

Dr. Player 15

Chapter 15

The next day.

I beg your pardon?! He managed to treat the patient?!

Lance let out a loud cry.

What nonsense?

It was a patient who had to be poured at least grade B or higher heals to be saved.

But a pathetic failing Raymond, not even in the F grade, saved such a critical patient?

Did he use ancient secret arts?

But Lance soon shook his head.

Ancient occultation is nothing but miscellaneous magic. Can he treat such a critical patient with that?

Miscellaneous.

That was the perception of the therapists at the Belland Clinic regarding the medicine technology.

All non-healing treatments were considered miscellaneous, and all healers in the world thought the same.

There must be a mistake!

Lance got up from his seat and headed to the hospital room to check with his own eyes.

And the moment he arrived at the hospital room, he had no choice but to open his eyes wide.

It was true!

The beggar patient who was brought in yesterday was asleep with a calm face. At first glance, he could see that the crisis was over.

How?

Lance looked incredulous.

And that wasnt the end of the surprise.

There was a middle-aged man with a very high status standing next to the patient.

A noble?

Lance recognized the middle-aged man at a glance.

Expensive clothes, accessories, a sword at the waist, and natural elegance.

He was obviously an aristocrat. He is also not a low-ranking aristocrat, but a very high-ranking aristocrat.

Then, Lances eyes came to see the family crest embroidered on the chest of a middle-aged man. Surprisingly, it was a sentence he knew.

August White, Duke of the South! Why is such a nobleman here? Does he know any patients in the hospital room?

But there was only that beggar patient in the hospital room now.

Lance could not connect the dots still.

Soon, Duke Augusts steel-like eyes darted toward him, becoming more intense as of that moment.

Lance bowed in a hurry.

Greetings to Duke August White! Im Lance, the chief treatment officer at the Belland Clinic.

He looked completely different from his usual attitude. He was a typical rude person who was unpleasant against the weak and courteous against the strong.

Something was wrong with the dukes reaction.

.

He only stared at Lance sharply without any answer.

Youre Lance?

Yes, sir?

Youre the one who left my son to die?!

!

Lances face was stunned.

What kind of absurd story is this?!

When did he let August Whites son to die?!

But at that moment, one terrible idea came to his mind.

No way Is that beggar his son?

Lance swallowed his saliva.

I dont think so. Its a terrible thing if that is true.

But then someone showed up and told the Duke what Lance had done.

Thats right, Duke. Our chief therapist, Lance ordered the Dukes son to be abandoned without any treatment.

!

Lances eyes grew teary.

It was Raymond!

Raymond, who appeared before Lance knew it, raised the corners of his mouth thinly toward Lance.

He looked at Lance as if he were implying this message to him non-verbally: Youre dead now.

Lance is so willing to leave him to die because Sir Cliang was dressed as a commoner and looked like he had no money.

The Duke August, listening to Raymond, clenched his fist.

My son for nothing but a few bucks?!

Lances face went white.

Lord Raymond! When did I even say that?

You're asking me when? Are you already forgetful at a young age? You said that yesterday. Hanson, didn't you hear it clearly, too?

Hanson nodded as he came in with a nursing towel.

Yes, I heard it. Chief Lance told me to abandon sir Cliang. But then, Lord Raymond came forward and saved him.

Duke August's eyes grew colder and colder.

Lance's complexion turned white like a corpse.

He couldn't get his act together in the sudden thunderstorm.

The final blow was made by the person concerned, Cliang himself.

That's right, father. That damn therapist left me to die. Because of the noise around him, he came to consciousness for a while and gave a decisive testimony.

How dare you!

Oh no, Duke. There's something wrong with this.!

It's a misunderstanding?

Duke August spoke frostily.

You left my son to die and keep making excuses. Did you say Lance? Do you think the August family is funny? I guess you don't know how great the cry of scolding noble is.

..!

Lance's body trembled like a thorn.

He knelt down and begged for forgiveness.

I'm sorry, Duke! Please have mercy!

But it was late.

If you're going to ask for forgiveness, you should have saved it from the beginning.

In the first place, you should not have thrown it away, whether the patient is gravely ill or not. As a healer who deals with human life, you must give importance to your patients regardless of them being able to pay or not..

On the name of August White, in the kingdom of Houston. No, in the cross-border empire even, you won't be able to work as a therapist anymore.

Lances face was stained with despair.

Duke!

But the dukes words were not finished.

He asked the aide who accompanied him.

What exactly can I do to this guy?

As a healer, he deliberately put the Archduke in danger of dying since he doesnt want to fulfil his duties. It is also an act of scorning the aristocratic Duke with a single point of denial since he wont admit his wrongdoing. They are all crimes committed against the aristocracy, so they will be subject to special aggravated punishment.

The Duke nodded.

Then take care of it as it is.

Falling down, Lance sat down because his legs were weak.

It is done.

He wasnt just over as a therapist. He had to stand in court, and he was sure to face a big punishment.

I, I.

Lance rattled and rattled, but no one sympathized.

Everyone looked at him coldly because he had been doing this for a long time now.

In particular, Raymond thought so.

Even this kind of punishment is cheap. Especially for him, a piece of crap who doesnt even qualify as a therapist.

Thus, the promising young chief treatment Lance of the Belland Treatment Center was completely destroyed and dragged out.

No one would see Lance in the treatment center anymore.

After a pause, this time, Duke August looked at Raymond.

With a completely different look from what he gave Lance.

The Dukes eyes were filled with intolerable gratitude.

I havent been able to greet you properly until now because of the situation. Thank you very much.

Then Duke August even bowed his head slightly.

Oh, no. Raise your head, Duke. I just did what I had to do. Raymond waved his hands in a hurry.

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I cant believe Ive been greeted with a bow by Duke August! For a moment, this thought occurred to him.

I've succeeded! I'm glad I'm alive!

I've been treated like dirt all my life.

A tidal wave of excitement came in to him.

There was a reason Raymond spoke like such a solemn saint.

I need to create a good image of myself for many people. That way, good rumors will circulate and patients will constantly flock to me.

Raymond has already set his own concept as a therapist.

A true healer in this age who deeply cares about his patients!

If I manage to capture this image, patients will flock left and right for me like bees, haha.

It's called image marketing.

If he was rumored to be a healer who cares about patients, it was clear that it would be a big hit.

It was an insidious scheme, but what?

It is good for him to be popular, but at the same time, his patients would meet a good therapist.

Even the Duke August right in front of him was tricked into admiring him.

I can't believe that ugly illegitimate child became such a great healer.

Duke August, of course, knew Raymond's identity.

However, he did not pretend to know.

He thought that was a consideration for Raymond, who saved his son's life.

If it weren't for you, our Duke August White would have lost his successor.

I'm also infinitely happy that Sir Cliang is safe.

You are the benefactor of the great White family. I don't know how to repay this favor.

Raymond's saliva dried up at the words.

It's finally here! Reward time!

After treating the patient, how surprised Raymond was to learn that he is Duke August White's successor?

The sole thought brought Raymond joy.

I'm sure I'll give you a big reward for saving his successor!

To be clear, Raymond was not a saint.

He is treating patients for his patients' sake. But at the same time, he has his snobbish side.

He won't settle for a thank you in his every reward.

There's a certain amount of money that I'll get this time.

Money?

No. The money would be good, but I should make full use of the opportunity to take advantage of saving the heir of a great nobleman.

I have to ask for something that money can't buy.

Raymond, who thought so, looked as if he wanted nothing.

I don't want anything in particular. I'm a therapist. I just did what I deserved. I don't want compensation.

Of course, I didn't mean it.

It was an excuse.

Haha.

As Raymond intended, Duke August admired him even more.

I heard that he had made such an honest statement to the Royal Highness as well. I can't believe he really has such a great mindset. That's amazing. It's great.

Duke August was determined to compensate him even more.

I can't let this grateful grace go. Try to talk about anything. I'll make sure to listen intently.

Judging that atmosphere is ripe, Raymond spoke out.

If so, I don't need anything else. It's just.

Just?

If you support me in your heart, that will be enough.

!

Did the Duke understand what Raymond meant?

Duke August looked at Raymond wide-eyed.

He is not only asking him to just support him in his heart, but Raymond also wanted the Duke to support him openly.

Support. In other words, Raymond was meant to be his character reference to support his background.

Not only is he good-natured, but he is also smart. He knows exactly what he needs the most. Duke August thought to himself.

What does Raymond need now?

Money?

No.

He was meant to be his strength.

Raymond was clearly aware of his situation and asked for appropriate compensation.

The more I see it, the better it is. Who knew that the ugly illegitimate prince would grow up so remarkably? Im looking forward to a good day.

After thinking, Duke August readily nodded.

On the contrary, he took a step further and said this.

That wont be difficult. However, I dont think its enough to repay the grace of saving my son, so Ill give you a bigger compensation.