

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 36

Mr. Long quickly took out a cherished bottle of Maotai liquor and handed it over.

Although he was aware that Qin Jun would only use it as a disinfectant or to clean up wounds, Mr. Long had nonetheless passed him a prime bottle of alcohol. After all, they were at Duan Baodong's house, and there wasn't any bad wine to be found.

Qin Jun didn't have any room to be picky. The bottle of Maotai had aged finely, and it was excellent for treating injuries.

He opened the bottle and tipped some of the liquor into his hands, rubbing his palms together frantically.

Then, he lit a match, and with a loud bang, he set his hands on fire!

The burning alcohol was rubbed back and forth between Qin Jun's palms, rising quickly in temperature.

It was quite shocking, really, that Qin Jun's hands were enveloped in flames, but he showed no signs of being burnt.

With flames dancing across his palms, he swiftly began to carry out traditional Chinese medical massaging on Duan Baodong.

Although the fire was blazing hot, Qin Jun was quick. His hands travelled like a flash across Duan Baodong's body, and Duan Baodong came out of the process completely unscathed.

After a minute or so, Duan Baodong's entire body turned a shade of beet red. There was even a purple tint to his skin, as if he had been beaten up and bruised horribly.

The alcohol on Qin Jun's hands had been used up, and the fire dissipated.

The last traces of fire smoldered at Qin Jun's fingertips.

He stretched his fingers out to touch Duan Baodong's philtrum. Sliding his fingers across the skin, the remaining traces of fire finally disappeared as well.

A sickly smell of alcohol permeated the room. Duan Baodong was startled awake, his stomach churning. Almost immediately, he turned around and threw up.

A basin had already been prepared beforehand. A sticky black substance cascaded out of Duan Baodong's mouth.

A few minutes passed. Duan Baodong heaved a sigh of relief and lay back down with his eyes shut. His face seemed a little pale, but it was obvious that he was much better than before.

“Thank you very much, Doctor.”

“Mr. Dong! You've recovered!”

If Duan Baodong could open his mouth to speak, it meant he was well on his way to recovery.

Qin Jun nodded. Taking the half-full bottle of Maotai liquor, he brought it next to Duan Baodong's lips.

“Still planning to drink in the future?”

As soon as he got a whiff of the alcohol, Duan Baodong felt like throwing up again. He wriggled his head away.

“No, thanks. I never want to drink alcohol again for the rest of my life.”

Satisfied, Qin Jun nodded his head and set the bottle down.

“In a while, I'll write you a medical prescription. Of course, it'll take a long time for you to recover from the illnesses you've built up over the years.”

“For the next three months, please eat a vegetarian diet.”

Duan Baodong nodded. These past few days had been utterly miserable. Compared to being sick all the time, a vegetarian diet sounded so much better.

Although Duan Baodong had been semi-conscious, he had nonetheless been able to hear his surroundings.

Upon opening his eyes, he was shocked to see that the doctor was, in fact, a very young man.

“Long, pay Mr. Qin one million for his services. And hand him both of our name cards, too.”

After he had addressed Mr. Long, Duan Baodong turned to Qin Jun.

“Mr. Qin, please accept my small token of appreciation. In the future, consider us as friends. If you find yourself in any trouble, you can come and find me in Donghai. I'm someone who calls the shots around here. If you can't find me, find Mr. Long instead.”

Qin Jun nodded and accepted the tokens rather casually. He seemed unruffled by the huge sum of money.

He seemed so casual about it, in fact, it seemed as though he was receiving money for selling vegetables at a marketplace.

After overcoming his initial shock, Duan Baodong came to a realization that rather reassured him.

After all, with Qin Jun's remarkable medical skills, he must have treated many prominent individuals before. This little bit of money would not bother him at the least.

After he had finished the prescription, Qin Jun rose from his seat. He glanced at Liu Mingde, who was standing behind him, and said, "This person has an evil heart. If we continue to let him treat others, more people are going to get hurt."

Duan Baodong shot Mr. Long a look, and Mr. Long understood immediately. He ordered, "Take him away and break both of his hands! Close down his clinic, and if he ever dares to practice medicine again, beat him up whenever you see him."