

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 39

Sun Tong snorted. "Yes, being a restaurant manager is quite a big deal. Your mum's monthly salary as a waitress is only two or three thousand. My monthly salary, on the other hand, is more than ten thousand, and I even have a year-end bonus. So of course, I'm a big shot."

As he spoke, his gaze drifted to the very plainly dressed Qin Jun and He sneered.

"Wan'er, I don't want to criticize you, but what kind of boyfriend is this? Riding an electric scooter? How much does he even earn in a month? Two thousand or three thousand?"

"How many more years does he have to work before he earns an income like mine? Be more realistic. If you got together with me, I'll buy you any car you want that's below ten thousand. You'll never have to ride an electric scooter to work again."

Ye Wan'er's expression turned frigid. "Sun, don't think of such absurd thought. I'll marry the whole world before I'll agree to marry you."

Sun Tong sneered. "Fine, from now on whatever the two of you do is none of my concern. And you can forget about your mother's wages in the future!"

Wang Mei clenched her fists, shaking with rage.

"If you don't pay me, then I'll just quit! Wan'er, Jun, let's go!"

Wang Mei stood up, intent on leaving with Ye Wan'er and Qin Jun.

Qin Jun, however, remained rooted on his spot.

“It's not your fault. Why should you quit?”

With a cold smile on his face, Qin Jun turned to look at Sun Tong, and said, “The one who should leave is him.”

Sun Tong scoffed. “Me? Leave? Who do you think you are? I'm telling you now, the owner of this restaurant is my uncle. Do you really think you have the final say in anything?”

Qin Jun glanced at Ye Wan'er and said, “This restaurant is part of the Meng Group, isn't it?”

When they had entered the restaurant, Qin Jun had noted the sign by the door which carried the Meng Group's logo. He couldn't have been mistaken.

Ye Wan'er nodded. “It's a franchise restaurant that belongs to Meng Group, but it's run by the owner of this restaurant himself.”

Qin Jun nodded. “Alright, I'll make a call.”

Seeing that Qin Jun had really taken out his phone, Sun Tong scoffed.

“Stop pretending! Do you really think you can get me fired by making one phone call? If you could, you wouldn't be riding an electric scooter!”

Sun Tong was unruffled by Qin Jun's actions. This shop belonged to his uncle, after all. It was his own family's business, and he refused to believe that anyone else could have a hand in running it.

“Senior, I'm Meng Wengang!”

“Heshun Restaurant belongs to your group, doesn't it?” Qin Jun was very direct about it.

“Yes, Senior. Is there a problem?”

“Yes. Send someone down here, over at the Public Square.”

“Sure, no worries. I'll send someone right away!”

Barely ten minutes later, an Audi A8 pulled up hurriedly outside the restaurant.

A bespectacled man with his hair slicked back darted into the restaurant. It was unclear what orders Meng Wengang had given him, but he had sped here in such a hurry that his entire forehead was covered in sweat.

“May I know which one of you is Mr. Qin?”