

Dr. Player 351

Chapter 351

'In particular, he couldn't have inherited such enormous banks. I know there are other successors.'

In other words, Lady Rose's wealth must have been inherited from her father's family.

'... ... They say that the family on the father's side is as good as the Grand Duke of Gaebolg. What the hell is Lady Rose's true identity?'

Raymond asked Rodin.

"Do you know about Grand Duke Mishelt, head of the Gaeborg family?"

"Yes, I know. Aren't you the emperor of the Free Cities Alliance?"

Emperor.

Rodin made that expression without hesitation.

It was actually an accurate representation.

Because Archduke Mishelt was the supreme power of the Free Cities Alliance.

"I know you are scary."

"Are you scared?"

"Because the family customs of the Grand Duke of Gaebolg itself are a place where there is no blood or tears... ... It is said that favors are doubled and grudges are repaid tenfold. That's why the people of the Free Cities Association never quarrel with the Grand Duchess of Gaeborg."

"... ... okay."

Raymond broke out in a cold sweat.

'You have to treat the head of a place like that? Aren't you harmed if the treatment goes wrong?'

I felt afraid for a moment, but shook my head.

Even Grand Duke Gaeborg would not be able to harm him, the prince of the Crusader Empire.

And even if it was a little burdensome, it was none other than Lady Rose's request. No matter what, you had to listen.

'And if I succeed in curing Archduke Mishelt, I don't have to worry about doing business in the Free Cities Alliance.'

What are you worried about?

You will have a background that surpasses the round table committee.

Then there was no need to worry about Marquis Rodrigo.

'Rather, I might be able to give the Marquis Rodrigo a shot.'

Raymond narrowed his eyes.

There was one reason why Marquis Rodrigo was able to build such a mighty power.

Because of its influence in the Free Cities Alliance.

But what if you win the heart of Archduke Mishelt, who is called the emperor of the Free Cities Alliance?

It could have wiped out the influence of the Marquis Rodrigo!

'I must do it.'

Raymond burned with will.

And one more question to Rodin.

"Does Archduke Mishelt have a granddaughter?"

When asked why, Rodin tilted his head and replied.

"Of course there are many. There were only four daughters, and all of them had already married other families. My granddaughters are probably all grown up."

"... .. okay. Do you know which family their daughters married into?"

"Usually, I understand that they are related to the other monarchs of the Round Table Council. Ah, but I do have a daughter from another place. It was buzzing about the marriage of the century, but Your Highness has probably heard of it."

I remembered Raymond too.

However, he did not think of connecting that marriage with Lady Rose.

'Because it was a marriage that ended in tragedy.'

"You mean that marriage in which the entire family died?"

"Yes, that's right. Grand Duke Mishelt's daughter and her husband's granddaughter all suffered a catastrophe."

It was a terrible incident, so it was an uproar that even the kingdom of Huston, a distant Crusader Empire, was agitated.

'If Lady Rose is of that lineage, it's understandable that she has such wealth... .. probably not They all died then.'

Raymond shook his head.

I thought about it more, but nothing came out right.

Anyway, the important thing now wasn't Rose's true identity.

Archduke Gaeborg had to be cured.

“I will go to the Free Cities Association.”

So Raymond headed for the Free Cities Association.

* * *

Shutter phones split the sky.

“It's the first time I'm leaving the Crusader Empire.”

“me too.”

The disciples said as if they were curious.

Raymond closed his eyes and couldn't answer.

‘eww... .. Why can't I get used to this guy's flight?’

I opened my eyes briefly, then closed them in disgust.

There was an ocean below.

‘If you fall, you will die. It's too scary.’

Thanks to this, his face became harder than usual, and the disciples nodded in admiration.

‘As expected, Master. Even the patients of the Free Cities Alliance are thinking about it.’

‘As expected, light.’

‘light... ..’

‘Master is cool.’

With the exception of Linden, who had already fainted, the disciples looked at Raymond with respect.

“Uh, the Free Cities Association.”

The Peninsula Kingdom and the free city union were separated by a narrow bay.

Raymond narrowed his eyes and was startled at the idea that the sea was finally over.

Big cities came into view under the sky.

‘It's much more amazing than rumors.’

There were cities of the same scale as Rapentel in the Peninsula Kingdom.

Several satellite cities and fiefdoms stretched around the great metropolis.

‘That's another Continental Sapae Free Cities Alliance.’

continental death.

It refers to the four powers that dominate the continent.

Crusader Federation, Iron Empire, Holy Nation, and Free City Alliance are examples.

The Free Cities Confederation had a much smaller population than the Crusader Empire or the Iron Empire, but instead, commerce and culture were extremely prosperous.

It was a small but powerful place that no one could ignore.

‘There are so many rich people in the Free Cities Alliance?’

Raymond was suddenly energized.

Looking down at those splendid cities, he felt that all his troubles had been fleeting.

Ten million pena debt?

Why are you struggling with just that kind of debt?

The world is so wide and there are so many hogu.

‘My hope is the Free Cities Union in the future! Let's go hair loss cure!’

After gaining sensational popularity in the Free Cities Alliance, he will spread the hair loss cure to the Peninsula Kingdom and the Cross Federation Empire.

If that happens, he will not be able to control the money he accumulates.

‘I will sell it at a special high price to the nobles who were invited and did not come to the banquet. There's no use begging!’

Just then, an unexpected sound came from the sky ahead.

“Wait a minute!”

They were wizards flying with sticks!

As the unidentified flying object approached, it seemed to have sortied from the ground.

“I came from the Crusader Empire! We are on our way to the Grand Duke of Gaebolg!”

Elmud shouted in a loud voice.

Elmude had recently been depressed by his unhelpful appearance, and was in a state of high morale that he would come to the unfamiliar free city association and protect Raymond.

“The Grand Duke of Gaebolg?”

The wizards looked perplexed.

The representative wizard approached the shutter phone and asked.

“Are you going as a mercenary?”

“... .. Are you a mercenary?”

The group tilted their heads.

What mercenary?

“Didn't you say you were going to the Gaebolg family?”

“Yes, that's right. But what about?”

“hmm... ..”

The wizards blurted out their words with strange faces.

Raymond felt a sudden fright.

“Did you not know? The Grand Duke of Gaeborg is facing a war.”

“... .. War?”

Raymond made a puzzled face.

Why war all of a sudden?

never heard of it

“What war are you talking about?”

“Kartan Rosis Reint Morans. These four cities have declared war on the Grand Duke of Gaebolg.”

“... ..!”

Wizards spoke cautiously.

“If you are a foreigner, I urge you to return home immediately. The Free Cities Association will soon be engulfed in flames.”

* * *

The party came down to the ground once.

‘... .. What is this story about? A sudden war.’

“Are there frequent civil wars between union cities?”

I asked Rodin, who came with me as a guide.

“ah... .. yes. There are quite a few. There is a round table committee, but each city has autonomy. Serious disagreements often lead to armed clashes between cities.”

It was a different atmosphere from the Crusader Alliance Empire, where there were almost no fights between the same allies.

Rodin made a troubled face.

“Still, this is the first time I've heard of such a case. Cartan Rosis Reint Morans is a city belonging to the Round Table Council, but sticking out its teeth at the Grand Duchess of Gaebolg.”

“... .. Is it serious?”

“It seems so. If the Grand Duchess of Gaeborg and their four cities fight, you can say that virtually the entire Free Cities Federation is engulfed in flames.”

“... ..”

Raymond kept his mouth shut.

It was an unexpected lightning strike.

“Suddenly, what is this... .. Have you had any signs of this?”

“no. I also heard it for the first time now. There was no sign of war at all when I contacted you recently.”

Rodin also made a puzzled face.

War, of course, has signs.

But what happened now was nothing like that.

It was like a thunderbolt in a really dry sky.

‘Without any sign, four cities suddenly declared war on the Grand Duchess of Gaebolg. why?’

However, since it happened in a completely different country, I couldn't know the details.

“Your Highness. first... .. How about going back to the Peninsula Kingdom?”

Linden said cautiously with a frightened face.

“Of course, I am not saying this because I am worried. Your Highness' comfort is precious.”

Raymond was also scared.

It's a sudden war.

‘Oops. Why did this happen again! I hate fighting the most in the world. What if I go and get caught up in it?’

When I was really contemplating whether I should go back, the disciples sighed and bruised Linden.

“Sir Lyndon, do you still not know the master like that? Masters don't give up on their patients just because of the war.”

“that's right. The Master is the one who burns more in a crisis.”

“Your Highness, it's finally time for me to step out! I will give my life to protect it!”

“Meow! Meow!”

Christine May Elmoud Mien spoke in turn, and Christine concluded:

“Look at that strong face. There is no escape in Master's dictionary. On the contrary, he must be thinking of stopping this war.”

‘... .. It's not.’

Raymond broke out in a cold sweat.

It was Christine who really didn't know anything about Raymond.

‘What can I do to prevent war! I'm a safety first.’

No matter how good the money was, safety was the best.

As I was about to open my mouth with such a heart, a message came to mind.

[We are witnessing the arrival of a great war!]

[Quest is happening!]

[Stop the war!]

(Ninjutsu quest)

Priority: Great

difficulty: Good

Quest description: The fire of a great war is burning. It is clear that many lives will be sacrificed!
Stop the fall with your skills!

Clear Conditions: Peace Coming

Bonus: Level Up x 5 Skill Points 300 Bonuses

: The Prestige of the Saint of Poverty Spreads

“... ..”

Raymond blinked.

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I wondered if I was reading it wrong, but I didn't.

‘How can I stop the war! I don't even know what cities are in the Free Cities Alliance!’

I didn't even like the perks.

A saint of poverty to him!

‘Why am I a saint of poverty! I'll become a golden saint!’

the moment you think so.

A thought popped into my mind.

‘... .. If I don't stop the war, I'll become a real poor saint.’

Right now, his only outlet was the Free Cities Alliance.

However, a large-scale war put an end to the dream of making money in the Free Cities Alliance.

Come to think of it, it wasn't anyone else's business.

For his future, this war must be stopped.

'how?'

Raymond looked closely at the contents of the quest.

The difficulty level was 'high'.

It's hard to swear, but it's possible anyway.

In other words, this war can be prevented with his ability.

'Is medicine the key?'

For a moment, Raymond came up with an assumption.

'Could Archduke Mishelt's serious illness have anything to do with this war?'

It seemed that the correct judgment could be made by hearing the circumstances directly.

"I will go to the family of Grand Duke Gaebolg."

The group nodded.

"I was already preparing."

"Get on quickly, Master!"

"I will protect you!"

Of course, thinking that Raymond would go out like this, Raymond got mad at the disciples who had finished all the preparations in advance.

'I'm a safety first! Aaaaa!'

I wanted to grumble, but the phone started flying and I closed my eyes and screamed inwardly.

Of course, Raymond's appearance is, as always, a masterpiece!

It was the image of a saint going to save the Free Cities Alliance.

That's how Raymond arrived at the Grand Duchess of Gaebolg.

* * *

Whether the name of the Free Cities Alliance is not a lie, the Grand Duchess of Gaebolg was arrogant.

'This is just a royal palace.'

It was not even comparable to the royal castles of the Houston Kingdom or the Catal Kingdom.

The capital of the Peninsula Kingdom was also not enough compared to the Grand Duke of Gaebolg.

However, the atmosphere was somber, probably because the war was ahead.

The whole city was in a state of tension.

“His Highness Prince Raymond of the Peninsula Kingdom?”

The knight guarding the Grand Duchess of Gaebolg asked with questionable eyes.

“That's right. I have come to treat Your Highness the Archduke.”

“hmm.”

The knight frowned.

Looking at Raymond's emerald eyes, he didn't seem to doubt that he was a member of Peninsula royalty.

But did you suddenly come to heal the family lord?

“Did the deputy head of household invite you?”

“It is not. instead.”

Raymond handed over a business card.

It was Lady Rose's business card.

“This person commissioned me.”

The driver did not recognize the business card.

“rose? It's someone you don't know. Let's check the above. Please wait in the drawing room for a moment.”

How long has it been since then?

Suddenly there was a crackling sound!

“Are you the one invited by Law Rose? Where are you?”

The door opened and a middle-aged man appeared.

‘Who is that man?’

Raymond rolled his eyes in surprise.

It was a face that even Raymond, who was ignorant of the Free Cities Association, knew.

The middle-aged man turned his head around, saw Raymond, and quickly approached him.

“Are you the one sent by Rose?”

“... .. Ah yes. My name is Raymond de Huston Ristein of the Crusader Empire.”

Raymond used both royal surnames to introduce himself.

The man rolled his eyes in amazement.

He said, holding Raymond's hand.

“My name is Thorn. Nice to meet you.”

“... ..!”

This time it was Raymond's turn to surprise.

Again, the giant he guessed was right.

Thorn.

It was the name of the heir to the Grand Duke of Gaeborg.

The second highest figure in the Grand Duke of Gaeborg appeared in person.

* * *

“This is Crown Prince Raymond of the Crusader Empire. Thank you for coming a long way for the family head.”

Thorn was the acting head of the family, leading the Grand Duke of Gaeborg in place of the fallen Grand Duke Mishelt.

The second son and successor of Archduke Mishelt.

Like the first impression, he warmly welcomed Raymond and his party.

‘Doesn't he have a kind impression unlike a person from the Gaebolg family who has no blood or tears?’

Since he was the successor of the famous Grand Duke of Gaebolg, I thought he would be a scary person, but he wasn't at all.

On the contrary, he looked like a scholar with a soft impression.

“If it is the kingdom of Houston... .. It is a kingdom of knights located in the southwest of the Crusader Empire. I am so grateful that a precious person with the lineage of the Houston and Peninsula royals is here.”

Having said that, Thorne asked cautiously.

“Did you come at Rose-sama's request?”

“Yes, Lady Rose asked me to treat Her Highness Archduke Mishelt.”

“... .. okay. Rose-sama asked for a favor. That's amazing.”

Raymond sensed something out of place in Thorne's expression.

‘Is it Rose?’

Thorn is the direct son of Archduke Mishelt.

On the other hand, Rose said that she was the only granddaughter of Archduke Mishelt.

In other words, in terms of relationship, Rose was Thorn's niece.

By the way, do you use that title?

That title had one meaning.

Rose's status is not lower than that of Thorne.

'If you are the heir to the Gaebolg Grand Duchess, you are in a higher position than most royalty. What is the identity of Lady Rose?'

Then Soren asked.

"Excuse me, but what is your relationship with Rose-sama?"

Raymond pondered over the answer.

"... .. It is a trading relationship."

"A deal?"

Since it was the relationship between the debtor and the debtor, it was a transactional relationship.

"Yes, I am getting a lot of help."

"Um... .. okay."

Thorn smiled awkwardly, and Raymond questioned Rose's identity even more.

"Lady Rose and the Grand Duchess of Gaeborg... .."

"you're right. Rose is my sister's blood relative."

Soren only answered that.

But he didn't give any more details. Raymond couldn't ask more.

I didn't seem to be able to answer any questions.

'It's not an urgent matter.'

Regarding Rose, I decided to ask later when I saw the opportunity, and brought up a more important story in the current situation.

"I heard that there was a sudden war on the way, is that correct?"

"Ah yes. you're right."

Thorne made a dark face.

"It all happened because I was lacking."

"yes?"

"They declared war against my succession to the Grand Duke."

It was an unexpected story.

Thorn continued his explanation.

"I was not originally an heir. My eldest brother was going to carry on the family line. However, my eldest brother tried to rebel against my father, was discovered, and was deposed, and I took over the position."

“Then why did those cities declare war?”

I asked because I didn't understand.

Thorn replied bitterly.

“When my father suddenly collapsed and was about to die, I stood up and said that I could not accept being the chairman of the Round Table Committee. The head of the Gaeborg Grand Duchess is supposed to serve as the representative of the Round Table Committee from generation to generation.”

Thorne continued.

“Of course, it's just a superficial reason, and it's to break the power of the Grand Duke of Gaebolg, whose father fell unexpectedly and is in chaos. Besides, they just happened to have a good cause.”

“The cause?”

“The eldest brother who fled after failing to rebel has appeared.”

Raymond understood the whole story.

“So you joined hands with the cities that declared war.”

“That's right. They started a war claiming that I should be kicked out and my eldest brother, who had been kicked out unfairly, should be established as the Grand Duke of Gaebolg.”

Thorn let out a deep sigh.

“They wouldn't have dared to do this had it not been for my father's sudden, unexpected fall into serious condition. It all happened because I was lacking.”

Raymond kept his mouth shut.

In summary, the traitor kicked out after Archduke Mishelt fell joined hands with other cities and started a war.

“I thought about stepping down, but if that happens, the Gaebolg family will surely be torn apart by their claws, so I can't do anything about it. How much blood will be shed in this war. ha.”

It was a heartfelt lament for the people.

The atmosphere in the drawing room became heavy.

The situation was serious.

‘... ... But if it's a problem like this, isn't the solution simple?’

Raymond narrowed his eyes.

The root cause of this situation was the unexpected fall of Archduke Mishelt.

If Mishelt, the so-called Iron Lord, was alive and well, they wouldn't have dared to cause such a situation.

If Mishelt recovers, this situation can be resolved.

The question is, what is Archduke Mishelt's condition now?

If I was in a state where I could easily recover, this kind of sadal wouldn't have happened.

“Are the details of the Archduke very important?”

“All of your top Saints said there was no hope.”

Raymond's face hardened.

There are many excellent healers in the Free Cities Alliance.

‘Especially, I know that the Crimson Saint is a member of the Free Cities Alliance, right?’

Crimson Saint!

He was an Ex-class healer with only three on the continent.

The best healer on the continent, along with the Holy King of the Holy Kingdom and the Brilliant Saint of the Crusader Federation Empire.

A crimson saintess like that would be able to cure pretty much any serious condition, right?

Thorne answered that question.

“The crimson saint refused treatment. Of course, I made excuses for other reasons.”

“... .. yes?”

“She is more of a monarch than a healer. Although he did not declare war, he refused to treat his father because it would benefit him if the Grand Duke of Gaebolg weakened.”

Raymond kept his mouth shut.

Come to think of it, the crimson saintess was one of the members of the round table.

He is one of the seven monarchs leading the Free Cities Alliance.

‘If the Grand Duchess of Gaebolg becomes weak, he will see a return benefit, but he still refuses to treat patients.’

Raymond made a complicated face.

Of course, I heard the story.

The crimson saintess treats patients only when there is political gain.

‘Anyway, the Free Cities Alliance is a jungle no less than the Crusader Empire.’

Raymond shook his head.

“Then have you tried any other treatment besides a normal heel? I heard that you are researching various new treatments in your country.”

The Alliance of Free Cities is said to be developing their own unique cure combined with magic.

Thorn shook his head bitterly.

“After you have already tried everything. The highest level healers, as well as the highest authority on the new treatment, tried to cure it, but only worsened the details.”

Thorn said heavily.

“Anyway, you've come a long way, but you've walked in vain. sorry.”

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It was a tone that didn't even think that Raymond could cure it.

it's not ignoring

He accepted his father's death because he had already done all the treatment.

Raymond paused for a moment before speaking.

“Would it be all right if I checked the state of the Archduke's condition?”

“... .. It will be useless.”

“Nevertheless, please. If it is my medicine, maybe there is a way.”

medicine.

At that word, Thorn's eyes lit up.

“I have heard of it. It is a healing technique that is causing a sensation in the Crusader Federation Empire recently. Come to think of it, His Highness?”

“Yes, I am the representative of the Medical School.”

Thorne made a surprised face.

I thought he wouldn't be an ordinary healer because Rose asked for it himself, but he's the founder of the medical school that's causing a huge sensation recently.

However, Thorn immediately shook his head.

“It will be useless. My father, unfortunately, has passed the point where he can use his hands.”

It's not that I don't believe in medicine.

Due to the nature of the Free City Alliance, which encounters various cultures, it does not reject new treatments.

In fact, the Free Cities Alliance is researching many unique new treatments.

Sorn's reaction now was simply because Archduke Mishelt was really in a bad state.

“Still, please allow me to look at His Highness the Archduke at least once. I want to help.”

As Raymond repeated, Thorne nodded.

“All right. Please come this way.”

When I went to the highest place of the Grand Duke, a large room appeared.

It was a large and magnificent room, as if to tell the prestige of the Gaebolg family.

In the depths of the room lay an old man gasping for breath.

‘That one?’

Raymond's complexion hardened.

He hadn't even started the proper examination yet, but an ominous feeling passed down his spine.

As soon as I saw the color of her face, one diagnosis came to mind.

The other disciples who were present also had hard faces, as if they were thinking the same thing.

A deep silence fell, and the examination was over.

Thorn asked heavily.

“Is that possible?”

However, Raymond, unlike usual, did not answer.

‘... ... There is no cure for this.’

I thought it was like a moan.

It was an incurable disease.

* * *

Capital of the Peninsula Kingdom at the time.

One person had heavy eyes.

The darkness of everything that has ever happened.

It was ‘Load’.

He frowned.

‘Raymond went to the Free Cities Association? To cure Archduke Gaebolg?’

Rod gritted his teeth.

Raymond. Raymond. Raymond!

The one who thwarted all his plans so far.

It was ominous that such Raymond went to the Free Cities Association.

'To think he was trying to break through the tricks of Marquis Rodrigo in this way.'

It was a strange story.

Now, Raymond and Raina assumed that 'Rod' was either Marquis Rodrigo or Grand Duke Gideon.

However, 'Rod' spoke as if he were a completely separate person from Marquis Rodrigo.

Actually, 'Rod' was not Marquis Rodrigo. Neither was Archduke Gideon.

It was a completely different entity.

Another royal family of the Peninsula Kingdom.

Just then, an attendant entered the room.

"It is time for the State Council meeting. Shall I prepare?"

The attendant called out his true name.

"Your Highness Lawrence."

Lawrence!

As the leader of the King's Faction, he was the true identity of all darkness!

It was an incredible story.

But 'Rod' no Lawrence said to the attendant with a gentle smile like a painting.

"I have something to do, so please wait a moment. Please prepare the wagon as we will be leaving soon."

"all right."

After the servant had left, Lord Lawrence leaned back in his chair.

"Damn it."

A harsh curse that was completely different from the soft expression came out of his mouth.

Lawrence gave him a grim look.

All of the gentle appearances you've shown to others are hypocrisy.

This was his real face.

"I had a great cause in front of me, but because of that damn bastard."

Things he had plotted in the past flashed through his mind.

Each one was about to come to fruition, but all plans went awry.

It's because of Raymond.

'Shit!'

Then light came in from the crystal ball.

He got a call from somewhere.

After confirming the sender, Lawrence's face hardened.

It was a voice I didn't want to hear now.

However, Lawrence gritted his teeth and received a call from the communication district.

A clear voice came from the other side of the communication port.

-It's been a while, Your Highness.

“... .. What's going on?”

-I have contacted you with regards. Because we are valuable partners.

fellow trader.

It was an amazing story.

It means that he, the Lord who has been the dark side of everything so far, has a partner to cooperate with!

-I have high expectations for Your Highness, but is the cause going according to your will?

Lawrence swallowed.

I wasn't asking

Now, the other person knew that things were not going the way he wanted and was reprimanding him.

‘Damn it.’

But Lawrence couldn't answer anything.

This is because the relationship with the other person was not a simple cooperative relationship.

To be precise, the opponent was his ‘sponsor’.

A long time ago, the opponent contacted him, who was a powerless royal family of the royal faction, and secretly provided great support.

It gave them mysterious knowledge that would become a powerful weapon, and made them use that knowledge to prepare the foundation for gaining strength.

At the same time, there was only one thing the opponent wanted from Lawrence.

Become a ‘Road’.

The Peninsula Kingdom, of course, demanded that he become a ruler who puts the 4 medicines under his feet.

It was something Lawrence hadn't hoped for.

So, Lawrence became a ‘Rod’ as requested by the other party and went through the plans one by one.

It went smoothly.

Even before old Raymond showed up.

Normally, he would have been on the verge of accomplishing a great feat by now.

But old Raymond showed up and everything went awry.

-It looks like a flying fly is rampaging. Please act wisely. Because if you don't accomplish the great thing, we'll be in trouble too.

“... .. I understand.”

- I'll believe it. Please don't let us down.

After that, communication was cut off.

Lawrence clenched his fists.

It was a warning.

That I won't be watching any longer.

And Lawrence was well aware of how terrifying and great the opponents were.

‘We have to come up with a way.’

Lawrence's eyes sank low.

* * *

Then the Free Cities Association.

Raymond was swallowing his saliva.

‘This... .. .’

Thorn said bitterly.

“It must be difficult, right?”

“... .. .”

Raymond couldn't answer this time either.

‘... .. Even medicine can't cure this.’

I couldn't help but think so.

Raymond looked at Archduke Mishelt's face.

Skin color that looks earthy because it's not yellow.

Also severe coma.

Abdomen swollen with vengeance.

These symptoms meant only one thing.

‘It's liver failure.’

liver!

Along with the heart, lungs and kidneys, it was one of the biological organs that maintained the life of the body.

It plays a role in filtering and detoxifying the body's wastes, but liver failure means that the function of the liver is broken.

'If the liver is damaged and loses its function, there is no way to replace it medically.'
different from the kidneys.

Kidney failure can be replaced through dialysis.

However, there was no way to replace the liver even with modern medicine.

Suffering from complications, he dies.

"... .. Has His Highness the Grand Duke ever had a bad liver?"

"You see right away that it's a liver problem."

Thorn made a slightly surprised face.

"I never had a problem with my liver. However, he complained of abdominal pain, and as a result of checking with magic, a mass was found, and he became like this during treatment."

"You said you became like this during treatment?"

"Even the special heal 'Steel Anvil' that heals your mass didn't work, so I used magic to burn the mass, but after that it became like this."

Raymond grasped the whole picture.

'To burn the mass with magic. It's magic therapy, one of the new treatments popular in the Free Cities Alliance.'

Healers of the Free Cities Alliance tended to try various creative methods beyond simply using heals, and magic treatment was one of them.

'Although it's a method that has its own grounds.'

Originally, among the treatments for liver cancer, there was something that caused necrosis.

It wasn't wrong, but the problem was that the magic was too much.

Beyond the necrosis of the tumor, the liver was damaged and destroyed.

'... .. There is no way.'

Raymond bit his lip hard.

Seeing Raymond's reaction, Thorn nodded as if he understood.

"Thank you for caring about me. Rose-sama will also be grateful to Her Highness."

"... .."

“It's just a pity. It would be nice if I could give my liver to my father.”

Thorn spoke in a voice that was infinitely regretful, and the moment he heard that, Raymond felt as if he had been hit in the head with a hammer.

‘... ... No, there is one way.’

Raymond swallowed.

Yes, there was only one treatment available when the liver was completely destroyed.

A very popular remedy.

However, the reason why he couldn't come up with the method right away was because it was an impossible treatment at Raymond's level.

Raymond murmured as if salivating.

“You can do a liver transplant.”

Liver Transplant!

Literally, it is to remove someone else's liver and transplant it to the patient.

However, Raymond couldn't easily put that method into his mouth.

‘... ... But it's an impossible cure.’

There were too many difficulties.

There were many difficulties, but this was the biggest one.

Difficulty of surgery.

Liver transplantation has been one of the most advanced surgeries in the realm of surgery.

Of course, he is also a ‘professor’ now.

However, professors are also divided into classes.

Now that he had just become a ‘junior’ professor, he couldn't afford a liver transplant.

‘And this isn't a treatment that only works for me.’

Liver transplants are done in two teams.

While Raymond completely removes the patient's liver, another man must remove the donor's liver.

‘Can the disciple do well?’

The current disciples were growing rapidly.

In particular, the growth of the early disciples accompanied by tremendous efforts was dazzling.

Among them, Christine stands out the most in the field of surgery, but it was not known if she would be able to pull off a liver resection.

‘Because it has to be resected so that it can be used for transplantation, it is more difficult than a normal liver resection, which is simply cut and finished.’

Besides this, there were many more problems.

Chapter 354

Archduke Mishelt's age.

Archduke Mishelt was very old.

He seemed to be on the right side for his age, but he was not the right age for a transplant.

'Originally, it's a patient who doesn't have the indications because he's old.'

Other than that, there were a lot of problems.

Transplant surgery on our modern planet has evolved with numerous advanced diagnostic tests and drug surgical tools.

Although Raymond has implemented many medical tools so far, they have nothing to compare with modern Earth. In other words, many medical supplies needed for transplant surgery were in short supply.

This, of course, will lead to a decrease in the success rate of surgery.

'The immunosuppressant to be administered after the operation is also a problem. I've implemented an immunosuppressant, but I can't guarantee it's as effective as an immunosuppressant on a modern Earth.'

Considering several aspects, the conclusion was as follows.

The odds of failure were too high.

The problem is that in case of failure, the risk is too great.

'At worst, the donor could be at risk as well.'

donor.

In this case, the family had to donate the liver because it was not time to find the right person among the deceased.

In the worst case, it could endanger not only the patient but also the donor.

'It's a realistically difficult way.'

Raymond gritted his teeth.

At that moment, Thorn saw Raymond's hard face and noticed something.

"Is there any way?"

"... .."

"Anything is fine, please tell me! please!"

It was a desperate cry.

Thorn really wanted to save his father.

Raymond hesitated before opening his mouth.

'It's a difficult way.'

First of all, the existence of this method had to be informed to the guardian.

"There is a method called a liver transplant."

"transplantation... .. What if?"

"It is to cut off a part of someone else's liver and put it in the patient's body."

"... ..!"

Sonny's eyes widened.

"That... .. does not make sense?"

Thorn is a member of the Free Cities Association, who has access to all kinds of culture, but he has never heard of Raymond's method.

Taking someone else's liver and planting it in the patient's body.

Isn't that a terrible thing that even a savage black mage wouldn't do?

'Apart from being terrible, could such a thing be possible in the first place?'

Thorn made a grotesque face, and Raymond nodded as if he understood his reaction.

'It's a natural reaction.'

Actually, Raymond said it too, but I thought it was difficult.

'This operation is most likely going to fail. I can't recommend it.'

If only one patient ends up being dangerous, I will try to treat it somehow. If you don't treat it anyway, you will die.

However, this is a risk that the person who will donate the liver must also take. Death or serious complications could occur.

So Raymond had no choice but to hesitate in trying treatment.

But Thorn said something unexpected.

"Can my father survive with that treatment?"

"... .. It is not easy."

"So you're saying it's possible?"

Raymond nodded at the repeated question.

"It's not very likely, but it's possible."

"Then please explain in a bit more detail."

Thorn asked with a hard face, and Raymond explained the liver transplant operation.

how treatment is attempted.

what is the probability of success

Also what are the risks.

Everything was explained in detail, and Thorn's face changed every moment.

he groaned.

"... .. It is an absurd treatment."

Soren commented.

In fact, I couldn't even imagine trying to cut someone else's liver and attach it to a patient's body.

It was when Raymond, who had accepted treatment as a refusal, nodded.

Thorn said something unexpected.

"I will do it anyway."

"... .. yes?"

"I will give you my liver. Please proceed."

"... ..!"

Raymond's eyes widened.

he said in bewilderment.

"No, as you may have heard, this treatment is dangerous. It's much more likely to end in failure, and even the platoon can be dangerous."

"understand. But that's okay. Please proceed."

Thorn's face hardened with a strong will.

"If my father doesn't wake up like this, a lot of blood will be shed not only in Gaebolg but also throughout the Free Cities Federation. I want to stop that blood."

"... ..!"

Raymond realized why Thorne was acting like this.

He is trying to save his father and prevent an imminent upheaval.

"but... .."

"I know you are concerned. But I am the grand duke of the Gaeborg family. I have a duty to serve the Gaeborg family and the people of the Free Cities Alliance."

It was a voice that felt a strong will, different from the weak appearance that I saw when I first saw it.

Finally, Raymond asked again:

“Again, it is dangerous. The odds are also low. Even if the operation is successful, the Grand Duke may not live long.”

Even if a liver transplant is successful, it does not mean that the original lifespan can be enjoyed.

It becomes another disease condition called ‘post-liver transplant condition’.

I have to take immunosuppressants for the rest of my life and fight complications.

The risks are high even on a modern Earth with far superior drugs and thorough management, not to mention here.

“Think again.”

At that request, Thorn turned his head and looked out the window.

A magnificent city that fits the expression splendid was spread out the window.

Gaebolg city.

It was one of the three largest cities on the continent along with the capital of the Empire of the Empire of the Crusader Empire.

“My father loved this city.”

“... ..”

“I was actually an infidel. My father didn't like me because I was weak. This situation would not have happened if I had not been lacking.”

The root cause of this situation was Soren's failure to establish a successor position.

In fact, it was more a matter of time rather than Soreen's fault.

Not much time has passed since Thorne's eldest brother rebelled and fled.

So, he had not yet established his position as the successor, but when Archduke Mishelt suddenly collapsed, this kind of madness occurred.

If Thorn had held firm authority as the Grand Duke of Gaebolg, they would not have dared rebel.

“So I want to protect this city that my father loved. Please treat me.”

Thorn spoke in a powerful voice, and Raymond could only nod.

* * *

There was a lot to prepare.

First, we had to make sure Thorne was a suitable donor.

‘For liver transplantation, the matching of leukocyte antigen (HLA) is not very important, but it is better to match as much as possible. Parents and children always show 50% concordance, so it should be fine.’

Leukocyte antigen (HLA).

It was a predictor of rejection before transplantation examination. If the match is low, it cannot be transplanted.

Fortunately, one pair is inherited from each parent, so parents and children always have a 50% concordance.

With this degree of agreement, there was no difficulty in liver transplantation.

'The ABO blood type also matches.'

Raymond let out a sigh of relief when he confirmed Thorn's blood type.

Other tests showed no major problems.

'Actually, it might be better for someone other than the platoon leader Soren to donate.'

Unfortunately, however, there was no one in the grand ducal family who was particularly suitable for offering.

Archduke Mishelt had two sons.

The eldest son who ran away after causing a rebellion with Soren.

The other daughters had already left home, and if they went down to grandchildren, the leukocyte antigen mismatch could become too severe.

'Ugh. burdened What if something goes wrong?'

Raymond screamed inwardly.

To think that the owner and the owner of Soju of the Grand Duchess of Gaebolg, who are comparable to the imperial family, had to operate at the same time.

The burden was enormous.

"it's okay. I am willing to take risks for my father and my people."

Thorn said with a face like that of a saint.

But Raymond wasn't much of a consolation.

'No, I'm not okay! If the operation goes wrong, how will I cope with the aftermath?'

Raymond sighed heavily.

Archduke Mishelt and Thorn were the highest-status figures among the patients he had ever treated.

If the two of them went wrong during the operation, they were at a loss as to how to deal with it.

'Of course, the surgery was done with consent, so I won't be held accountable... ..!'

A hundred times the burden... .. No, it was 100 million times.

Moreover, isn't the probability of failure much higher than success?

I couldn't feel good.

But there was nothing I could do about it.

have to do it somehow

'I have to increase the probability of success as much as possible.'

I looked at Christine with that kind of heart.

"Disciple?"

"... .. your master."

Christine had an unusually stiff expression.

It was a tense face.

'The disciple is also feeling a lot of pressure.'

It was natural.

The liver transplant operation is divided into two teams.

The team operating on the donor, Thorn.

And the team operating on Archduchess Mishelt, who is undergoing a transplant.

Among them, Christine will be in charge of removing the liver of Thorn, the donor.

"Could you please?"

"... .. yes you can No, we have to do it somehow."

Christine nodded firmly, but Raymond made a worried face.

'Can I do it?'

The skills of Hanson, Christine, Linden, May Mary, and other students were at the level of senior residents.

Almost chief level skills.

In addition, each of the students had a field of long-term skill, and in that field, they showed skills equivalent to that of a specialist.

In Christine's case, it was her surgical skills.

As far as surgery goes, she showed incomparable ability to other students, but she wasn't sure if she could handle this operation.

'It's not a completely impossible operation given her skills. He had performed liver resection before. If I show my skills in the best condition, I will be able to perform the surgery.'

The thing is, you have to use your best skills.

If you get nervous and twist your hands, then the worst results will come out.

But when I saw Christine's hardened face, I was worried.

'If you do that, you'll just stumble, let alone the best skills. The problem is that I can't be of any help this time around.'

Raymond made a puzzled face.

When she operated on Thorne, he had to operate on Archduke Mishelt in a different operating room.

Once the operation started, no help or advice could be given to her.

Christine must face the difficulties alone.

'Still, I have to come up with a way to help somehow.'

It was a difficult and difficult situation, but this operation had to succeed unconditionally.

At a minimum, two lives are at stake, and at a large, the fate of the entire Free Cities Alliance is at stake.

Also the most important... ... Raymond's future is also at stake.

'... ... If this operation fails, my future will be dark.'

Raymond swallowed a tear.

One could say that he was too snobbish about an important operation, but Raymond was always like this.

Patients are important, but your own success is also important.

If this operation fails, he will never set foot in the Free Cities Association again.

Because of Marquis Rodrigo and Grand Duke Gideon, the way to earn money in the Peninsula Kingdom was blocked, so he had to succeed somehow.

With that in mind, I opened the market.

Chapter 355

'Are there any skills that will be useful to the disciple?'

I took a look at the skill list.

In particular, I looked at the discipleship skills, and one of them caught my eye.

Raymond's eyes widened.

Christine had a skill that could help!

'What about this?'

selected right away.

[The proficiency of the skill 'Respected Master' will increase to C grade!]

[Skill points will be consumed by 200 points!]

[Respected Master]

Classification: Disciple Raising Skill

Level: Normal

Proficiency: C

-One disciple once a week Choose a person to amplify their respect for you!

-The disciple you choose will burn respect for you and show off your abilities beyond your skills!

- Depending on the depth of the chosen disciple's respect, the skill's effect will change!

Ability beyond skill!

It is probably a skill that allows you to rely on and respect your master to relieve tension and display your best abilities.

It was just the effect I needed right now.

Then Christine spoke again in a tense tone.

“I will definitely do it. somehow Do not worry.”

A promise that only makes me worry, let alone reassurance.

But Raymond shook his head.

The ‘Respected Master’ skill was manifested and the tongue began to move smoothly.

“You don’t have to force yourself to think like that.”

“master?”

“Actually, I am very worried right now.”

“The Master too?”

“yes.”

Raymond nodded calmly.

In terms of the burden, he must be much worse than her.

“I also think that maybe it could fail. It is such a difficult and difficult operation.”

Christine made a surprised face.

In any case, it was very rare for Raymond to say such weak words out of his mouth.

“It’s okay though.”

“It’s okay... ..?”

“What is more important than the results is that as a healer, you do your best for the patient. I believe in all the hard work I have been doing.”

The important thing is to do your best.

Those words pierced Christine's heart.

She looked at Raymond in silence.

Is it because of the effect of the 'Respected Master' skill?

Raymond's voice was steadfast like a mountain.

"Do you believe me, disciple?"

"yes? That's it, of course... .."

"I also believe in you, disciple."

"... ..!"

Raymond continued, trying to give Christine as much confidence as possible.

"Don't think about anything else, believe in the efforts that I, the teacher, and the disciple have made. And, as ever, just do your best."

Christine was silent and silent.

Raymond's words caused ripples in her chest.

'Yes, the most important thing is to do your best.'

Raymond has been talking to his students over and over again.

You can't always get good results.

Even if you do your best, unexpectedly bad results may come out, but the most important thing is to do your best for the patient.

'If I were to panic, the results would only get worse. Let's trust the Master and do our best.'

After thinking, Christine nodded her head with a determined look.

"Yes Master. I will do my best."

It was a different look from before.

Raymond noticed that in this moment she had grown a step as a doctor.

"Yes, then I will prepare."

Thus, the long-awaited curtain of the historic liver transplantation was opened.

* * *

An operating room was set up in the aristocrat-only treatment center located next to the grand duke's house.

Because it was a source of treatment used by the Grand Duke of Gaebolg, the hygiene was clean.

Raymond prepared as much as possible before going into surgery.

Dr. Heli brought additional disciples through Griffon, and also airlifted necessary medical supplies and medicines.

To prevent infection, the treatment center was completely disinfected, and after completing various preparations, the operation began.

Christine and May teamed up, and Raymond teamed up with another twin sister, Mary.

'Would you do well?'

Raymond glanced into the next room before the operation began.

Christine will perform the operation and remove Thorn's liver.

In the meantime, Raymond had to completely remove Archduke Mishelt's liver.

'Let's stop worrying, brother. I have to believe in the disciple and now I have to operate on myself.'

Yes, it was not a surgery that could be performed while worrying about others.

Raymond raised his scalpel with a stiff face.

"let's begin."

Jjiik.

The skin was incised with a scalpel.

Longer and taller than usual.

Since it will be a major operation, sufficient incisions were essential to secure space.

However, there was a problem in incising the skin and subcutaneous layer.

Blood began to flow from the incision site.

Compared to normal excision, it was much more severe bleeding.

Raymond guessed why.

'The liver is damaged and its clotting function is completely lost.'

The liver performs several important functions in the human body.

One of them is to produce a clotting factor that stops blood, and when the liver is damaged, the clotting function is significantly reduced.

'I tried blood transfusion as a preventive measure, but it doesn't have much effect.'

I couldn't help it.

I had to take it and go ahead with the surgery.

The incision was completely opened, and soon a full-fledged struggle began.

"master! Bleeding!"

"suction! Keep your eyes open!"

"yes!"

Bleeding that was incomparable to when the skin was incised gushed out from all over the place.

The area around his liver was instantly filled with blood.

Bleeding that was inconceivable by wiping it off with gauze.

But now, the medical technology of Raymond's Penin Center has also advanced a lot.

Unlike before, instead of wiping the blood away with gauze, Mary held a long iron stick to the pool of blood.

“On!”

The blue magic crystal hanging from the stick together with the starter radiated light, and something amazing happened.

Blood began to be sucked into the stick.

It was a suction using wind attribute magic!

Raymond likewise lifted a long iron stick.

It was a thinner skewer than the one Mary held, but the tip had a red magic crystal embedded in it.

Raymond brought the tip of the stick to the bleeding point and uttered the starter words.

“Co.”

Then an amazing thing happened.

crackle!

The tip of the stick instantly turned red, and the bleeding point was burned with low heat!

It was a hemostasis tool using fire magic.

‘Because now we've laid the foundation for producing this level of medical magic tools.’

Hired enchanter below.

It was to implement a full-fledged medical tool directly using the rune as the chief.

‘Of course, hiring an enchanter costs a lot of money... .. I don't care about the cost anymore.’

It's not because I'm rich, it's because I'm in too much debt.

Now that the debt on your shoulders is approaching 10 million pence... .. Those medical magic tools that cost hundreds of thousands of pennies felt like chewing gum.

‘... .. Why are my eyes blurry? no. are you okay. After today's surgery, I'll become the rich man of Billion Pena!’

Yes, it is a difficult surgery, but if this surgery is successful, his future path will be full of light.

‘I will make Archduke Mishelt my best protector!’

He sighed and moved his hand.

crackle! crackle!

He removed the liver by holding the bleeding points with magic tools.

The fixing ligaments were cut and the blood vessels supplying the liver were ligated.
clap.

The most important great vessels of the liver.

The hepatic veins connected by the portal vein and the inferior vena cava were ligated and cut out.

'Now it's time to cut the liver.'

The liver had to be completely removed.

Since it could not be removed at once, the liver had to be partially resected and removed one after another.

"Harmonic."

Raymond took over another medical magic tool.

It was a thick stick with a blunt end. At the end of it, there was a blue magic stone that looked like something fancy.

Harmonic Scalpel.

A tool used in liver surgery to cut the liver with ultrasonic vibrations.

Implemented the effect with high-level wind magic.

'... .. It was very expensive.'

Raymond swallowed his tears as he recalled the price of the Harmonic Scalpel.

It was so expensive that only two units were implemented.

'But in the current situation, it will be of great help.'

Tick Tick Tick.

A sound like splashing water rang out. It was an ultrasonic vibrating sound.

The liver began to be cut by ultrasonic vibrations.

'Certainly less bleeding than when cutting with a scalpel.'

Raymond skillfully moved his hand.

Now, Raymond also has a lot of experience.

I've done a lot of liver resection, and the surgery went ahead without much difficulty.

I had some time to spare, so I checked the progress of the operating room next door.

"Could you check how the surgery on the Linden donor is going?"

"Yes Master!"

Linden was in charge of assisting with the surgery in both rooms.

Linden quickly checked the situation in the next room and said after coming.

“It is going smoothly. It seems to be moderated according to the scheduled time.”

Raymond let out a sigh of relief.

I was very worried, but fortunately, I haven't had any major problems so far.

‘At this rate, I'll be able to succeed.’

But then, a sudden change occurred!

“Patient's blood pressure drops! It's 70/40!”

cried Linden.

Raymond's face hardened.

‘Because of the bleeding? no. The bleeding was properly controlled and there was no major bleeding. Then why?’

There was no reason for the shock to come right now.

Raymond immediately identified the cause using his surgical knowledge.

‘It's shock due to lack of circulating blood volume!’

Insufficient circulating blood volume.

In other words, the amount of blood circulating in the body is insufficient.

This was a complication caused by the surgical method when the liver was removed.

‘Because it has tied up the large blood vessels leading to the liver.’

The body's blood travels through the arteries, passes through the tissues, and returns to the veins.

Among them, the vena cava plays a key role.

And a large part of the blood flow of the vena cava is carried by the portal vein and the hepatic vein to the liver.

But now Raymond has tied up the portal vein and hepatic vein and cut them off.

So, the amount of blood returning to the heart is insufficient, and shock comes.

“Administer fluid!”

“Yes, I am taking it!”

The disciples who acted as assistants, including Linden, hung on and began treatment.

Fluid was supplied to compensate for the insufficient blood volume.

However, the problem was not easily resolved.

“Still hypotensive! Oxygen saturation is low!”

“... ..!”

Raymond's face hardened.

‘Because he's so old, he can't stand the excessive administration of fluids.’

Excessive administration of fluids causes fluid to build up in the lungs. It was pulmonary edema.

Young people do not have this problem easily, but elderly patients often develop pulmonary edema even with a small amount of fluid.

“Use a booster, please!”

“Yes, I took the dose!”

But again, it didn't have much effect.

My blood pressure seemed to go up for a while, but then it started to fall again.

Raymond's eyes darkened.

Chapter 356

‘It's a problem caused by a lack of circulating blood volume, so even if I use medicine, I can't recover.’

There are two ways to medically raise insufficient blood pressure.

Infusions or vasopressors.

But neither method helped now.

‘Berserker magic? special heel? no. After all, they both play a similar role as vasopressors. I can't solve the problem caused by the lack of blood itself.’

Raymond thought impatiently.

We still have a long way to go before harvesting the liver.

Until then, the patient could not stand it.

‘Isn't that a bad thing after all?’

As I have experienced many times, there are patients who sometimes do not do their best.

It is likely that this case was the case.

‘I thought it would be difficult in the first place.’

Raymond thought hard.

Yeah this wasn't his fault. It's a liver transplant. It was a mess from the start.

But Raymond gritted it.

‘no. But I can't just give up like this.’

Maybe not.

In the end, it was likely to end in failure.

However, I had to try to save the patient somehow until the last moment.

Because that's your duty as a healer.

'I'll definitely save it and make it my biggest hukou!'

I was determined to find a way.

"Master blood pressure drops more! 60/30!"

There was no time.

A lot of thoughts went through Raymond's head, and an idea suddenly popped into his mind.

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'Wouldn't it be okay if I pierce the road and circulate the blood?'

The root cause of the shock now was the interruption of blood circulation in the veins.

The blood that should have entered the heart through the portal vein and hepatic vein was not entering.

then?

It was enough to circulate blood to the heart through another route.

'I just need to insert a tube outside the body and circulate some of the blood toward the heart!'

The femoral vein in the leg and the central vein in the neck are connected with a tube and circulated through a machine.

Veno-Venous Bypass is a method actually used on the modern Earth. There was a possibility of recovering from shock using this method.

'But the problem is the method.'

Fortunately, it was possible to insert a tube to connect the femoral vein in the leg to the central vein in the neck.

The problem was the power source to circulate the blood.

There was no pump to circulate the blood.

'With magic?'

But I shook my head.

With Raymond's skills, it was possible to circulate them for a short period of time.

The problem is that the magic must be maintained throughout the operation.

that was impossible

'It's difficult to get help from other wizards without medical knowledge.'

Blood must be drawn from the body and circulated continuously at an appropriate rate.

If it is too fast, shock or pulmonary edema will be aggravated, and if it is too slow, blood clotting may occur.

You need to spread your magic as appropriately as possible and at a constant speed.

It was difficult for ordinary wizards to do such a thing without basic medical knowledge.

Also, it was difficult to maintain such a delicate magic expression without shaking for a long time.

'If I can't do it properly, I'd rather not do it.'

It was a lip-smacking moment.

A method flashed through my mind.

'there is! Someone who can do this perfectly.'

After coming up with an idea, Raymond immediately went into action.

"Linden! Insert a central tube into the femoral vein and the central vein and connect them!"

"You want me to connect?"

"Yeah, do it right away!"

Linden made a puzzled face, but nodded.

After disinfecting the entire body outside the surgical field, Linden came into the field and inserted the tube.

hooked!

A large tube was inserted into the femoral vein and the central vein of the neck.

Now, this kind of insertion technique was easily done by students. I inserted it without difficulty and connected it through the connector.

"What should I do now?"

"Release the clamping on the tube."

"But Master. then... .."

Linden made a troubled face.

After the blood flows into the coffin, there is no power source to circulate the blood, so it will harden as it is.

Because the blood that does not flow is unconditionally hardened. Of course, anticoagulant drugs were placed in the coffin, but that was only meaningful when the blood was circulating.

But Raymond was adamant.

"are you okay. Open the coffin."

Linden eventually complied.

The moment the coffin was opened and the two veins connected, Raymond shouted.

“Summon the Wind Spirit!”

With a cry, cute wind fairies the size of fingers were summoned.

[Wow! They called me again!]

[Okay! good... .. Kyaaaaaaaa!]

The sylphs screamed in surprise at the sight of the surgery unfolding in front of them.

[I thought he was a kind person!]

[Cruelly killing people is bad!]

The sylphs misunderstood that Raymond was trying to brutally kill people by digging into their stomachs.

“No, it’s not like that. I’m trying to save this patient.”

[You mean to save him?]

“Yes, surgery is a treatment. It is to open the stomach and cure bad diseases.”

The sylphs tilted their heads, but fortunately they readily agreed.

[Come to think of it, it seems that ancient people used to do this kind of treatment. I remember seeing it a long time ago.]

[Yeah, but why did we call?]

“Because we need your help to save this patient.”

[Our help?]

The sylphs' eyes twinkled.

“Yes, circulate the patient’s blood through the tube. From the legs to the neck.”

-okay! But isn't it free?

Raymond nodded as if it were natural.

“I’ll let you smell the beef to your heart’s content later!”

[Wow! The smell of beef!]

[Good! good! We’ll do our best!]

The sylphs jumped wildly, not knowing what to do with joy.

Linden, who was assisting, put on an expression of end times.

‘... .. Why the hell do wind spirits like the smell of beef? Nonsense. It's a scam.’

In any case, the sylphs followed Raymond's instructions perfectly, befitting wind spirits.

It circulated blood through the tubes at perfect speed, like a medical pump.

“Blood pressure rises again! 90/50!”

“Please check your blood pressure and adjust the dose of the vasopressor!”

“Yes Master!”

Leaving Mary with additional vitals control, Raymond focused on harvesting the liver.

The extraction had to be completed as quickly as possible.

‘I have to shorten the time as much as possible.’

Because of her advanced age, her ability to endure surgery was limited.

The problem is that the proper transplantation hasn't even started yet. After the extraction was completed, the liver that had been removed had to be attached to the body.

The liver was removed with maximum concentration.

rattle.

Before long, the liver was completely removed!

‘Now it's time for a liver transplant. What about the disciple?’

Raymond looked away.

Just then, the door to the next room opened.

It was Christine!

A box was in her hand.

It was a box containing reagents to preserve the resected liver without damage.

“I have removed the donor's liver.”

Raymond let out a sigh of relief.

I was worried, but it seemed like the surgery was over without any major problems.

“You worked hard.”

“no. Thanks to Master.”

Christine shook her head.

There were no problems during the operation.

There was a big hurdle. It was a very dangerous situation where the surgery would fail, but thanks to Raymond, it was over.

‘I believe in you, disciple.’

I was able to grab a hand that trembled with just one word.

“Mary, I'll be the first assist now.”

Christine stood in the surgical field after disinfecting her hands and body.

Now Christine is the first assist. Mary will perform the operation as a second assist.

It was the beginning of a full-scale liver transplant operation.

'We have to connect the blood vessels and bile ducts.'

The progress of liver transplant surgery is as follows.

After fixing the liver in position, it connects the major blood vessels and bile ducts.

'It's not difficult to fix it. The problem is connecting blood vessels. The problem is that I don't have a surgical microscope.'

A surgical microscope is used when performing vascular anastomosis surgery in the modern world.

Of course, Raymond also implemented a microscope in the past, but the implementation of a surgical microscope that can be used during surgery has not yet been achieved.

'I have to do it with magic.'

There was magic to replace it.

Hawk eye!

It was a magic that could magnify and observe narrow areas.

The problem is that the usage time is limited.

'Eye of the hawk consumes a lot of mana. I won't be able to use it much.'

After leveling up, Raymond's mana stat approached 100.

But even so, the hawk's eyes eat up mana so badly that you won't be able to use it for even 10 minutes.

It was an incredible amount of time to anastomose blood vessels.

'We need to reduce mana consumption.'

Fortunately, Raymond had a way.

'Use medicine magic recombination!'

It was a skill he had acquired while awakening to 'Medical Magician' the other day.

Magic that transforms existing magic and develops it into medical magic!

[The hawk's eye magic has been reorganized into medical magic!]

[Skill points are consumed 200 points!]

The hawk's eye magic spell was analyzed as if it were a super-genius wizard.

Among them, Raymond took out the necessary spells, twisted and transformed them, and created new magic.

[Seojeon's Eye]

Classification: Medical Magic

Rating: Rare

Proficiency: D

-You can see the field of view according to the appropriate magnification during microsurgery!

- You can get additional information when your skill level goes up!

to the appropriate magnification.

At that phrase, Raymond's eyes lit up.

'Because the magnification of Hawk Eye is unnecessarily high.'

For example, even in a situation where 10x magnification was sufficient, it was a problem to enlarge the image at an excessively high quality and high magnification.

Thanks to this, the mana consumption was enormous, and there was a side to the surgery that got in the way.

On the other hand, if you use this magic, you will be able to secure your field of vision at just the right magnification and perform the operation. Mana consumption is also significantly reduced.

'let's go.'

Raymond started the anastomosis in earnest.

He magnified the magnification with his eyes and moved his hand minutely.

The first start was a venous anastomosis.

The upper hepatic vein leading to the liver from the top was ligated with a vascular suture thread.

'Not in a hurry. Calm down.'

A quiet silence fell over the operating room.

It was a sharp tension that I couldn't even breathe.

In that silence, Raymond moved his hand minutely.

A specially designed vascular suture needle pierced the back wall of the donor's hepatic vein.

Then, the recipient's hepatic vein, which had been cut in advance, was pierced, and the thread was carefully pulled to fit the cross section.

Seeing Raymond's delicate movements, Christine gulped.

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'... ... You are really developing endlessly.'

Christine had made great progress so far, but it was nothing compared to Raymond.

When she ran, Raymond seemed to fly further forward.

A distance that can't be narrowed no matter how hard you try.

'I've practically given up on catching up now.'

Christine suddenly felt this way.

Maybe one day Raymond will fly so high that he can't even stand next to him.

'... .. no. I will never let that happen.'

Christine bit her lip hard.

Now, there was only one way for her to help Raymond.

To have a skill he can rely on.

I vowed to do my best in the future, so I concentrated on assisting with the surgery.

The surgery continued under such tension.

Several hepatic veins were spliced and a portal vein was spliced.

Fortunately, the operation went without major problems.

Raymond's heart skipped a beat at the favorable situation.

'At this rate, the operation will be successful.'

But after splicing the hepatic artery, Raymond's face hardened.

'The length of the artery is long.'

The hepatic arteries of the donor and recipient were ligated, but the length was so long that it drooped slightly downward.

'... .. Will it be all right?'

Raymond was troubled.

It wasn't a huge stretch.

There was a high chance it wouldn't be a problem.

But if there was a problem, it was over.

The flow of blood is not smooth, and the blood vessels may be blocked.

If so, the patient will die.

'... .. I can't take that risk.'

In the end, Raymond decided.

"I will reconnect after cutting the blood vessels."

After cutting off the connected part, I tried to reconnect it according to the length, but another problem arose.

This time, the length of the cross section did not match.

'It's not to the extent that you can't anastomosis. But it requires a much more advanced technique.'

Raymond pondered again.

If it was difficult to connect both blood vessels due to conditions, there was a second best method.

It is to cut another blood vessel from the body and connect it to the middle leg.

Safe method, but too time consuming.

Even now, he is barely holding on, but it was questionable whether the patient would survive if more time was needed.

In the end, Raymond chose.

'Let's continue somehow. You can do it. Use super concentrated!'

Super focused!

It was an additional skill created as the proficiency of 'Seojeon's hand movements' increased.

It gave me perfect concentration for 5 minutes.

As the skill was displayed, the whole mind was focused on the surgical field, specifically the hepatic artery.

Is it because of the concentration of the original body?

throbbing.

The beating of my heart resonated in my ears, and I forgot even that.

The only thing he could see before his eyes was a cross section of the hepatic artery.

Raymond's hand moved slowly.

The needle was carefully pierced through the vessel wall of the donor's hepatic artery and then through the vessel wall of the recipient's hepatic artery.

Then, after pulling the thread, the same operation was repeated.

Adjust so that the corners of the inconsistent sections fit.

Everyone in the operating room watched with bated breath.

One word popped into everyone's head.

'Divine skill.'

It was an unbelievable gesture, as if the sky had fallen.

Of course, originally, Raymond's hand movements were unmatched, but today he was astonished.

Now, the disciples have also accumulated their surgical skills. So I could see how amazing Raymond's hand movements were.

It was a miracle that was difficult for them to dare to imagine.

tight.

In this way, the cross sections of both arteries were perfectly connected.

The anastomosis was successful!

'ha.'

Raymond was sweating.

It wasn't easy, but I managed to do it.

'Now I just have to get over the last step.'

last step.

It connects the bile ducts that drain bile from the liver.

It could be seen that the most important part of the liver transplantation was completed if only this part was operated.

But I couldn't be careless.

Although it is the final stage, it was the stage in which postoperative complications occur most often.

'you can do it. I will definitely do it.'

Raymond moved his hand with a firm resolve.

Time passed with sharp tension.

After passing a few more hurdles?

yet.

[He performed liver transplantation!]

[Achievement 'Father of Transplantation' was achieved!]

[This surgery will leave a great mark on the medical history of Leifentina!] [I salute you for your great achievements. !]

[Bonus level up!]

[Bonus level up!]

[Bonus level up!]

[Acquire 400 skill points!]

Seeing that message, Raymond was stunned.

It's a success.

* * *

However, the success of the operation did not mean that the difficulty was over.

A liver transplant is a huge operation. It puts an immeasurable strain on the body.

'Even if liver transplantation is successful, there are many cases where people die without being able to withstand the damage caused by the surgery.'

Especially when the condition of the liver is not good, this happened when emergency surgery was performed.

Raymond was vigilant and tried to help Archduke Mishelt recover.

Platoon Prince Sorn was moved by Raymond's appearance.

Thorn also underwent surgery, but it was a simple liver resection, so his recovery was quick. After a few days, movement was possible.

'It's for the sake of patients like that.'

When Thorn came to see Raymond, he was examining Archduke Mishelt's condition with an infinitely desperate face.

After hearing the story, it is said that he stayed by Archduke Mishelt's side without sleeping after the operation.

I've seen many healers, but I've never seen one so desperately for a patient.

Count Saint Fangshun of Triple S rank who was beside him also said with a moved face.

"That person... .. A true adult."

saint (saint).

Not just a saint who can use special heals, but a great man who is respected by everyone.

Count Fangshun treated Archduke Mishelt with Raymond for several days.

Having experienced that side by side, I was convinced that Raymond was a person worthy of such an adult.

Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to care for the patient so desperately.

'I'm ashamed of my life as a healer so far.'

Count Fang Xun, famous as one of the best healers in the Free Cities Alliance, thought solemnly.

On the side of the Empire of the Crusader Federation, they saw so many of Raymond's noble (?) appearances that they now developed resistance (?).

On the other hand, Raymond, who moved countless people with his devoted attitude, is now.

'Never let me die! I will definitely save it and become the rich man of Billion Pena!'

While spitting out such a desperate cry, he was examining Archduke Mishelt's condition.

The patient's condition was so bad that he couldn't sleep for several days and couldn't eat properly, but he was fine.

When he thought of the reward he would receive after reviving Archduke Mishelt, his tiredness and hunger disappeared in an instant.

Seeing Raymond's respectful (?) appearance, Thorne nodded.

'I can't stay still like this. I will serve as a platoon commander.'

It was the news that the preparations for the departure of the big brother and other cities that caused the rebellion were coming to an end.

The people of the castle are anxious because Grand Duke Mishelt has not yet regained consciousness.

Thorn decided to fulfill his role as a platoon leader.

It was decided to calm the anxiety of the people and rally the agitated retainers.

“Could the head of the family really wake up?”

A person asked anxiously.

Thorn nodded firmly.

“Your patriarch will definitely wake up.”

Actually, I wasn't sure.

Because Archduke Mishelt was still in a bad state.

But Thorn remembered Raymond's earnest face.

“My father will soon open his eyes as the great saint of poverty is with him.”

Thorn laughed when he first heard the nickname of the saint of poverty. This name is poor. It felt like a funny tinnitus for some reason.

But not anymore.

I could see how much respect the people of the Crusader Alliance had given him such a nickname.

Thorn said again with conviction.

“The saint of poverty will restore my father.”

Was it because of Sorn's confidence?

After some time, a miracle really happened.

Archduke Mishelt opened his eyes.

* * *

‘Fortunately. I came to my senses much faster than expected.’

I was prepared for the worst, but I recovered faster than I thought.

This had two factors.

First, the highest quality heels.

Next to him, Count Fang Xun, a Triple S-class Saint, poured all his strength into healing. Motivated by Raymond's efforts, he too did his best without taking care of himself.

‘Heal is a power unique to Ley Pentaina that does not exist on Earth. That's why I was able to recover faster than the patients on Earth.’

It was a fact that I knew more than before, but the best effect came out when medicine and healing were combined.

Moreover, it is not an ordinary heel, but a triple S-class heel.

It was a power that was not lacking even if I asserted that it was the best on the continent.

Archduke Mishelt was of great help in recovering.

The second factor was, of course, Raymond.

He didn't sleep and tried his best to check Archduke Mishelt's condition. It was possible thanks to the 'Untiring Monster' skill.

Thanks to this, even if Archduke Mishelt's condition deteriorated even a little, he was able to use his hands right away, and thanks to such devoted care, Archduke Mishelt was able to open his eyes.

"I... .. Are you alive?"

Archduke Mishelt blinked and muttered in disbelief.

Of course, I thought I would face death, but I was able to open my eyes alive.

"father!"

Thorn swallowed the tears and lowered his head.

Archduke Mishelt was about to get up, but felt a sharp pain in the surgical area and lay down on the bed again.

"this... .. What happened? Tell me, Thorn."

Archduke Mishelt spoke in a dry voice.

I had just opened my eyes, so I had no strength, but there was a sense of intimidation that was so strong that I couldn't imagine that I had just opened my eyes.

"My father fell into a coma and here the saint of poverty cured him. Through ancient occult medicine."

"A saint of poverty?"

Archduke Mishelt's eyes widened in amazement.

"If you are a saint of poverty... .. Aren't you talking about the new saint of the Crusader Empire? But why me?"

"It is said that Rose-sama asked for it."

"Is that Rose?"

Archduke Mishelt's eyes widened even more. It was an unexpected sight.

Raymond suddenly noticed a fact and was shocked.

Just now, Archduke Mishelt referred to Rose as 'him'.

It meant that Lady Rose's status was no lower than that of Grand Duke Mishelt.

'Don't be ridiculous.'

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Raymond swallowed his saliva as an assumption popped into his head.

'Come to think of it, there's only one. Among the people who inherited the blood of the Grand Duchess of Gaebolg, a person with a status no worse than Grand Duke Mishelt here. no way?'

However, it was a time when I couldn't easily accept it in my head because it was so shocking that it was true.

Archduke Mishelt looked at Raymond.

"Are you Prince Raymond, the saint of poverty?"

Archduke Mischelt was against Raymond because of his position as de facto representative of the Free Cities Confederation.

"Your Grand Duke. My name is Raymond de Houston Restein."

"I heard you healed this body. I don't know how to repay this favor. really... .. Thank you from the bottom of my heart."

Archduke Mishelt said with sincerity.

Because Raymond didn't just treat Archduke Mishelt alone.

After the death of Archduke Mishelt, it was tantamount to saving the entire Free City Alliance, which could have fallen into chaos.

"no. I just did my job as a healer."

Raymond replied casually, then sighed.

He also lost his humility without even realizing it.

But the answer has already been spilled.

Archduke Gaebolg looked at Raymond with strange eyes.

"As expected, this is an answer worthy of a saint of poverty. I know that the rumors I have heard are not exaggerations."

"... .. no that's not it... .."

It was a heart-wrenching conversation.

Raymond hurriedly spoke up as he thought he would receive another strange reward.

"But that doesn't mean I won't get paid."

"Hmm?"

"Because it's natural to get paid fairly as a healer."

How dare you openly mention the cost first.

Raymond worried that he had been too snobbish.

But he was also desperate.

'Now I have to moderate my image making!'

So far, he has focused on image making.

But the results were disastrous.

Only the blazing tinnitus of the saint of poverty remains.

Even bankruptcy was imminent.

Image making is a piece of shit. He had to use Archduke Mishelt as his hukou and extract the price somehow.

However, Archduke Mishelt showed an unexpected reaction.

In contrast to Raymond's snobbish answer, his strange eyes shone.

"... .. Pay as a healer. I guess I have heard of your ideals."

"... .. yes?"

Raymond was taken aback.

He just said that he wanted to be paid as a healer, but why did he say that it was connected to such a story?

'No, what kind of misunderstanding did this grandfather have when he met me for the first time today?'

Archduke Mishelt nodded slowly.

"You will need goods to live your ideals. Anyway, I know your heart well. Don't worry. The Grand Duchess of Gaebolg never forgets grace and resentment. What you wish for will come true."

"... .."

Raymond hesitated.

There seems to be a big misunderstanding about him... ..

'Anyway, they're giving me money, right?'

Then it didn't matter if it was a little misunderstanding. The important thing is to get money out of it.

After the compensation issue was roughly settled, Archduke Mishelt turned his attention to Thorn.

"I want to talk more with my benefactor, but the situation is urgent, so I will have to postpone it. Thorn."

“Yes, my lord.”

“Get ready to go out.”

Archduke Mishelt's eyes burned.

“I need to finish the job.”

* * *

After Archduke Mishelt stepped forward, the situation quickly subsided.

There are two reasons why other cities declared war in the first place.

The first is the assertion of legitimacy of the eldest son, who was the original grand duke.

He made a justification by claiming that his exile was a false accusation due to Thorn's conspiracy.

However, when Grand Duke Mishelt held a ceremony and declared him guilty of high treason, all justification disappeared.

And the second most important reason.

After the fall of Archduke Mishelt, they aimed for an opening in the chaos of the Gaeborg family.

It wasn't long before the eldest son, who was the original Grand Duke, was kicked out and Thorn became the Prince, so the subordinates had yet to swear clear allegiance to Thorn.

In the event of a war like this, the Grand Duke's family was destined to be divided into those who followed the original Grand Duke and those who followed Soren. However, with Archduke Mishelt's awakening, that possibility disappeared.

And the strength of the Grand Duke of Gaebolg was not something that other cities dared to surpass.

Moreover, other cities that had been neutral also turned to the side of the Grand Duchess of Gaeborg as Grand Duke Mishelt awoke.

Once there, everything was completed in an instant.

The cities that declared war made the eldest son of Archduke Mishelt the scapegoat and quickly retreated.

“We just wanted the Grand Duke of Gaebolg to continue the proper legitimacy.”

“Everything was led by this high-ranking criminal. I apologize for the inconvenience caused by falling for the false agitation.”

The four cities that tried to raise an army captured Archduke Mishelt's eldest son and handed him over, claiming that everything was the eldest son's fault.

And he decided to pay a large reward to the Grand Duchess of Gaebolg for their misbehavior due to the wrong ‘agitation’.

Archduke Mishelt didn't want the war to escalate, so this was over at that level.

What is noteworthy here is that Raymond also played a large role in ending the chaos.

Actually, I didn't do anything special.

As a doctor, he stood next to Archduke Mishelt.

However, standing in front of many people, the effect of the steel heart doctor's charisma and the crown prince of light was spontaneously manifested, and many people who saw the dignified (?) figure full of dignity misunderstood.

“Is he the saint of poverty?”

“You were such a great person?”

“I heard that he performed numerous miracles in the Crusader Empire. Since someone like that treated it, it's certain that Archduke Mishelt will fully recover.”

Armed with all kinds of skills, Raymond had the effect of giving trust just by standing still.

Those who questioned whether Archduke Mishelt had truly recovered also nodded their heads at Raymond's confidence-filled appearance.

And that wasn't all.

People repeatedly admired Raymond's good looks whenever he appeared at public events.

“There is a story about an angel who came down from heaven for the suffering people.”

“that's right. I heard from the merchants of the Crusader Alliance. It's not a lie. How much admiration and praise. He said that he was an angel so that his mouth watered.”

“Heh, that's great. amazing.”

“And isn't it simply sublime and charismatic?”

Everyone who saw him gasped in amazement.

She was not only good and noble, but also beautiful and charismatic.

A truly legendary hero. It was a majestic figure like an angel descending from the sky.

‘... ... Aren't I like that?’

Raymond was taken aback by the reaction of the Free Cities Alliance, but did not correct the misunderstanding.

‘... ... I have to do business in the Free Cities Alliance, so they think it's good for me, but I don't think there's a need to correct it. Hehe, the free city association is also overflowing with Hugu.’

My mouth was watering at the thought of the money I was about to make.

On the other hand, without knowing Raymond's true intentions, people misunderstood even more.

‘You smile so benevolently.’

'really... ... It's a light.'

'Is the light of the Crusader Empire shining on the Free City Alliance?'

In particular, the leaders of the other city who caused this incident had a bigger misunderstanding.

'They said it was light... ... Did you come to prevent chaos in the Free Cities Alliance?'

It was an outrageous speculation.

How could even an adult do such a thing?

But what did Raymond's accomplishments so far make sense?

A noble fool who only cares for others.

That was Raymond's behavior he had shown others so far.

So the speculation that he might have stood out for the people of the Free Cities Alliance wasn't entirely absurd.

In particular, seeing the benevolent (?) smile toward the people of the Free City Alliance that I suddenly see, I heard such a misunderstanding all the more.

'You say you're a noble fool who only thinks of others. Even in a foreign country, it might be that they can't stand the suffering of the people. Damn, I can't believe there's such a stupid and sublime person.'

'If things get worse, I might try to intervene more deeply.'

Intervention.

It meant to use the power of the Crusader Empire to help the Grand Duke of Gaebolg.

Raymond had no intention of doing so, but opponent cities, who were cornered and unable to make good judgments, even misunderstood them.

In the end, the other side had no choice but to completely bow their heads, abandoning their false ambitions.

Archduke Mishelt's eldest son, who was the instigator of this incident, was dragged out to the square tied with a rope.

"Oh no! father! I'm just for the sake of Grand Duchess Gaebolg... ... !"

"Shut up. hang yourself."

Still, Raymond's heart grew cold at the sight of the death penalty being sentenced without hesitation, even though it was a son who shared blood.

'As expected, the Grand Duke of Iron Blood.'

Archduke Mishelt approached Raymond in a wheelchair after executing the execution with unwavering eyes.

As the bloodless iron-blooded giant approached him, Raymond became very nervous for no reason.

'Can I rip the hogu? Aren't they going to suffer terrible things while trying to steal the hukou?'

Raymond noticed as if he were timid.

However, Archduke Mishelt abandoned the cold eyes he had shown until just now and did something amazing.

He bowed his head to Raymond.

"Oh no. Your Highness the Grand Duke?"

"Thank you again. If it wasn't for you, a lot of blood would have been shed. You not only saved this Mishelt, but you saved the lives of countless others. You are the benefactor of the Grand Duchess of Gaebolg, or of the Free Cities Alliance."

Benefactor of the Free Cities Association.

It was a heartfelt story.

If it wasn't for Raymond, a great tribulation would have happened to the entire Free Cities Alliance.

Indeed, the messages came one after another.

[You have done a great favor to the Free Cities Alliance!]

[Many Free Cities Alliance people praise you!]

[Fame rises!]

[Fame rises!]

[Fame rises!]

.

.

[Obtain the title 'Benefactor of the Free Cities Alliance!']

[Benefactor of the Free Cities Alliance]

Description: A title given to those who have greatly favored the Free Cities Alliance.

Prestige Rating: Foreign-class

Side Effects:

*Free City Allies have a great favor with you!

*Free Cities Allies are ready to help you when you need it!

* Receive intangible benefits when doing business with free city allies!

Raymond widened his eyes at the benefits of the title.

I don't need anything else, I paid attention to the last item.

'Benefits in commerce?'

Chapter 359

It was a benefit he needed!

Because he plans to sell several medical products to the Free Cities Association.

It will definitely help!

'Hehe, it's like making more profit or something, right? good. very good.'

I wiped my mouth and saw another message.

'What's the second benefit? Does it mean that the Free Cities Alliance can easily get help when you're working on something?'

Anyway, it wasn't a bad thing to have.

'It's really super rich now. Hehe.'

However, Raymond couldn't help but frown when he saw the next message that came to mind.

[The prestige of the title 'Saint of Poverty' spreads throughout the Free Cities Alliance! The title grade becomes 'Saint of Poverty (Middle)!']

[Saint of Poverty (Middle)]

Description: An honored title given to a saint for the poor and weak.

Reputation Level: Saint (中) level (reputation spreads to foreign countries)

Additional Effects:

*More people praise your reputation!

*Has a strong influence on more poor weaklings!

*Millions of people in the Free Cities Alliance will respect you!

*The higher your reputation, the stronger the title effect!

"... .."

Raymond kept his mouth shut.

'... .. What are these useless effects?'

There's a lot of stuff written about it, but nothing really helpful.

It even makes me feel bad to keep talking about the saint of poverty and the saint of poverty.

'... .. Why the hell am I a saint of poverty? This fucking system.'

He let out a deep sigh.

'are you okay. Soon you will earn a lot of money and become a golden saint. The title will change by then.'

Archduke Mishelt, who happened to be beside him, said.

“Can we talk for a minute? I would like to conclude what we talked about earlier.”

“... ..!”

Raymond swallowed.

A story we shared before.

It was just a reward.

After today's story, he will finally take the first step towards becoming Billion Pena's super rich.

* * *

“I'm sorry. Lie down like this and talk.”

“Oh no.”

Archduke Mishelt returned to his room and lay down on the bed with Thorn's support.

Given the circumstances, I've been forced to move around in a wheelchair, but in fact, I was doing too much.

If it weren't for the watchful eye of Count Fang Shun and Raymond, who are triple S-class healers, he would have collapsed again sooner or later.

“Give me your car.”

“Your father.”

Thorn went outside for a while, leaving Raymond alone with his heart pounding.

‘at las.’

It's Archduke Gaebolg.

A tall figure who can be counted within five fingers throughout the entire continent.

How many more times in his life will he have the opportunity to treat such a great patient?

I had to pay a huge price for it.

‘But you have to be careful. You won't be rewarded properly if you take it lightly and attack.’

He shows favor to him, but the opponent is Archduke Mishelt.

An iron-blooded lord who eliminates even my son, who shares blood, without batting an eye.

The family customs of the Grand Duchess of Gaebolg were famous for being vicious without blood or tears.

Twice the grace, ten times the grudge.

Even if you chase the debt to the end of hell, you will get it back.

Since he was such a grand duchess of Gaebolg, if he hoped for something that didn't work out, he would end up hurting his nose.

'I have to get a reward that Grand Duke Mishelt can understand and that will benefit me as much as possible.'

Raymond thought very nervously.

As a result of today's conversation, his life will change 180 degrees.

Just then, Archduke Mishelt brought up a story.

"I owe you a great favor. I will ask without turning. Is there any reward you want?"

Raymond swallowed and opened his mouth slowly.

For a moment, the conflict passed by whether he should make the image first with humble words, but he shook his head.

An instinctive feeling was calling out.

Now is not the time to do image making. say it's time to

"... .. Money."

"... ..!"

"I want money as a reward."

pounding. pounding. pounding.

My heart was beating like crazy.

'Was your remark too snobbish?'

It was the first time he had openly asked for such a reward, and his heart shrank with timid worry.

But Raymond was determined.

'no. This is for the best.'

The history of shoveling, which I had experienced so far, passed by.

The past when I made an image to draw a big picture and then fell into the swamp of poverty.

Of course, image making is important.

In the future, the image of the saint will continue to be maintained.

But now I felt like I could do it in moderation.

'Especially today's opportunity is an opportunity that won't come again. It must never be blown away just for the sake of image making!'

Thinking so, I grabbed my trembling heart.

Meanwhile, Archduke Mishelt made a strange face for a moment.

"It's exactly what I heard."

"yes?"

“They say it’s only for the people.”

“... ..?”

Raymond kept his mouth shut.

‘... .. no i asked for money Are you deaf because of your old age?’

Archduke Mishelt seemed to have misunderstood his words, so he spoke again.

“I... .. Excuse me, but what I want... .. .”

“You know. wanted money Not for the sake of the people?”

“... .. .”

I couldn't understand why the circuit in Archduke Mishelt's head was coming to such a conclusion.

At that time, Archduke Mishelt looked at Raymond and smiled gently.

Something soft that doesn't go well with the iron-blooded grand duke... .. It was like seeing a friendly family.

“Actually, I have heard about your story for a long time. From the time you were still staying in Houston Kingdom.”

“... ..?”

Raymond made a puzzled face.

It was in the days of the Houston Kingdom, before he became famous.

Couldn't this distant Free Cities Confederation have heard from him since then?

“I heard that you were a VVIP customer of Rose’s, and I got interested and personally looked into you.”

“ah... .. .”

“I wondered just how bold a person he is that he borrows so much money from a person who has no blood or tears. cluck.”

“... .. .”

A cold sweat ran down Raymond's back.

‘No, I just borrowed it because he said he would lend it at a low price first.’

It was a dangerous act to hear such a story.

Well, in retrospect, Healer Ron's notoriety was enormous.

Haven't you heard rumors many times that people who owed debts but were unable to pay them were sold far away or were enslaved to work?

The reason why Raymond was working hard to pay off his debt now was because he didn't want to be hurt by the frightening Lady Rose.

'For some reason, that scary young lady wouldn't care even if I belonged to the royal family.'

Then Raymond had another question.

'Why do you keep saying it's him?'

Grand Duke Mishelt was obviously honoring Lady Rose.

Another guess came into my mind.

'Could it really be Lady Rose's true identity?'

Raymond swallowed.

I had one guess.

However, it was such a shocking speculation that it was so enormous that Archduke Mishelt opened his mouth when he was unable to bring up the name.

"Anyway, I've been watching you for a long time. I understand very well what you really want. It must be for the people. As a fellow monarch, I respect your lofty ideals."

"... .."

"But no matter how lofty your ideals are, there are walls in reality. Without money, any lofty ideal is a pipe dream. Isn't it?"

"... .. That's right."

Raymond nodded awkwardly.

There was a huge misunderstanding, but it seemed that this level of misunderstanding would not matter.

It's about giving money anyway.

"So I've been thinking a lot about it for a long time. What kind of compensation should I do for you? I've been thinking about paying off all of your debts instead... .. We can't compensate the Gaebolg family's benefactor like that.'

'Isn't that enough?'

Raymond's heart fluttered and his heart sank.

Incidentally, his debt is approaching 10 million pence!

However, Archduke Mishelt shook his head with a face that said he couldn't afford such a reward.

"I can't wipe my mouth with ten million pennies when I think of the kindness you've given me. Don't worry. We, the Grand Duchess of Gaebolg, are not ignorant of grace."

"No, that... .."

“More money for you. So, don't you need money to realize your ideal?”

Raymond nodded, dumbfounded.

Even 10 million penas is enough to make your eyes roll, but the bigger the reward, the better.

“ah... .. yes yes That's right.”

“So, as a result of consideration, we have decided to grant you free trade rights to our city of Gaebolg and other allied cities.”

“ruler... .. I beg your pardon?”

Raymond didn't understand the meaning for a moment, then he was shocked.

‘Come on free trade rights!’

Literally, it was the right to freely trade with the Free Cities Alliance.

Digging into more specifics.

‘It's the right to reduce tariffs!’

All international trade has tariffs.

The same was true among allies within the Crusader Empire, and especially when going abroad, the rate of tariffs increased even more.

Free trade rights reduce that tariff by as much as 50%. You will only have to pay half the tariff compared to before.

‘I heard that Marquis Rodrigo has a Round Table Committee on his back and is receiving benefits similar to this. But I heard that even Marquis Rodrigo's reduction rate is only 30%.’

In Raymond's case, it was a whopping 50% discount!

I could see what a great benefit it was.

‘... .. But I don't think it will be of much help to me.’

Raymond scratched his head.

If he is the leading colossus of the Peninsula Kingdom, this authority will be of great benefit.

Of course, he also plans to sell medical products, but it was difficult to benefit greatly from this benefit alone.

‘... .. Hmm, I think you misunderstood something. Ten million pennies would be better... .. .’

Perhaps, since Archduke Mishelt himself is such a big man, he thought of it based on his own standards.

It was just as Raymond was about to cautiously ask for another reward.

“And as you know, this is a reward that will give you another strength and power to practice your ideals.”

“... ..!”

“If you have this free trade right, countless people will flock to you.”

Raymond was taken aback.

From the words of Archduke Mishelt, he gained an epiphany.

‘With this benefit... .. There's a way to make money.’

Chapter 360

Raymond gulped down his saliva.

‘Like Marquis Rodrigo, I'm drawing other nobles and merchants under me!’

Marquis Rodrigo was able to rise to his current position thanks to his relationship with the Free Cities Association.

If you trade through Marquis Rodrigo, you can receive various benefits, so people flocked to you.

But now Raymond has similar benefits.

That was an even bigger benefit.

So, just like Marquis Rodrigo did, he was able to gather nobles and merchants.

‘This authority is not limited to me alone. All merchants who trade through me can receive the same benefits.’

In short, you can use it this way.

After establishing a trading corporation, other merchants can transact through that corporation.

Other traders authorized by Raymond could then benefit from the same tariff relief.

‘That's how the merchants make deals with the Free Cities Alliance through me.’

Raymond swallowed.

‘Instead, I will take some of the gains through tariff reduction. Just like Marquis Rodrigo is doing now.’

Raymond's head spun.

‘This way I can sit down and make a ton of money. You can really make Billion Pena rich!’

It was a really great reward.

Raymond's heart beat like crazy as he imagined the future of becoming super-rich.

There was only one thing I was concerned about.

‘Will the merchants try to come under me?’

Those who had already been dealing with Marquis Rodrigo for a long time didn't seem to want to open the deal easily.

Because it was a matter of faith.

But Raymond came up with a method with his genius mind.

'Just give me a reason. I'm giving the merchants a justification by promoting it in a way that they will use the profits generated from the reduction benefits for the people of the Peninsula Kingdom.'

Of course, few noble merchants would be interested in serving the people.

But the important thing is the cause.

Giving him the justification of serving the people would be enough to break the deal with Marquis Rodrigo and become a justification for coming to him.

'If things go well, I'll be able to make a lot of money.'

Raymond swallowed and asked.

"By the way, are you okay? Isn't it too much damage to the Free Cities Association or to the city of Gaebolg?"

As much as the tariff is reduced, the tax revenue of the Free Cities Association is reduced.

The larger the deal, the greater the burden on the Free Cities Association.

"Are you concerned about the people of our Free Cities Association?"

"No, that... .."

"It's also a light."

Raymond made a shy face.

'The rat thought of the cat.'

For reference, the Free City Alliance was the center of continental trade.

The Free City Association, located in the center of the continent, trades with all countries on the continent.

In particular, the other great powers, the Crusades, the Iron Empire, and the Holy Kingdom are at odds with each other politically.

Therefore, most of them do not trade directly, but broker trade through the Free Cities Association.

And that's not all.

The Free Cities Association even has regular ocean trade with the outer continents of Jormund and Mew.

As such, the amount of goods transported and customs revenues were enormous.

This meant that there would be no appreciable loss by giving Raymond a single duty concession.

“Of course, tax revenue will decrease as much as it benefits you.”

Archduke Mishelt nodded.

“However, a decrease in tariffs has the effect of increasing trade volume, so it cannot be said that it is necessarily a loss. And since this authority has been given to close allies or close friends of the Free Cities Alliance from before, there is nothing to worry about.”

Archduke Mishelt smiled lightly.

“Besides you, there are friends in the Iron Empire and Holy Kingdom who have this authority.”

“ah... ..”

“However, there are two things you must do to receive this authority.”

two.

Raymond was nervous at the words.

“Of course, from the standpoint of Gaebolg, I would like to repay you, my benefactor, without preconditions.”

“... ..”

“But this free trade right applies to other cities besides Gaebolg, so we have to convince the other cities.”

Archduke Mishelt continued.

“As you said, if you give this authority, the tax revenue of each city that will do business with you will decrease, so you must have a cause to convince other cities. I want you to do two things to convince other cities.”

Raymond understood.

He saved Archduke Mishelt.

But from the point of view of other cities, that's just someone else's story.

So, since we need a justification to convince other cities, we ask them to do two things.

Archduke Mishelt added as if not to misunderstand.

“Of course, I have no intention of forcing my benefactor to do anything. If you don't want free trade rights, you don't have to.”

“then?”

“If you want any other reward, I will reward you with ten million penas in money. Choose whatever you like.”

Hearing that, Raymond began to worry.

'Umm, what should I do?'

It was most likely a request to solve two problems of the Free Cities Alliance.

'I don't think it's going to be easy.'

It is to create a justification to convince other cities.

So, it was never an easy task.

However, Raymond soon shook his head.

The rewards are too great to give up just because it's difficult.

The right to free trade was a reward that would make him billionaires rich, so he had to risk his life to do it.

"What should I do?"

Raymond asked in a firm voice.

"The first is to spread medicine to our Free Cities Association."

"... ..!"

Raymond's eyes widened

It was an unexpected request.

"Even otherwise, I have been interested in medicine listening to your story. He has done many miracles in the Crusader Empire."

Archduke Mishelt continued.

"So far, I have saved many patients who couldn't be saved with heels or other treatments. He even saved me by planting someone else's liver this time."

Archduke Mishelt spoke in a voice full of wonder.

"Medicine is definitely a heaven-sent secret skill. If such medical practice can be disseminated, is the right to free trade a problem?"

Having said that, Archduke Mishelt asked cautiously.

"but... .. I don't know if that's really possible. It's such a great gig... .. If it's difficult, I'll ask you another favor."

Archduke Mishelt had a reason for saying this.

Medicine was a really great secret.

Archduke Mishelt thought that all other healing techniques that had existed on the continent so far were mere miscellaneous arts compared to medicine.

So, no matter how great Raymond was, he thought that there was no way he would readily spread such a great secret to foreigners.

'Maybe I'm just asking too much for a tariff reduction or exemption.'

Archduke Mishelt was also shameless.

No, as befits the family head of the Gaebolg family, whose Eunwon is certain, his calculations were clear.

This was something that Raymond could not help but refuse.

So it was when he was thinking that if he refused, I would have to ask another favor.

Raymond gave an unexpected answer.

"Yes, I will. Do not worry."

He nodded happily!

And that too without any worries.

Archduke Mishelt was very surprised and asked back.

"Really? Can I do that?"

"yes."

Raymond thought to himself.

'This is what I should have asked first, but what kind of rice cake is this? Hehe.'

Even if it wasn't, he intended to spread medicine to the Free Cities Federation as well.

It was to develop the free city association into a medical market.

'At first, we will sell products such as hair loss treatment and anti-wrinkle products to aristocrats and rich people, but there is a limit to expansion with just that. We also need to develop a medical market targeting general patients.'

Raymond continued his thoughts.

'The Free Cities Association is the richest place on the continent, so even if you operate for general patients, you'll get enough profit.'

In order to do that, we had to spread medicine first.

The largest part of the medical market is the items that doctors use while treating patients.

If a number of healers trained in medicine treat the patients of the Free Cities Alliance, he will earn a lot of money selling medical items.

'Then you won't be able to control the money you make in a day. Hehe. It feels good just imagining it.'

So, I was worried about how to spread medicine, but Archduke Mishelt brought up the story first!

“Just leave it to me.”

Archduke Mishelt, unaware of Raymond's black heart, stuttered in admiration.

“To think he would pass on such secrets so easily. why... .. you?”

Raymond answered simply.

“I am a healer. I want the patients of the Free Cities Coalition to be happy too.”

I thought it was too much money earlier, so I said it for image making.

It was a comment that went beyond boring and even boring now, but the first time listeners were always moved a hundredfold.

Archduke Mishelt thought in admiration over and over again.

‘They said it was light... .. Really. None of the stories I've heard have been lies.’

“Thank you very much. Many Free Cities Union people will thank you.”

“no. Instead, the Free Cities Association has something to cooperate with.”

“What? Just talk.”

“Please give me a chance to give a lecture to the nobles and merchants of each city of the Free Cities Alliance.”

“lecture?”

“Yes, I have medications for several patients right now. First, we want to help the patients of the Free Cities Association with these medicines.”

It was to promote hair loss treatment and anti-wrinkle!

Originally, they had to follow the nobles with their feet and promote them, but if Grand Duke Mishelt stepped forward, the problem would be easily solved.

Indeed, Archduke Mishelt agreed at once.

even with admiration.

‘You're making such an offer as if you've been waiting. You were already thinking of doing it for the people of our Free City Union from the beginning. How on earth do you have a sublime inner heart?’

In fact, the more we talked, the more admiration continued.

Of course, Archduke Mishelt is the iron-blooded monarch.

If Raymond had simply been sublime, he would not have rated him so highly.

On the contrary, he would have thought pathetically that he did not know the world, but Raymond was different from other people who were only talkative.

So far, he has been putting his ideals into practice. overcoming numerous difficulties.

Archduke Mishelt couldn't stop admiring it because he knew how difficult and great it was as a monarch.

"If that's the case, then of course you should help. Rather, it is something I have to ask for, so thank you."

"thank you. And another thing to ask... .."

Raymond's eyes twinkled.

He realized that it was a golden opportunity to break the hukou!

made numerous requests.

Payment of education expenses according to medical education, future working conditions, etc.

It was a merciless blow, but surprisingly, Archduke Mishelt all nodded.

'... .. what? It's not the Iron Blood Grand Duke, but Hogu... .. Wasn't it the Grand Duke of an angel?'