather lousy one.

By now, Zhu Ming's entire face had been masked in a nasty scowl. Although Qin Jun had made it very clear that his present was a fake, he decided to deny everything and insist on its authenticity.

“What on earth do you know about counterfeits? For paintings as valuable as this, even specialists require their professional tools to determine its authenticity! You think you can just convince everyone that this is a fake just by cooking up some nonsense?”

Qin Jun sneered, “I think Old Mrs. Ouyang knows her antiques pretty well. Why don’t we get her to have a look? We’ll see whose pockets that eight million really went into.”

Anyone with a basic knowledge of antique calligraphy and paintings would know that what Qin Jun had said was true.

Turning as pale as a sheet, Zhu Ming picked up the painting and cautiously handed it to the Old Madam. As he started to tremble in fear, cold sweat began to break out across his head as well.

Picking up the painting, all it took was one look and the Old Madam’s brows knitted into a frown. After the expression on her face hardened, she snorted derisively.

“This is clearly the real painting! What nonsense are you uttering?”

The crowd was instantly flabbergasted.

Qin Jun had made a very clear and convincing case. Never did they expect the Old Madam to say otherwise.

Qin Jun himself was rather taken aback as well. But in the next moment, his lips curled into a grimace.

The Old Madam naturally could tell that this was a counterfeit. The expression on her face when she picked it up gave everything away. Yet, she was still adamant that the painting was real in the end. Obviously, she was biased towards Zhu Ming. And she wasn’t the least bit concerned about who was right or wrong.

The Old Madam continued, "Linlin, what has become of your family? Not only did you all not bring your own gift, you all even accused your uncle of giving me a fake painting; a present that he had painstakingly prepared for me! Haven't you all crossed the line?"

Wang Yun certainly wasn't expecting Qin Jun to fail at the last moment. Glaring at him, she snapped, "What are you waiting for? Take out the present!"

This punk had better not let me down. You've got ten million just lying around in your bank account. Please don't tell me that you just got a ten to twenty thousand gift.

Qin Jun fished out a roll of bamboo slips.

Wang Yun hastily took it and handed it over to the Old Madam.

"Mum, take a look at this."

The Old Madam maintained her frosty expression. At first, she wasn't really interested in the gift. After all, it was given to her by Qin Jun. What kind of present would a broke man like him get her?

But the moment she set her hands on the bamboo slips, she immediately could tell that there was something special about it.

Opening up the roll, she took one look inside and her eyes instantly started gleaming.

"The Book of the Blue Bag?"

Although she was a complete greenhorn in the art of medicine, she was still aware of who Hua Tuo was. Although he was the most famous doctor in Chinese history, he didn't really leave behind a lot of works. This roll of bamboo slips was definitely a priceless treasure. She wasn't really sure of the exact cost but it was obvious that it would fetch tens of millions of.

She instantly fell in love with it and started studying every single one of the bamboo slips.

All of a sudden, someone from the crowd voice out.

"Old Madam, this Book of the Blue Bag is a fake, right?"