

MEDICAL GOD CHAPTER 572

This left Duan Baodong quite stunned. No wonder Qin Jun got so angry. It looks like things haven't been easy for his uncle.

"Uncle, I'm Jun. Take a look at me. Do you still recognize me?"

Uncle Qin raised his head and stared at him in confusion before shaking his head. He had no idea who the young man in front of him was.

Sighing, Qin Jun proceeded to take his uncle's pulse.

But after a few minutes, Qin Jun's brows contorted into a frown. From what he had gleaned from his pulse, his uncle wasn't exactly in the pink of health.

Many of his uncle's organs were failing. His body was in a very bad shape. And he even had all kinds of wounds on his body.

It was obvious that the past ten years had not been kind to him. He had probably got hit quite hard over the head. That was probably why he couldn't remember a lot of things and couldn't even think rationally like a normal person.

Qin Jun certainly wasn't going to be able to cure his uncle overnight.

Helping his uncle to his feet, Qin Jun said, "Come with me, Uncle. I'll take care of you."

A suspicious look immediately crept across Uncle Qin's face. "You can't take my stuff."

Seeing the jade pendant held tightly in his hands, Qin Jun felt his heart ached slightly.

Taking out the pendant on his neck, he said, "Uncle Qin, this is the Qin Family's pendant. See, I have one too."

Uncle Qin took a look at Qin Jun's pendant and started giggling.

"Oh, you have one too! And it looks just like mine! We're good friends! Haha!"

Back in the days, his uncle had been a rather prominent figure in Donghai. And his career had really been taking off. He had both the guts and the skills. Seeing him like this now broke Qin Jun's heart.

But he's alive. And that's all that matters. He had probably been disposed of after they thought he was dead. And then he must have found his way back!

Now that Qin Jun had come back, he was definitely going to cure his uncle. And after that, he would take revenge on those people who had dared to attack the Qin Family.

Afterwards, Qin Jun brought his uncle to a rather classy public bathhouse. His uncle was badly injured and he wanted to give his uncle a good bath first.

"Go get some clothes for my uncle. I want everything from undergarments to a shirt. They don't have to be expensive. I just want them to be comfortable."

"Of course, Mr. Qin. I'll go get them at once."

Although this was a rather trivial matter, Duan Baodong went to do it personally as it had been requested by Mr. Qin.

Even though it was quite late, he was Duan Baodong after all. Was there anything that he wouldn't be able to buy after he asked for it?

Qin Jun brought his uncle into the bathhouse and undressed him. After that, he got one of the staff to help bathe his uncle.

Throughout the entire time, Uncle Qin cautiously kept his pendant in his hands. He looked extremely afraid that someone would just come along and rip it off his neck.

Qin Jun sighed, "Uncle, you have your bath first. I'll go order some food for you."

He had originally planned on bringing his uncle out to eat. But now, he felt that it was a little troublesome. Furthermore, the diagnosis just now revealed that his uncle's stomach wasn't very well either. It probably wasn't very wise to feed him with all kinds of expensive food.

Leaving the bathhouse, Qin Jun came to Golden Dragon Hotel and ordered some porridge and vegetarian food.

Just as the staff member finished scrubbing Uncle Qin, a man entered the bathhouse.

The man was fat and had an enormous belly. With a huge gold chain around his neck, he sauntered into the bathhouse arrogantly.

He reeked of alcohol. It seemed as though he had just finished drinking.

The moment he entered, he saw a disheveled looking Uncle Qin and this immediately cast a frown on his forehead.

“What’s going on? Are they just letting anybody in these days? How did this construction worker get in?”

A manager walked over with an awkward smile on his face.

“Mr. Qi, he’s a customer as well. Anybody who comes here is a customer. He’ll be clean after he takes his bath.”

Mr. Qi sneered, “What do you mean anybody who comes here is a customer? How can construction workers defile a bathhouse as high class as this? Did you see all the dust on the floor? How am I supposed to take my bath like this?”