

## **Dr. Player 331**

Chapter 331

Mars glanced at Raymond and lowered his head.

“Meet Your Highness the Crown Prince. My name is Mars, a second-class Saint belonging to the Tower of Light.”

Raymond was again surprised by the introduction.

Originally, Mars was known as first class.

But before I knew it, my ability had blossomed.

‘You have opened the judge's eyes. I have 3 special heels.’

For reference, if you have 3 special heels, it is classified as Lee Hwi-gyeok.

Mars spoke to Raymond in a sharp tone.

“I am embarrassed, but I will ask Your Highness. Did you say he cut open his head with a knife and removed part of his brain?”

“... ..”

Raymond frowned.

It was clear that he was saying such a thing.

Mars let out a laugh.

“Medicine... .. Is the ancient secret technique that Your Highness is using a secret technique that kills patients?”

The disciples got angry and tried to come out, but Raymond raised his hand to stop them.

“Then Saint, do you have any other options?”

“My special Heal Judgment Eye should be enough to recover. Isn't that right, Rodin?”

Rodin nodded cautiously.

“I received Saint's healing and my symptoms improved.”

Raymond was troubled.

Since the function of the optic nerve was activated, some of the symptoms would have improved. But that was only a temporary effect.

But Mars added:

“Even if the symptoms caused by a lump in the brain pressing on the root of the eye are correct, there is nothing to worry about. My other special heal, ‘Steel Anvil’, can make the hump better.”

“... ..!”

steel anvil.

This is completely different from other heels.

It induces necrosis in abnormally overproliferated tissues.

In other words, it is a special heal specialized for tumors!

Raymond certainly realized that Mars was a great healer.

In addition to the heal that enhances the basic life force, he possesses three special heals with various special effects, so he will be able to treat countless patients.

But Raymond did not back down.

It wasn't just because of greed.

The treatment Mars had just spoken of posed great potential risks.

“What will you do if the surroundings get hurt?”

Unlike other parts, it is the brain.

Even the slightest damage to the surroundings was fatal.

“You worry about everything. This is Mars.”

Mars said confidently.

“Unlike anyone else, he is a true Blessor. This body will never make a mistake in operating the special heal.”

unlike anyone else.

It was a sarcastic remark about Raymond.

“Choose anyway Rodin. I'll take this Marth's treatment or open my head with a knife.”

Mars smirked.

“Of course, there will be no second choice. As you know, there are a lot of people waiting for my heels.”

It was a threat.

If you choose Raymond's side, you will never be able to receive treatment for yourself from now on.

The bodies of Rodin and his wife trembled.

The fate of the couple is at stake with this one choice.

'Prince Raymond is definitely someone you can trust. It's real that he cares about patients.'

Rodin jumped into the business from a young age, so he had an excellent eye for people.

Raymond was real.

But the treatment was terrible.

Had to open the head and remove the lump inside?

On the other hand, the reputation of Blesser Mars was beyond doubt.

Among the numerous healers in the Peninsula Kingdom, Mars was the one who counted on three fingers.

No, now that it has become Lee Hwi-gyeok, it can be said that it is actually the best.

The chance for an ordinary merchant like Rodin to be healed by a healer the size of Mars will never come.

Thinking so, the answer came out.

He admired Raymond's intentions, but he couldn't gamble with his wife's fate.

Rodin bowed his head at Raymond.

"I'm sorry, Your Highness."

Rodin apologized profusely.

"Actually, I've heard rumors about Her Highness. Even after coming to Houston Kingdom, Katal Kingdom, and our Peninsula Kingdom. I deeply respect what Your Highness has done."

Rodin's voice trembled.

"but... .. I want you to understand that I am making this choice now. I'm really sorry."

Raymond shook his head and grabbed his shoulder.

It's unfortunate, but it was unavoidable.

'Because it is the choice of the patient and the guardian as to which treatment to receive.'

Even on the modern Earth, there were not a few people who chose other treatments than medicine.

So it was nothing to criticize.

'I can't help it. I can't help but hope that the treatment goes well.'

With that in mind, I spoke to Mars with a proud face.

"All right. instead of St. Mars. Can I just give you one piece of advice?"

advice.

At those words, Mars' eyebrows twitched.

“I don't need advice... .. .”

“When using the steel anvil, please do not use excessive force.”

“... .. !”

Mars' face hardened.

“Special heels are my specialty.”

Raymond sighed.

‘I'm worried.’

But Rodin's wife was no longer his patient.

“Would it be okay?”

Christine asked after leaving Rodin's house.

“I hope you are okay.”

This was the case, but the most important thing was the patient's health.

I returned to Penin Treatment Center 4, hoping to be treated well.

\* \* \*

Returning from treatment, Mars drank champagne with a happy face in his mansion.

After seeing Raymond disappear from a defeated soldier, I felt very refreshed.

‘It must be completely trampled on.’

In fact, Mars did not completely ignore Raymond's medicine.

It was because I had read a thesis written by Raymond the other day.

Certainly, the medicine seemed to be working in its own way.

Even so, I wouldn't be able to follow the orthodox heel.

‘Before people are more dazzled, I have to trample on them even more.’

Fortunately, today's incident was just the right case.

‘I'll have to go to the banquet today and drink it in moderation.’

All kinds of banquets are held in the Peninsula Kingdom. A gorgeous handsome man, Mars became the main character whenever he went to banquets.

If you decorate today's work appropriately and pass it on to the nobles, the nobles will be more inclined to underestimate your medical skills.

“Get ready to go out.”

“Yes, I will prepare.”

But just as I was about to get on the carriage, I heard unexpected news.

“Three Saint Mars! The patient who was treated earlier is complaining of excruciating headaches!”

Mars frowned.

patients previously treated. Rodin's wife.

‘Since I used the steel anvil, of course it's a headache.’

The Steel Anvil is a heal that forcibly destroys humps.

Of course it entails pain.

‘There's no way the treatment location was wrong.’

‘Steel Anvil’ did not randomly cause necrosis in a certain range.

It causes necrosis only in abnormally grown tissues within the range.

In particular, Mars' heel control was the best, so there was no possibility that the wrong part was necrotic.

“What would you like, Saint?”

Mars was worried.

Being late for the banquet, it seemed difficult to take time apart.

“Send Sir Meat.”

Sir Mitt.

He was a double-A healer.

It's a powerful healer, so it's enough to cure a headache.

“You definitely get an extra charge.”

“all right.”

After taking those measures, Mars headed to the banquet hall.

\* \* \*

At that time, Raymond was taking care of patients in the middle of the 4th branch of Penin Treatment Center.

“Thank you, my prince!”

“Thanks to the prince, my mother is alive!”

Numerous patients thanked Raymond.

They were patients who had not been able to receive proper treatment because they had no money.

To them, Raymond was like an angel from heaven.

‘I can't believe there is such a person in the world!’

‘He's the son of Crown Princess Lastel!’

‘This is really an angel who came down from heaven.’

Rumors like that quickly spread throughout the capital of the Peninsula Kingdom, but recently Raymond was a little depressed.

‘... .. How long will the debt accumulate?’

His plan to get rich was on track.

He joined hands with Princess Sylvene and began to receive support from the people, so neither Grand Duke Gideon nor Marquis Rodrigo will treat him carelessly.

The problem was the deficit.

‘... .. Noble patients should have started coming and making money by now.’

The number of noble patients visiting was smaller than expected.

It wasn't just because of prejudice.

The Peninsula aristocrats had a surprisingly open ideology as they came into contact with the cultures of the entire continent.

Although he was not exclusive to medicine, he did not come to receive treatment.

‘They just show interest and are receiving treatment from advanced healers.’

Raymond let out a deep sigh.

Not too long ago, he showed his ability to surpass Jeongmyeong's protection, but it seemed that it was still not enough.

‘I need a bigger one. It's enough to tempt nobles with heavy hips.’

Raymond clenched his fists.

Archduke Gideon and Marquis Rodrigo were not the problem.

At this rate, he could not afford the deficit and was about to be kicked out of the kingdom of Houston.

‘I have to come up with something... .. .’

Then, suddenly, an urgent sound was heard.

“Master emergency patient!”

It was Linden.

Raymond made a puzzled face.

Now, the disciples have grown so much in their skills that they can see a lot of emergency patients on their own.

“What kind of patient are you?”

“I am a blind patient! This is the wife of Rodin, whom I met earlier!”

Raymond's face hardened.

When I hurriedly went down to the aid station, I saw Rodin.

“What happened?”

“Your Highness!”

Rodin said with tears in his eyes.

“After receiving Special Heal, I kept complaining of headaches, and then suddenly I lost my sight! I'm losing my mind right now!”

Raymond urgently checked his wife's condition.

I was really unconscious.

‘This isn't just pain after treatment.’

Raymond groaned.

It wasn't normal.

‘It's pituitary apoplexy.’

Pituitary apoplexy.

It is a complication that occurs exclusively in pituitary tumors.

It means that the volume of the tumor suddenly expands due to sudden bleeding, presses on the surrounding optic nerve, and the function of the pituitary gland is lost.

The ‘Special Heal’, ‘Steel Anvil’, was rather poisonous. That's why I asked you to use heels as carefully as possible.’

If it was a normal tumor, it would have been helpful to spread the steel anvil with full force.

But pituitary tumors are different.

This fatal complication of pituitary apoplexy could come if you use heels carelessly.

Then Rodin knelt in front of Raymond.

“Your Highness has no face, but please. Please save my wife!”

Rodin hit his head on the floor.

“I know you don't mind asking like this! I'll give you my all! I'll give you my soul, so please take my wife... ... !”

“Sir Rodin.”

Raymond grabbed Rodin by the shoulder.

“You don’t have to ask for that.”

Rodin's eyes fluttered.

They misunderstood Raymond's refusal.

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He refused treatment once, but he came back belatedly and asked for it again, so even that kind saint wouldn't want to accept it.

‘iced coffee. Why did I make that choice then?’

As he sighed, Raymond said.

“I am a healer. It’s only natural to treat patients without asking.”

“... ..!”

Rodin opened his eyes wide and looked at Raymond.

The healer, whom he had never met before, seemed to only think of the patient, with a firm look in his eyes.

“However, in this case, I am not sure of the treatment either. Can you still trust me?”

It was a question that didn't even need to be asked.

“Yes, I believe. Please!”

Raymond nodded.

“Then I will start treatment right now.”

\* \* \*

The primary problem of pituitary apoptosis is the decrease in hormones that maintain vital functions.

Hormone administration including steroids and electrolytes were adjusted and vitals were taken.

Now it was the turn of the operation.

“Are you going to open your head?”

Christine asked.

craniectomy.

It was an approach of intracerebral lesions.

But Raymond shook his head.

“There are other ways. We will approach with the nose.”

Trans-sphenoid approach.

It is a method of removing a pituitary gland located at the base of the brain through a small hole in the nose.

By using this method, the post-operative complications can be greatly reduced.

'The problem is the level of difficulty.'

An instrument is inserted through a small hole to remove the lump.

while avoiding the nerves and blood vessels of the brain.

It was terrifying to imagine what kind of difficulty it would be.

In fact, even Raymond was not confident that he would succeed unconditionally.

'Because this is a professor-level operation.'

His current job grade was 'Clinical Instructor', so it was a higher level of difficulty than his level.

'But I have to make it.'

With a firm resolve, the operation began.

I was anesthetized and got the necessary equipment in my hands.

Fortunately, I had done a similar operation before, so the equipment was ready.

"let's begin."

It didn't start by incising the skin with a knife like other surgeries.

A long instrument was inserted into his nose.

There was a light property magic tool in front of it, and the video was transmitted.

It will act as a camera, and I will proceed with the operation while watching the video sent from the magic tool.

The instrument bypassed several structures in the nose and then landed on an area adjacent to the pituitary gland.

"Activate cauterization."

A brain-property magic tool built into the instrument manifested, cauterized the nasal mucosa, and created a small fracture in the nasal septum.

Then I saw a large tumor inside.

'It's bigger than I thought.'

Raymond swallowed.

Now that tumor needs to be excised.

completely without damaging any surrounding structures.

'You can't injure the surrounding brain or damage the optic nerve.'

Raymond moved his hand as carefully as he could.

Fortunately, it was his incredible sensory stats.

Currently, his sensory stat is over 100!

It will be of great help for such a sharp operation.

However, Raymond felt troubled shortly after the operation began.

‘Sense stats alone aren't enough.’

No matter how sharp the fingertips are, there is a limit.

Above all, Raymond is an expert in open surgery.

I wasn't used to this kind of surgery.

‘Should I access it by opening the skull?’

Raymond agonized as he swallowed his saliva.

The first principle for pituitary tumors is this nasal approach.

However, it was not easy because of the lack of experience.

If this creates complications, it is the end.

‘I'd rather have a familiar open surgery... ..’

open surgery.

It is an operation performed by opening a large incision with a scalpel.

But he shook his head again.

‘no. Then there will be too big aftereffects.’

The pituitary gland is located in the deepest part of the brain.

If you approach it from the outside, there will be huge aftereffects.

‘Is there any way to help?’

Raymond opened the market with a desperate heart.

And soon I found a skill that would help.

‘What about this?’

bought it right away

[400 skill points are consumed!]

[The mastery of the skill ‘Seojeon's Hands’ will be permanently raised to B grade!]

You've raised the Sergeant's Hands proficiency to B grade!

It wasn't simply for the rise of the sensory stat.

There was an additive effect in grade B.

[Together for the patient ha... ... Save a comrade!]

(Ninjutsu Quest)

Priority: Medium Level

Difficulty: Medium

Quest Description: Hugu candidate to treat patients together is in trouble! Reveal the truth and save her!

Clear condition: Uncovering false names

Reward: Bonus level up x 2 Skill points 100

Bonuses: Throwing the bad guys into shit

The last paragraph.

Increased proficiency in micro-invasive surgery.

Right now, the skill level of this kind of surgery is rising.

Indeed, the movement of the fingertips became much smoother.

'But I'm not completely used to it.'

A further problem was the skill's time limit.

1 hours.

It was an extremely short time to remove the tumor.

'Even if it's the most difficult part, I have to put an end to moderation in it.'

The difficult part is the area where blood vessels and nerves are adjacent.

Raymond moved his hand with maximum concentration.

Starting with the removal of the dura, the tumor was resected little by little.

I was nervous about the time limit, but I wasn't in a hurry. It was even worse if you rushed and created complications.

Fortunately, thanks to the calm movement of the hand, the most difficult part, the optic nerve and the adjacent part, was successfully separated without any problems.

But a problem arose in the middle.

Blood poured out!

'this.'

It didn't touch a blood vessel.

There was blood flowing from the tumor, but there was a lot of bleeding.

"On!"

He expressed wind-attribute magic and sucked blood, but it was not enough.

'It doesn't look like this at all.'

Raymond's heart sank.

The space was filled with blood, and the field of vision turned red as if a curtain had fallen down.

'Blindly hemostasis? no. If you touch it wrong, it's over.'

There were all sorts of nerves and blood vessels, and if you touched the wrong part, it would be the end.

'Stronger wind attribute magic!'

Fortunately, Raymond was able to use magic.

By moving mana, the function of the wind attribute magic attached to the balloon was amplified.

I couldn't make it too strong.

If that happened, the nerves in the brain could be damaged by the wind-attribute magic. The magic was amplified to the extent that it was not too much.

Glance.

Fortunately, a bleeding spot was visible in the flood of blood.

But that was the limit. It looked a little bit, but then the blood started to fill up again.

'It's impossible to completely secure the field of view.'

Raymond gulped.

It was time to decide.

Do you risk stopping bleeding or not?

'If the bleeding gets worse, the current opportunity might be lost.'

the moment you made that decision.

Raymond moved his hand.

'please!'

Then, the instrument accurately touched the bleeding point and flame magic was manifested!

crackle!

Fortunately, the bleeding stopped!

Raymond let out a long sigh.

The hangover was over, but the operation was not over.

I haven't even come half way yet.

'Calm down. you can do it. I have to do it.'

With that in mind, I moved my hand and time passed.

\* \* \*

How long has it been since the surgery started?

Rodin was waiting for the surgery to end with a desperate face.

'God, please do a miracle. I will do anything in the future, please. please.'

I know your wife's condition is hopeless right now.

Didn't even Lee Hwi-gyeok Saint and the legendary Blessor Mars fail to heal?

It is highly likely that Raymond will also fail the treatment.

But Rodin prayed earnestly and prayed again. Please, may Raymond work a miracle.

'iced coffee. please. Heaven.'

Eventually, Raymond came out and let out a long sigh.

"... ..!"

Rodin's heart sank.

I was afraid to ask the results.

"How was it?"

"It went well."

"... ..!"

Because it was not an easy operation, Raymond's complexion showed fatigue.

But in a warm voice he said:

"There were a few bumps along the way, but fortunately they worked out. You must have been worried, but relax now."

"iced coffee... .."

Rodin slumped into his seat.

Tears dripped from his eyes.

"thank you! really... .. thank you. Whoops. Black."

"no. I am happy too."

Raymond gently caressed Rodin's shaking shoulder, and Rodin swore at the warm touch.

'From now on, I will dedicate my life to this person.'

He would dedicate the rest of his life to spreading this noble light.

\* \* \*

'Awesome.'

Raymond gave a big smile.

The surgery wasn't easy for Raymond either.

There were many difficulties in the middle, but fortunately, I was able to finish the operation without any major problems.

And the results were great.

'I got huge rewards.'

Raymond held back his tear-jerking mouth.

Rodin first.

He, the genius of the upper world, was taken with his hands and feet!

During the treatment, I deliberately treated her more kindly, but it seems to have worked.

Now Rodin was looking at Raymond almost reverently.

In the future, I will become a great hukou and make a lot of money for him.

Indeed, Rodin was so demoralized that he exclaimed:

"I will open a medical angel corps right away! I will spread Your Highness's light all over the continent!"

Raymond's light to the whole world.

I didn't like the slogan, but as long as the result was good, it was enough.

'There's something else I've gained.'

this was more important

Mars had a reputation for curing patients who had failed treatment!

'I beat Blesser Mars with medicine!'

Of course, it was nonsense to argue who won or lost with only one treatment.

Strictly speaking, Blesser Mars was close to being unlucky this time.

If it had been a different tumor, this complication would not have occurred.

However, as always, the important thing was the result, and this incident was enough for the entire Peninsula Kingdom to pay attention.

Because it was none other than Blesser Mars who was blessed by God.

'I didn't even need to intentionally spread rumors because Mars was the first to speak at the banquet.'

Mars even attended social banquets and proudly recounted the story of his healing of Rodin's wife.

It is to smear your own face.

Thanks to this, the entire aristocratic society learned about this incident, and the reputation of Raymond and his medicine rose greatly.

the result?

'Aristocratic patients are starting to come!'

Raymond thought with a heavy face.

Finally, money-making hogu started to come!

But Raymond was not satisfied.

'We have to build on this momentum and establish a unique position.'

He didn't come all the way to the Peninsula Kingdom to see some noble patients.

His greed was even greater.

"Disciple, could you send this letter to the Tower of Light?"

"master?"

Christine made a puzzled face.

It was strange that he sent a letter to the Tower of Light, who had a bad relationship.

May asked.

"Is this a challenge?"

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"... .. Not that. This is a letter from attending an academic conference."

academic conference.

At the Tower of Light, famous healers from nearby kingdoms were gathered and an academic conference was held once a year.

"Are you trying to show off the greatness of medicine at an academic conference?"

The disciples showed a firm will.

But Raymond shook his head.

"There is that, but there are more important goals."

"which?"

Raymond said briefly.

"I will create a school."

School.

Refers to the various branches of the Tower of Healing.

Originally, the branches were divided according to the academic direction, but recently, the schools were determined according to the political faction within the Tower of Healing.

By Raymond, of course, he meant an academic sect.

"During this academic conference, we will establish a school with medicine as the main treatment. name is... .. I will say 'medical school'."

That's how the 'medical school' first officially appeared in the world.

\* \* \*

"What? The medical school?"

'Road' frowned.

A subordinate reported from the other side of the crystal sphere.

-Yes, I heard that Prince Raymond is promoting a school at the Tower of Light conference.

"Hmm. What is your reaction?"

- It is said that it is receiving a surprisingly large response. In particular, it is said that there are many people who are interested in it among low-to-mid-level healers.

In the Peninsula Kingdom, healers are sweeping away enormous wealth.

But not everyone is like that.

As there are many outstanding healers, the gap between the rich and the poor is wide.

Not to mention C-class and D-class healers, and even B-class healers, who are classified as high-level healers in other countries, are often not treated properly.

This is because there are a lot of first-class healers compared to the population.

- It seems that Blesser Mars' treatment of a patient who could not be cured a while ago was particularly effective. It is reported that the Headquarters of the Tower of Healing is paying attention to Crown Prince Raymond's medical skills.

"It's difficult."

'road'.

He had a great deal soon in front of his eyes as a dark mage plotting all sorts of heinous conspiracies in the Houston Kingdom and Catal Kingdom.

'Actually, it's not important to me what kind of reputation he gets among healers.'

The problem is that he is Raymond.

The one who blocked all the conspiracies he plotted so far.

It was very unsettling to hear that such a guy would get another pair of wings.

'The plan failed because of him at the last recording hunting competition. According to the original plan, I should have started the great business starting from the hunting competition at that time.'

'Road' concluded.

"I will deal with him during this academic conference."

-yes? But how? With the eyes of the whole kingdom on him, it would be difficult to lay a direct hand on him.

“I will bring the death god.”

“... ..!”

The opponent's eyes widened.

It was because he noticed the meaning of ‘Rod’.

-Ha But wasn't the plan for the ‘coming of the four gods’ later than now?

“Anyway, the plan was ruined because of him. I'd rather have the death god arrive now.”

‘Rod’ said coldly.

“The effect would be even more dramatic if the death god descended on the academic conference and the healers were massacred. It will be much more advantageous to accomplish our cause.”

The opponent drooled.

I thought about the scale of the sacrifices that would happen this time.

There will be unimaginable victims.

But ‘Rod’ didn't care about that and said.

“During the Tower of Light conference, various diseases and treatments are introduced. At that time, bring in the ‘reaper’.”

-... .. all right.

‘Rod’ made a satisfied face.

Now, the moment he wants will finally arrive. Starting with Raymond's death.

\* \* \*

Tower of Light Conference.

It was a historic event in the world of healing.

The entire large old castle in the west of the Peninsula Kingdom was rented.

As if showing the power and wealth of the Tower of Light, the academic conference was extremely splendid.

Like a banquet hosted by the royal family, all sorts of rare dishes and drinks were accompanied by music, and numerous healers from the Peninsula as well as nearby healers attended.

It wasn't just high-level healers who attended.

As a rule, invitations go to ‘all’ healers around the Peninsula Kingdom, so the banquet hall was teeming with countless healers, regardless of whether they were high or low heels.

In addition, not only healers but also famous celebrities from all walks of life attended.

Those who were invited from outside admired the bustling crowd of healers.

“Awesome. So many saints gathered together.”

“That’s right. Oh, isn’t that person from the ecliptic?”

“Even in the ecliptic, the Tower of Light academic conference is always attracting attention. Moreover, isn’t there a big issue this year?”

issue.

It means Raymond's medicine.

Starting from Houston, a small country on the periphery, even the Peninsula Kingdom is causing a sensation.

From the point of view of the Tower of Healing, you will feel a sense of crisis.

“But this time, it seems that there are more healers than usual in attendance.”

“Yes, it seems. Hearing the story, it is said that a lot more lower-mid-level healers attended than in previous years.”

“Low-mid-level healers?”

People made surprised faces.

As a rule, invitations to all healers go to this academic conference.

However, the percentage of high-level healers attending was higher than lower-mid-level healers.

But why?

“It's because of Prince Raymond.”

“... ..!”

“They say they are creating a new medical school centered on medicine. There are many healers who are interested.”

“indeed. It is still the center of attention.”

There were numerous healers in the banquet hall, but the most fortunate place was where Raymond and his party were.

Middle and low-level healers who are interested in medicine gathered.

Healers were eagerly asking Raymond questions.

“Are you really giving instructions without conditions?”

Raymond nodded with an infinitely kind face.

“After completing your studies, you only need to work for the Penin Center for 5 years. Of course, even then, we will give you a fair remuneration.”

The middle and upper level healers made faces of disbelief.

According to the rumors that have been heard, medicine is a legendary secret art with power equivalent to that of a special heal.

Would you teach me such a secret technique without any conditions?

'It's normal people who don't want to reveal secret techniques even if they pay billions of dollars. What the hell?'

'Is this person really an angel?'

Healers in this position right now are the ones who would sell their souls if they could raise even one level of healing.

However, I couldn't help but widen my eyes when I heard that it was enough to work for only 5 years.

Of course, this was Raymond's idea.

'Huh. Don't worry, I'll pamper you until your spine is pulled out for five years. I will eat more than what you taught me.'

Raymond let out a sinister laugh.

In any case, teaching will be done by the disciples who have been raised beforehand. Because Raymond doesn't teach new students now.

In other words, if he just accepts him as a disciple, he becomes a slave for five years without lifting a hand. How can he not be happy?

'And while I'm teaching, I treat patients. In fact, the period of service at the Penin Center is close to 10 years.'

Since they are all active healers, they were able to devote themselves to treating patients while they were being taught.

'Disciples must increase unconditionally. That way, medicine will quickly spread throughout the continent.'

Raymond had no intention of monopolizing medicine.

Rather, I was thinking of spreading it quickly all over the continent somehow.

why?

Because that's good for him too.

'The more widespread medicine is, the bigger the medical industry market is.'

The medical industry was not an industry that only targeted patients, such as vaccines, hair loss treatments, and skin beauty treatments.

Rather, the biggest part was selling medical supplies to doctors.

'If they become independent and set up a treatment center, they will have to purchase medical equipment. Every single one of them going independent will cost me a huge purchase price.

Basic blood test machine.

radiography machine.

electrocardiogram machine.

etc.

There was not much equipment needed to set up a treatment center.

Just like when Raymond first opened the clinic, he had to pay a huge fee, and it would all cost Raymond's wallet.

'Hehe, that's not all. Even after setting up a treatment center, I have to keep purchasing medical supplies.'

Being independent is not the end.

Since they have to supply supplies that they use every day with consumables such as injections and medicines, they will forever be slaves to Raymond.

'Hurry up and become independent soon! So bring me the money and give it to me!'

Raymond imagined.

The sight of the disciples he raised spread out all over the continent and offer money to him.

He will be the sole supplier of the medical industry and will suck the spines of all independent disciples.

Just imagining it made me feel like I was about to pass out.

'To be like that, I have to do well here.'

As many healers as possible had to join the medical school.

Fortunately, even without him, his disciples were working hard.

especially Hanson.

He went around the banquet hall to meet healers who were interested in Raymond and preached (?) about medicine.

"I am very happy to meet people who will follow the Master's will together. If you have any questions, ask me."

"you are?"

"I am Hanson, the disciple of the former Master and the first disciple of the Medical School."

"... ..!"

The academic conference hall was buzzing.

Hell Instructor Hanson!

It was a name that I always heard along with Raymond when I heard rumors about medicine.

'I sent a shutter phone and called it on purpose.'

Raymond smiled contemptuously.

This is because Hanson has the best specialty in edifying (?) people.

Indeed, Hanson showed off his skills to the fullest. "Can we really learn treatment comparable to special heals if we enter the medical school?"

"I can't believe it!"

The biggest question of healers was this.

Would he really teach them such a great secret art without hesitation?

"No need to worry about that. Master is the one who regrets not being able to teach you even one more of his secret arts."

"Why?"

In response to the incomprehensible response, Hanson spoke kindly.

"That's because Master is the light that came down from the sky."

"... ..!"

"Master is a person who only has a patient in his head. They only think of patients when they eat, walk, even when they are solving menstrual problems."

"Huh. It can be."

Healers made surprised faces at those surprising words.

It's a story that's hard to believe, but it was credible because it was told by Hanson, who had been with Raymond the longest.

Chapter 334

"That's why I want to save even one more patient, so I teach anyone without conditions. In fact, the Master has never asked for anything in return while accepting a student."

Healers who heard the story were all amazed.

Is there such a person in the world?

'As expected, the saint of poverty.'

'light. Truly light.'

Then Hanson suddenly changed the tone of his voice.

“There is only one condition the Master wants.”

“What is?”

“A heart for patients! If you don't have that kind of heart, you'd better die.”

Healers were agitated.

heart for the patient.

Most healers didn't.

Seeing the scene, Raymond crossed his arms.

‘Money is nice, but I can't teach anyone about medicine.’

The most important thing in learning medicine was character rather than talent.

heel?

It would help if you had it, but you don't have to.

The reason Raymond recruits disciples from existing healers is not because of the heal, but because they have basic therapeutic knowledge.

Because you can learn medicine much faster than learning from nothing.

Conversely, even without heels, it had nothing to do with becoming a doctor.

Still, don't you need a head to learn medicine?

This is more important than heel, but in fact, what is more important than outstanding intelligence is the persistence and effort to study a large amount of academic work.

However, if he lacks character, he will only become a doctor who harms his patients.

‘The problem is that there is no way to filter out the personality.’

When there were only a handful of disciples, he was able to recognize his personality, but after the size of his disciples grew, it was impossible.

Right now, there are over hundreds of new disciples in the Houston Kingdom.

Even now, the number of disciples is increasing rapidly, so soon there will be more than 1,000 new students who have learned medical science.

‘Perhaps there are still many students who come to learn medicine just for money.

It's impossible to completely filter them out.’

Even on the modern Earth, there are far more people who want money and learn medicine than patients, so it was impossible to avoid them.

Instead, Raymond came up with a countermeasure.

Hanson said the countermeasure.

“When you treat a patient with medicine, you have to pay for the treatment in the amount prescribed by the Pennin Treatment Center, or now the Medical School.”

“... ..!”

“Treatment costs were selected differently according to the type of disease and the status of the patient in the country or region.”

That is to put an upper limit on the cost of treatment!

Of course, I didn't set it tight.

Raymond likes to make money too.

In particular, for the wealthy aristocratic class, compared to the Tower of Healing, the cost of treatment was set by no means insufficient.

However, it thoroughly prevented excessive medical expenses from being imposed on the poor common people.

‘This way, sucking blood from patients for money will be prevented to some extent.’

The question was, how long would this be maintained? Because you can collect excessive treatment fees pretending not to know.

A healer asked if he had the same idea.

“What happens if I receive more than the stipulated amount for treatment?”

Hanson looked at the healer gently.

“You will not be supplied with the healing supplies needed for the occult.”

“... ..!”

“If you can develop and use all the treatment supplies yourself, you don't have to follow the stipulated amount.”

treatment supplies.

This was the leash to hang on to the disciples.

‘Because medicine cannot be properly performed without medical supplies.’

In the future, medicine will spread more widely and more places will come out that produce medical supplies after a lot of time, but for at least a hundred years, Penin Treatment Center will monopolize it.

That amount of time was enough to properly establish market order.

“... ..”

“... ..”

Healers watched.

Those whose purpose was to sweep money through medical techniques quietly stepped out.

“I'll have to think about it some more.”

“me too. sorry!”

More than half of them returned.

However, there were many left.

Of course, not all of them are left with a heart for patients.

The reasons were all different.

These for some patients.

those who want honor.

Those with a desire to develop their own healing arts.

etc.

In any case, even if not all of them were pure-hearted, they filtered out greedy people who simply wanted money, so this was enough.

‘If only those who care for the sick receive disciples, they won't receive a few.’

Hanson grinned, showing his teeth at the rest.

“Welcome to the medical school. No matter what obstacles you may face in the future, do not be discouraged. From now on, I, Hanson, will be by your side.”

Why do you see that smile?

For some reason, the healers felt goosebumps.

“Then I'll start the mental training right away.”

“Is it right now?”

“Each of you take a glass.”

For reference, they were talking in the banquet hall. That is, eating and drinking.

Healers raised their glasses bewildered and Hanson shouted.

“Follow me. We must live!”

“We must live!”

“Let's imitate the Master!”

“Let's imitate the Master!”

“Ugh! Your voice is small! Would you like to live like this? Will you imitate the Master?! louder!”

“We must live!”

“Let's imitate the Master!”

Hanson raised his glass and spoke solemnly.

“These two slogans. In particular, always keep in mind ‘Let's imitate the master' while sleeping or eating. If you have the heart to imitate the master's light and make endless efforts, you too will be able to reach new heights.”

Having possessed a group of healers, Hanson moved to another seat and began to shed a new group.

“Master, with a sublime light... .. without any conditions... .. .”

Raymond looked at Hanson with a satisfied face.

‘As expected, Hanson is the best.’

On the other hand, there were those who disapproved of it.

Of course, they were existing healers.

The high-ranking healers of the Tower of Light frowned upon seeing Raymond and his disciples.

“Trying to seduce people with witchcraft like that.”

“It's pitiful.”

I tried to say that, but they knew it too.

It means that medicine is not a miscellaneous art that can be ignored.

Haven't you already healed a Saint-class healer or a treatable disease several times?

So I couldn't come out and say it strongly.

“It is difficult. It's troublesome.”

Lyson, the tower owner of the Tower of Light, clicked his tongue.

Raison was one of the best healers in the Peninsula Kingdom.

“Is there a plan, Jors?”

Jorus, the deputy tower owner, replied with a troubled face.

“Establishing a school is a right guaranteed by the Tower of Healing, so it seems difficult to interfere with it. Moreover, because of the position of Crown Prince Raymond... .. .”

If Raymond was a powerless mediocre healer, he could have put pressure on him somehow, but he was royalty.

It is also the royal family of the two kingdoms.

So there was no such pressure.

“... .. It seems that there is no choice but to thoroughly trample it during an academic competition.”

academic competition.

Since it is nominally a place to develop the healing academic field, there is an order to discuss the academic field.

Among them, the academic competition was a place to show off the treatment of healers over patients.

'Let's show it clearly in front of everyone. What is the truly correct treatment?'

The top healers of Gwangmyeong promised to trample on medicine during the academic competition. If you disgrace him, the establishment of the school will also go to waste.

Eventually, the banquet ended and the long-awaited moment of the academic competition arrived.

"I will start the academic competition from now on. Then, I ask everyone to show off the skills they have honed over the past year. The first case is acute respiratory distress."

During the academic competition, they practiced mainly against humanoid monsters.

This time it was a goblin.

A goblin with limbs tied to a pole appeared on the podium.

He was breathing heavily, but at a glance, his condition seemed to be not serious.

Lyson, the head of the Tower of Light, looked straight at Raymond with meaningful eyes.

"In the case of this goblin, I want medical school healers to come out first and show off their skills because of breathing difficulties caused by trauma."

"... ..!"

All the healers in the hall showed nervous reactions.

'That level of breathing difficulty can't be cured unless it's the highest level of healing.'

'Can I really show my skills as rumored?'

Top owner Lyson laughed heartily.

'That goblin's difficulty breathing is not a condition that can be cured even with the highest level of healing. To heal that goblin, I need the special heal 'Angel's Breath!.'

Among the goblins with difficulty breathing, he identified the ones in the worst condition in advance and assigned them to the medical school.

Also, it did not stop there and wrote a more naive number.

"It would be even more honorable if His Highness, King Jude, who became a new student of the medical school this time, showed his skills."

"... ..!"

The Healers' eyes turned to one place.

It was towards Jude, who had just arrived at the conference hall.

Incidentally, she had heard that Raymond was creating a medical school during this academic conference, and had hurriedly rushed to Dr. Helly Griffon.

To help him as the king of the Catal Kingdom and a disciple of Raymond.

'Is that His Highness Jude, the new King of the Healer Kingdom, Katal Kingdom? I heard that he made many achievements with Crown Prince Raymond.'

'But I heard he's a D-class healer, so can he cure such severe breathing difficulties?'

Jude noticed Lyson's intentions and frowned.

"Are you asking Jim to heal that goblin?"

Ryson bowed his head and spoke politely.

"I dared to ask for it after hearing rumors that Your Highness worked many miracles together with Your Highness Raymond. Sorry if this was a 'difficult' request. I will ask someone else."

The healers from Catal Kingdom who came with Jude frowned.

'difficult'.

It was a story that pretended to be polite, but in the end it was a story that disparaged Jude.

It means that Jude won't be able to cure that goblin of shortness of breath.

"dare... ..! Stop talking!"

It was the moment when Count Bonslon, the sword master who came with Jude to protect him, burst out in anger.

Jude shook his head.

"No Count. are you okay."

"majesty? It's not that cheap... ..!"

Originally arrogant, Bonesloan seemed to have hurt his pride when a healer from another country tried to ignore his lord.

But Jude reacted calmly.

'If I respond with the king's authority, it will be as the author wishes.'

Clever Jude saw through Lyson's hidden meaning.

Lyson deliberately provoked Jude.

What if Jude asserts the king's authority here?

You can vent your anger, but you can lose the hearts of the healers watching. In other words, it will be bad news for the medical school.

'The reason I came here is to help Master.'

But that doesn't mean I can't just let go of this provocation.

While being helpful to Raymond, Jude chose a way to show the cocky head of the Tower of Light a lesson.

Chapter 335

"Did you say dyspnea after acute trauma?"

"Your Highness."

"I get it. Let Jim heal that goblin."

"... ..!"

Everyone in the hall looked at Jude in surprise.

'No, it's only a D-class heal, but it's said to cure breathing difficulties that can only be cured with a top-notch heal?'

The students of the Medical School also looked worried.

Jude was a recent apprentice.

The depth of medicine had no choice but to be shallow.

but only one.

There was someone with a meaningful look.

It was Raymond.

'As expected, the genius disciple King. You figured out the goblin's cure at the clue of trauma.'

There are many different treatments for shortness of breath, depending on the cause. The effects are all different. There are many cases that are difficult to treat even with medical treatment.

However, in the case of that goblin, it was said that it was shortness of breath caused by trauma.

If so, it was clear that one treatment of medicine could produce a dramatic effect, and Jude, like a genius, saw through it.

"... .."

The hall became quiet.

Jude went in front of the goblins and checked their condition.

I checked the symptoms first and tapped my chest with my fingers. It was textbook-like percussion.

Then, after listening to lung sounds with a stethoscope, he nodded.

'As expected, my prediction was correct.'

"Could I borrow your Sir Hanson first aid kit?"

Jude said to Hanson, who happened to be by his side.

“Your Highness. It is prepared here.”

Hanson also noticed the cause of the goblin's shortness of breath. Prepare the necessary items in advance.

For a moment, their gazes crossed in midair.

Hanson is Jude's spiritual mentor.

Jude still contacted Hanson from time to time to receive mental training, and thanks to that, he was able to greatly improve his skills.

Now was the time to show off your skills.

Simple disinfection and local anesthesia were performed first.

All eyes in the hall were focused on Jude's hand.

And Jude took out a scalpel.

‘Ka Carl?’

‘Difficulty breathing?’

Most of the healers were shocked and Jude's scalpel gently cut through the chest wall.

Wow!

Blood poured profusely from the goblin's chest.

“Are you trying to kill the Goblin?”

“What is it? that one?”

Healers murmured, and Lyson, the tower master of the Tower of Light, smiled in contemplation.

‘Then it is. what is medicine No fool would join the medical school after seeing such a situation.’

But the moment everyone regards it as a treatment failure.

Jude did the next thing.

The cleaned tube was pushed through an incision in the chest.

shiver.

Dark, dead blood flowed through the coffin!

“Krr. ha. ha.”

After that, the goblin's breathing started to calm down!

Everyone was puzzled, not knowing what had happened.

I had my blood drawn, but my shortness of breath got better. why?

Jude looked down at the healers with dignity.

“This goblin's diagnosis is hemothorax. Blood in the chest presses on the lungs, causing shortness of breath. So the blood was drained and breathing was fine.”

“... ..!”

The healers made surprised faces.

Jude said this as if he was deliberately asking to see and listen to the Tower of Light.

“It is very inefficient to heal these types of patients with healing. However, anyone who learns medicine can do this logical treatment.”

It was a remark that lit a fire in the hearts of healers who were interested in medicine.

In particular, the fact that Jude hadn't studied medicine for a long time stimulated them greatly.

‘What if I learn medicine too? Can I do that?’

‘I can do it too. Let's follow the Master!’

‘Let's follow the Master!’

It was so impressive that some people are already chanting slogans according to Hanson's teachings.

In the atmosphere of such healers, the faces of the figures in the Tower of Light hardened.

I couldn't even find a match that touched Jude.

No, it wasn't at the level of break-even, but if it continued like this, countless healers would go over to the medical school.

‘no. I need to reverse the mood.’

Since he failed to crush the medical arts, he had to imprint Hill's greatness this time.

There was a patient prepared in advance.

Topju Lineson pointed out their own healer this time.

“The symptom of the next goblin is also shortness of breath. Yunt Healer will heal you this time.”

Yunt Healer.

He was a double A-class healer belonging to the Tower of Light.

The reason why I pointed out the double A class instead of the Saint was to show that enough effective treatment can be achieved without the use of a special heal.

In particular, this time, diseases that are effective for healing were selected.

‘I found a goblin with pneumonia and brought it to you.’

Pneumonia.

Compared to other breathing difficulties, the reaction to heal is good.

A double A-level heal would be able to fully restore it.

Yunt Healer came forward and healed immediately.

Although it did not reach S-class, it was bright enough and looked holy.

A powerful healer that can be treated as a top-notch healer in small countries.

But something unexpected happened.

Even though I was healed, there was no improvement.

[Kreuk! curl. Gagging!]

Rather, he only coughed out of breath with phlegm seeping through. There was even a mixture of green blood.

'I don't think I should just use that heel?'

Raymond frowned.

It seemed that it would get better with long-term treatment with oxygen administration and various supportive therapies.

But he soon shook his head.

'I don't think there's any reason to do that to monsters.'

It's not about taking a docile animal and experimenting with it.

Those goblins are monsters that have killed countless humans.

So there was no need to go to such trouble.

Meanwhile, Lyson made a troubled face.

Something was going differently than I had hoped.

'What is that guy doing? Can't you just treat a simple pneumonia?'

Ryson glanced over at the conference chair.

All the healers were watching the spectacle now.

There was no disgrace if you couldn't cure this goblin. Compared to Jude, who showed a surprising appearance earlier, the stock price of the medical school will rise further.

It was not something I would be comfortable with thinking like that.

It had to be treated.

'A saint who can use angel's breath to improve breathing difficulties.'

Ryson looked at the president and frowned.

There were a total of 4 Saints who could use Angel's Breath in the Tower of Light.

However, among them, there are two people at the president of the society. It was Blessers Mars and the tower owner, Lyson himself.

As he was about to send Mars away, Lyson shook his head.

After the recent failed treatment of Rodin's wife, Mars has not been completely in a state of humiliation.

It was a situation that should never fail, so the owner of the tower decided to treat it himself.

“Such a Yunt Healer. You seem to be in a bad mood today.”

“I’m sorry, Tower Lord.”

“I’m sorry. Aren’t you simply out of shape?”

Ryson put emphasis on the word poor condition and stood directly in front of the goblin.

“Then I will have no choice but to treat this goblin. Even though it's a monster, it's hard to see it die like this.”

Whoops.

The air shuddered.

It is to express the breath of a special heal angel.

Soon, a bluish light began to radiate from Lyson's body.

People burst into great exclamations at the majestic sight, as if the wings of an angel were stretching out.

A bluish light fell on the goblin's body, and soon the goblin's breath sank.

“Oh, that's great!”

“This is the breath of an angel!”

Ryson shook his head and trembled with false modesty.

“I am ashamed. It was just that heaven gave a blessing because he wanted to help the patient. I think other healers can do it well enough.”

“Huh. It is a powerful word.”

“I respect you, Tower Lord.”

It was a time when the top healers of Gwangmyeong were painting each other's faces.

Raymond felt unsure.

‘... .. I don't think that's improved?’

There was reason to think so.

‘It's just that the rough breathing has subsided, but tachypnea still persists. It's not that it's getting better, it's that breathing failure is coming!’

breathing failure.

When there is a problem with the lungs, the body exhales to replenish the lack of oxygen.

However, if you continue to breathe, fatigue will eventually build up in your respiratory muscles and your ability to breathe will come to a limit.

The state of the goblins was exactly that.

indeed.

“Even those of the medical school should not overlook healing, the heaven-sent treatment, with a heart for the sake of patients... ..”

It was time for Lyson to talk, looking triumphantly at Raymond.

The goblin had a sudden seizure.

[Gagging! Kruck! Curuck! Gagging!]

He coughed up blood.

Towards Lyson, who was standing right in front of him!

“Tower Lord!”

“Are you okay?”

Lyson, who was covered in blood, burst into anger.

“this! damn! How dare a goblin or something like that get on my body... .. ! neck right now... .. !”

cut your throat!

I was about to shout, but something unexpected happened.

“That other tower lord.”

“Why?”

“He is dead.”

“... .. what?”

Lyson's eyes widened.

It really was.

The goblin was hanging his head helplessly. It is dead.

“... ..”

The hall fell silent.

Even the head of the tower, who is a saint of Lee Hwi-gyeok, went out and died?

Lyson stood tall at a loss for words, but soon recovered.

“It seems that he was a goblin who received a divine punishment. So Hilo couldn't cure it. Then we will move on to the next turn.”

People agreed.

I even used a special heal, but it died.

If so, it was more correct to say that the goblin was in a bad state rather than a lack of Lyson.  
only one.

Only Raymond was questioned.

'What kind of pneumonia was it? Are you coughing up blood that badly? Wasn't it simple pneumonia?'

Raymond watched the dead goblin from a distance.

It was difficult to see if there was anything else unusual because of the distance. Soon the hosts removed the goblin's corpse and the incident was erased from everyone's mind.

Raymond also shook his head and just shook his job. It was just a goblin, so there was no reason to worry too much.

Moreover, this academic competition was very important not only to the Tower of Light but also to Raymond.

It was not the time to worry about trivial matters, as he had to demonstrate his excellence in medicine.

"Then we will begin the next case. This case was due to abdominal distension... .. If there is a healer who will volunteer first... .."

"I will treat you this time."

Christine got up from her seat.

"This is Christine, the disciple of the medical school."

Her eyes were burning strongly, perhaps because she was stimulated by Jude's performance just now.

Chapter 336

That was the beginning.

Against the top healers of Gwangmyeong, disciples such as Hanson, Linden, and May continued to perform.

\* \* \*

The academic competition ended with great success.

The disciples successfully treated several goblin patients, and the Medical School became the main character of an academic conference.

"Thank you all for your hard work today."

Raymond said to his disciples with a pleasant face.

Today's schedule was over, but Raymond and his close disciples had prepared a separate seat.

“I am truly delighted with the performance you have shown. Thank you all so much.”

It was sincere.

In fact, Raymond was barely holding back from tearing his mouth open.

Today, the number of healers who showed interest in the medical school was staggering.

It was thanks to the students who showed great performance during the academic competition.

Seeing the disciples' splendid appearance, the healers also burned with determination.

So far, it has been rewarding to train students diligently.

‘Ha ha ha! It can't be this good.’

He was finally one step closer to his dream.

At this rate, building a truly golden mountain was not far off.

Meanwhile, the disciples were moved to see Raymond so happy.

‘You're so happy about our growth. Is there any other teacher like that in the world?’

‘Maybe he's happy to be able to care for patients more.’

‘As expected, light.’

‘light.’

‘light.’

‘I want to stop working hard now.’

‘Meow.’

The disciples again misunderstood and made up their minds.

‘More more! I will work hard! Even though I started learning late, in the end, I am the best disciple!’

Jude made a firm commitment first, and Christine felt a sense of crisis and thought.

‘... ... Another competitor besides Sir Hanson. but i can't lose Beyond being the best disciple, I will definitely stand proudly by the master.’

On the other hand, there were also those who died.

It was Elmud and Myen.

‘Why can't I always be helpful?’

‘... ... Meow.’

While the other students were helping Raymond, they seemed to be eating rice.

‘I've become a sword master now.’

Elmude had a surprising thought with a timid face.

Sword Master!

Elmude has stepped into the realm of a superman!

It was an incredible speed that would be hard to find even if you searched the continent.

Although he had created such a miracle only for Raymond's sake, Elmude was still depressed.

'I can't do it. I will also learn medicine in earnest. So I will help the lord even when treating patients!'

Elmude made a promise while looking at the other disciples.

'From now on, I will make all the knights of the Rescue Knights learn basic medical skills!'

Such a proud tradition of the relief knights, the guardians of patients.

The tradition of learning swordsmanship and medicine at the same time was born out of nowhere.

On the other hand, there was a person who was depressed in a different sense.

It was Linden.

'I want to stop working hard. Why is everyone working so hard?'

I think I'm already working hard enough, but everyone was just trying to work harder.

'I hate you all! I want to be lazy now!'

Then he heard the voice of the one he feared the most.

"Linden, your face looks a bit regretful."

It was Hanson!

"... .. Senior Seo?"

"I don't think I paid much attention to your education because of various things. In particular, I will let you participate in the upcoming senior disciple special training except for the tasks you are assigned."

Linden's eyes trembled.

Hanson's special training.

After going through it once, your medical skills improve dramatically, but it is a hellish training that you meet the devil (Hanson) and your mind becomes extremely exhausted.

"Oh no... .. i think i'll be fine I have to help Master!"

"okay?"

"Yes, I am no longer a new student, so I will be a source of strength to the Master!"

Linden replied eagerly, and Hanson nodded admiringly.

“Thank you for talking like that. Just in time, I'm going to do another health project with Mr. Galman, and I'm going to tell you... ..”

“... ..”

“And with Lord Mevinson in La Faldes... .. and... .. The compilation of medical books that Master talked about... ..”

As if I had been waiting, the work came down like crazy.

Hanson tapped Linden on the shoulder.

“I'll leave everything to you. Thanks Linden.”

‘I hate you!’

So amicably(?) an hour passed.

It was a perfect time, except for Linden's crying face.

But the next day, a sudden sad news came.

It was the news that Lyson, the tower of the Tower of Light, had collapsed.

\* \* \*

“The tower owner, Earl Lyson, has collapsed?”

“Yes, perhaps because of the excessive preparation for this event, he suddenly developed a high fever and fell ill.”

Raymond made a puzzled face.

‘No matter how hard you try, you collapse? Did you get some kind of chronic disease?’

However, I wasn't on good terms with the Tower of Light, so I couldn't ask in detail.

‘What's going to happen soon? I'll get all sorts of good heals.’

Raymond thought nothing of it.

Since he wasn't old enough and he had been very well-groomed, it seemed unlikely that it would be a major problem.

Afterwards, the academic conference was conducted by Boutapju Jorth instead of Lyson.

Perhaps it was because of the collapse of the tower master, the top healers of Gwangmyeong were a bit busy, and Raymond and his disciples were able to show off their skills to their heart's content the day before.

‘good! At this rate, we, the Medical School, will be able to conquer the Tower of Light!’

I like it so much.

Another unexpected news came.

It was the news that the buttapju St. Jorse had collapsed.

'... .. also?'

Raymond's face hardened.

Something was strange.

Two top healers going down at the same time?

The atmosphere of the top healers of Gwangmyeong was also strange.

He didn't say it outwardly, but he looked very embarrassed.

Eventually, Raymond decided to check it out for himself.

"Saint Mars?"

"... .. majesty?"

Blesser Mars was taken aback.

Currently, Mars, the Blesser, was in charge of treating the fallen Lyson and Jorth.

"Is the pagoda's condition in bad condition?"

"... .. no. You don't have to worry about it."

However, Raymond did not miss Mars' momentary pause.

there was something

Raymond looked straight at Marth.

"Saint Mars. Even though we don't get along well, please don't forget. We are healers."

"... .."

"It means that saving patients is our top priority. Talk to me anytime if you need help. We are here to help."

It was a story that could have been unpleasant enough for Mars' arrogant personality, but surprisingly, Mars didn't react much.

I just bit my lip hard.

'Something serious.'

Raymond was heartbroken at Marth's reaction.

It was evident that both Lyson and Jorth were in poor shape.

Later, Raymond asked Mien to spy on the patients.

[Yes, I'll be back soon!]

Mien quickly disappeared, perhaps because she was happy that she could be of help after a long time.

and.

[They are both dying.]

“... .. what?”

[Pneumonia... .. They say. They say it won't last for several days.]

Raymond's face hardened.

Christine, who heard the news from the side, said the same with a hard face.

“Master, could this be it?”

“Yes, it seems right.”

Raymond said with a pale complexion.

“There seems to be an outbreak of a respiratory infection in the academic hall.”

\* \* \*

It really was.

Raymond hurriedly checked to see if there were any other patients in the conference room, and found several more.

All of them were suffering from symptoms of pneumonia, and their condition was serious.

‘Severe respiratory failure. At this rate, everyone will die. Why?’

Raymond came up with a guess.

‘Could it be during the academic competition then?’

One of the topics of this academic competition was dyspnea.

Goblins came out complaining of various respiratory difficulties, and it could be that one of them was infected.

‘especially. The goblin that Lyson Tower treated at that time.’

Raymond recalled the goblin that did not improve even after using ‘Angel's Breath’ and quickly deteriorated and died.

Maybe pneumonia had spread from the goblin.

‘Enough is possible. It's not uncommon for diseases from humanoid monsters to spread to humans.’

It was one of the reasons Leifentina's plague was so much more complex than Earth's.

‘What kind of contagious disease is this?’

Anyway, one thing was certain.

Raymond said to his disciples.

“Everyone put on your hazmat suits.”

“master?”

“We have to deal with this epidemic.”

The academic conference is over.

\* \* \*

[Defeat the God of Death!]

(Medicine Quest)

Medicine Grade: Five Mess

Difficulty: Good

Quest Description: An unknown, terrible epidemic is raging. Completely eradicate the plague as a healer!

Clear conditions: Complete epidemic eradication

Reward: Bonus level up x 3 Skill points 200

Bonuses: The best reputation

Raymond nodded while watching the quest.

‘It has to be resolved perfectly.’

I put on protective clothing and looked at the patients, but other than severe pneumonia, I could not confirm any other special symptoms.

Raymond made a troubled face.

‘I can't tell the type of pneumonia by symptoms alone.’

Pneumonia is an infectious inflammation of the lungs.

However, all kinds of causes caused similar symptoms such as coughing, phlegm, and shortness of breath, making it difficult to distinguish the source of infection based on symptoms alone.

‘In the modern world, the cause would have been confirmed through bacterial culture tests and various virus panel tests, but it's impossible here.’

Bacterial culture tests had already been established by Raymond, but it took at least a few days.

The cause had to be deduced by other methods.

‘I need to find another clue.’

In the meantime, additional patients began to appear.

The epidemic began to spread in earnest.

‘It's fortunate that the contagious disease broke out here at the academic conference.’

Raymond thought to himself.

This was an isolated castle.

Blocking the plague epidemic here prevented the disease from spreading throughout the kingdom.

But that idea soon ran into obstacles.

The healers who attended the academic conference said palely.

“I have to go back to the clinic now.”

“Me too... .. I have to see patients.”

Still, like a healer, he didn't panic and scream like normal people.

However, the response was not significantly different.

Everyone was terrified and tried to run away. No one stepped forward to try to solve the epidemic.

‘I'll die if I stay here!’

‘I have to run away!’

‘Lee Whigyeok Saints, Lyson-nim and Jorth-nim, also caught the contagious disease.

Even if I stay, I'll just die like a dog!’

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Raymond bit his lip at the reaction of the healers.

“You cannot go back.”

“That Highness?”

“If those who were here go back, this plague could spread throughout the Peninsula Kingdom. So, I cannot allow you to go home.”

There must be someone infected among the healers.

But what if you return home infected? Then the plague will spread out of control.

A lot of people would die, so I had to stop it by force.

The healers also understood that Raymond's words were valid, but they did not accept them easily.

It was natural.

Because life is at stake

“Ha but... .. !”

“Even in the rules of the Tower of Healing, it is said to prioritize the healing of healers in the event of a serious epidemic!”

Raymond sighed.

It was an understandable reaction, but I couldn't help but sigh when the healers who were supposed to take the lead in this situation were like that.

“Aren't you a healer who is obliged to treat patients? Are you unwilling to stay and treat the sick together?”

“... ..”

The healers' faces turned red.

But few came forward to treat the patient.

Among those who decided to join the medical school, only some healers staggered forward.

Raymond shook his head.

“All right. If you don't want to, get out of here.”

“Am I really?”

“You are not allowed to return to your hometown.”

“... ..!”

“I will arrange for you a temporary shelter away from here. Wait there until the plague subsides.”

It was a contact isolation measure.

People at risk of infection are gathered separately, and when the disease emerges, they are immediately transferred to Goseong for treatment.

“That is... ..”

“As royalty, this is an order.”

“... ..!”

Raymond said in a strong tone.

Skills The heart of steel, the doctor's charisma, and all kinds of skills such as the Crown Prince of Light gave strength to his voice.

“I, Raymond, as the Prince of the Peninsula Kingdom, will declare this place and my temporary residence closed off on behalf of His Highness the King.”

closed area.

It means to mobilize soldiers to cut off traffic in the area when a plague breaks out.

If it is judged that the plague is serious, it proceeds in the order of ‘erasing’ the area.

‘As soon as the epidemic spread, I got permission from my grandfather. Although it was difficult to convince.’

why it was difficult.

It was because Peian VII was worried about Raymond and went into a rage.

'It's dangerous, come back immediately! hurry!'

It was hard to convince such a grandfather.

To be honest, it's not that Raymond isn't worried about the risk of contagion, but he couldn't help it this time.

'If an unknown respiratory infection spreads, it's the end. Countless people will die, so we have to stop it.'

Anyway, when Raymond enforced the power of the king, the healers compelled to follow.

Raymond did not stop there, but mobilized soldiers to set up a large barricade around the temporary shelter and old castle.

This was to prevent anyone from sneaking out.

'Okay, this way, even in the worst case, we can prevent the spread of the contagious disease.'

Even if a solution to the plague could not be found, a terrible catastrophe could be averted.

But something happened that changed the situation.

"haha."

Christine's fever is starting to boil!

"Disciple?"

"I'm fine. nothing... .."

Raymond's complexion turned pale as he hurriedly examined Christine.

It was pneumonia.

Christine is also infected with the plague.

\* \* \*

Christine's condition deteriorated in an instant.

It was getting harder and harder to breathe, and soon I was stuck in bed.

'no.'

Raymond's eyes darkened.

Christine is like this.

The worst happened.

"I... .. are you okay."

Christine gave a hard smile, then coughed.

The red lips were blue. It was myelopathy indicating hypoxia.

"... .. disciple."

“Why do you look like that? if... .. Are you worried about me?”

“Isn’t that obvious?”

Christine smiled lightly.

‘Is that concern for the patient? Or does he care about me personally?’

light.

Raymond is warmer and kinder than anyone else.

But Christine thought Raymond was heartless.

Because I don't give personal affection to anyone. He has only patients.

‘I thought it didn't matter... .. I thought it wouldn't matter if I just stayed by your side.’

Christine thought bitterly.

With such thoughts, he thoroughly hid his heart.

It is the same now.

“It is the natural duty of a healer to take risks for patients. So I'm fine.”

“Disciple.”

Raymond bit his lip hard.

It felt like he was mourning her pain, and Christine laughed.

She felt that this was enough.

She handed over a single letter helplessly.

“I am... .. If I ever die, I will look at this letter.”

“... .. What is?”

“It’s something I wanted to tell Master.”

A story that has been kept secret until now.

“You must see me when I die. OK?”

Raymond's face stiffened infinitely at the voice as if he was about to die.

In fact, her complexion was so pale that it didn't look strange even when the situation worsened at any moment.

So said Raymond.

“No, I will refuse.”

“... .. yes?”

“I will not accept this request.”

Raymond returned the letter to Christine.

“I will definitely save my disciple, so if you have something to say, please tell me directly. I will gladly listen to any swear words.”

With that, Raymond got up and disappeared.

It was a determined face overflowing with firm will.

Looking at his back, Christine murmured.

“I don’t mean to insult you... .. You heartless fool.”

\* \* \*

‘First of all, we need to determine the type of infection. Only then can it be cured.’

In fact, Raymond's top priority for this epidemic was to prevent transmission.

I couldn't help it because it was extremely difficult to find out which of the numerous respiratory infections and treat them.

Because that too had limitations.

It was thought that it was fortunate to block the spread to the outside and finish the situation with minimal sacrifice, but the situation has changed.

Patients had to be saved.

‘I can't miss even the smallest clue.’

With that in mind, I went to the person in charge of managing the monsters.

“The dead goblins have already been burned and disposed of.”

“Do you know where the goblin was caught?”

“I know you got it from the border area with the Free Cities Alliance.”

“Did you complain of shortness of breath from the time you were transported?”

The manager shook his head in thought.

“It is not. Actually, it was a goblin that I was going to use for a different purpose, but after being transported here, I started complaining of breathing difficulties.”

Raymond nodded.

Unfortunately, it seemed difficult to get any clues from the goblins.

‘But I came here and got sick. Was it during the incubation period during the transfer?’

Probably so.

None of those involved in the transfer were infected.

Raymond examined the affected patients again, but again, there were no symptoms that could be a clue to determine the type of pneumonia.

'Damn it. What should I do?'

Raymond made a nervous face.

If the type of pneumonia could not be identified, the only option was conservative treatment.

Administer oxygen and wait for it to improve.

However, if the cause was not resolved and only auxiliary treatment was used, the recovery rate was inevitably low.

'We have to figure out the cause somehow. If we look at a little more patients, we might get some clues.'

At that moment, Raymond had an idea.

Patients who had not yet been checked came to mind.

They were Lyson, the tower owner of the Tower of Light, and Jors, the sub-top owner.

\* \* \*

"Are you saying you want to see the Tower Lord?"

Blesser Mars made a displeased face.

"We will take care of the pagoda lord and sub-top lord... .."

But Raymond did not back down.

"Can it really be cured?"

"... ..!"

"Aren't you stubborn because of your pride?"

Mars' face turned red.

It reminded me of the last time I treated Rodin's wife.

"Your Highness' words are too... .."

"It's not serious. We are healers. What on earth is more important than the lives of patients, why are you so proud?"

Mars made no answer.

Indeed, he was now at his limit.

I tried my best to hold on to the lives of the two, but it soon reached the limit.

"... .. So, does your highness say you can save the two of them?"

"No, I am not sure either. but."

Raymond looked straight at Marth.

“I will try to save the patients somehow. For that to happen, it is imperative that we all work together. It's not just about being proud.”

“... ..!”

Mars' face hardened.

Raymond gave him a strong look, and at last Mars nodded.

“... .. Please come this way.”

Raymond was guided by Mars to find Lyson and Jorth.

As expected, both were in serious condition.

‘I'm barely holding on because I poured heels, but my breathing failure is serious. You won't be able to stand it soon.’

Raymond looked at their condition with a serious face.

There were no significant differences with other patients.

but.

one person.

I found something unusual in Topzoo Lyson's body.

It was lymph node edema in the neck and groin area.

‘Since it's an infectious disease, swelling of the lymph nodes can of course occur.’

Raymond frowned.

However, the degree of swelling of the lymph nodes was too severe to pass as nonspecific symptoms.

‘Come to think of it, there was a patient with swollen lymph nodes among other patients. Although the patient wasn't this severe.’

And I found another peculiar thing.

This time it was Jorse.

A blurry black spot was visible on Jorth's body.

‘This? no way... ..?’

Raymond had a momentary feeling.

severe pneumonia.

Swelling of the lymph glands.

black spots.

One diagnosis came to my mind like a puzzle being put together.

“... .. Black Death?”

\* \* \*

Black Death!

Along with smallpox, it was the most deadly infectious disease on Earth.

Even in Leifentina, its notoriety remained one of the worst plagues.

‘It's one of the black deaths, the pulmonary plague.’

Black Death. Raymond gulped at the terrifying name.

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The Black Death is spread through fleas. However, it can also spread from person to person through the air.

Raymond's guess seized everyone with fear.

“You mean that cursed fog?”

“Right now, that seems most likely.”

“... .. !”

Everyone was greatly agitated.

Originally, the Tower of Healing recommended leaving the sick and fleeing to a safe place in the event of an epidemic of smallpox and black death, which had a high fatality rate.

This is because it is not a disease that can be cured with the power of healers.

Then Mars bit his lip and asked.

“Are you sure it's really a cursed fog?”

Cursed Fog. It was a Leifentina expression of the Black Death.

At Marth's question, Raymond nodded.

“It's almost certain when you see lymph node swelling and dark spots along with pneumonia. In fact, didn't you all guess to some extent?”

The hall became quiet.

Yes, it is true that I had a mind of doubt after seeing the symptoms that appeared on the bodies of Lyson and Jorth.

It's just that it's so terrible that I just hoped it wouldn't happen.

The hall was terrified.

Normally, he would have fled without looking back, but the patients were the tower owner and sub-top owner of the tower of light.

I couldn't leave it, and if I stayed like this, we were all going to die together.

However, Raymond told an unexpected story.

“I am rather fortunate.”

“... .. I beg your pardon? Relief?”

The top healers of Gwangmyeong opened their eyes.

Raymond

silently nodded.

“If it is your plague, it can be cured. With the power of medicine.”

“... ..!”

Everyone opened their eyes.

But Raymond wasn't talking empty words.

‘It's sufficiently treatable.’

The reason why the Black Death took a terrifying sacrifice on Earth was because there was no cure at the time.

However, after the development of medicine, even if the Black Death occurred, it did not cause a great sacrifice and quickly disappeared.

Because it can be treated with antibiotics.

‘I'll have to check the exact type of antibiotics with a hair loss gora.’

Also hopeful is the route of infection.

It is highly likely that the Black Death was transmitted through this academic event.

In particular, it was most likely that the source of infection was the goblin that died while being treated by Lyson Tower.

Therefore, if the venue is closed now, in the early stages, and those who have been in contact with the alleged goblin are closely quarantined and monitored, a large-scale epidemic can be prevented.

Meanwhile, the top healers of Gwangmyeong hesitated in disbelief.

“That... .. To be able to cure the cursed mist... .. .”

“Impossible... .. .”

Raymond cut it off to prevent needless interruptions.

“I'm speaking on my own, and it's possible.”

The complexion of the top healers of the light turned dark.

What if Raymond's words were really true?

It's not something to like.

It will be a huge upheaval that cannot be compared to anything before.

It really puts medicine on the heels.

But I couldn't let go of it.

Because the lives of the top lord and the sub-top lord were at stake.

no, no offense.

“If you don't want to get infected too, wear the protective clothing I give you.”

Linden rushed over with a hazmat suit.

The top healers of Gwangmyeong glanced at each other with worried eyes.

‘Is that the ancient armor? Will it protect you from contagious diseases?’

‘If I wore that, I'd be safe from the Black Death.’

But if they accept and wear it, what will they lose their face for ignoring Raymond?

In effect, the Tower of Light has the same meaning as bowing its head to Raymond.

I couldn't do this or that, but I finally closed my eyes tightly.

Because honor as a healer is not more important than life.

The top healers of Gwangmyeong put on the protective suits that Raymond gave them.

\* \* \*

‘Everyone needs to be completely cured.’

This may have been a huge opportunity.

Peninsula Kingdom. No, it was an opportunity to completely conquer the Crusader Empire with medicine.

If the Black Death, which even countless Saints could not cure, is cured with medicine, no one will be able to dispute the excellence of medicine.

No, apart from that, Christine was infected.

I had to treat everyone completely, even for her sake.

The first step is to find the most effective antibiotics against the bubonic plague.

‘I have to use the antibiotic that is most suitable for the yersinia bacteria.’

Yersinia bacteria.

It is a fungus that causes the Black Death.

I used a hair loss gora to find the right antibiotic.

[Ah! I got a terrible disease from hair loss gora!]

As soon as the epidemic broke out, Raymond ordered to bring a hair loss gora, and the hair loss gora has just arrived.

Raymond first infected Gora with the plague.

It was possible to check the drug reaction in various conditions called baldness gore, and it was possible to make it sick.

In that state, several antibiotics were fed and the reaction was checked.

[Ah! Don't feed anything strange! I feel like I'm going to throw up because of my hair loss!]

[Ah! Give me a better medicine, you quack!]

[I'd rather have beef!]

Fortunately, I was able to find the right antibiotic after such repetition.

Immediately thereafter, the drug was administered to the patients.

Indeed, some patients are starting to see results.

These were patients in the early stages of the disease.

“Can I really cure the cursed mist?”

The unbelievable transfer made the top healers of light agitated.

The new healers who newly joined the medical school were amazed with their eyes wide open.

‘Our choice was right.’

‘Now is the age of medicine!’

But things didn't go so smoothly.

Linden shouted in an urgent voice.

“Master Princess's oxygen saturation is getting lower!”

“... ..!”

It wasn't just Christine.

Only some patients in the early stages showed improvement.

Still, the majority of patients were still in severe respiratory failure. Some even made it worse.

‘It's not that the medicine doesn't work. But the damage to the lungs is already severe.’

It usually takes 48 hours for antibiotics to take effect in earnest after administration.

After that, you have to take enough medicine to expect the proper effect.

The key was time.

The inflammation in the lungs was so severe that it was a question of whether the patients would be able to endure until then.

‘I need respiratory support treatment.’

It means treatment to support a broken lung.

High-concentration oxygen was already being given through wind-attribute magic.

However, there was a limit to simply administering oxygen.

A higher level of support was needed.

'I need a ventilator.'

Respirator!

It was a widely used breathing aid on the modern Earth.

Instead of simply supplying oxygen, it replaces breathing by pushing pressure from the outside.

'The problem is that the principle is too complicated.'

Ventilators were no less complex than hemodialysis machines.

'The key to a ventilator is pressure. I have to let the oxygen flow out with pressure, not just flow it out.'

It is thanks to negative pressure through the diaphragm that a person can inhale air from the outside into the inside.

A ventilator, on the other hand, puts in positive pressure from the outside and pushes the breath in.

'The problem is, don't put too much pressure on it. We have to put in the right amount of air for each patient.'

This delicate control was difficult, so I couldn't dare to implement it as a magic tool.

'Ask Princess Sylvene?'

Fortunately, it seemed that her ability could be implemented similarly.

But there was a problem.

It was production time.

It is said that it is possible to make a tool with a similar principle through the ability of blood, but it takes a lot of time.

I needed it right now.

'Is there any skill that can help?'

Raymond opened the Charleuk Market.

wind attribute magic. There was enchantment magic, etc., but it didn't seem right.

But one skill caught his eye.

[Spiritual magic.]

'This?'

It was a skill that had not been seen before.

As the class grade went up, it seemed that he could learn it.

[If you purchase the skill, you will be able to minister to the spirits!]

Raymond made a surprised face.

'Aren't spirit spirits extremely rare? But will I be able to command spirits?'

It was a huge thing.

He is learning genius swordsmanship and magic medicine, but there's also spiritism.

The world will turn upside down again.

But Raymond shook his head indifferently.

'I don't have to draw that attention anymore. Because I'm already famous enough.'

Above all, what would he do if he learned spiritism now? It doesn't help at all in the treatment of patients... . . . .

'for a moment. No.'

An idea flashed through Raymond's head.

'It might help!'

Raymond immediately bought the skill.

[Purchase the skill 'Wind Spirit!']

[Skill points are consumed 300 points!]

[Wind Spirit]

Classification: Auxiliary Skill (Spirit)

Proficiency: D

-You can command a low-level wind spirit!

- When your skill level rises, you will be able to command higher-level spirits!

Raymond immediately summoned the spirit.

[Curry! human! Human!]

[Nice to meet you! I'm a sylph!]

Little fairies the size of fingers circled around Raymond.

They were cute enough to make my heart thump, but Raymond didn't show much reaction.

Originally, he was not particularly inspired by anything other than money and beef.

"Can you guys make the wind happen as I ask?"

[Yeah, anything! Shall I cool you off?]

[Is there someone to scold you for? Should I play with you?]

The wind spirits innocently asked.

'hmm. That's not what I'm asking you to do.'

Raymond broke out in a cold sweat.

He wondered if these mischievous spirits would do as he wished.

'I heard he's moody, likes to play, and doesn't like working.'

So I laid the base rice.

"No, what I want from you is not that simple."

[Then?]

"I want to ask you for something very, very great."

[A great job~?]

[I want to do it! I want to do it! What's going on?]

The fairies got excited and made a fuss.

'As expected, I'm weak against childish comments like this.'

Raymond looked serious.

"Yeah, it's something you can do to save the world."

'It's not a complete lie. If the Black Death is not resolved, a great disaster will come upon the world.'

The spirits became more excited and flew around Raymond.

[Let me! let me do it! I'll do anything!]

Raymond smiled meaningfully at the spirits' reaction.

It was a spirit slave acquisition.

"Help the patients breathe here."

[...] ... Breathing?]

"Yeah, you guys breathe in as you breathe in and out."

The role of the ventilator was assigned to the spirit!

If the spirit attaches to the patients and injects air according to their breathing, they can inject just the right amount of breath.

[But I don't think this will be fun?]

"It's a great thing to save the world."

[Uh uh! Okay, I'll work hard!]

"And if you work hard, I'll give you a prize?"

[Which one?]

The spirit's eyes twinkled.

“The smell of beef!”

[Smell of beef?]

“I’ll let you smell the smell of grilled beef!”

Spirits cannot eat food.

Instead, I heard that the wind spirit likes sweet scents, so I made this suggestion.

Surprisingly, the spirit liked the smell of beef.

[I like the smell of beef!]

[Me too! Sweet and savory!]

[Let's work hard!]

Linden, who was next to him, put on a dazed expression at the spirits' reaction.

‘... .. Nonsense. The wind spirit likes beef. That's a scam.’

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Anyway, that's how time passed.

Mana for the spirits to stay in the human world was supplied by airborne magic stones.

The wind spirits did what Raymond expected.

‘Rather better than the ventilators of the modern Earth. Shall we call it a respirator with artificial intelligence?’

The ventilator assists breathing by setting the settings according to the patient's condition.

Afterwards, it was necessary to monitor the patient's condition and continuously adjust the setting value, but the spirits themselves played a role.

[Exhalation is stuffy!]

[This person's exhalation power is weak!]

Appropriate pressure and oxygen were administered according to the patient's condition.

Thanks to this, the patients were able to buy time like gold, and soon the antibiotics that Raymond administered had an effect.

One by one, they are starting to show improvement!

The first patient to show improvement was Christine.

“... .. Ma master.”

“Are you okay?”

Christine, who barely came to her senses, stammered with a face that was very hot.

“yes... .. It's getting easier to breathe a little now. yet... .. Although it is difficult.”

“Get well soon.”

Raymond held Christine's hand.

It was not an action of any particular significance.

habit.

He always holds the patient's hand like this.

But Christine's earlobes turned slightly red without anyone noticing.

“You should get well soon and tell me what you were trying to say.”

“... ..!”

Christine's face turned red.

Come to think of it, when I was wandering between death and death, I thought I was going to die, so I said that.

‘Open letter. Did you get it back?’

Christine sighed.

Why are you writing such a letter?

I'm glad I got it back.

‘If I had opened it, I would have died of embarrassment.’

Raymond said with a relieved face.

“Anyway, when you're all healed, tell me what you were trying to say.”

“... .. that... ..”

Christine pondered and shook her head.

“I forgot.”

“yes?”

“It hurt so much that I forgot.”

Raymond tilted his head.

But I didn't ask more if he was considerate of her.

“all right. Anyway, please get well soon.”

Left alone, Christine let out a deep breath.

Raymond's eyes came to mind, knowing nothing.

‘... .. Because I'm still satisfied.’

Yes, just being by his side and helping him was satisfying and happy enough.

Christine hid her regret.

\* \* \*

Since then, Lyson has also gradually recovered.

However, Jorus, the deputy tower, did not recover.

In the end, he could not withstand the deterioration of his breathing and died.

'Because not all patients can be treated.'

It's unfortunate, but it was unavoidable.

Doctors only give the best treatment.

The outcome depended on the sky.

Perhaps Jorth was being punished for his misdeeds. It was because he had committed many evil acts as the sub-top owner of the Tower of Light.

"Thank you, Your Highness."

Raison bowed his head with a flushed face.

He became the lord of the Tower of Light and received Raymond's treatment, so he had nothing to say.

"There is nothing to be thankful for. It is natural for a healer to treat patients."

"Is that so? As expected of a saint... .. You are sublime."

Ryson said with an awkward face.

His life was saved, but he was in a position where he could not be truly grateful.

This is because the excellence of medicine has been revealed a hundredfold.

But I couldn't underestimate what Raymond had done.

He solved the black death curse fog with minimal damage.

How can you disparage such a miracle?

'... .. Will the age of medicine come?'

Ryson thought with a heavy face.

In fact, in the Iron Empire and the Free Cities Alliance, healing techniques that did not depend on healing were already sprouting.

The absolute stronghold of the Tower of Healing was maintained only in the Crusader Alliance Empire.

However, since such a great healing technique has appeared, the Stronghold of the Tower of Healing will be greatly damaged in the future.

Ryson said weakly.

"... .. I was able to live thanks to Your Highness. I don't know how to repay this favor."

It was a declaration of surrender.

\* \* \*

“There is something I want from the tower owner.”

“What is?”

“Please formally acknowledge the medical school.”

“that... ..”

Raison made a puzzled face.

The medical school was already a formal school.

But Raymond shook his head and spoke bluntly.

“I'm asking you to think of it as a partner for patients, not just ostracizing it like now.”

“... ..!”

“The Tower of Light is for the patients in its own way. I will serve patients through medicine. I want them to become good-intentioned competitors, not hostile to each other.”

It was a request not to interfere with the activities of the Medical School in the future.

Topju Lyson could only nod his head.

There was no justification for interfering with the activities of the Medical School, and now that it was witchcraft, medicine could not be disparaged.

That's how Raymond completely suppressed the bridge of the tower of light.

It clearly proved the excellence of medicine throughout the Peninsula Kingdom.

Blesser Mars could not overcome the disgrace and left for the ecliptic.

‘I will definitely defeat Your Highness.’

He gnashed his teeth and left, but it was out of Raymond's interest.

His interests were elsewhere.

‘Hahaha, now that I've broken the Tower of Light, all I have to do is make a lot of money!’

In the future, no one will ever question medicine.

Noble patients will come in, so the only future left is to sweep the money.

And the good news was not limited to noble patients.

[You have reached level 350!]

[You have broken through the ‘third threshold’!]

[Congratulations on completing the arduous fellowship course!]

It was a promotion!

[We evaluate your achievements in the fellowship process!]

Raymond's heart was pounding.

Depending on what kind of evaluation you get here, the professor's grade will be different.

In the worst case, it could be delayed.

But fortunately.

[Your achievement evaluation is the highest 'S grade'!]

[Additional points will be given for laying the groundwork for medicine to spread in this world!]

[Congratulations! You performed the fellowship process better than anyone else!]

Highest point! Raymond let out a sigh of relief.

Perhaps it was the fact that he suppressed the bridge of the Tower of Light and made his medicine recognized among the people earned him extra points.

[Passing the third standard, the level of the class rises!]

[Your class has become 'Professor'!]

[Professor]

Description: The leader of the Tower of Medicine. This is a grade that focuses on the development of medicine in earnest through medical research education and patient care! Do your best to improve your medical skills!

Raymond felt a new face.

It started with the rank of resident and finally rose to the rank of 'professor'.

'I'm still an assistant professor. Over time, he will grow into an associate professor and a senior professor.'

It didn't end there.

[Special benefits are given to you who successfully complete the fellowship course!]

[You have been appointed as a professor at the '4th Hospital'!]

'The 4th Hospital?'

Raymond tilted his head and then said ah.

Not all professors are the same.

Some professors were only professors at small hole-in-the-wall hospitals, while professors varied greatly depending on the level of hospitals, such as small and medium-sized hospitals and large university hospitals.

'Of course, it's difficult to conclude that professors at large hospitals are unconditionally better than professors at small hospitals.'

In any case, the professor at a large hospital has greater honor and authority as a doctor.

Among them, the 'fourth hospital' is a university hospital among university hospitals.

It refers to the top hospital in each country that requests treatment from a university hospital, a high-level medical institution.

It seemed that he had completed the fellowship process and became a professor at such a large hospital.

'There must be a benefit?'

Raymond salivated, and indeed this message came to mind.

[The 4th hospital professor's privileges are given!]

[The skill 'Doctor's Charisma' evolves into 'Professor's Charisma!']

[Professor's Charisma]

Classification: Attribute Skill

Rating: Legendary

Proficiency: B

-Even more as a professor You will have intense warm majesty!

-Patients will firmly trust you!

And that wasn't all.

[The skill 'First Instructor' evolves into 'First Class Professor!']

[First Class Professor]

Category: Disciple Raising

Rating: Legendary

Proficiency: C

- Your students will make desperate efforts with great respect for you!

- The growth speed of disciples belonging to the medical school is increased by 40%!

Raymond was startled.

It was a tremendous effect.

With this skill, the speed of the disciple training plan will be much faster.

There were other benefits.

[Acquire the skill 'Cooperative Consultation Request!']

[Cooperative Consultation Request]

Classification: Academic Skill

Rating: Legendary

Proficiency: C

-You can request collaboration with another medical department once a week!

Raymond was surprised again.

Originally, university hospitals had a 'collaborative consultation' system.

Even an expert in one field cannot cover all medical fields, so patients with various problems are referred to specialized professors in each field.

'Because I'm also in the infancy of minor medicine or psychiatry.'

It wasn't really a cooperative effort, but it was that he could temporarily compensate for his lack of skills through this skill.

Several additional messages came to mind.

['Intellect' stat increases by 10!]

['Mana' stat increases by 10!]

[Study skill 'Surgery' proficiency rises to S grade!]

[Academic skill 'Internal Medicine' proficiency increases to AA grade It rises!]

.

Excellent academic skills have risen, and a sense of satisfaction has risen.

'Good. I'm making a lot of money with this knowledge.'

Raymond clenched his fists.

Now that it has been further upgraded, all the continent's money was his.

I will train my disciples diligently and sweep the continent's money.

A nice gift just arrived.

Hair loss cure!

"Rune!"

"Meet the prince. I finally developed a hair loss treatment!"

Rune has been immersed in drug development using hair loss gora.

Finally, the achievement came out and came to me on the Doctor Shuttle.

"Here, this is a hair loss treatment."

Rune carefully held out the box.

Raymond's eyes twinkled.

It was a valuable item that would make him super rich!

When I opened the box, I saw finely crushed magic crystal powder.

“I made it by researching the contaminated magic crystal used by the black darkness.”

It was not intended for eating.

If you have it in your body, it affects the sex hormone system and promotes hair growth.

‘this... .. A product that will overturn the continent!’

Raymond rolled his eyes with emotion.

Chapter 340

Even this hair loss treatment was only effective for a certain period of time, so I had to purchase additional items periodically to continue to see the effect.

It was truly something to spend money on.

“Are there any side effects?”

Raymond asked anxiously.

More important than hair growth were the side effects.

The hair growth effect has already been implemented in the past, but it has not been commercialized until now to ensure there are no side effects.

“I confirmed it through your hair loss gora, and then I also confirmed it through volunteers.”

“Volunteer?”

“Yes, actually... .. There are more people than I thought who want this hair loss treatment to be developed.”

Rune joined hands with a shining face.

“they... .. The prince said they were their hope and light.”

Rune lowered his head.

“Thank you so much for entrusting me with such a meaningful task.”

Raymond made an embarrassed face.

He developed a hair loss treatment simply because he wanted to make money.

However, it would have been the news that would have been the only hope for many bald people on the continent.

In fact, many people with hair loss were waiting for Raymond's hair loss treatment to be sold.

‘The light of hair loss!’

‘The saint of hair growth!’

There were even people who called him by this unexpected nickname.

In any case, Rune felt very rewarded that he had participated in such a meaningful project.

'Kuhm, that wasn't my intention. It's okay because everyone is happy.'

Raymond managed to hold back the corner of his mouth that was about to tear, and cleared his throat.

"By the way, Prince. There is one problem."

"huh?"

"This hair loss remedy is made from the Tapanis magic stone used by the Black Darkness. However, there is no Tapanis Magic Stone Mine in the Houston Kingdom or the Katal Kingdom. When I looked it up, it wasn't even in the Peninsula Kingdom."

Raymond understood Rune's words.

It meant that he needed to receive Tapanis magic stones.

'... .. uh. for a moment. Doesn't it make the navel bigger than the stomach if done wrong?'

Raymond swallowed.

'Tapanis magicite mines aren't common. The person who owns the mine might try to play with the price.'

The Tapanis magic stone was a yawning magic stone.

The problem is that it is a rare magic stone.

If it was simply used to make magic tools, there were many alternative magic stones, so there was no problem, but in this case, the story was different.

Because they only had to use Tapanis magic stones, if the owner of the magic stone mine played a joke on the price, the price of raw materials could skyrocket.

Then there is a problem with yield.

'We need to find a source for a stable supply of Tapanis magic stones. If possible, it can be supplied at a slightly lower price than the original price.'

But how?

Magic crystal mines were usually managed by the state or belonged to the highest nobility, second only to the king.

The possibility of them supplying magic stones at a cheap price was extremely small.

"... .. Ho, is it impossible to replace it with other common magic stones?"

"Even if you use the same technique to transform the magic crystal, the sex hormones will not be affected. This effect is probably due to the special ingredients contained in the Tapanis magic stone."

“... ..”

Raymond broke out in a cold sweat.

I had a feeling that the jackpot would turn into a side dish.

You can raise the price of hair loss treatment, but if you do that, fewer people will buy it.

Nobles weren't infinitely rich.

‘no! I can't give up the dream of the goose that lays the golden eggs.’

“I can't back off like this. I will somehow find a way to get the tapanis ore.”

Raymond resolutely resolved, and Rune nodded in admiration.

‘As expected, Prince. You're worried about the bald people on the continent. I'll be there to help too, Prince!’

At that time, Elmud approached.

“excuse me... .. Lord. Someone has come to visit you.”

“huh?”

Raymond made a puzzled face.

‘Who are you and Elmud came directly?’

It is usually the servant's job to guide guests.

Moreover, Elmud's expression was not good either.

It was a very troubled face.

“who?”

“He is Prince Yufran of the Cherman Kingdom.”

“... .. Cherman Kingdom? Prince Yufran?”

Raymond tilted his head.

He was an unknown figure.

‘Because the Cherman Kingdom itself is a very small country.’

The Cherman Kingdom was a small kingdom similar in scale to the Rafald territory.

A country under the Peninsula Kingdom.

Historically, it could be seen as a subordinate kingdom serving the king of the Peninsula Kingdom.

‘It's a small place, but there are several magicite mines, so it's an incredibly wealthy place. There's not much reason for me to come here, right?’

The king of the Cherman kingdom supported Archduke Gideon.

A prince who has no real power like Raymond has nothing to do?

“Bring him inside.”

“that is... ..”

Elmud spoke cautiously.

“I think you should go outside and see each other.”

“huh?”

“Because Prince Youfran is currently wanted.”

“... .. what?”

For a moment, Raymond remembered one fact.

Come to think of it, I had heard the name Yufran before.

‘I found traces of ‘them’ in the Cherman Kingdom. A serial murder happened... ..  
Prince Yufran is the most suspicious... .. I’m not sure yet.’

This is the story I heard from Rina.

‘Come to think of it, the place where Laina-nim chased their traces is the Cherman Kingdom.’

Raina pursued their traces in the central part of the continent, and that was the Cherman Kingdom.

A mysterious serial death occurred among the royal family.

At that time, the suspected suspect was Yufran.

‘In the end, I heard rumors that he was recently confirmed as a criminal and sentenced to death.’

“... .. But weren't you in jail right now? I know the execution date is not far away.”

Elmude nodded.

“It is said that he managed to escape from prison right before he was executed.”

“... ..”

Raymond swallowed.

‘No, why did you come to see me when you escaped!’

Something felt uneasy.

It seemed like it shouldn't be entangled.

“You can't meet such a criminal. tell them to go back.”

“... .. Will it?”

“huh.”

Raymond nodded firmly.

I don't know why I came to see you.

But he is no longer just a healer.

As the Prince of the Peninsula, he has no choice but to care about the eyes of others.

However, if it is revealed that he secretly met a heinous criminal who was convicted of serial murder and not another crime, he would be in trouble.

Elmude nodded, probably thinking the same thing.

“all right.”

Then an unexpected message popped up.

[A quest occurs when a person with an unfair story visits!]

[Resolve the tragedy of the Cherman royal family!]

(Medicine Quest)

Medical Grade: Five Mess

Difficulty: Medium

Quest Description: An unknown tragedy occurs in the Cherman royal family did! As a healer, uncover the truth and solve the royal tragedy to save the unfortunate prince!

Clear conditions: Resolving the tragedy of the royal family

Reward: Bonus level up x 2 Skill points 150

Bonuses: Fundamentals of new drug development

‘... ... A foundation for new drug development?’

It was a puzzled moment.

Another unexpected voice was heard.

“Your Highness, I got a call from the Magic Tower.”

“Magic Tower? They say no.”

Raymond answered without listening to his business.

‘The disciple must be doing something again.’

After being suspected of being a congenital mage, such calls came endlessly from the Mage Tower.

He was so ardent that he might have been kidnapped had he been an ordinary commoner or a powerless nobleman.

However, the attendant told an unexpected story.

“that... ... I heard that you are His Highness' prospective teacher?”

“yes?”

“A woman named Raina, a noble lady of red blood, contacted me.”

\* \* \*

Raymond headed for the communication port with a puzzled face.

‘What's going on?’

At that time, after the work of the Catal Kingdom was finished, he did not communicate with Raina for a long time.

‘Did you say you're in Cherman Kingdom? Have you contacted me?’

Raymond had a momentary feeling.

When I turned on the communication tool, a familiar face appeared.

A lady with a gorgeous impression.

It was Rina!

-Ah, it's been a while, Your Highness. You are still handsome. I've heard many rumors from the Peninsula Kingdom. Amazing too.

Raymond made an awkward face at Laina's still speaking method.

“Nice to meet you. How are you?”

-I'm fine except that I miss your highness. Ho Ho. I want to see you.

However, the complexion of Rina who said that was somehow dark.

“What are you doing?”

-hmm... . . . .

Rina said carefully.

-Your Highness, do you remember when Cairn was captured?

“Ah yes.”

Raymond nodded with a puzzled face.

Cairn. He was the second prince of Houston Kingdom.

He tried to kill Seytil and lay the blame on Raymond, but was caught on the contrary.

-Could you teach me the forensic science you used at that time?

“yes?”

Raymond was taken aback.

“What do you mean by that... ..?”

Lina let out a sigh.

-Have you heard of the serial killings that took place here in the Cherman Kingdom?

“Yes, I just listened.”

Although the culprit has come looking for him now, Raymond only replied like this.

I didn't want to get entangled in a terrifying heinous crime.

-The culprit was recently caught, but it's strange.

“... .. Are you referring to Prince Yufran?”

- Yes, you heard. I was also suspicious of Prince Yufran at first, but it was strange. I think we'll have to use forensic science to confirm the real culprit.

Raymond was silent for a moment.

“Is it Laina-sama who helped Prince Yufran escape from prison?”

-... .. !

For a moment, Rina flinched from across the communication tunnel.

-yes that's right. how did you know that

“... .. You have come to see me now.”

Raina's face heated up and she fanned herself.

-... .. I couldn't let him die after being falsely accused, so I helped a little... .. I hope you find Your Highness. sorry.

“... ..”

-Can you help me anyway? In my judgment, Prince Yufran is not the culprit.

Raymond made a troubled face.

‘Help me a little, but.’

If this were an ordinary person's case, there would be no burden.

But what a royal family is tangled.

It was highly likely that it was not a simple incident but a complex political incident.

Moreover, the Cherman Kingdom is a vassal state of the Peninsula Kingdom.

Therefore, it was also closely related to the powerful people of the Peninsula Kingdom.

It was possible to go against the planting of the Marquis Rodrigo or the Archduke Gideon.

‘... .. It could just be scratching and scalding.’

Raymond made an unwilling face.

Lately, he's been in a really good mood.

Marquis Rodrigo, Archduke Gideon and Chuck did not lose, and they are preparing to earn money smoothly.

Under these circumstances, would either of you go against your heart?

The ball that I have built so far could collapse. The dream of making a lot of money is also flying away.

But then a thought popped into my mind.

'... .. for a moment. What kind of magic stone mines are there in the Cherman Kingdom?'