

DOCTOR PLAYER

Chapter 13

Surgeons are not 'engineers'.

More than anyone else, Raymond should have the 'wisdom' to grasp the patient's condition and decide on treatment measures.

Strong physical ability is also essential to perform physically demanding surgery or to see many patients.

'In other words, it was necessary to raise all stat abilities. Let's be the best healer in the world. That way, I can enjoy both wealth and honor!' Raymond looked at the patient more and more enthusiastically.

"Welcome. Come this way."

"I'll cure you!"

"Oops! You must have been sick. This herb is a special remedy for these wounds!"

The patients were moved by Raymond's eagerness.

"Thank you, therapist. I can't believe you're treating me this enthusiastically."

"I've never seen a therapist who treats me this politely and gives me such importance."

"Thank you!"

The patients could not help but be moved to have a therapist like Raymond since all the therapists they have met so far were all stiff and snob.

Of course, Raymond was working harder for his own growth, but the patients were just as grateful either way.

[Accumulated experience points!]

[Level Up!]

[Reputatio goes up due to your kind treatment]

[Patients' hearts were touched! Skill points are given as a bonus!]

'Good! It'd be better if only I can make money here.' Raymond thought to himself.

Money! Money! Money!

Raymond, who had money in his head, drooled.

'How good would it be to make money?'

'It turns out, I have no idea.'

This is because he had never touched money properly because he had lived his whole life as a dirty illegitimate child to an apprentice.

"When I make gold coins for the first time, I'm going to bite it."

The taste of gold coins must be sweet. Just imagining it made Raymond happy.

Of course, it's still a long way off.

'It'll work out if I try. I will definitely enjoy the greatest wealth and honor!'

When such rewarding and smooth days passed by, there was a big incident in which the Belland Clinic was turned upside down.

An aristocrat in the southern part of the kingdom, Grand Duke, August White's affiliation, was stabbed.

And that, of course, happened, while he was dressed as a poor commoner disguised.

Because of that, no therapist would be happy dealing with him.

Cliang, Duke August's eldest son, is a prestigious aristocrat that came from a family in the southern region of Houston Kingdom. He clenched his teeth as he grabbed his bleeding stomach.

'Damn it. Where'd the information leak from?'

Blood flowed out of his clutched stomach.

Now here in Houston, the three princes were engaged in a fierce battle for kingship.

Among them, August White was supporting one of the three princes.

In fact, his son was on his way to go to a secret place and deliver information to the third prince. But then, Cliang noticed a big conspiracy that the second prince was plotting, the most powerful candidate for the throne. He went there disguised as a commoner.

Unfortunately, he was suddenly attacked by a robber on the street.

'No, it's not just a robber. An assassin attacked him.'

Maybe heaven helped, Cliang barely managed to escape, but he did so even if he is still bleeding too much.

'I can still hold it out for a while. Belland Clinic is still not far away from here. I can live as long as I go there.' He thought to himself as he tried his hardest to drag his body as fast as he can.

Belland Healing Center.

It is one of the best treatment sources in the kingdom's capital.

Although it gets a lot of complaints regarding from the poor commoners, it made a lot of money still due to the healers' reliable skills.

'There's also a Class A therapist there, Director Bugs, who could heal my wounds.'

Cliang is in danger as he has his abdomen pierced, but he is still hopeful.

It was impossible with most healing powers. Minimum grade B might be able to do so... No, he'll have to be a grade A heal to save him.

'Wake up, Cliang! If you fall down here, you're dead!' He scolded himself.

Holding on to his increasingly heavy eyelids desperately, Cliang moved on.

"Just a little bit. Just a little more!"

Fortunately, he was able to reach the Belland Clinic.

"No, there's a patient?!"

"A patient was stabbed in the abdomen! Hurry up and call the chief therapist. Please call Sir Lance, the chief healer!"

Upon hearing the noise, Cliang felt relieved.

'I am going to be able to live now.'

If he is treated now, he will be over the hump.

Soon a young man who appeared to be a healer appeared in front of him.

He was a young man who had just taken off his boyhood, but his impression was not very good. It was an impression that he looked petty and bad-tempered.

'...He doesn't look like a very good healer either.'

However, he was not in a position to cover cold and hot water now. He had to get a heal right away.

It was the moment when he tried to open his mouth while thinking like that.

When Cliang suddenly heard an absolutely absurd statement coming from the healer..

“What? Why did a beggar came here?”

“.....!”

It was an annoying.

Cliang was stunned as if his eyes were about to pop out.

‘What did he say?’

Come to think of it, Cliang disguised himself as a poor commoner to be able to make contact with the three princes in secret.

Since he is at the Ballan Clinic, therapists here only deal with rich people. It must have been not appropriate for the poor to come.

“But that’s not the case here. How dare he not recognize me?”

Cliang’s teeth gnarled, but it was not the time for a scuffle. He had to get treatment quickly.

“Ahh... Go thorough my vest... on my chest part.”

Inside the vest was August White’s writer’s plaque.

His voice trembled, making it more difficult to talk. In fact, he could feel a rapid blur of his consciousness. Even coming here without completely losing it after being stabbed is actually a miracle already.

“What’s on your chest?”

Lance rummaged through Cliang’s vest.

Then he frowned.

“What? You only have 2 coins!”

Cliang felt frustrated.

Come to think of it, the criminal stole something from him earlier. He must’ve gotten a hold of his family’s crest as well.

“I, I am not a commoner, I am an aristocrat.....”

“You’re an aristocrat with only two pennies? That’s funny.”

He didn't seem to believe at all.

'Oh, no.'

Cliang felt like he was going to vomit blood any second now.

"I, I, uh....."

He tried to say the fact that he is August White's eldest son, but unfortunately, he couldn't continue talking.

"Cough, cough, cough!"

He coughed up blood and his consciousness completely disappeared.

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"....."

Lance frowned at the patient who eventually lost consciousness.

'Why did this shit come to our clinic?'

It may be a simple patient, but he is a critical patient who has been stabbed in the abdomen.

He had to devote all his healing powers to recover from that injury. That's not enough even, he will have to hang onto him for a few more days.

It was not possible to get the right money from a commoner for this treatment. Thus, it was not profitable.

It was much more beneficial to see a few more aristocratic patients. This will just be a waste of his healing power.

"Send him to the White Treatment Center."

a white clinic

It is a treatment center for poor people without money.

There are no decent facilities or skilled therapists there, but patients with no money were forced to use such places.

"....."

The apprentices at the first aid station looked at the unconscious patient with reluctant faces.

It was obvious to see what would happen to this patient if he was sent to the White Treatment Center.

There was a high chance of him dying before tonight.

“Hurry!”

When Lance urged, the apprentices hesitated.

Then, an authoritative voice came in.

“Please stop for a moment.”

It was Raymond!

Everyone looked at him with surprised eyes.

“What’s the matter, sir?”

Raymond clenched his lips.

“If you send him to the White Clinic, this patient will die before he gets through the night. We need to start treatment here right now.”

Lance frowned.

It was a fact that he knew already.

“It can’t be helped. Such a patient does not fit in with our treatment center.”

“What do you mean it doesn’t suit you? Doesn’t this the patient needs our help the most?”

Lance sighed loudly. And said it like a child.

“Our treatment center is not for such poor people. Each person has a rightful place to be treated, and it is clearly not here..”

“.....”

“Of course, I feel sorry for this patient’s condition, but it’s inevitable due to the therapist’s policy.”

Raymond clenched his fist at the remark.

‘No matter how much money you reveal, this isn’t it.’

The healer is a human being. Frankly, Raymond doesn’t criticize therapists who work for money since healers are people too.

It is only natural to want to eat well and live well.

In fact, one of Raymond’s goals in life was to become rich and live a full life.

'But no matter how good the money is, this isn't it.'

'Because I am a healer, I had an obligation to keep.'

'It is to save my patients.'

'Nothing could have been prioritized over that.'

Then Lance grinned and said.

"If you're that worried about the patient, that's good. Why don't Lord Raymond treat this patient?"

".....!"

"I don't think it's the right job for you. If you can treat the princess, then you won't have any problems treating this patient as well. It surely won't be too much."

All eyes were on Raymond.

'It is impossible.'

'Raymond even wonders if Lance can treat this patient even if he pours all his healing powers toward him.'

Everyone knows that Raymond uses ancient mysterious treatments and medical techniques.

But no one thought Raymond could save such a significant patient.

And the idea was unfortunately the same with Raymond himself.

'It's impossible to save a patient like this with my skills.'

Raymond bit his lips.

It was impossible to save such a patient.

Even if he gets to be an experienced resident, Raymond was not sure if he can pull it off still.

Besides, if Raymond failed on treating this patient, he might get disqualified in his apprenticeship. Not to mention the fact that he would be to blame about his death.

Lance was laughing meanly.

It was clear that he was plotting a dark plot.

It was never wise to step out of here.

But...

'What's desirable and wise? The patient is dying like this,' Raymond gritted his teeth. 'If I don't come forward, this patient will die.'

'I know it's stupid.'

'I know it's reckless.'

'His goal, to be the best healer, could have sprouted before he could enjoy all the wealth and wealth in the world.'

But even if he's a 'snob' who wants wealth and fame.

'I couldn't get back at all.'

'I need to try to save a dying patient.'

That's the "minimum" obligation that a "healer" should have.

[The heart of steel is manifested toward the patient!]

[Strong will is now intact!]

"I see. I'll treat this patient."

Lance's face heated up in embarrassment.

Raymond shot back, giving him a disgusted look.

"Instead, there are conditions. If I succeed in treating this patient, Lance, you will leave the Belland Clinic."

".....!"

"No. Quit being a therapist forever. Someone like you is not qualified to be a healer."