

## MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 465

Plastic surgeons would normally choose skin from the patient themselves for a skin graft operation. As the woman spoke, she rolled up the sleeve of her dress, showing off her arm.

The skin on her arm was just as bad as her face.

As a matter of fact, her entire body was the same, even her buttocks and the skin of her hands and feet. There was no spare patch of normal skin for her to use at all.

Kong Fanlin sighed in helplessness. There was nothing they could do then.

The woman gave a wry laugh. From his sigh alone, she could tell that this medical center could not help her either. Pulling out five hundred from her purse, she placed it on the table and prepared to leave.

Suddenly, Qin Jun spoke up, "Five hundred won't be enough to cure this disease."

The woman, who had been in the process of getting up, froze for a brief second before she sat back down with a thump. She stared at the man curiously. "You mean I can be cured?"

Qin Jun smiled as he answered, "Of course. There has never been a patient I could not cure before."

His words were incredibly arrogant. Where in the world would a doctor dare say he could cure everyone?

Not really believing him but feeling like he might be different from the rest, she decided to take a chance.

“Please, tell me how you would cure me.”

“There’s no need to be in such a hurry. I have some questions to ask first.”

Just then, another person arrived at the clinic.

A man dressed in expensive casual wear walked inside. He was clearly someone very wealthy as the shiny leather shoes he wore was probably worth sixty thousand alone.

“Doctor, I’m having gastric pain. Give me some medicine!”

As the man came closer, everyone present could smell the faint smell of alcohol on him. Obviously, he was still a bit drunk.

Plonking himself down beside the woman, he demanded, “Hurry up! I’m in a rush.”

Just as he said that, he smelled the strange smell coming from the woman beside him. Turning his head to look at the source, he was visibly shocked. “Holy crap!”

A disdainful sneer crossed his face as he continued, “Why didn’t you wear a mask to cover up how ugly you look? Are you trying to scare people to death?”

Rolling his eyes, he turned to look at Kong Fanlin.

“Doctor, treat me.”

Qin Jun’s voice was cold as he spoke up, “You need to get in line first.”

The man frowned. "I already know what I need. Just give me some gastric medication."

Tone still as cold as before, Qin Jun responded, "I already told you. Get in line."

"F\*\*k! What's wrong with you? Acting all high and mighty!"

With that said, the man got up and left.

From the moment the man walked in till he left, the woman had not said a single word.

After exiting the clinic, the man had not gone far when several well-built men in black clothing walked towards him.

Taken aback and feeling wary, the man stuttered out, "W-what do you guys w-want?"

The men's faces were hard as one of them responded, "You looking to die? How dare you be so disrespectful to President Liu!"

After that, the men pinned him to the ground and broke all four of his limbs.

Naturally, Qin Jun and the rest were unaware of all this happening. They only knew if the man had insisted on staying there, they would have thrown him out on his ass.

Focusing his attention back on the woman, he questioned, "Were you born with the markings on your body or did they appear over time, patch by patch?"

The woman was startled at how the doctor seemed to get right to the root of the problem.

“They appeared over time.”

When she was young, there were only a few patches on her and everyone just thought they were birthmarks. However, as she grew older, more and more markings appeared along with the acne. It was not until she was twenty that the markings covered her whole body.

Qin Jun’s fingers drummed against the table as he pondered what to do next.

At last, he said, “Curing this won’t be easy.”

The woman’s eyebrows rose. Does this mean curing her was actually possible?