

## MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 428

Wang Tiecheng almost believed that it was authentic when he took a whiff of the fragrance, but he thought it was preposterous when Qin Jun said he had a carton. Getting two is almost impossible, but a carton? That has got to be the joke of the century.

Qin Jun ignored him and went to take a bottle of wine from the trunk. He opened it and poured a cup for Wang Aimin and the village chief. The village chief was already raring to go when he took a whiff of that smell just now, and now he could finally taste it.

One sip was all it took for the great taste to explode in his mouth. "Great wine!" The village chief praised, but then he regretted it. He thought it was inappropriate, for Wang Tiecheng had said this was fake, so him praising the wine made it look like he was an ignorant fool.

The village chief looked at Wang Tiecheng. "Tiecheng, Maybe you are mistaken? This wine can't be fake."

Wang Tiecheng took the bottle and pointed at the logo. "Chief, authentic Maotai wine bottles would have a sticker here to indicate that it's authentic, but this one doesn't, so it must be a fake."

Wang Aimin felt confused. They don't make good fake wines though. "Is that really the case, Jun?"

Qin Jun smiled. "Of course not."

Wang Tiecheng was annoyed to hear Qin Jun refute his point. "What do you know? I've been in the wine purchasing business for years. Do you think you know more than I do?"

Qin Jun sneered. "The stickers will be there, of course. But only for normal wines. You know why? Because that's for the civilians. Guizhou Maotai, however, need no such stickers."

“Wines like these are sold to the rich and powerful. Think about it. Do they really have to prove the wines are authentic to those people?”

Everyone thought Qin Jun’s reasoning was sound. Guizhou Maotai was sold to bigshots, and the distillery would love nothing more than to be friends with them. They wouldn’t dare to risk that with a fake product. If there were no fake products, then that meant there was no need for an authenticity stamp.

Wang Tiecheng’s error this time stemmed not from his lack of knowledge in wine, but from his myopic view. He couldn’t come into contact with the upper-class society, so he wouldn’t know how those bigshots were truly living.

Everyone thought Qin Jun made a good point, though the thing that confirmed it was how great the Maotai had tasted.

The village chief held the wine gingerly, like it was liquid gold. He didn’t want to waste it here, so he handled it carefully.

“You seem to know a lot about wines, Jun. How do you differentiate between a fake Feitian Moutai and an authentic one then?” The village chief asked casually and took it as a little lesson.

Qin Jun said, “There are red ribbons on Maotai bottles with an almost negligible mark on them. That mark tells the year the wine was made.”

“The ribbon that fake Maotai wines uses are recycled, so the year on the ribbon and the year the wine was made would be different.”

“For example, if the Maotai was made in 2005, but the ribbon says 2008, then the wine is fake.”

The village chief then took the bottle of Feitian Moutai Wang Tiecheng bought to glance at the year it was made. It was 2019.

Then he looked at the ribbon. "201...6?"

A deafening silence surrounded everyone, and the villagers' expressions changed. They looked at one another with a pensive look. They pretended nothing had happened, but all their eyes were on Wang Tiecheng.

This is hilarious. He came over, shouted about how Qin Jun's wine was fake, but in the end, his wine is the fake one. This is one big joke.

Putting aside the price of the wine, the old village chief had drunk wine for decades, so he could taste if the wine was good. He could taste nothing but alcohol in Wang Tiecheng's wine. If it wasn't because of him saying that it was Feitian Moutai, the chief wouldn't have even taken one sip.