

THE GREATEST VILLAGE DOCTOR IN THE WORLD

Chapter 11: Trapped!

Ling Feng felt it was strange in his heart. Old Fu had just bought thirty wild pheasants and, instead of going back to his own restaurant to deal with them, what was he doing here?

Driven by curiosity, he quietly followed.

Junlin Grand Hotel was one of the most upscale restaurants in the county, a place Ling Feng had heard of before.

It wasn't yet the operating hours for the restaurant, so there was no one at the entrance. Watching Old Fu's truck drive to the back courtyard, he immediately followed.

Once he reached the corner of the wall, Ling Feng peeked inside and saw Old Fu having a conversation with a woman dressed in a black business suit, all smiles!

"Miss Mo, this batch of goods is absolutely top-notch. There wasn't the slightest exaggeration in my phone call, you'll know once you see!"

As he spoke, Old Fu opened the van door and took out a wild pheasant!

Ling Feng's eyes widened immediately when he saw this scene, and he realized in a flash, that fatso duped me!

Sure enough, the woman called Miss Mo, who had a stern face before, was taken aback at the sight of the live wild pheasants, and immediately asked, "They're alive? Where did you buy them from?"

The hotel had previously bought some game, but they were mostly caught with wire traps or sticky nets; it was rare to come across live game.

With a smile, Old Fu said, "It's best not to ask too much, Miss Mo. There are thirty in total. The only place in the county capable of handling so many pheasants is Junlin Grand Hotel. What do you think? Interested?"

"Of course, I'm interested. We have a birthday banquet tonight, exactly thirty tables!" Miss Mo nodded.

"Oh, you mean Mr. Chen the miner?" Old Fu immediately asked after hearing this.

"Yes, it's his son's first birthday. You know about it too?" Miss Mo inquired.

"Who in the county doesn't know? Mr. Chen has made a fortune these past few years, he's pretty much the wealthiest man in the county, right?" Old Fu laughed.

Ling Feng, listening secretly from afar, thought to himself, stop beating around the bush, just talk about how much it costs—I need to know how much I've lost, right?

Fortunately, at that moment, Miss Mo said, "Let's not talk too much. Give me a price!"

"Alright, since Miss Mo is straightforward, I won't ask for too much—four hundred yuan each, what do you think?" Old Fu's chubby face trembled with a smile.

"The ones that usually die go for two hundred or maybe one eighty each. For this live one, I'll give you 350," Miss Mo counter-offered.

"That works for me. Let's consider this the start of our cooperation. From now on, I'll stick to this price whenever I bring them!" Old Fu nodded.

Miss Mo was taken aback and looked him up and down, "What, you're not running a restaurant anymore, starting to deal in game instead?"

Old Fu grinned cunningly, "Not really, I just do whatever makes money!"

Ling Feng, listening from a distance, was grinding his teeth in frustration. You sly fatso, just like that you've made six thousand yuan—that money should have been mine!

Yet, even though he was infuriated, he didn't go to argue the matter. It was true he had been deceived, but he also blamed his lack of connections and not knowing that delivering to the restaurant was a method of sale!

Thinking about it, he had been bamboozled by Old Fu and had to chalk it up to bad luck. Since the deal had already been settled, Ling Feng wasn't one to dishonor his commitments.

As he watched his own caught wild pheasants being taken into the restaurant's kitchen from the truck, Old Fu followed Miss Mo upstairs to settle the account, and Ling Feng turned away and left.

After waiting across the street for a while and seeing Old Fu's truck drive away, he slowly walked through the main entrance of the restaurant.

There was an attendant on duty at reception who immediately asked upon his entry, "Sir, are you here to make a reservation?"

"No, I'm here to see your Miss Mo!" Ling Feng said.

"Oh, please wait a moment."

The attendant was polite, nodded, then picked up the phone.

While waiting, Ling Feng took the opportunity to survey the restaurant's environment and couldn't help but inwardly sigh, "It's really luxurious. The people who can dine here must be either rich or of high status, right?"

Lost in his thoughts, Miss Mo stepped out of the elevator.

"Miss Mo, this gentleman says he's looking for you," the attendant quickly put down the phone and said.

Mo Jiaolan glanced at Ling Feng, "Who are you?"

"We don't know each other, I am here to discuss a business opportunity with Boss Mo," Ling Feng said with a smile.

"Oh, please, have a seat over here."

Although Mo Jiaolan's face always looked cold, she still had polite manners when dealing with people.

Sitting down on a sofa arranged for guests to relax while waiting, Mo Jiaolan asked, "Mister, what business would you like to discuss?"

"Just call me Ling Feng. You just purchased thirty wild pheasants, right?" Ling Feng said with a smile.

"Yes, that's correct. How did you know, Mister Ling?" Mo Jiaolan asked curiously.

Ling Feng showed an embarrassed look and scratched his head, "Well, about that, those pheasants were actually bought from me by that fat guy for one hundred and fifty each, and he sold them to you for three hundred and fifty each. I got swindled by him!"

The corner of Mo Jiaolan's mouth curled upward, she wanted to laugh but held it back, and then asked, "What are you suggesting, Mister Ling?"

"I've been cheated once, and I can't let it happen a second time, so I was wondering if you'd be willing to buy them if I bring more game in the future?" Ling Feng asked.

"Of course, I can. But I'm a bit curious, did you catch those pheasants yourself?" After Mo Jiaolan nodded, she asked with a puzzled look.

Ling Feng internally rejoiced when she agreed, and while nodding he asked, "Yes, is there a problem?"

"How did you manage to do that? As far as I know, these pheasants are very nimble and particularly wary; ordinary people simply can't catch them alive!" Mo Jiaolan explained.

Of course, Ling Feng couldn't say that he was not an ordinary person, so he chuckled, "Naturally, I have some special methods, but I need to keep them secret!"

"Alright then, I'll give you a fair price for any game you bring in the future, I promise not to shortchange you!"

Seeing he wasn't disclosing more, Mo Jiaolan didn't bother to ask further. She stood up, took out a business card and handed it over, "Take this, and when you deliver the goods, just come straight to me, or call if I'm not around."

"Alright!"

Ling Feng took the business card with excitement in his heart.

As their fingers touched, he suddenly felt that Mo Jiaolan's fingertips were ice-cold, and he momentarily froze.

However, he didn't ask and turned to head towards the exit.

Mo Jiaolan followed to see him out, and at the doorway, she suddenly asked, "By the way, you didn't sign any contract with Old Fu, did you?"

"No, why?" Ling Feng inquired.

Mo Jiaolan shook her head, "Nothing much. He did sign a supply contract with me, though. If you don't deliver pheasants to him tomorrow, he'll owe me money!"

"Ha, that serves him right for swindling me!" Ling Feng laughed immediately! He had been pondering how to deal with Old Fu, but hearing Mo Jiaolan's words, he knew that he didn't need to anymore.

Mo Jiaolan gave a slight smile, without saying a word. For some reason, she had taken a liking to this young man upon first meeting him, and finding out he had been cheated by Old Fu, she couldn't help but reveal the contract matter.

Ling Feng was dazed by her smile and, with a touch of emotion, said, "Thank you for the reminder, Boss Mo. By the way, you should eat more warming foods; it'll be good for your health."

"Hmm?"

Mo Jiaolan was about to turn back but faced him again upon hearing his words, "Why?"

"Your fingers are icy, and your complexion a bit pale. These are symptoms of qi stagnation and blood stasis. Women are naturally of a colder constitution, and over time, this can lead to illnesses," Ling Feng explained.

"You know how to treat illnesses?"

Mo Jiaolan was startled, looking at him curiously.

"Yeah, I am actually a doctor. Catching pheasants is just a hobby! You'll see that I'm right. See you tomorrow!" Ling Feng said with a smile, waving his hand before crossing the street and hopping onto his electric tricycle.

Watching him leave, Mo Jiaolan's mouth curled into a slight smile, "A doctor who likes to catch wild pheasants? He's indeed an interesting fellow!"